

IN SEARCH OF A DEFINITIVE:  
SOME VARIORUM PROBLEMS IN THE  
POETRY OF ROBERT GRAVES TO 1948

by

WILLIAM DAVID AITKEN THOMAS

B. A., University of Victoria, 1974

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT

OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF ARTS

in the Department

of

English

ACCEPTED

STUDIES

DATE

28 April 1975

We accept this thesis as conforming  
to the required standard

[REDACTED]

©

WILLIAM DAVID AITKEN THOMAS, 1975

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

March 1975

*All rights reserved. This thesis may not be reproduced in whole or in part, by mimeograph or other means, without the permission of the author.*

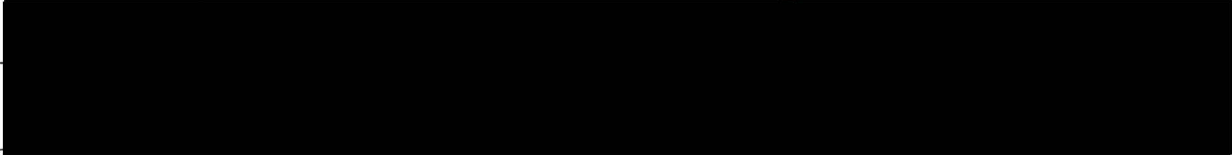
## ABSTRACT

Supervisor: Professor Robin Skelton

This study is a collation of all accidental and substantive variants in a selection of poems from the work of Robert Graves. A representative selection has been made from poems published between 1914 and 1948, covering three of the four periods in his literary development. The three periods are from 1916 to 1923, 1923 to 1927, and 1927 to 1938. The collations are continued to include poems from the volume *Collected Poems (1914-1947)*, published in 1948. This cut-off date (1948) has been chosen because in the following year, 1949, Graves' *The White Goddess* appeared. *The White Goddess* marks a significant change in the poet's work and provides a convenient terminal point for this study.

In each instance, the basic text used for a poem was that of the first book publication. Collations were made from this. No magazine, periodical, or anthology versions have been considered or collated because it is not the standard procedure with such publications to offer the author galleys for proofing. For this reason, such versions are not deemed to have the author's authority.

The methodology used has been a modified version of that employed by Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach in their work *The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats*, (New York: Macmillan, 1957).



## CONTENTS

Acknowledgments	iv
Dedication	v
Introduction	vi
List of Poems	xi
Bibliography	xiii
Notes on the Collations	xx
The Collations	1
Index of Titles	123
First Line Index	125
Vita	
Copyright	

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am most grateful to Professor Robin Skelton for the advice and support he has afforded me throughout my studies at the University of Victoria. The staff of the Special Collections Division of the McPherson Library, Mr. Howard Gerwing and Mr. Dietrich Bertz, have shown a continued patience and consideration in making available to me material from the Library's extensive collection of Graves material. Without this material and their help, this study would not have been possible. Mr. Richard C. Baker merits special thanks, for it was through his efforts that rare Graves material, not in this Library's collection, was obtained on inter-library loan. Anyone reading this study will at once recognize my debt to my wife, Cheryl Maeva Thomas, for her dedication to the task of arranging and typing the variants. Finally, I am indebted to the Canada Council for making it possible for me to visit Robert Graves at his home in Mallorca, Spain.

Unfortunately, it was not possible to obtain from Birmingham University a copy of a thesis by M. Burke titled "A critical edition of the poems of Robert Graves 1916-1968" (1969). It is, however, clear that this thesis, while being of interest, has no direct bearing upon my own research.

DEDICATION

For

ROBERT GRAVES

in this his 80th year

Throughout his highly productive literary life, Robert Graves has been unusually concerned with the technical quality of his writing. To meet his own demanding standard of competence he has constantly revised and rewritten any of his work which he feels has failed to meet his standard. This continuing passion for revision is demonstrated even in his autobiography, *Good-Bye To All That*, where passages are revised from time to time. But this process of revision is most evident in his poetry. A poem appears under the title A Dead Boche and disappears, only to surface as part of another poem titled Familiar Letter to Siegfried Sassoon. Another appears titled The Dead Ship, becomes The Ship Master and, finally, The Furious Voyage.

This process of change presents a variety of critical problems. Kirkham observes:

The habit of rewriting, with the result that the majority of the poems that have survived more than one collection now exist in several versions, poses another problem for the critic. The actual volume of Graves's published verse makes the task of identifying the principles of development in it a challenging one, but there is also the textual problem—which version of a poem should be quoted? Inevitably the poems of any one collection, whether their originals were written in 1914 or more recently, tend to have a uniform look, so much so, in fact, that readers usually underestimate the amount of change in technique, theme and moral attitude that has taken place during a half-century of unflagging poetic output. To trace the lines of development in his poetry it is essential to read it chronologically . . . .<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Michael Kirkham, *The Poetry of Robert Graves* (New York, Oxford University Press, 1969), 3.

Douglas Day also recognizes the difficulties created by Graves' passion for revision, commenting, ". . . but, commendable as it may be, this habit has created no small textual problems for the critic."<sup>2</sup>

The objective of this study is to indicate the scope of such textual problems by presenting a variorum edition of representative samples of the poet's work from 1916 to 1948. The first date (1916) is that of the publication of Graves' first book, *Over the Brazier*, and the terminal date (1948) marks the publication of his *Collected Poems (1914-1947)*. The latter date was chosen because the following year marks the publication of *The White Goddess*, whose unifying vision has dominated Graves' work to the present day. Critical study may show that *The White Goddess* was a factor in the poet's work as early as 1944, but 1948 provides a convenient date for a textual bibliography.

Day observes that Graves' poetry can be divided into reasonably distinct periods and, in selecting examples of the poetry for inclusion in this variorum, care has been taken to give a representative selection from each period. The poems have been presented chronologically.

The first period, from 1916 to 1923, includes some of Graves' Georgian work, and work reflecting the shock of the First World War and the years of recovery from that shock. It also includes the poetry of intense anger and bitterness which gives way to the later detached, analytical work. Published books of poems in this first period include *Over the Brazier* (1916), *Fairies and Fusiliers* (1917), *Country Sentiment* (1920), *The Pier-Glass* (1921), and the first section of *Whipperginny* (1923).

<sup>2</sup>Douglas Day, *Swifter Than Reason* (Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 1963), xiv.

Graves' cynical detachment and emotional isolation is reflected in the poetry of the second period, including the second section of *Whipperryginny*, *The Feather Bed* (1923), *Mock Beggar Hall* (1924), *Welchman's Hose* (1925), *Poems (1914-1926)* (1927), and *Poems (1914-1927)* (1927).

For the 11 years following *Poems (1914-1926)*, Graves was closely associated with the American writer, Laura Riding, and during this third period much of his extensive rewriting and revision was accomplished. Critics may find that *Collected Poems*, [1938], which marks the end of this third period, is the most significant of the early works. Volumes of poetry appearing during these years include *Poems 1929* (1929), *Ten Poems More* (1930), *Poems 1926-1930* (1931), *To Whom Else?* (1931), *Poems 1930-1933* (1933), and *Collected Poems*, [1938] (1938).

In the years between 1938 and 1945, Graves published only 14 new poems (contained in *Poems 1938-1945*), and then, three years later, *Collected Poems (1914-1947)*, appeared. The year 1948 marks the terminal point of this study.

The question of editing Graves texts will undoubtedly pose problems in the years ahead, because of the author's extensive revisions. This study is an attempt to show just how extensive these revisions have been. Selecting a copy-text can be a most demanding exercise, as W. W. Greg points out in his essay The Rationale of Copy-Text:

The fact is that cases of revision differ so greatly in circumstances and character that it seems impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule as to when an editor should take the original edition as his copy-text and when the revised reprint. All that can

be said is that if the original be selected, then the author's corrections must be incorporated; and that if the reprint be selected, then the original reading must be restored when that of the reprint is due to unauthorized variation. Thus the editor cannot escape the responsibility of distinguishing to the best of his ability between the two categories. No juggling with copy-text will relieve him of the duty and necessity of exercising his own judgment.<sup>3</sup>

In preparing a variorum edition, two approaches are open to consideration. Each has its rationale. First, the accepted definitive version may be taken as the text and variants then tabulated backwards, to include the earliest known text. The rationale for this method is that the most recent version of a work may include authorial revisions and, therefore, represent the definitive version of the work, as conceived by the author.

On the other hand, it may be more valuable for the reader to have at his disposal a variorum based on the earliest published text. The rationale for this approach is that the reader can more readily grasp the original concept that motivated the poem and trace its changes to the most recent version. The latter rationale has prevailed in this study. Each poem appears in its earliest published version.

Some other considerations must be placed before the reader. First, only poems published in books have been considered in the preparation of the variorum as it is not common practice for the editors of magazines or periodicals to provide authors with proofs for

<sup>3</sup>W. W. Greg, *Collected Papers*, ed. J. C. Maxwell (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966), 390.

correction and, for this reason, there is no authority for the assumption that the poem appears as the author desired. This practice also prevails with compilers of anthologies. Secondly, in all the poems considered, both accidental and substantive variants have been recorded for editorial consideration. In the preparation of this variorum study, examples of all Graves' books of poetry have been examined, but not every edition or impression has been included. Indeed, this present study is intended to be part of an ongoing exploration of the textual variants in Graves' poetic works which, it is hoped, will lead eventually to the creation of a complete variorum edition of his poems

The poems selected for examination in this present study were chosen in order to present the widest possible range of types of revision in the poems of the chosen periods. Several poems were also chosen because of their generally accepted importance to the understanding of Graves' work, such as Goliath and David, Whipperginny, and In Procession. This study should perhaps be regarded primarily as an exercise in literary skills and part of its author's training in textual editing. It is not within the scope of this study to provide a definitive variorum but, rather, to explore the scope of the problem of settling on a definitive text.

GOLIATH

LIST OF POEMS

The Poet in the Nursery	2
Free Verse	4
Over the Brazier	6
In the Wilderness	9
Escape	11
Goliath and David	14
A Dead Boche	17
Letter to S. S. From Mametz Wood	18
The Kiss	23
Lost Love	25
A Frosty Night	27
Song: One Hard Look	29
Rocky Acres	31
Allie	33
Ghost Raddled	36
Vain and Careless	38
The Pier-Glass	40
Reproach	43
The Finding of Love	45
Down	48
Return	51
The Hills of May	54
The Coronation Murder	55
In Procession	61

A False Report	72
The Bedpost	73
The Ridge-Top	76
Richard Roe and John Doe	77
The Lands of Whipperginny	79
Old Wives' Tales	80
An English Wood	82
Full Moon	84
Alice	87
The Presence	90
Pure Death	92
The Country Dance	94
To Be Less Philosophical	95
Between Dark and Dark	98
Warning to Children	99
Railway Carriage	102
Front Door	105
Sandhills	107
The Age of Uncertainty	109
The Beast	110
On Time	114
Ogres and Pygmies	116
Ulysses	118
The Cell	120

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

All Graves's works have been assigned a number, where more than one edition exists the number is followed by a lower case alphabetical letter. In the one case where two impressions of an edition have been consulted, lower case Roman numerals follow the alphabetical designation. All works consulted in the collation of variants are marked with an asterisk (\*). Works are listed in chronological order of publication. The authority consulted for this chronology is F. H. Higginson, *A Bibliography of the Works of Robert Graves* (Connecticut: Archon, 1966).

- 1a1. \**Over the Brazier*. London: The Poetry Bookshop, 1916.
- 1a11. \*\_\_\_\_\_. London: The Poetry Bookshop. 2nd impression, 1917.
- 1b. \*\_\_\_\_\_. 2nd ed., 1920.
2. \**Goliath and David*. London: Chiswick Press, 1916.
- 3a. \**Fairies and Fusiliers*. London: William Heinemann, 1917.
- 3b. \*\_\_\_\_\_. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1918.
- 3c. \*\_\_\_\_\_. 2nd [American] ed., 1919.
4. \**Treasure Box*. London: Chiswick Press, 1919.
- 5a. \**Country Sentiment*. London: Martin Secker, 1920.
- 5b. \*\_\_\_\_\_. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1920.
- 6a. \**The Pier-Glass*. London: Martin Secker, 1921.
- 6b. \*\_\_\_\_\_. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1921.

- 7a. *On English Poetry* New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1922.
- 7b. \*\_\_\_\_\_. London: William Heinemann, 1922.
- 8a. \**Whipperginny* London: William Heinemann, 1923.
- 8b. \_\_\_\_\_ New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1923.
9. \**Mock Beggar Hall* London: Hogarth Press, 1924.
10. \**Welchman's Hose* London: Fleuron, 1925.
11. \**Augustan Books of Modern Poetry—Robert Graves* London: Ernest Benn Ltd, 1925.
12. \**The Marmosite's Miscellany* London: Hogarth Press, 1925.
- 13a. \**Poems (1914-1926)* London: William Heinemann, 1927.
- 13b. \_\_\_\_\_ 2nd impression, 1928.
- 13c. \*\_\_\_\_\_. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1929.
14. \**Poems (1914-1927)* London: William Heinemann, 1927.
15. \**Poems 1929* London: Seizin Press, 1929.
16. \**Ten Poems More* Paris: Hours Press, 1930.
17. \**Poems 1926-1930* London: William Heinemann, 1931.
18. \**To Whom Else?* Deya: Seizin Press, 1931.
- 19a. *Poems 1930-1933* London: Arthur Barker Ltd, 1933.
- 19b. \*\_\_\_\_\_ rpt 1933.
- 20a. *Collected Poems* London: Cassell & Co., 1938.
- 20b. \*\_\_\_\_\_ New York: Random House, 1939.
21. \**No More Ghosts* London: Faber & Faber, 1940.
22. \**The Augustan Poets* London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1943.
- 23a. \**Poems 1938-1945* London: Cassell & Co. Ltd, 1945.
- 23b. \*\_\_\_\_\_ New York: Creative Age Press, 1946.
24. \**Collected Poems (1914-1947)* London: Cassell & Co. Ltd, 1948.

## NOTES ON THE COLLATIONS

The collation methods employed in this study are a modification of the methods used by Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach in *The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats* (New York: Macmillan, 1957).

1. Where a punctuation variant has occurred within a line the words before and after the variant are given. If the punctuation variant is terminal, the last word in the line is given.
2. Where the wording within a line changes, the words before and after the change have been given.
3. Where the spelling, number, or hyphenation of a word varies, usually only the word itself has been given.
4. Where three periods appear within a line as a punctuation variant, they have been single-spaced, this, to distinguish the variant from three periods indicating a word or words omitted.

THE COLLATIONS

## THE POET IN THE NURSERY

1. *The youngest poet down the shelves was fumbling*
2. *In a dim library, just behind the chair*
3. *From which the ancient poet was mum-mumbling*
4. *A song about some Lovers at a Fair,*
5. *Pulling his long white beard and gently grumbling*
6. *That rhymes were beastly things and never there.*
  
7. *And as I groped, the whole time I was thinking*
8. *About the tragic poem I'd been writing—*
9. *An old man's life of beer and whiskey drinking,*
10. *His years of kidnapping and wicked fighting,*
11. *And how at last, into a fever sinking,*
12. *Remorsefully he died, his bedclothes biting.*
  
13. *But suddenly I saw the bright green cover*
14. *Of a thin pretty book right down below,*

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 1a1, 1a11, 1b, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14

DATE [1914] 13a, 13c, 14

TYPOGRAPHY [unitalicized] 1b, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14

TEXT

4. . . . lovers . . . , 13a, 13c, 14

6. . . . were troublesome things . . . . 13a, 13c, 14

8. . . . writing, . . . 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14

15. *I snatched it up and turned the pages over,*  
 16. *To find it full of poetry, and so*  
 17. *Put it down my neck with quick hands like a lover*  
 18. *And turned to watch if the old man saw it go.*
19. *The book was full of funny muddling mazes*  
 20. *Each rounded off into a lovely song,*  
 21. *And most extraordinary and monstrous phrases*  
 22. *Knotted with rhymes like a slave-driver's thong,*  
 23. *And metre twisting like a chain of daisies*  
 24. *With great big splendid words a sentence long.*
25. *I took the book to bed with me and gloated,*  
 26. *Learning the lines that seemed to sound most grand,*  
 27. *So soon the pretty emerald green was coated*  
 28. *With jam and greasy marks from my hot hand,*  
 29. *While round the nursery for long months there floated*  
 30. *Wonderful words no one could understand.*

- 
17. . . . lover, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 19. . . . mazes, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 22. . . . thong 3c.  
 26. . . . grand, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 27. . . . the lively emerald . . . 13a, 14, . . . lively emerald-  
 green . . . 13c.  
 28. With intimate dark stains from . . . 13a, 13c, 14.

## FREE VERSE

1. I now delight,
2. In spite
3. Of the might
4. And the right
5. Of classic tradition,
6. In writing
7. And reciting
8. Straight ahead,
9. Without let or omission,
10. Just any little rhyme
11. In any little time
12. That runs in my head:
13. Because, I've said,
14. My rhymes no longer shall stand arrayed
15. Like Prussian soldiers on parade

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 1a1, 1a11, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 3b.

TEXT Title In Spite 13a, 13c, 14.

1. . . . NOW . . . , 3a, 13a, 13c, 14; . . . NOW delight 3b,  
 . . . delight 3c.
12. . . . head; 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.

16. That march,
17. Stiff as starch,
18. Foot to foot,
19. Boot to boot,
20. Blade to blade,
21. Button to button,
22. Cheeks and chops and chins like mutton.
23. No! No!
24. My rhymes must go
25. Turn 'ee, twist 'ee,
26. Twinkling, frosty,
27. Will-o'-the-wisp-like, misty,
28. Rhymes I will make
29. Like Keats and Blake
30. And Christina Rossetti,
31. With run and ripple and shake.
32. How petty
33. To take
34. A merry little rhyme
35. In a jolly little time
36. And poke it,
37. And choke it,
38. Change it, arrange it,

[no break]

- 
27. . . . misty; 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.
  32. . . . pretty 3b, 3c.

39. Straight-lace it, deface it,
40. Pleat it with pleats,
41. Sheet it with sheets
42. Of empty meaningless conceits,
43. And chop and chew,
44. And hack and hew,
45. And weld it into a uniform stanza,
46. And evolve a neat,
47. Complacent, complete,
48. Academic extravaganza!

- 
- |     |                 |                              |
|-----|-----------------|------------------------------|
| 41. | Sheets          | 3a                           |
| 42. | empty conceits, | 1b, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14 |
- 

OVER THE BRAZIER

1. What life to lead and where to go
2. After the War, after the War?

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 1a1, 1a11, 1b, 13a, 13c, 14

DATE [July, 1915] 1b, [1915] 13a, 13c, 14

*Note regarding variant spellings of proper names:* If the only change in a line is the variant spelling of a proper name, that line has not been noted in the textual variants. Where textual variants include a proper name that has variant spellings, the spelling used is that in the definitive text (above). A variant spelling and the printings in which it occurs is:

*Willie* 13a, 13c, 14.

3. We'd often talked this way before  
4. But I still see the brazier glow  
5. That April night, still feel the smoke  
6. And stifling pungency of burning coke  
  
7. I'd thought "A cottage in the hills,  
8. North Wales, a cottage full of books,  
9. Pictures and brass and cosy nooks  
10. And comfortable broad window-sills,  
11. Flowers in the garden, walls all white,  
12. I'd live there peacefully, and dream and write."  
  
13. But Willy said. "No, Home's played out  
14. Old England's quite a hopeless place:  
15. I've lost all feeling for my race:  
16. The English stay-at-home's a tout,  
17. A cad, I've done with him for life.  
18. I'm off to Canada with my wee wife.

---

3. . . . before, 13a, . . . before. 13c, 14.  
11. . . . white.  
12. . . . peacefully and . . . 13a, 13c, 14.  
13. . . . said "No, Home's no good 1b; . . . said, [said: 13c] "No,  
Home's no good 13a, 13c, 14.  
14. . . . place 1b, . . . place, 13a, 13c, 14.  
16. But France has given me [my 13a, 13c, 14] heart and blood 1b, 13a,  
13c, 14.  
17. Enough to last me all my [life 1b] life, 13a, 13c, 14.  
18. . . . wife." 13a, 13c, 14.

19 "Come with us, Mac, old thing," but Mac  
20 Drawled "No, a Coral Isle for me,  
21 A warm green jewel in the South Sea.  
22 Of course you'll sneer, and call me slack,  
23 And Colonies are quite jolly . . . but—  
24 Give me my hot beach and my cocoanut."

25 So then we built and stocked for Willy  
26 A log-hut, and for Mac a calm  
27 Rockabye cradle on a palm—  
28 Idyllic dwellings—but this silly  
29 Mad War has now wrecked both, and what  
30 Better hopes has my little cottage got?

---

20 Drawled, "No . . . , 13a, 14.

22 There's merit in a lumber [shack 1b] shack, 1b, 13a, 13c, 14.

23 And labour is a grand thing . . . [but 1b] but— 1b, 13a, 13c, 14.

26 His log-hut, . . .

27 Rock-a-bye . . . 13a, 13c, 14.

---

IN THE WILDERNESS

1. Christ of his gentleness
2. Thirsting and hungering
3. Walked in the wilderness,
4. Soft words of grace He spoke
5. Unto lost desert-folk
6. That listened wondering
7. He heard the bitterns call
8. From ruined palace-wall,
9. Answered them brotherly
10. He held communion
11. With the she-pelican
12. Of lonely piety
13. Basilisk, cockatrice,
14. Flocked to His homilies,
15. With mail of dread device,

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 1ai, 1aii, 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 22, 24

DATE [1914] 11, 13a, 13c, 14

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 3b, 11

TEXT

1. . . . His . . . 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14, He, of . . . , 22, 24
2. . . . hungering, 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14
4. . . . he . . .
7. . . . bittern . . .
9. . . . brotherly; 22, 24.
14. . . . his . . . , 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14, 22, 24

16. With monstrous barbèd stings,
17. With eager dragon-eyes,
18. Great rats on leather wings
19. And poor blind broken things,
20. Foul in their miseries.
21. And ever with Him went,
22. Of all His wanderings
23. Comrade, with ragged coat,
24. Gaunt ribs—poor innocent—
25. Bleeding foot, burning throat,
26. The guileless old scape-goat,
27. For forty nights and days
28. Followed in Jesus' ways,
29. Sure guard behind Him kept,
30. Tears like a lover wept.

- 
16. . . . slings, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14, . . . barbèd . . . , 11,  
13a, 13c, 14, 22, 24.
  18. . . . bats . . . leathern . . . 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 22, 24.
  19. And old, blind, broken . . .
  20. Mean in . . .
  21. Then ever . . . him . . . ,
  22. . . . his . . . 22, 24.
  26. . . . scapegoat; 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14, . . . guileless  
young scapegoat: 22, 24.
  29. . . . him . . . , 22, 24.

ESCAPE

*(August 6th, 1916. Officer previously reported died of wounds now reported wounded. Graves, Capt. R., Royal Welsh Fus.)*

1. . . . But I was dead, an hour or more.
2. I woke when I'd already passed the door
3. That Cerberus guards and half-way down the road
4. To Lethe, as an old Greek sign-post showed
5. Above me, on my stretcher swinging by,
6. I saw new stars in the sub-terrene sky,
7. A Cross, a Rose in Bloom, a Cage with Bars,
8. And a barbed Arrow feathered with fine stars.

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 2, 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14.

TYPOGRAPHY Epigraph [unitalicized] 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, Title [italicized] 3a, 11.

EPIGRAPH [ . . . wounds, now . . . wounded [wounded 13a, 13c, 14] Graves, Captain R., . . . Welch Fusiliers.) [Fusiliers). 13a, 13c, 14] ] 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14.

TEXT

1. . . . more. 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, But . . . 11.
3. . . . guards, and . . .
4. . . . signpost . . .
6. . . . subterrene sky.
7. . . . bloom, . . . bars,
8. . . . feathered in fine . . . 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14.

9. I felt the vapours of forgetfulness  
 10. Float in my nostrils: Oh, may Heaven bless  
 11. Dear Lady Proserpine, who saw me wake  
 12. And stooping over me, for Henna's sake  
 13. Cleared my poor buzzing head and sent me back  
 14. Breathless, with leaping heart along the track  
 15. After me roared and clattered angry hosts  
 16. Of demons, heroes, and policeman-ghosts  
 17. "Life, life! I can't be dead, I won't be dead  
 18. Damned if I'll die for anyone," I said . . . .  
 19. Cerberus stands and grins above me now,  
 20. Wearing three heads, lion and lynx and sow  
 21. "Quick, a revolver! but my Webley's gone,

[no break]

- 
10. . . . nostrils. Oh, . . . .  
 11. . . . wake, 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 12. And, stooping . . . . 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, . . . . Enna's  
 . . . . 11.  
 17. "Life! life! . . . . dead! I . . . . dead!  
 18. . . . anyone!" I said . . . . 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 [between 18 and 19 no break] 13a, 13c, 14.  
 20. . . . heads—lion, and lynx, and sow. 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a,  
 13c, 14.  
 21. [Quick, 13a, 13c, 14] . . . . But . . . . , 3a, 3b, 3c, 11, 13a,  
 13c, 14.



GOLIATH AND DAVID

*(For D. C. T., killed at Fricourt, March 1916)*

1. Once an earlier David took
2. Smooth pebbles from the brook:
3. Out between the lines he went
4. To that one-sided tournament,
5. A shepherd boy who stood out fine
6. And young to fight a Philistine
7. Clad all in brazen mail. He swears
8. That he's killed lions, he's killed bears,
9. And those that scorn the God of Zion
10. Shall perish so like bear or lion.

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 2, 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.

TYPOGRAPHY Dedication [unitalicized] 3a, 3b, 3c; Title [italicized] 3b.

DEDICATION [For Lieut. David Thomas, 1st Batt. Royal Welch Fusiliers, killed . . . ] 13a, 13c, 14.

Note "If I am Jesse's son," said he, / Where must that tall Goliath be?" precedes the poem 13a, 13c, 14.

TEXT

1. Yet . . . 3a, 3b, 3c; For once . . . 13a, 13c, 14.

11. But the historian of that fight  
12. Had not the heart to tell it right.  
13. Striding within javelin range  
14. Goliath marvels at this strange  
15. Goodly-faced boy so proud of strength  
16. David's clear eye measures the length,  
17. With hand thrust back, he cramps one knee,  
18. Poises a moment thoughtfully,  
19. And hurls with a long vengeful swing  
20. The pebble, humming from the sling  
21. Like a wild bee, flies a sure line  
22. For the forehead of the Philistine,  
23. Then . . . but there comes a brazen clink,  
24. And quicker than a man can think  
25. Goliath's shield parries each cast,  
26. Clang! clang! and clang! was David's last  
27. Scorn blazes in the Giant's eye  
28. Towering unhurt six cubits high.

[no break]

---

11. But . . . . , the . . . . 3a, But . . . . the . . . .

[between 12 and 13 a break]

13. . . . range,

22. . . . Philistine, 3a, 3b, 3c, 23a, 23c, 24.

25. . . . cast 3a, 3b, 3c.

26. . . . clang! And clang! . . . .

[between 26 and 27 a break] 23a, 23c, 24.

29. Says foolish David, "Damn your shield,  
 30. And damn my sling, but I'll not yield "  
 31. He takes his staff of Mamre oak,  
 32. A knotted shepherd-staff that's broke  
 33. The skull of many a wolf and fox  
 34. Come filching lambs from Jesse's flocks  
 35. Loud laughs Goliath, and that laugh  
 36. Can scatter chariots like blown chaff  
 37. To rout: but David, calm and brave,  
 38. Holds his ground, for God will save  
 39. Steel crosses wood, a flash, and oh!  
 40. Shame for Beauty's overthrow!  
 41. (God's eyes are dim, his ears are shut)  
 42. One cruel backhand sabre cut—  
 43. "I'm hit, I'm killed," young David cries,

[no break]

---

29. . . . shield! 3a, 3b, 3c, . . . David, "Curse . . .  
 shield! 13a, 13c, 14.  
 30. . . . [And curse my 13a, 13c, 14] sling! but . . . " 3a,  
 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 37. . . . rout, . . . ,  
 40. . . . beauty's . . . ! 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 41. . . . His . . . [shut, 13a, 14] [shut) 13c] . . . ) 3a, 3b,  
 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 42. . . . sabre-cut—  
 43. . . . hit! I'm killed!" . . . , 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.

44. Throws blindly forward, chokes . . . and dies.  
45. And look, spike-helmeted, grey, grim,  
46. Goliath straddles over him.
- 

44. . . . dies 13c.  
45. Steel-helmeted and grey and grim 13a, 13c, 14.
- 

A DEAD BOCHE

1. To you who'd read my songs of War  
2. And only hear of blood and fame,  
3. I'll say (you've heard it said before)  
4. "War's Hell!" and if you doubt the same,  
5. To-day I found in Mametz wood  
6. A certain cure for lust of blood.

[break]

---

PRINTINGS 2, 3a, 3b, 3c, [13a, 13c, 14].

TYPOGRAPHY Title [*italicized*] 3b.

*Note:* A Dead Boche was incorporated into the poem Letter to S. S.  
from Mametz Wood and re-titled Familiar Letter to Siegfried  
Sassoon [13a, 13c, 14]. See following analysis.

TEXT

- 1-4. [lacking] 13a, 13c, 14.  
5. [Today 3c] [ . . . to-day 13a, 13c, 14] . . . Wood 3a, 3b, 3c.  
6. . . . blood. 13a; . . . blood, 13c, 14.

7. Where, propped against a shattered trunk,  
8. In a great mess of things unclean  
9. Sat a dead Boche: he scowled and stunk  
10. With clothes and face a sodden green,  
11. Big-bellied, spectacled, crop-haired,  
12. Dribbling black blood from nose and beard.
- 

7. . . . trunk 13a, 13c, 14.  
8. . . . unclean, 3a, 3b, 3c.  
9. . . . Boche, he . . . 3a, 3b, 3c.  
10. . . . green: 13a, 13c, 14.
- 

LETTER TO S. S. FROM MAMETZ WOOD

1. I never dreamed we'd meet that day  
2. In our old haunts down Fricourt way,  
[no break]
- 

PRINTINGS 3a, 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14.

EPIGRAPH [From Bivouacs at Mametz Wood, July 13th, 1916] 13a, 13c, 14.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 3b.

*Note*: Letter to S. S. From Mametz Wood was combined with A Dead Boche and re-titled Familiar Letter to Siegfried Sassoon [13a, 13c, 14]. See previous analysis.

3. Plotting such marvellous journeys there
4. For jolly old "Après-la-guerre."
  
5. Well, when it's over, first we'll meet
6. At Gweithdy Bach, my country seat
7. In Wales, a curious little shop
8. With two rooms and a roof on top,
9. A sort of Morlancourt-ish billet
10. That never needs a crowd to fill it.
11. But oh, the country round about!
12. The sort of view that makes you shout
13. For want of any better way
14. Of praising God there's a blue bay
15. Shining in front, and on the right
16. Snowden and Hebog capped with white,
17. And lots of other jolly peaks
18. That you could wonder at for weeks,
19. With jag and spur and hump and cleft.
20. There's a grey castle on the left,
21. And back in the high hinterland
22. You'll see the grave of Shawn Knarlbrand

[no break]

- 
4. For golden-houred "Après-la-guerre." 13a, 13c, 14.
  17. . . . other mountain peaks 13a 13c, 14.
  21. . . . Hinterland 3b, 3c.
  22. . . . Knarlbrand, 3b, 3c.

23. Who slew the savage Buffaloon  
24. By the Nant-col one night in June,  
25. And won his surname from the horn  
26. Of this prodigious unicorn  
27. Beyond, where the two Rhinogs tower,  
28. Rhinog Fach and Rhinog Fawr,  
29. Close there after a four years' chase  
30. From Thessaly and the woods of Thrace,  
31. The beaten Dog-cat stood at bay  
32. And growled and fought and passed away  
33. You'll see where mountain conies grapple  
34. With prayer and creed in their rock chapel  
35. Which Ben and Claire once built for them,  
36. They call it Soar Bethlehem  
37. You'll see where in old Roman days,  
38. Before Revivals changed our ways,  
39. The Virgin 'scaped the Devil's grab,  
40. Printing her foot on a stone slab  
41. With five clear toe-marks, and you'll find  
42. The fiendish thumbprint close behind  
43. You'll see where Math, Mathonwy's son,

[no break]

---

35. Which three young children built . . . , 13a, 14; Which  
three young children built . . . them 13c  
42. . . . thumb-print . . . . 13a, 13c, 14

44. Spoke with the wizard Gwydion  
45. And bad him for South Wales set out  
46. To steal that creature with the snout,  
47. That new-discovered grunting beast  
48. Divinely flavoured for the feast  
49. No traveller yet has hit upon  
50. A wilder land than Meirion,  
51. For desolate hills and tumbling stones,  
52. Bogland and melody and old bones  
53. Fairies and ghosts are here galore,  
54. And poetry most splendid, more  
55. Than can be written with the pen  
56. Or understood by common men.
57. In Gweithdy Bach we'll rest awhile,  
58. We'll dress our wounds and learn to smile  
59. With easier lips, we'll stretch our legs,  
60. And live on bilberry tart and eggs,  
61. And store up solar energy,  
62. Basking in sunshine by the sea,  
63. Until we feel a match once more  
64. For *anything* but another war

[break]

---

56. . . . common . . . . 3b, 3c, 13a, 13c, 14  
45. . . . him from South . . . . 3b, 3c

[between 64 and 65 no break] 13a, 13c, 14

65. So then we'll kiss our families,  
66. And sail away across the seas  
67. (The God of Song protecting us)  
68. To the great hills of Caucasus.  
69. Robert will learn the local *bat*  
70. For billeting and things like that,  
71. If Siegfried learns the piccolo  
72. To charm the people as we go.  
  
73. The jolly peasants clad in furs  
74. Will greet the Welch-ski officers  
75. With open arms, and ere we pass  
76. Will make us vocal with Kavassee.  
77. In old Bagdad we'll call a halt  
78. At the Sâshuns' ancestral vault;  
79. We'll catch the Persian rose-flowers' scent,  
80. And understand what Omar meant.

[no break]

---

66. . . . sail across the . . . 3b, 3c.

[between 72 and 73 no break] 13a, 13c, 14.

73. The simple peasants . . .

74. . . . the foreign officers

75. . . . ere they pass

76. . . . make them tuneful with . . .

78. . . . Sashuns' . . . ; 13a, 13c, 14.

81. Bitlis and Mush will know our faces,  
82. Tiflis and Tomsk, and all such places.  
83. Perhaps eventually we'll get  
84. Among the Tartars of Thibet,  
85. Hobnobbing with the Chungs and Mings,  
86. And doing wild, tremendous things  
87. In free adventure, quest and fight,  
88. And God! what poetry we'll write!
- 

84. . . . Thibet. 3c.

[lines 5 to 12 of A Dead Boche here follow, preceded by  
*Fragment included at the end of this letter*.] 13a, 13c, 14.  
See preceding analysis.

---

#### THE KISS

1. Are you shaken, are you stirred  
2. By a whisper of love,  
3. Spell-bound to a word  
4. Does Time cease to move,  
[no break]
- 

PRINTING 4, 6a, 6b.

TEXT

3. Spellbound . . . 6a, 6b.

5. Till her calm grey eye
  6. Expands to a sky
  7. And the clouds of her hair
  8. Like storms go by?
  
  9. Then the lips that you have kissed
  10. Turn to frost and fire,
  11. And a white-steaming mist
  12. Obscures desire.
  13. So back to their birth
  14. Fade water, air, earth,
  15. And the First Power moves
  16. Over void and dearth.
  
  17. Is that Love? no, but Death,
  18. A passion, a shout,
  19. The deep in-breath,
  20. The breath roaring out,
  21. And once that is flown,
  22. You must lie alone,
  23. Without hope, without life,
  24. Poor flesh, sad bone.
-

LOST LOVE

1. His eyes are quickened so with grief,
2. He can watch a grass or leaf
3. Every instant grow, he can
4. Clearly through a flint wall see,
5. Or watch the startled spirit flee
6. From the throat of a dead man
7. Across two counties he can hear,
8. And catch your words before you speak
9. The woodlouse or the maggot's weak
10. Clamour rings in his sad ear,
11. And noise so slight it would surpass
12. Credence—drinking sound of grass,
13. Worm talk, clashing jaws of moth
14. Chumbling holes in cloth
15. The groan of ants who undertake

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 4, 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TEXT

7. . . . hear 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.
8. . . . speak 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24, Or catch . . .  
speak 22.
9. Or now the caterpillar's weak 22.
10. . . . ear,
12. Credence—drinking . . . ,
14. [That chumble holes 22] . . . cloth; 20b, 22, 24.

- 16 Gigantic loads for honour's sake,  
17 Their sinews creak, their breath comes thin:  
18 Whir of spiders when they spin,  
19 And minute whispering, mumbling, sighs  
20 Of idle grubs and flies.  
21 This man is quickened so with grief,  
22 He wanders god-like or like thief  
23 Inside and out, below, above,  
24 Without relief seeking lost love
- 

16. . . . sake 20b, 22, 24.  
17. . . . thin, 13a, 13c, 14, (Their . . . thin); 20b, 24,  
(Their . . . thin), 22.
- 

#### A FROSTY NIGHT

##### *Mother*

- 1 Alice, dear, what ails you,  
2 Dazed and white and shaken?

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 5a, 5b, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24

TYPOGRAPHY[Text in single quotations] 20b, 24, [Text in double quotations] 22.

*Note* The speakers in the textual variants are the same as those in the definitive text. [Speakers omitted] 20b, 22, 24.

TEXT

2. . . . and lost and . . . ? 20b, 22, 24.

3. Has the chill night numbed you?

4. Is it fright you have taken?

*Alice*

5. Mother, I am very well,

6. I felt never better,

7. Mother, do not hold me so,

8. Let me write my letter.

*Mother*

9. Sweet, my dear, what ails you?

*Alice*

10. No, but I am well,

11. The night was cold and frosty,

12. There's no more to tell.

[break]

---

6. I was never better. 20b, 22, 24.

9. Alice dear, what . . . ? 22.

[between 9 and 10 no break] 20b, 22, 24.

10. . . . well.

11. . . . frosty— 20b, 22, 24.

*Mother*

13. Ay, the night was frosty,  
14. Coldly gaped the moon,  
15. Yet the birds seemed twittering  
16. Through green boughs of June.

17. Soft and thick the snow lay,  
18. Stars danced in the sky.  
19. Not all the lambs of May-day  
20. Skip so bold and high.

21. Your feet were dancing, Alice,  
22. Seemed to dance on air,  
23. You looked a ghost or angel  
24. In the starlight there.

25. Your eyes were frosted starlight,  
26. Your heart fire and snow.

[no break]

---

18. . . . sky—  
24. . . . star-light . . . .  
25. . . . star-light,  
26. . . . heart, fire . . . . 20b, 22, 24

27. Who was it said, "I love you"?

*Alice*

28. Mother, let me go!

---

27. . . . you?" 13a, 14.

[between 27 and 28 no break] 20b, 22, 24

---

SONG: ONE HARD LOOK

1. Small gnats that fly
2. In hot July
3. And lodge in sleeping ears,
4. Can rouse therein
5. A trumpet's din
6. With Day-of-Judgement fears.

[break]

---

PRINTINGS 5a, 5b, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 11.

*Note:* [Stanzas 2 and 3 are reworked to create one stanza] 11, 13a,  
13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TEXT Title One Hard Look 20b, 22, 24.

3. . . . ears 20b, 22, 24

4. Will rouse . . . 22.

6. . . . Day of Judgement . . . . 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

27 Who was it said, "I love you"?

*Alice*

28 Mother, let me go!

---

27 . . . you?" 13a, 14  
[between 27 and 28 no break] 20b, 22, 24.

---

SONG: ONE HARD LOOK

- 1 Small gnats that fly
- 2 In hot July
- 3 And lodge in sleeping ears,
- 4 Can rouse therein
- 5 A trumpet's din
- 6 With Day-of-Judgement fears.

[break]

---

PRINTINGS 5a, 5b, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 11.

*Note:* [Stanzas 2 and 3 are reworked to create one stanza] 11, 13a,  
13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TEXT Title One Hard Look 20b, 22, 24.

3 . . . ears 20b, 22, 24.

4 Will rouse . . . 22.

6 . . . Day of Judgement . . . . 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

7. Small mice at night
8. Can wake more fright
9. Than lions at midday
10. An urchin small
11. Torments us all
12. Who tread his prickly way

13. A straw will crack
14. The camel's back,
15. To die we need but sip,
16. So little sand
17. As fills the hand
18. Can stop a steaming ship

19. One smile relieves
20. A heart that grieves
21. Though deadly sad it be,
22. And one hard look

[no break]

- 
8. Will wake . . . 22
  9. . . . midday, 5b, . . . midday; 20b, 22, 24
  - 10-12 [lacking] 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24
  14. . . . back, 13a, 13c, 14, . . . back— 20b, 22, 24
  - 15-17 [lacking] 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24
  18. There is no easier way 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24

23. Can close the book  
24. That lovers love to see—
- 

23. Will close . . . . 22.  
24. . . . see 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24, . . . . see 22.
- 

ROCKY ACRES

1. This is a wild land, country of my choice,  
2. With harsh craggy mountain, moor ample and bare.  
3. Seldom in these acres is heard any voice  
4. But voice of cold water that runs here and there  
5. Through rocks and lank heather growing without care.  
6. No mice in the heath run nor no birds cry  
7. For fear of the dark speck that floats in the sky  
  
8. He soars and he hovers rocking on his wings,  
[no break]
- 

PRINTINGS 5a, 5b, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [*italicized*] 11.

TEXT

5. . . . care 13c, 14.  
6. . . . run, nor . . . . 22; . . . . run, no song-birds fly 24.  
7. . . . the buzzard that . . . . 24.  
8. . . . hovers, rocking . . . . , 13a, 13c, 14, 22, 24.

9. He scans his wide parish with a sharp eye,  
 10. He catches the trembling of small hidden things,  
 11. He tears them in pieces, dropping from the sky:  
 12. Tenderness and pity the land will deny,  
 13. Where life is but nourished from water and rock  
 14. A hardy adventure, full of fear and shock.
15. Time has never journeyed to this lost land,  
 16. Crakeberries and heather bloom out of date,  
 17. The rocks jut, the streams flow singing on either hand,  
 18. Careless if the season be early or late.  
 19. The skies wander overhead, now blue, now slate:  
 20. Winter would be known by his cold cutting snow  
 21. If June did not borrow his armour also.
22. Yet this is my country beloved by me best,

[no break]

- 
9. . . . eye 5b.
11. . . . sky; 22; . . . dropping them from . . . sky; 24.
12. . . . deny 13a, 13c, 14; . . . the heart will . . . , 24.
13. . . . rock, 13a, 13c, 14; . . . nourished by water . . .  
 rock— 22, 24.
16. Crakeberry . . . , 22, 24.
18. . . . late, 11, 22, 24.
19. . . . slate; 22, 24.
20. . . . cutting snow 24.
22. . . . country, beloved . . . best, 24.

23. The first land that rose from Chaos and the Flood,  
 24. Nursing no fat valleys for comfort and rest,  
 25. Trampled by no hard hooves, stained with no blood.  
 26. Bold immortal country whose hill tops have stood  
 27. Strongholds for the proud gods when on earth they go,  
 28. Terror for fat burghers in far plains below.

- 
24. . . . no valleys . . . , 24.  
 25. . . . no shod hooves, bought with . . . . 22, 24.  
 26. . . . hill-tops . . . 13a, 13c, 14, Bold, immortal . . . 22;  
 Sempiternal country . . . 24.  
 27. Stronghold . . . , 22, 24.  
 28. . . . burghers on far . . . . 24.
- 

### ALLIE

1. *Allie, call the birds in,*
2. *The birds from the sky.*
3. Allie calls, Allie sings,  
 [no break]

---

PRINTINGS 5a, 5b, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 11; lines 1-2, 10-11, 19-20, 28-29  
 [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24, lines 1-2, 10-11,  
 19-20, 28-29 [in quotation marks] 13a, 13c, 14.

TEXT

2. . . . sky! 20b, 22, 24.

4. Down they all fly.
5. First there came
6. Two white doves
7. Then a sparrow from his nest,
8. Then a clucking bantam hen,
9. Then a robin red-breast.
10. *Allie, call the beasts in,*
11. *The beasts, every one.*
12. Allie calls, Allie sings,
13. In they all run.
14. First there came
15. Two black lambs,
16. Then a grunting Berkshire sow,
17. Then a dog without a tail,
18. Then a red and white cow.
19. *Allie, call the fish up,*
20. *The fish from the stream.*
21. Allie calls, Allie sings,
- [no break]

- 
4. . . . fly: 20b, 22, 24.
6. . . . doves, 20b, 24.
11. . . . one, 11; . . . one!
13. . . . run:
20. . . . stream! 20b, 22, 24.

22 Up they all swim  
 23 First there came  
 24 Two gold fish,  
 25 A minnow and a miller's thumb,  
 26 Then a pair of loving trout,  
 27 Then the twisted eels come  
  
 28 *Allie, call the children,*  
 29 *Children from the green.*  
 30 Allie calls, Allie sings,  
 31 Soon they run in  
 32 First there came  
 33 Tom and Madge,  
 34 Kate and I who'll not forget  
 35 How we played by the water's edge  
 36 Till the April sun set

---

22 . . . swim: 20b, 22, 24

26 . . . of spotted trout, 11, . . . of happy trout, 22, . . .  
 school of little trout, 24

27 . . . the twisting eels . . . 11, 24

29 . . . green, 11, . . . green! 20b, 22, Call them from the green! 24

31 . . . in 24

---

GHOST RADDLED

1. "Come, surly fellow, come! A song!"
2. What, madmen? Sing to you?
3. Choose from the clouded tales of wrong
4. And terror I bring to you.
  
5. Of a night so torn with cries,
6. Honest men sleeping
7. Start awake with glaring eyes,
8. Bone-chilled, flesh creeping.
  
9. Of spirits in the web hung room
10. Up above the stable,
11. Groans, knockings in the gloom,

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 5a, 5b, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [*italicized*] 11, lines 2-24 [in quotation marks]  
21, 22.

TEXT Title The Haunted House 20b, 21, 22, 24.

1. " . . . come: a song!" 24.
2. What, fools? . . . ?
4. . . . you:
7. . . . with rabid eyes, 20b, 21, 22, 24.
8. . . . creeping, 20b, 21, 24.
9. . . . web-hung . . . 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24; . . . the  
webbed room 21, 22.

12. The dancing table.
13. Of demons in the dry well
14. That cheep and mutter,
15. Clanging of an unseen bell,
16. Blood choking the gutter.
17. Of lust frightful, past belief,
18. Lurking unforgotten,
19. Unrestrainable endless grief
20. From breasts long rotten.
21. A song? What laughter or what song
22. Can this house remember?
23. Do flowers and butterflies belong
24. To a blind December?

- 
12. . . . table,
16. . . . gutter, 20b, 21, 22, 24.
17. . . . belief 5b; . . . lust filthy [cruel 22] past belief 20b,  
21, 22, 24.
20. In [breast 5b] . . . 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.
-

VAIN AND CARELESS

1. Lady, lovely lady,
2. Careless and gay!
3. Once when a beggar called
4. She gave her child away.
  
5. The beggar took the baby,
6. Wrapped it in a shawl,
7. "Bring her back," the lady said,
8. "Next time you call."
  
9. Hard by lived a vain man,
10. So vain and so proud,
11. He walked on stilts
12. To be seen by the crowd.

[break]

---

PRINTINGS 5a, 5b, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [*italicized*] 11.

TEXT

3. Once, . . . called, 20b, 21, 22, 24.
6. . . . shawl— 20b, 21, 22, 24.
7. "Bring him back," . . . , 24.
10. . . . proud 20b, 21, 22, 24.
11. . . . would walk on . . . 20b, 21, 22, 24.
12. . . . crowd, 11, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

13. Up above the chimney pots,  
 14. Tall as a mast,  
 15. And all the people ran about  
 16. Shouting till he passed.
17. "A splendid match surely,"  
 18. Neighbours saw it plain,  
 19. "Although she is so careless,  
 20. Although he is so vain "
21. But the lady played bobcherry,  
 22. Did not see or care,  
 23. As the vain man went by her  
 24. Aloft in the air.
25. This gentle-born couple  
 26. Lived and died apart  
 27. Water will not mix with oil,  
 28. Nor vain with careless heart.

- 
14. . . . mast— 20b, 21, 22, 24  
 21. . . . bob-cherry, 21, 22  
 26. . . . apart— 20b, 21, 22, 24  
 27. . . . oil 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24
-

THE PIER-GLASS

(To T. E. Lawrence, who helped me with it)

1. Lost manor where I walk continually
2. A ghost, while yet in woman's flesh and blood
3. Up your broad stairs mounting with outspread fingers
4. And gliding steadfast down your corridors
5. I come by nightly custom to this room,
6. And even on sultry afternoons I come
7. Drawn by a thread of time-sunk memory
  
8. Empty, unless for a huge bed of state
9. Shrouded with rusty curtains drooped awry
10. (A puppet theatre where malignant fancy
11. Peoples the wings with fear) At my right hand
12. A ravelled bell-pull hangs in readiness
13. To summon me from attic glooms above

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

DEDICATION [lacking] 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY line 54 [*Kill or forgive?* unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14,

line 57 [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14.

TEXT

2 . . . . ghost, though yet . . . . 20b, 24.

14. Service of elder ghosts, here at my left  
 15. A sullen pier-glass cracked from side to side  
 16. Scorns to present the face as do new mirrors  
 17. With a lying flush, but shows it melancholy  
 18. And pale, as faces grow that look in mirrors.
19. Is here no life, nothing but the thin shadow  
 20. And blank foreboding, never a wainscote rat  
 21. Rasping a crust? Or at the window pane  
 22. No fly, no bluebottle, no starveling spider?  
 23. The windows frame a prospect of cold skies  
 24. Half-merged with sea, as at the first creation,  
 25. Abstract, confusing welter. Face about,  
 26. Peer rather in the glass once more, take note  
 27. Of self, the grey lips and long hair dishevelled,  
 28. Sleep-staring eyes. Ah, mirror, for Christ's love  
 29. Give me one token that there still abides  
 30. Remote, beyond this island mystery

[no break]

- 
14. . . . ghosts, here, at my left,  
 15. . . . cracked, from . . . side,  
 16. . . . face (as . . . mirrors) 20b, 24.  
 19. Is there no . . . 24.  
 20. . . . wainscot . . .  
 24. . . . creation— 20b, 24.  
 30. [Remote—beyond 20b, 24] . . . mystery, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

31. So be it only this side Hope, somewhere,  
32. In streams, on sun-warm mountain pasturage,  
33. True life, natural breath; not this phantasma.  
  
34. A rumour, scarcely yet to be reckoned sound,  
35. But a pulse quicker or slower, then I know  
36. My plea is granted; death prevails not yet.  
37. For bees have swarmed behind in a close place  
38. Pent up between this glass and the outer wall.  
39. The combs are founded, the queen rules her court,  
40. Bee-serjeants posted at the entrance chink  
41. Are sampling each returning honey-cargo  
42. With scrutinizing mouth and commentary,  
43. Slow approbation, quick dissatisfaction.  
44. Disquieting rhythm, that leads me home at last  
45. From labyrinthine wandering. This new mood  
46. Of judgment orders me my present duty,  
47. To face again a problem strongly solved  
48. In life gone by, but now again proposed  
49. Out of due time for fresh deliberation.  
50. Did not my answer please the Master's ear?  
51. Yet, I'll stay obstinate. How went the question,

[no break]

---

32 . . . pasturage— 20b, 24.

33 . . . phantasma: 13a, 13c, 14.

34-58. [lacking] 20b, 24.

52. A paltry question set on the elements  
 53. Of love and the wronged lover's obligation?  
 54. *Kill or forgive?* Still does the bed ooze blood?  
 55. Let it drip down till every floor-plank rot!  
 56. Yet shall I answer, challenging the judgment:—  
 57. *"Kill, strike the blow again, spite what shall come."*  
 58. "Kill, strike, again, again," the bees in chorus hum.
- 

53. . . . obligation, 6b.

---

#### REPROACH

1. Your grieving moonlight face looks down  
 2. Through the forest of my fears,  
 3. Crowned with a spiny bramble-crown,  
 4. Dew-dropped with evening tears.
5. Why do you spell "untrue, unkind,"  
 6. Reproachful eyes plaguing my sleep?

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

#### TEXT

4. Bedewed with . . . .  
 5. . . . unkind", 20b, 22, 24.  
 6. . . . eyes vexing my . . . ? 24.

7. I am not guilty in my mind  
8. Of aught would make you weep.  
  
9. Untrue? but how, what broken oath?  
10. Unkind? I know not even your name.  
11. Unkind, untrue, you charge me both,  
12. Scalding my heart with shame.  
  
13. The black trees shudder, dropping snow,  
14. The stars tumble and spin.  
15. Speak, speak, or how may a child know  
16. His ancestral sin?
- 

7. I strain in memory, but I find  
8. No cause why you should weep. 24.  
9. . . . But [when, what 24] . . . ? 20b, 22, 24  
11. . . . you call me . . . , 20b, 22, 24.  
12. Wringing [Stabbing 24] my . . . . 20b, 22.  
15. Speak speak, . . . 6b.
-

THE FINDING OF LOVE

1. Before this generous time
2. Of Love in morning prime,
3. He had long season stood
4. Bound in a nightmare mood
5. Of dense murk, rarely lit
6. By Jack-o'-Lanthorn's flit
7. And straightway smothered spark
8. Of beasts' eyes in the dark,
9. Mourning with sense adrift,
10. Tears rolling swift
11. With o, for Sun to blaze
12. Drying the cobweb-maze
13. Dew-sagged upon the corn,
14. With o, for flowering thorn,
15. For fly and butterfly,
16. For pigeons in the sky,

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24

TEXT

- 1-25. [lacking] 20b, 24
2. . . . prime
5. . . . murk rarely . . . .
11. . . . o, . . . .
14. . . . o, . . . . , 13a, 13c, 14

17. For robin and thrush,  
18. For the long bulrush,  
19. For cherry under the leaf,  
20. For an end to grief,  
21. For joy in steadfastness  
22. Then through his distress  
23. And clouded vision came  
24. An unknown gradual flame  
25. By silent hands controlled,  
26. Pale at first and cold,  
27. Like wizard's lily-bloom  
28. Conjured from the gloom,  
29. Like torch of glow-worm seen  
30. Through grasses shining green  
31. By children half in fright,  
32. Or Christmas candlelight  
33. Flung on the outer snow,  
34. Or tinsel stars that show  
35. Their evening glory  
36. With sheen of fairy story  
  
37. No more, no more,  
38. Forget that went before!

[no break]

---

36. . . . story—

37-47. [lacking] 20b, 24.

39. Not a wrack remains  
40. Of all his former pains  
41. Here's Love a drench of light,  
42. A Sun dazzling the sight,  
43. Well started on his race  
44. Towards the Zenith space  
45. Where fixed and sure  
46. He shall endure,  
47. Holding peace secure

48. Now with his blaze  
49. He dries the cobweb maze  
50. Dew-sagging on the corn,  
51. He brings the flowering thorn,  
52. The fly and butterfly,  
53. And pigeons in the sky,  
54. The robin and the thrush,  
55. And the long bulrush,  
56. And cherry under the leaf,

[no break]

- 
46. . . . endure 13a, 13c, 14.  
49. Love . . . 20b, 24.  
50. Dew sagged [Dew-sagged 20b, 24] upon . . . , 13a, 13c, 14, 20b,  
24.  
52. Mayfly . . . , 20b, 24.  
54. Robin and thrush, 24.  
56. The cherry . . . , 20b, 24.

57. Earth in a silken dress,  
 58. With end to grief,  
 59. With love in steadfastness.

---

59. With joy in . . . . 20b, 24.

---

DOWN

1. Downstairs a clock had chimed, two o'clock only.  
 2. Then outside from the hen-roost crowing came.  
 3. But why should Shift-wing call against the clock,  
 4. Three hours from dawn? The shutters click and knock,  
 5. And he remembers a sad superstition  
 6. Unfitting for the sick-bed—Turn aside,  
 7. Distract, divide, ponder the simple tales  
 8. That puzzled childhood, riddles, turn them over,  
 9. Half-riddles, answerless, the more intense!—

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

TEXT

3. Why should the shift-wing . . . . ,  
 4. . . . dawn? Now shutters . . . . ,  
 6. . . . sick-bed . . . . Turn . . . . ,  
 8. . . . over—  
 9. . . . intense. 20b, 24.

10. Lost bars of music tinkling with no sense  
 11. Recur, drowning uneasy superstition.  
  
 12. Mouth open, he was lying, this sick man,  
 13. And sinking all the while; how had he come  
 14. To sink? On better nights his dream went flying,  
 15. Dipping, sailing the pasture of his sleep,  
 16. But now, since clock and cock, had sunk him down  
 17. Through mattress, bed, floor, floors beneath, stairs, cellars,  
 18. Through deep foundations of the manse; still sinking  
 19. Through unturned earth. How had he cheated space  
 20. With inadvertent motion or word uttered  
 21. Of too-close-packed intelligence (such there are)  
 22. That he should penetrate with sliding ease,  
 23. Dense earth, compound of ages, granite ribs  
 24. And groins? Consider, there was some word uttered,  
 25. Some abracadabra—then like a stage-ghost,  
 26. Funereally with weeping, down, drowned, lost!

[no break]

---

16. . . . now (since . . . cock) had . . .  
 19. . . . he magicked space  
 21. . . . are), 20b, 24.  
 22. . . . ease 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.  
 24. . . . Consider: there . . . ,  
 25. . . . then, like . . . , 20b, 24.

[between 26 and 27 a break] 6b.

27. Oh, to be a child once more, sprawling at ease,  
 28. On warm turf of a ruined castle court.  
 29. Once he had dropped a stone between flat slabs  
 30. That mask the ancient well, mysteriously  
 31. Plunging his mind down with it. Hear it go  
 32. Rattling and rocketing down in secret void  
 33. Count slowly one, two, three! and echoes rise  
 34. Fainter and fainter, merged in the gradual hum  
 35. Of bees and flies, only a thin draught rises  
 36. To chill the drowsy air, he for a while  
 37. Lay without spirit, until that floated back  
 38. From the deep waters. Oh, to renew now  
 39. The bliss of repossession, kindly sun  
 40. Forfeit for ever, and the scent of thyme!

[break]

- 
27. . . . . ease  
 28. On smooth turf . . . . .  
 30. That masked an ancient . . . . . 20b, 24  
 32. . . . . [rocketing into secret 20b, 24] void! 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.  
 33. . . . . slowly: one, . . . . . 20b, 24.  
 36. . . . . for an hour 20b, . . . . . air. There he had lain 24  
 37. Lay as unborn, until life floated . . . . . 20b, As if unborn, until  
 life floated . . . . . 24.  
 39. That bliss . . . . . 24.  
 40. . . . . , and the towering sky. 20b, 24.

- 41. Falling, falling! Light closed up behind him,
- 42. Now stunned by the violent subterrene flow
- 43. Of rivers, whirling down to hiss below
- 44. On the flame-axis of this terrible world,
- 45. Toppling upon their water-fall, O spirit . . . .

- 41. . . . [falling! Day closed 20b, 24] . . . him. 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.
- 44. . . . earth, 20b, 24.
- 45. . . . waterfall, . . . spirit . . . . 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

RETURN

- 1. The seven years' curse is ended now
- 2. That drove me forth from this kind land,
- 3. From mulberry-bough and apple bough
- 4. And gummy twigs the west-wind shakes,
- 5. To drink the brine from crusted lakes
- 6. And grit my teeth on sand.

[break]

PRINTINGS 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY [Stanzas 2 and 3 reversed] 20b, 22, 24. As above in  
all other variants.

TEXT

- 3. . . . apple-bough 13a, 13c, 14, 20, 22, 24.
- 4. . . . west wind . . . , 20b, 22, 24.

7. The load that from my shoulder slips
8. Straightway upon your own is tied,
9. You, too, shall scorch your finger-tips,
10. With scrabbling on the desert's face
11. Such thoughts I had for this green place,
12. Sent scapegoat for your pride.
  
13. Now for your cold, malicious brain
14. And most uncharitable, cold heart,
15. You, too, shall clank the seven years' chain
16. On sterile ground for all time curst
17. With famine's itch and flames of thirst,
18. The blank sky's counterpart.
  
19. Here, Robin on a tussock sits,
20. And Cuckoo with his call of hope
21. Cuckoos awhile, then off he flits,
22. While peals of dingle-dongle keep
23. Troop discipline among the sheep

[no break]

- 
8. . . . tied 20b, 22, 24
  9. . . . finger-tips 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24
  11. . . . had of this . . . ,
  16. . . . cursed 20b, 22, 24
  17. . . . thirst 22
  19. . . . on the tussock . . . , 6b
  23. Troop-discipline . . . 20b, 22, 24

24. That graze across the slope  
 25. A brook from fields of gentle sun,  
 26. Through the glade his water heaves,  
 27. The falling cone would well-nigh stun  
 28. That squirrel wantonly lets drop,  
 29. When up he scampers to tree-top,  
 30. And dives among the green.

31. Yet, no, I ask a wider peace  
 32. Than peace your heart could comprehend,  
 33. More ample than my own release,  
 34. Go, be you loosed from you right fate,  
 35. Go with forgiveness and no hate,  
 36. Here let the story end.

---

26. . . . glade its water . . . . , 20b, 22, 24.  
 28. . . . Squirrel . . . . , 13a, 13c, 14; . . . Squirrel . . . . drop  
 20b, 22, 24.  
 29. . . . tree-top 20b, 24; . . . tree top 22.  
 30. . . . dived . . . . 13a, 13c, 14.  
 31. But no, I . . . surer [peace, 22][peace . . . 20b,24] 20b, 22, 24.  
 32. Than vengeance on you could provide. 20b, 22, 24.  
 33. O [Then 24] fear no ill from my release: 20b, 24; Dread nothing  
 ill from my release. 22.  
 34. Be off, elude the curse, disgrace  
 35. Some other green and happy place—  
 36. This world of fools is wide. 20b, 22, 24.

## THE HILLS OF MAY

1. Walking with a virgin heart  
 2.     The green hills of May,  
 3. Me, the Wind, she took as lover  
 4.     By her side to play.
5. Let me toss her untied hair,  
 6.     Let me shake her gown,  
 7. Careless though the daisies redder,  
 8.     Though the Sun frown.
9. Scorning in her gay courage  
 10.     Lesser love than this,  
 11. My cool spiritual embracing,  
 12.     My gentle kiss.
13. So she walked, the proud lady,  
 14.     So danced or ran,  
        [no break]

---

PRINTINGS 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

## TEXT

4. . . . play, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.
8. . . . sun . . . . 6b, . . . . frown, 13a, 13c, 14, . . . . sun  
        frown, 20b, 22, 24.
11. . . . embrace, 22.
12. My secret kiss 24.

15. So she loved with a calm heart,  
 16. Neglecting man . . . .  
 17. Fade, fail, innocent stars  
 18. On the green of May,  
 19. She has left our bournes for ever,  
 20. Too fine to stay.

- 
15. . . . a whole heart, 24.  
 18. . . . May: 20b, 22, 24.
- 

## THE CORONATION MURDER

### In Four Parts

"Fairplay's good sport, and we're all mortal  
 worms."—MRS. DELILAH BECKER

#### I

1. *Blessed above all women*  
 [no break]

---

PRINTINGS 6a, 6b, 13a, 13c, 14.

TYPOGRAPHY Lines 36, 37, 40-42, 78 [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14.

As above in all other variants.

EPIGRAPH [lacking] 13a, 13c, 14.

*Note:* Lines 1-17 [Part I] and lines 53-69 [Part III] [lacking] 13a,  
 13c, 14, Parts II and IV [renumbered Parts I and III  
 respectively] 13a, 13c, 14.

2. *Shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be.*
3. Jael, a queen in Heaven
4. Surely will speak out straight in defence of me.
  
5. Shall I despair Salvation?
6. Was Sisera then more ripe for the knife or nail
7. Than rat-soul'd Becker? Do I misread the tale?
  
8. I was no stealthy serpent.
9. (Jael flattered and killed her man as he slept.)
10. I was a lion, I challenged before I leapt.
  
11. Three times I gave clear warning
12. (Fair-play's good sport), then standing I struck him dead.
13. Ram-faced lecher, the blood on his own beast head!
  
14. *Blessed above all women*
15. *Shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be.*
16. Ah, she won fame for her triumph,
17. My inward joy was payment enough for me.

## II

18. Old Becker crawling in the night

[no break]

---

TEXT Title Coronation Murder 13a, 13c, 14

2. . . . be 6b.
13. . . . head. 6b.

19. From his grave at the stair-foot,  
 20. Labours up the long flight,  
 21. Feeble, dribbling, black as soot,  
 22. Quakes at his own ghostly fright.
23. A cat goes past with lantern eyes  
 24. Shooting splendour through the dark.  
 25. Murder! Help! a voice cries  
 26. In nightmare, the son dreams that stark  
 27. In lead his vanished father lies.
28. A stair-top glimmer points the goal.  
 29. Becker goes wavering up, tongue-tied,  
 30. Stoops, with eye to keyhole . . . .  
 31. There, a tall candle by her side,  
 32. Delilah sits, serene and whole.
33. Her fingers turn the prayer-book leaves,  
 34. Her forehead hints no mental strife:  
 35. Soft and calm her breast heaves:  
 36. *So calmly, with his cobbling knife*  
 37. *She stabbed him through . . . now never grieves.*
38. Baffled, aghast with hate, mouse-poor,  
 [no break]

39. He glares and clatters the brass knob . . .

40. *Through his heart it slid sure:*

41. *He bowed, he died with never a sob,*

42. *Again she stabbed, now sits secure.*

43. Praying as she has always prayed

44. For great Victoria's Majesty,

45. Droning prayer for God's aid

46. To succour long dead Royalty,

47. The Consort Prince, Queen Adelaide . . .

48. She falls asleep, the clocks chime two,

49. Old Becker sinks to unquiet rest.

50. Loud and sad the cats mew:

51. Lead weighs cruelly on his breast:

52. His bones are tufted with mildew.

### III

53. What's that, who's that comes breaking on my sleep

54. With groans? What, father, you? (The very look,

55. The same smudged foolish face like an old sheep

56. Even after twenty years scarcely mistook.)

57. Speak, Father, speak, that night what came to you

[no break]

58. Vanished in wrath or terror? Tell the tale,  
 59. Your beer left still in mug, your half-made shoe  
 60. On last, your turnip ticking on its nail!

61. *"Son, it was Death. I have not stirred a foot  
 62. Out of this horrible dwelling all these years,  
 63. But planted like a kail I have taken root  
 64. Under the stairs, my son, under the stairs.*

65. *"Do not avenge me, Henry. Let all slide.  
 66. I grudge your death. See, do not touch the snake.  
 67. A cowardice taints you from your father's side  
 68. And a coward's usts, but curb them, for my sake!"*

69. "Back to your grave, back Father, lest she wake!"

## IV

70. Two full hours before the dawn,  
 71. Dotard Parrot cocks an ear  
 72. To the sleeper's moan, long-drawn,  
 73. To her slurring tale of fear.

74. Parrot hears Delilah tell

[no break]

---

68. . . . lusts, . . . ! 6b.

75. Who lies dead below the stair,  
76. How he shuddered, stumbled, fell,  
77. In whose cause she laid him there.

78. *The knife bit, thus: thus, the blood spread'*  
79. Connoisseur of fo'c'stle speeches  
80. Parrot tilts his bald, sly head,  
81. Learns the spicy yarn she teaches.

82. Soon, when sunlight warms his cage,  
83. He plots to cheer the passers-by  
84. With burlesque of murderous rage,  
85. Acting how his victims die:  
86. Thus, he stabs 'em, there, they lie.

---

81. Learn . . . . . 6b.

---

## IN PROCESSION

1. Donne (for example's sake)
  2. Keats, Marlowe, Spenser, Blake,
  3. Shelley and Milton,
  4. Shakespeare and Chaucer, Skelton—
  5. I love them as I know them,
  6. But who could dare outgo them
  7. At their several arts
  8. At their particular parts
  9. Of wisdom, power and knowledge?
  10. In the Poet's College
  11. Are no degrees nor stations,
- [no break]

PRINTINGS 7a, 7b, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Line 62 *Creation, Flood* [unitalicized] 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24, line 96 *Jonah and the Whale* [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24, line 97 *Holy Grail* [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24, line 98 *Sacking of Rome* [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24, line 99 *Lot at his home* [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

## TEXT

1-50 [lacking] 20b, 21, 22, 24.

1. . . . sake),
5. We love . . . as we know . . . ,
7. . . . arts, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14.

12. Comparisons, rivals,
13. Stern examinations,
14. Class declarations,
15. Senior survivals,
16. No creeds, religions, nations
17. Combatant together
18. With mutual damnations.
19. Or tell me whether
20. Shelley's hand could take
21. The laurel wreath from Blake?
22. Could Shakespeare make the less
23. Chaucer's goodliness?

24. The poets of old
25. Each with his pen of gold
26. Gloriously writing
27. Found no need for fighting,
28. In common being so rich,
29. None need take the ditch,
30. Unless this Chaucer beats
31. That Chaucer, or this Keats
32. With other Keats is flyting:
33. See Donne deny Donne's feats,

[no break]

- 
24. . . . old,
  26. . . . writing, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14.

34 Shelley take Shelley down,  
 35 Blake snatch at his own crown.  
 36 Without comparison aiming high,  
 37 Watching with no jealous eye,  
 38 A neighbour's renown,  
 39 Each in his time contended  
 40 But with a mood late ended,  
 41 Some manner now put by,  
 42 Or force expended,  
 43 Sinking a new well when the old ran dry.  
 44 So, like my masters, I  
 45 Voice my ambition loud,  
 46 In prospect proud,  
 47 Treading the poet's road,  
 48 In retrospect most humble  
 49 For I stumble and tumble,  
 50 I spill my load.

51 But often half-way to sleep,

[no break]

---

37. . . . eye 8a, 13a, 13c, 14.

39. . . . contended, 8a.

[between 43 and 44 a break] 8a, 13a, 13c, 14.

44. So like . . . masters I

48. . . . humble, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14.

51. . . . often, Half-way . . . , 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; Often, . . . ,  
 20b, 21, 22, 24.

52. On a mountain shagged and steep,  
 53. The sudden moment on me comes  
 54. With terrible roll of dream drums,  
 55. Reverberations, cymbals, horns replying,  
 56. When with standards flying,  
 57. A cloud of horsemen behind,  
 58. The coloured pomps unwind  
 59. The Carnival wagons  
 60. With their saints and their dragons  
 61. On the screen of my teeming mind,  
 62. The *Creation* and *Flood*  
 63. With our Saviour's Blood  
 64. And fat Silenus' flagons,  
 65. With every rare beast

[no break]

---

[Not yet sunken deep— inserted after 51]

[Lines 52 and 53 reversed]

52. From . . . ,  
 55. . . . replying.  
 56. Then with . . . ,  
 57. Horsemen in clouds behind, 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 58. . . . unwind— 20b, 21, 22; . . . unwind, 24.  
 61. . . . the scroll of . . . mind: 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 63. . . . blood 22.  
 65. . . . beast, 13a, 13c, 14; And every . . . 20b, 21, 22, 24.

66 From the South and East,  
 67 Both greatest and least,  
 68 On and on,  
 69 In endless variable procession  
 70 I stand on the top rungs  
 71 Of a ladder reared in the air  
 72 And I speak with strange tongues  
 73 So the crowds murmur and stare,  
 74 Then volleys again the blare  
 75 Of horns, and Summer flowers  
 76 Fly scattering in showers,  
 77 And the Sun rolls in the sky,  
 78 While the drums thumping by  
 79 Proclaim me . . . . .  
 80 Oh then, when I wake  
 [no break]

---

69 . . . . endless, different procession 20b, 21, 22, 24  
 [between 69 and 70 a break] 13a, 13c, 14  
 70 . . . . stand at the . . . .  
 71 . . . . air, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24  
 72 . . . . I rail in strange tongues,  
 73 . . . . stare, 20b, 21, 22, 24  
 75 . . . . summer . . . . 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24  
 77 . . . . sun turns [leaps 24] in . . . . , 20b, 21, 22, 24  
 80 Oh, then, . . . . 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; Oh, then, . . . . wake, 20b,  
 21, 22, 24

- 00
81. Could I recovering take  
82. And propose on this page  
83. The words of my rage  
84. And my blandishing speech  
85. Steadfast and sage,  
86. Could I stretch and reach  
87. The flowers and the ripe fruit  
88. Laid out at the ladder's foot,  
89. Could I rip a silken shred  
90. From the banner tossed ahead,  
91. Could I call a double flam  
92. From the drums, could the Goat  
93. Horned with gold, could the Ram  
94. With a flank like a barn-door  
95. The dwarf and blackamoor,  
96. Could *Jonah and the Whale*

[no break]

- 
81. . . . I courage take  
82-83. [lacking]  
84. To renew my speech,  
85. [lacking]  
91. . . . double-flam  
92. . . . goat  
93. . . . ram 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
94. . . . barn-door,  
95. . . . dwarf, the . . . , 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

97. And the *Holy Grail*  
 98. With the "*Sacking of Rome*"  
 99. And "*Lot at his home*"  
 100. The Ape with his platter,  
 101. Going clitter-clatter,  
 102. The Nymphs and the Satyr,  
 103. And every other such matter  
 104. Come before me here  
 105. Standing and speaking clear  
 106. With a "how do ye do?"  
 107. And "who are ye, who?"  
 108. Could I show them to you  
 109. That you saw them with me,  
       [no break]

97. . . . Grail, 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 98. . . . the Sacking . . . Rome  
 99. . . . Lot . . . home, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14.  
 98-99. [lacking]  
 100. . . . platter  
 103. . . . every marvellous matter  
 104. . . . here,  
 105. . . . Standing near and clear— 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 106. . . . How . . . ? 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; [lacking] 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 107. . . . Who . . . ? 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; [lacking] 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 108. . . . them so to . . . 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; . . . I make it so  
       that you 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 109. Might wonder [gaze 22] at them too! 20b, 21, 22, 24.

110. Oh then, then I could be  
 111. The Prince of all Poetry  
 112. With never a peer,  
 113. Seeing my way so clear  
 114. To unveil mystery.
115. Telling you of land and sea  
 116. Of Heaven blithe and free,  
 117. How I know there to be  
 118. Such and such Castles built in Spain,  
 119. Telling also of Cockaigne  
 120. Of that glorious kingdom, Cand  
 121. Of the Delectable Land,  
 122. The Land of Crooked Stiles,  
 123. The Fortunate Isles,

[no break]

- 
- 110-114. [lacking] 20b, 21, 22, 24.
115. . . . sea, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; —Glories of land . . . sea,
116. . . . Heaven glittering free,
117. [lacking]
118. Castles hugely built . . . ,
119. [Glories of 20b, 21, 22, 24] Cockaigne, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.
120. . . . that [spicy 20b, 21, 22, 24] kingdom, Cand, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.
122. . . . land . . . , 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; Of the . . . ,
123. Of the . . . , 20b, 21, 22, 24.

124. Of the more than three score miles  
 125. That to Babylon lead,  
 126. A pretty city indeed  
 127. Built on a foursquare plan,  
 128. Of the land of the Gold Man  
 129. Whose eager horses whinney  
 130. In their cribs of gold,  
 131. Of the lands of Whipperginny  
 132. Of the land where none grow old.

133. Especially I could tell  
 134. Of the Town of Hell,  
       [no break]

---

124. . . . three-score . . . . 13c, 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 125. . . . lead  
 126. (A . . . . 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 127. . . . four-square . . . . , 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; . . . . four-square plan),  
 128. . . . Land . . . . 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 129. . . . whinny 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 131. . . . Whipperginny, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; . . . . Land . . . . Whipperginny,  
       20b, 21, 22, 24.  
 132. . . . Land . . . . old . . . . 20b, 21, 22; . . . . grows old . . . . 24.  
       [between 132 and 133 no break] 22.  
 133. But cowardly I tell,  
 134. Rather, of . . . . Hell— 20b, 21, 22, 24.

135. A huddle of dirty woes  
136. And houses in endless rows  
137. Straggling across all space,  
138. Hell has no market place,  
139. Nor point where four ways meet,  
140. Nor principal street,  
141. Nor barracks, nor Town Hall,  
142. Nor shops at all,  
143. Nor rest for weary feet,  
144. Nor theatre, square or park,  
145. Nor lights after dark  
146. Nor churches nor inns,  
147. Nor convenience for sins,  
148. Hell nowhere begins,  
149. Hell nowhere ends,  
150. But over the world extends

[no break]

---

136. . . . in fading rows  
137. Straggled through space: 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
138. . . . market-place,  
144. . . . square, or . . . ,  
145. . . . dark, 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
146. . . . churches, nor . . . ,  
147. . . . sins—  
148. Neither ends nor begins,  
149-150. [lacking] 20b, 21, 22, 24.

151. Rambling, dreary, limitless, hated well:

152. The suburbs of itself, I say, is Hell.

153. But back to the sweets

154. Of Spenser and Keats

155. And the calm joy that greets

156. The chosen of Apollo!

157. Here let me mope, quirk, holloa

158. With a gesture that meets

159. The needs that I follow

160. In my own fierce way,

161. Let me be grave-gay

162. Or merry-sad,

163. Who rhyming here have had

164. Marvellous hope of achievement

165. And deeds of ample scope,

166. Then deceiving and bereavement

167. Of this same hope.

---

151. Rambling, dreary, . . . . 8a, 13a, 13c, 14; Rambling, limitless,

. . . . ,

152. This Town of Hell

[Where between sleep and sleep I dwell. inserted]

153-167. [lacking] 20b, 21, 22, 24.

160. . . . way. 8a, 13a, 13c, 14.

---

A FALSE REPORT

1. Are they blind, the lords of Gaza,
2. That each his fellow urges
3. "Samson the proud is pillow-smothered,"
4. They raise mock dirges?
  
5. Philistines and dullards,
6. Turn, look with amaze
7. At my foxes running in your cornfields
8. With their tails ablaze,
  
9. At bloody jawbone, at bees flitting
10. From the stark lion's hide
11. At these, the gates of well-walled Gaza,
12. Clanking to my stride.

---

PRINTINGS 8a, 20b, 21, 24

TEXT Title Angry Samson 20b, 21, 24.

1. . . . Gaza
2. In their strong towers,
3. Who declare Samson pillow-smothered
4. And stripped of his powers?
5. O stolid Philistines,
6. Stare now in amaze
9. At swung jaw-bone, . . . bees swarming
10. In the . . . hide,
  
12. A-clank to . . . . 20b, 21, 24.

THE BEDPOST

1. Sleepy Betsy from her pillow
2. Sees the post and ball
3. Of her sister's wooden bedstead
4. Shadowed on the wall.
  
5. Now this grave young warrior standing
6. With uncovered head
7. Tells her stories of old battle,
8. As she lies in bed.
  
9. How the Emperor and the Farmer,
10. Fighting knee to knee,
11. Broke their swords but whirled their scabbards
12. Till they gained the sea.
  
13. How the ruler of that shore
14. Folly broke his oath,
15. Gave them beds in his sea cavern,
16. Then stabbed them both.

---

PRINTINGS 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

TEXT

7. . . . battle 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.
8. . . . bed 20b, 22, 24.
15. . . . cave, 20, 22, 24.

17. How the daughters of the Emperor,  
18. Diving boldly through,  
19. Caught and killed their father's murderer,  
20. Old Cro-bar-cru.

21. How the Farmer's sturdy sons  
22. Fought the giant Gog,  
23. Threw him into Stony Cataract  
24. In the land of Og.

25. Will and Abel were their names,  
26. Though they went by others,  
27. He could tell ten thousand stories  
28. Of these lusty brothers.

29. How the Emperor's elder daughter  
30. Fell in love with Will,  
31. And went with him to the Court of Venus  
32. Over Hoo Hill,

33. How Gog's wife encountered Abel  
34. Whom she hated most,

[no break]

---

22. . . . Giant . . . , 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24

26. . . . others. 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24; . . . others. 22.

28. . . . these bold brothers: 22.

30. . . . Will 20b, 22, 24.

35. Stole away his arms and helmet,  
36. Turned him to a post.  
  
37. As a post he shall be rooted  
38. For yet many years,  
39. Until a maiden shall release him  
40. With a fall of tears.  
  
41. But Betsy likes the bloodier stories,  
42. Clang and clash of fight,  
43. And Abel wanes with the spent candle,  
44. "Sweetheart, good-night!"

---

37. . . . shall stay rooted  
40. With pitying tears 20b, 22, 24.  
43. . . . candle 13a, 13c, 14; . . . candle— 20b, 22, 24.

---

THE RIDGE-TOP

1. Below the ridge a raven flew
  2. And we heard the lost curlew
  3. Mourning out of sight below,
  4. Mountain tops were touched with snow;
  5. Even the long dividing plain
  6. Showed no wealth of sheep or grain,
  7. But fields of boulders lay like corn
  8. And raven's croak was shepherd's horn
  9. To slow cloud shadow strayed across
  10. A pasture of thin heath and moss.
  11. The North Wind rose, I saw him press
  12. With lusty force against your dress,
  13. Moulding your body's inward grace,
  14. And streaming off from your set face,
- [no break]

---

PRINTINGS 8a, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 11.

TEXT Title Love in Barrenness 20b, 21, 22, 24.

3. . . . below 24.

9. Where slow cloud-shadow strayed . . .

[between 10 and 11 a break] 20b, 21, 22, 24.

11. . . . rose . . . 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

13. . . . grace 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.

15. So now no longer flesh and blood,  
16. But poised in marble thought you stood,  
17. O wingless Victory, loved of men,  
18. Who could withstand your triumph then?
- 

15. . . . blood 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24.  
16. . . . stood, 11; . . . marble [flight 20b, 22, 24] you stood. 13a,  
13c, 14, 20b, 21, 24, As poised . . . marble flight you stood—  
22.  
18. . . . your beauty then? 20b, 21, 22, 24.
- 

RICHARD ROE AND JOHN DOE

1. Richard Roe wished himself *Solomon*  
[no break]
- 

PRINTINGS 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Lines 1 and 3 *Solomon* [unitalicized], lines 5 and 8  
*Alexander* [unitalicized], lines 9 and 11 *Job*, *Job's* [unitalicized]  
and line 13 *Job*, *Solomon*, *Alexander* [unitalicized] 13a, 13c, 14,  
20b, 24. As above in all other variants.

TEXT

1. *Solomon*, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

2. Made cuckold, you should know, by one John Doe,
3. *Solomon's* neck was firm enough to bear
4. Some score of antlers more than Roe could wear
  
5. Richard Roe wished himself *Alexander*,
6. Being robbed of house and land by the same hand,
7. Ten thousand acres or a principal town
8. Would have cost *Alexander* scarce a frown
  
9. Richard Roe wished himself *Job* the prophet,
10. Sunk past reclaim in stinking rags and shame,
11. *Job's* plight was utterly bad, his own even worse,
12. He found no God to call on or to curse
  
13. He wished himself *Job, Solomon, Alexander*,
14. For cunning, patience, power to overthrow
15. His tyrant, but with heart gone so far rotten
16. That most of all he wished himself John Doe

- 
2. . . . Doe:
  6. . . . hand:
  10. . . . shame—
  11. However ill *Job's* plight, his own was worse:
  12. He knew no . . . .
  14. For patience, wisdom, power . . . .
  15. Misfortune, but with spirit so unmanned 20b, 24.

THE LANDS OF WHIPPERGINNY

("Heaven or Hell or the Lands of Whipperginny"—

Nashe's *Jack Wilton*.)

1. Come closer yet, sweet honeysuckle, my coney, O my Jinny,
  2. With a low sun gilding the bloom of the wood.
  3. Be this Heaven, be it Hell, or the Lands of Whipperginny,
  4. It lies in a fairy lustre, it savours most good.
- 
5. Then stern proud psalms from the chapel on the moors
  6. Waver in the night wind, their firm rhythm broken,
  7. Lugubriously twisted to a howling of whores
  8. Or lent an airy glory too strange to be spoken.

---

PRINTINGS 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24

EPIGRAPH [*italicized*] 13a, 13c, 14, [lacking] 20b, 22, 24

TEXT Title The Land . . . 20b, 22, 24

1. . . . yet, my honeysuckle, [my 20b, 24] sweetheart Jinny:
2. A low sun is gilding . . . wood—
3. Is it Heaven, is it . . . Land [land 22] . . . Whipperginny
4. That wears [holds 24] this fairy lustre, not yet understood?
5. For stern . . .

[A third stanza after line 8]:

Soon the Moon will rise, and on us have [take 22] pity, [upon  
us have pity, 24]

Drawing us in secret by an ivory gate

To the orchards [fruit-plats 24] and fountains of her silver city

Where lovers need not argue the tokens of fate. 20b, 22, 24.

OLD WIVES' TALES

1. Were the tales they told absurd,
2.     Random tags for a child's ear?
3. Soon I mocked at all I heard,
4.     Though with cause indeed for fear.
  
5. Of the mermaids' doleful game
6.     In deep water I heard tell,
7. Of lofty dragons blowing flame,
8.     Of the hornèd fiend of Hell.

---

PRINTINGS 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24

TEXT Title Mermaid, Dragon, Fiend 20b, 24

*Note:* [An initial stanza inserted] 20b, 24

In my childhood rumours ran  
Of the [a 24] world beyond the door—  
Terrors to the life of man  
That the highroad held in store.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 reversed and following the above as 2 and 3] 20b, 24

1. Tales like these were too absurd
2. For my laughter-loving ear: 13a.
7. Or . . . dragons puffing flame, 20b, 24.
8. . . . friend . . . 13a.

9 Now I have met the mermaid kin  
10 And find them bound by natural laws,  
11 They have neither tail nor fin,  
12 But are the deadlier for that cause

13 Dragons have no darting tongues,  
14 Teeth saw-edged nor rattling scales,  
15 No fire issues from their lungs,  
16 Poison has not slimed their tails

17 But they are creatures of dark air,  
18 Unsubstantial tossing forms,  
19 Thunderclaps of man's despair  
20 In mid whirl of mental storms

21 And there's a true and only fiend  
22 Worse than prophets prophesy,  
23 Whose full powers to hurt are screened  
24 Lest the race of man should die

---

9 [For now 20b] Now I know the . . . 20b, 24  
10 . . . laws 13a, 13c, 14, [I find 24] . . . laws 20b, 24  
12 Are the . . . 20b, But are deadlier . . . 24  
16 . . . tails, 13a, 13c, 14, Poison does not arm their tails: 20b,  
No black poison from their tails: 24  
17 They are . . . , 20b, For they . . . , 24  
20 . . . mid-whirl . . . 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24

25. Ever in vain may courage plot  
26. The dragon's death with shield and sword,  
27. Or love abjure the mermaid grot,  
28. Or faith be fixed in one blest word

29. Mermaids will not be denied  
30. Of our last enduring shame,  
31. The dragon flaunts his unpierced hide,  
32. The fiend makes laughter with God's Name

---

25. . . . vain will courage . . . .  
26. . . . death, in coat of proof;  
27. . . . grot;  
28. . . . faith denounce the cloven hoof  
30. The last bubbles of our shame,  
31. . . . flaunts an unpierced . . . . , 20b, 24  
32. The true fiend governs in God's name. 20b, 24

---

#### AN ENGLISH WOOD

1. This valley wood is hedged  
2. With the set shape of things.

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 8a, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.

#### TEXT

1. . . . is pledged  
2. To the . . . things, 20b, 22, 24.

3. Here sorrows come not edged,
4. Here are no harpies fledged,
5. No roc has clapped his wings,
6. No gryphons wave their stings,
7. Here, poised in quietude
8. Calm elementals brood
9. On the set shape of things,
10. They fend away alarms
11. From this green wood
12. Here nothing is that harms,
13. No bull with lungs of brass,
14. No toothed or spiny grass,
15. No tree whose clutching arms
16. Drink blood when travellers pass,
17. No mount of Glass
18. No bardic tongues unfold
19. Satires or charms

[no break]

- 
3. And reasonably hedged: 20b, 22, 24.
  5. . . . rocs may clap their wings, 20b, 24, [lacking] 22.
  6. [Nor 20b, 24] . . . stings. 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.
  7. . . . quietude,
  9. . . . things.
  12. . . . harms— 20b, 22, 24.
  13. . . . bulls . . . , 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24.
  17. . . . glass. 13a, 13c, 14, . . . glass, 20b, 22, 24.

20. Only the lawns are soft,
21. The tree-stems, grave and old.
22. Slow branches sway aloft,
23. The evening air comes cold,
24. The sunset scatters gold.
25. Small grasses toss and bend,
26. Small pathways idly tend
27. Towards no certain end

- 
20. Only, the . . . ,
  21. . . . old; 20b, 22, 24.
  24. . . . gold, 13a, 13c, 14, 22.
  27. . . . no fearful end. 20b, 22, 24.
- 

FULL MOON

1. As I walked out one harvest night
2. About the stroke of One,  
[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 9, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 24.

TEXT

1. . . . one sultry night 13a, 13c, 14; . . . out that sultry  
night, 20b, 21, 24.
2. I heard the . . . one [One. 21]. 20b, 21, 24.

3. The Moon attained to her full height  
4.     Stood beaming like the Sun.  
5. She exorcised the ghostly wheat  
6. To mute assent in Love's defeat  
7.     Whose tryst had now begun.
8. The fields lay sick beneath my tread,  
9.     A tedious owlet cried,  
10. A nightengale above my head  
11.     With this or that replied,  
12. Like man and wife who nightly keep  
13. Inconsequent debate in sleep  
14.     As they dream side by side.
15. Your phantom wore the moon's cold mask,  
16.     My phantom wore the same,  
17. Forgetful of the feverish task  
18.     In hope of which they came,  
19. Each image held the other's eyes

[no break]

- 
3. . . . moon, attained . . . height, 20b, 21, 24.  
4. . . . Sun: 13a, 13c, 14; . . . sun:  
6. . . . love's defeat,  
9. . . . cried,  
11. . . . replied—  
16. . . . same; 20b, 21, 24.

20. And watched a grey distraction rise  
 21. To cloud the eager flame  
  
 22. To cloud the eager flame of love,  
 23. To fog the shining gate  
 24. They held the tyrannous queen above  
 25. Sole mover of their fate,  
 26. They glared as marble statues glare  
 27. Across the tessellated stair,  
 28. Or down the Halls of State  
  
 29. And now cold earth was Arctic sea,  
 30. Each breath came dagger keen,  
 31. Two bergs of glinting ice were we,  
 32. The broad moon sailed between,  
 33. There swam the mermaids, tailed and finned,  
 34. And Love went by upon the wind  
 35. As though it had not been.

---

21. . . . flame—  
 23. . . . gate,  
 25. . . . fate,  
 27. . . . stair  
 28. . . . halls . . . state  
 29. . . . now warm earth . . . ,  
 30. . . . dagger-keen, 20b, 21, 24.  
 24. . . . love . . . 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 24.

ALICE

1. When that prime heroine of our nation, Alice,
2. Climbing courageously in through the Palace
3. Of Looking Glass, found it inhabited
4. By chessboard personages, white and red,
5. Involved in never-ending tournament,
6. She being of true philosophic bent,
7. Had long foreshadowed something of this kind,
8. Asking herself, 'Suppose I stood behind
9. And viewed the fireplace of Their drawing room
10. From hearthrug level, why must I assume
11. That what I'd see would need to correspond
12. With what I see now? And the rooms beyond,
13. Why should they pair with our rooms?'

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 10, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 11.

TEXT

6. . . . of a speculative bent
8. . . . herself: 'Suppose . . . 20b, 24.
9. . . . drawing-room 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24.
11. . . . what I see now must needs correspond 11.
12. . . . I saw then? And . . . , 11; . . . what I now see? And . . . beyond? " 20b, 24.

14. She was right  
15. An earlier Einstein who the Laws of Light  
16. And Euclid's beg-the-question fallacies  
17. Could not convince: a master-mind was Alice's,  
18. Moreover, discontent with what she had done,  
19. Alice decided to enlarge her fun,  
20. Setting herself with proper British phlegm  
21. And simple faith in simple stratagem  
22. To learn the rules and moves and perfect them  
23. So prosperously there she settled down  
24. That six moves only and she'd won her crown,  
25. A triumph surely, but her greater feat  
26. Was rounding these adventures off complete,  
27. Accepting them, when safe returned again,  
28. As queer but true, not merely in the main  
29. True, but as true as anything you'd swear to,

[no break]

---

18. Proved right, yet not content with . . . ,  
19. . . . fun:  
20. She set herself, with truly British pride  
    [In being a pawn and playing for her side, inserted]  
21. . . . stratagem,  
24. . . . crown—  
25. . . . surely! But . . .  
26. . . . complete:  
28. . . . not only in . . . 20b, 24.

30. No worse or better than the life we are heir to,  
31. The waking life which, but I can't say why,  
32. We worship as the sole Reality,  
33. For Alice though a child could understand  
34. That neither did this chance-discovered land  
35. Make nohow or contrariwise the clean  
36. Dull round of mid-Victorian routine,  
37. Nor did Victoria's golden rule extend  
38. Beyond the glass: it came to the dead end  
39. Where formal logic also comes, thereafter  
40. Begins that lubberland of dream and laughter,  
41. The red and white flower spangled hedge, the grass  
42. Where Apuleius pastured his Gold Ass,  
43. Where young Gargantua made full holiday,  
44. But further from our heroine not to stray,  
45. Let us observe with what uncommon sense,  
46. Though a secure and easy reference  
47. Between Red Queen and kitten could be found,

[no break]

---

30. The usual three dimensions you are . . . to.

31-32. [lacking]

39. Where empty hearses turn about; whereafter [thereafter 24] 20b, 24.

41. . . . red-and-white-flower-spangled . . . 20b, 24.

43. . . . made whole holiday, 13a, 13c, 14, made whole holiday . . .

45. . . . sense—

47. . . . kitten . . . found— 20b, 24.

- 48. She made no false assumption on that ground
- 49. (A trap in which the scientist would fall),
- 50. That queens and kittens are identical.

49. . . . fall) 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 24

### THE PRESENCE

- 1. Why say Death? for Death's neither harsh nor kind:
- 2. Other pleasures or pains could hold the mind
- 3. If she were dead, for dead is gone indeed,
- 4. Lost beyond recovery and need,
- 5. Discarded, ended, rotted underground:
- 6. Of whom no personal feature could be found
- 7. To stand out from the soft blur evenly spread
- 8. On memory, if she were truly dead.

[break]

PRINTINGS 10, 11, 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 22, 24

TYPOGRAPHY Title [italicized] 11

#### TEXT

- 1. . . . say "death"? Death is neither . . . . 20b, 21, 22, 24.
- 3. . . . dead for . . . , 13a, 13c, 14, . . . dead. For . . . ,  
20b, 21, 22, 24
- 4. . . . recovery or need, 22
- 5. . . . underground, 11; . . . underground— 20b, 21, 22, 24
- 8. . . . memory, if . . . 20b, 21, 24.



22. With those same pangs that lately choked her breath
  23. And changed her substance, but have brought no death?
- 

22. . . . breath,
  23. Altered her substance, and made a mock [made sport 24] of  
death? 20b, 21, 22, 24.
- 

PURE DEATH

1. This I admit, Death is terrible to me,
2. To no man more so, naturally,
3. And I have disenthralled my natural terror
4. Of every comfortable philosopher
5. Or tall dark doctor of divinity:
6. Death stands again in his true rank and order.

[break]

---

PRINTINGS 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 21, 24.

TEXT

1. We looked, we loved, and therewith instantly
2. Death became terrible to you and me.
3. By love we disenthralled our natural . . .
5. Or tall, grey doctor . . . .
6. Death stood at last in . . . . 20b, 21, 24.

7. Therefore it was, when between you and me  
8. Giving presents became a malady,  
9. The exchange increasing surplus on each side  
10. Till there was nothing but ungiveable pride  
11. That was not over-given, and this degree  
12. Called a conclusion not to be denied,  
  
13. That we at last bethought ourselves, made shift  
14. And simultaneously this final gift  
15. Gave. Each with shaking hands unlocks  
16. The sinister, long, brass-bound coffin-box,  
17. Unwraps pure Death, with such bewilderment  
18. As greeted our love's first accomplishment.

---

7. It happened soon, so wild of heart were we,  
8. Exchange of gifts grew to a malady:  
9. Their worth rose always higher on . . . 20b, 21, 24.  
10. . . . [there seemed nothing 20b, 21, 24] . . . ungiveable . . .  
13c, 14, 20b, 21, 24.  
11. That yet remained ungiven, and . . .  
12. . . . denied. 20b, 21, 24.  
13. Then we 20b, 21, 24] . . . ourselves, . . . 13c, 14, 20b, 21,  
24.  
15. Gave: each . . .  
17. . . . death, . . . 20b, 21, 24.

---

THE COUNTRY DANCE

*(Verses for a Picture)*

1. More slowly the sun travels West,
2.     The earth warming beneath,
3. Man's heart swelling tight in his breast
4.     As a bud in the sheath
  
5. For the tender and unquiet season
6.     The Spring drawing on
7. Kindles flame in the eye, chokes the reason
8.     And silvers the swan
  
9. Leap high, jealous Ralph, jet it neat,
10.     Pretty Jill, and remove
11. By employment of elbows and feet
12.     The black sickness of love

[break]

---

PRINTINGS 13a, 13c, 14, 20b, 22, 24

TEXT Sub-title [lacking] 20b, 22, 24

2. Earth warming . . . . , 24
5. . . . season,
  
6. . . . Spring, drawing . . . .
  
9. . . . Ralph, jet . . . . , 20b, 22, 24
  
12. The green sickness . . . . 24

13. For the fresh lawns give practice again
14. To the art we love best,
15. That we boast against manners of Spain,
16. German feast, Roman jest,
17. The bloody Welsh cock-fighting main,
18. Dutch drink and the rest.

---

13-18. [lacking] 20b, 22, 24

---

TO BE LESS PHILOSOPHICAL

1. Listen, you theologians,
  2. Give ear, you rhetoricians,
  3. Hearken you, Aristotelians
  4. Of the Nature of God, my song shall be
  
  5. Our God is infinite,
  6. Your God is infinite,
  7. Their God is infinite,
- [no break]

---

PRINTINGS 14, 17, 20b.

TYPOGRAPHY Line 9 *he*, line 10 *she*, line 13 *He*, line 17 *She*, line  
21 *It*, line 25 *You*, line 29 *We*, line 33 *They*, line 37 *Each*  
[unitalicized] 20b.

TEXT Title Song To . . . . 20b.

3. Hearken, you . . . . 17, 20b.

8. Of infinite generality.
9. God *he* is also finite,
10. God *she* is also definite,
11. He, she, we, they, you, each and it—
12. And likes to be correctly.
13. *He* is a bloody smart sergeant
14. And served in the Royal Artillery
15. For gallantly exposing his person
16. He won the Victoria Cross.
17. *She* is also divorced
18. To a Russian count in exile
19. And paints a little and sings a little—
20. And won the Victoria Cross.
21. *It* has also the character of a soap
- [no break]

- 
8. . . . infinite variety. 20b.
9. God, he . . . . ,
10. God, she . . . . , 17, 20b.
12. Of finite omnipresence. 20b.
17. . . . divorced, 17, 20b.
18. From a . . . . exile,
20. . . . won a little prize in Paris. 20b.

22 And may be used very freely  
23 For disinfecting cattle trucks  
24 And the very kine in the byre  
  
25 *You* are also mad, quite mad,  
26 To imagine you are not God  
27 Goddam it, aren't you a Spirit,  
28 And your ministers a flaming fire?  
  
29 *We* are also gradually coming  
30 To be less philosophical,  
31 To speculate more confusedly  
32 And defy the universal  
  
33 *They* are a very smart Victorian Cross  
34 With the character of a soap a little  
35 They disinfect confusedly  
36 To be less philosophical

---

22 . . . be employed quite freely 20b  
29 . . . gradually tending 17, 20b  
31 We talk through hats more personally,  
32 With madness more divine  
33 . . . smart Goddam Cross 20b  
34 . . . soap, a . . . 17, 20b  
35 . . . confusedly, 17, . . . disinfect more personally, 20b

37. *Each* is a very smart Russian count
  38. And may each be served very freely,
  39. Freely, freely in the Royal Artillery
  40. To be each less philosophical.
- 

37. . . . smart Paris hat
  38. . . . may be divorced quite freely, 20b.
  39. . . . Artillery, 17, 20b.
- 

BETWEEN DARK AND DARK

1. O love, be fed with apples while you may
  2. And feel the sun and go in royal array,
  3. A smiling innocent on the heavenly causeway.
  
  4. Though in what listening horror for the cry
  5. That soars in outer blackness dismally,
  6. The dumb blind beast, the paranoiac fury,
- [break]
- 

PRINTINGS 15, 17, 20b, 21, 24.

TEXT Title O Love in Me 17, Sick Love 20b, 21, 24.

1. O Love . . . may, 17, 20b, 21, 24.
3. . . . causeway,
6. . . . fury: 20b, 21, 24.

7. Be warm, enjoy the season, lift your head,
  8. Exquisite in the pulse of tainted blood,
  9. That shivering glory not to be despised.
- 
10. Take your delight in momentariness,
  11. Walk between dark and dark, a shining space
  12. With the grave's narrowness, though not its peace.

- 
9. That infirm passion not . . . 20b, 21.
  11. . . . dark—a . . . 20b, 21, 24.
- 

#### WARNING TO CHILDREN

1. Children, if you dare to think
2. All the many largeness, smallness,
3. Fewness of this single only
4. Endless world in which you say
5. You live, you think of things like this:—

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 15, 17, 20b, 21, 24.

#### TEXT

2. Of the greatness, rareness, muchness,
3. . . . this precious only
5. . . . this: 20b, 21, 24.

6. Lumps of slate enclosing dappled
7. Red and green, enclosing tawny
8. Yellow nets, enclosing white
9. And black acres of dominoes
10. In the acres a brown paper
11. Parcel, then untie the string
12. In the parcel a small island,
13. On the island a large tree,
14. On the tree a husky fruit,
15. Strip the husk and cut the rind off,
16. In the centre you will see
17. Lumps of slate enclosed by dappled
18. Red and green, enclosed by tawny
19. Yellow nets, enclosed by white
20. And black acres of dominoes
21. In the acres a brown paper

[no break]

- 
6. Blocks of . . . .
  9. . . . dominoes,
  10. Where a neat brown paper parcel
  11. Tempts you to untie . . . .
  14. . . . fruit
  15. . . . off
  17. Blocks of . . . .
  20. . . . dominoes,
  21. Where the same brown paper parcel— 20b, 21, 24

22. Parcel, leave the string untied.  
23. If you dare undo the parcel  
24. You will find yourself inside it,  
25. On the island, in the fruit,  
26. With the parcel still untied,  
27. Just like any lump of slate,  
28. Find yourself enclosed by dappled  
29. Green and red, enclosed by yellow  
30. Tawny nets, enclosed by black  
31. And white acres of dominoes  
32. And, children, if you dare to think,  
33. All the many largeness, smallness,

[no break]

---

22. Children, leave . . . untied!  
23. For who dares undo . . .  
24. Finds himself at once inside . . . ,  
26. [lacking]  
27. Blocks of slate about his head,  
28. Finds himself enclosed . . . 20b, 21, 24.  
30. . . . nets enclosed . . . 17.  
31. . . . dominoes,

But [with 24] the same brown paper parcel/ Still untied upon his  
knee [inserted]

32. And, if he then should dare to think  
33. Of the fewness, muchness, rareness, 20b, 21, 24.

34. Fewness of this single only
  35. Endless world in which you say
  36. You live, you then untie the string.
- 

34. Greatness of this endless only
  35. Precious world . . . which he says
  36. He lives—he then unties the string [string 20b]. 20b, 21, 24.
- 

#### RAILWAY CARRIAGE

1. "But that was nothing to what things came out
  2. From the sea-caves of Criccieth yonder."
  3. "What were they? Mermaids, dragons, ghosts?"
  4. "Nothing at all of any things like that."
  5. "What were they then?"
  6. "All sorts of queer things,
  7. Things never seen or heard or written about,
  8. Various, extravagant, utterly peculiar,
- [no break]
- 

PRINTINGS 15, 17, 20b, 24.

TEXT Title Welsh Incident 20b, 24.

3. . . . Mermaids? dragons? ghosts?"
5. . . . they, then?"
8. Very strange, un-Welsh, utterly peculiar 20b, 24.

9. Things. O solid enough they seemed to touch,  
10 Had anyone dared it. Marvellous creation,  
11 All strangest shapes, sizes and sizelessnesses,  
12 All new, each perfectly unlike his neighbour,  
13 Though all came moving slowly out together."  
14 "Describe just one of them."  
15 "I am unable."  
16 "What were their colours?"  
17 "Mostly nameless colours,  
18 Colours you'd like to see, but one was blue  
19 Or perhaps more like yellow, but not greenish.  
20 Some had no colour."  
21 "Tell me, had they legs?"  
22 "Not a leg or foot among them that I saw."  
23 "But did these things come out in any order?  
24 What o'clock was it? What was the day of the week?  
25 Who else was present? What was the weather?"  
26 "I was coming to that. It was half-past three  
27 On Easter Tuesday last, the sun was shining,  
[no break]

---

9. Things. Oh, solid . . . ,  
11 All various shapes and sizes and no sizes,  
18 . . . was puce  
19 . . . like crimson, but not purplish.  
27. . . last. The . . . shining. 20b, 24.

28. The Harlech Silver Band played *Marchog Jesu*  
29. On thirty-seven shimmering instruments,  
30. Collecting for Carnarvon's (Fever) Hospital Fund.  
31. The populations of Pwlheli, Criccieth,  
32. Portmadoc, Borth, Tremadoc, Penrhyndeudraeth,  
33. Were all assembled. Criccieth's mayor addressed them  
34. First in good Welsh and then in fluent English,  
35. Twisting his fingers in his chain of office,  
36. Welcoming the things. They came out on the sand,  
37. Not keeping time to the band, moving seaward  
38. Silently, at a snail's pace. But, at last,  
39. The most odd indescribable thing of all  
40. Which hardly one man there could see for strangeness  
41. Did something recognizably a something."  
42. "Well, what?"  
43. "It made a noise."  
44. "A frightening noise?"  
45. "No, no."  
46. "A musical noise? A scuffling noise?"

[no break]

---

38. . . . last 17, Silently at . . . . But . . . last 20b, 24.  
39. . . . odd, indescribable . . . .  
40. . . . for wonder  
46. . . . A noise of scuffling?" 20b, 24.

47. "No, a loud belch, so resonant and rumbling  
48. It robbed the hospital of five hundred pounds "  
49. "What did the mayor do?"  
50. "I was coming to that "
- 

47. No but a very loud, respectable noise—  
Like groaning to oneself on Sunday morning/In Chapel, close  
before the second psalm." [inserted] 20b, 24  
48. [lacking] 20b, 24
- 

FRONT DOOR

1. Since from the antique heights or deeps of that
2. Or this was grandeur fallen, sprung or that
3. Or this, beyond doubt I am grandeur's grandson
4. True to the eagle nose, the pillared neck,
5. (Missed by the intervening generation)

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 15, 17, 20b, 24

TYPOGRAPHY [Set in quotation marks] 20b, 24

TEXT Title Front Door Soliloquy 20b, 24

1. Yet from . . . of what
2. Or which was . . . or what
3. Or which, beyond . . . 20b, 24

6. Whom large hands, long face and long feet sort out
7. From this and that, to wear my heels down even,
8. To be connected with all reigning houses,
9. Show sixteen quarterings or sixty-four,
10. Or even more, with clear skin and eyes clear
11. To drive the nails in without wounding wood,
12. With lungs and heart sound and with bowels easy,
13. An angry man, heaving the sacks of grain
14. From cart to loft and that and that and this
15. And even so, and being no Rousseauist,
16. Nor artists of the world unite, or this,
17. Or that, never admitting, in effect,
18. Touch anything my touch does not adorn—
19. Now then I dung on my grandfather's doorstep,
20. Which is a reasonable and loving due
21. To hold no taint of love or vassalage
22. And understood only to him and me—

[no break]

- 
7. From which and what, to . . . . ,
  9. . . . . sixty-four 17, 20b, 24.
  11. . . . . in and not wound the wood,
  14. . . . . and what and what and which
  15. . . . . even thus, and . . . . ,
  16. Nor artists-of-the-world-unite, or which
  17. Or what, never . . . . ,
  22. . . . . only by him . . . . — 20b, 24.

23. But you, you bogratwhiskered, mean, psalm-griddling,  
24. Lame, rotten-livered, this and that canaille,  
25. You, when twin lacqueys, with armorial shovels,  
26. Unbolt the bossy gates and bend to the task,  
27. Keep well behind the railings, if you must watch,  
28. Lest they mistake you this for that you are.
- 

23. . . . bog-rat-whiskered, [you psalm-griddling, 20b, 24] 17, 20b,  
24.  
24. . . . rotten-livered, which and what canaille, 20b, 24.  
25. . . . lackeys, . . . ,  
27. Be off, work out your heads from between the railings,  
28. Lest we unkennel the mastiff and the Dane—  
This house is jealous of its nastiness. [inserted] 17, 20b, 24
- 

#### SANDHILLS

1. Into a gentle wildness and confusion,  
2. Of here and there, of one and everyone,  
3. Of windy sand-hills by an unkempt sea,  
[no break]
- 

PRINTINGS 15, 17, 20b, 21, 24.

TEXT Title Sea Side 20b, 21, 24.

3. . . . sandhills . . . , 17, 20b, 21, 24.

4. Came two with two in search of symmetry,
5. Found symmetry of two in sea and sand,
6. In left foot, right foot, left hand and right hand.
7. The beast with two backs is a single beast,
8. Yet by his love of singleness increased
9. By two and two and two and two again
10. Until instead of sandhills is a plain
11. Disposed in two and two, by two and two,
12. And the sea parts in horror at the view.
13. Rather an antique Three (beard, beard and bird,
14. Or three old spinning women, spinning hard)
15. Than two-four-eight-sixteenish single same
16. Re-registration of the duple name.

- 
4. . . . two and two . . . , 20b, 21, 24.  
[between 6 and 7 a break] 17, 20b, 21, 24.
  9. . . . again, 17, To two . . . again, 20b, 21, 24.
  10. Until, instead . . . sandhills, is [there's 24] . . .
  11. Patterned in . . . two—
  12. . . . view
  13. Of rows of houses coupling, back to back,
  14. While love smokes from the common chimney-stack
  15. With two-four-eight-sixteenish . . . 20b, 21, 24.
-

1. Content in you,
2. Andromeda alone,
3. Yet queen of air and ocean
4. And every fiery dragon,
5. Chained to no cliff,
6. Asking no rescue of me.

7. Content in you,
8. Mad Atalanta
9. Stooping unpausing
10. Ever ahead
11. Acquitting me of rivalry.

12. Content in you,
13. Invariable she-Proteus

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 16, 17, 20b, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [unitalicized] 17, 20b, 24.

TEXT Title New Legends 20b, 24.

2. Andromeda serene,
3. Mistress of . . . .
8. . . . Atalanta,
9. . . . unpausing,
10. . . . ahead, 20b, 24.
12. . . . you 24.
13. . . . she-Proteus, 20b, Who made King Proteus marvel, 24.

14. Sole unrecordable
15. Giving my tablets holiday
  
16. Content in you,
17. Niobe of no children
18. Sorrow no calamity
  
19. Content in you,
20. Helen, foiler of beauty

- 
14. . . . unrecordable, 20b, Showing him singleness 24.
  15. Past all variety. 24.
  17. . . . children, 20b, 24.
  18. Sorrow or calamity. 20b, Nor of calamity. 24.
- 

*THE BEAST*

1. Edmund Spenser loathed the Blatant Beast,  
[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 16, 17, 20b, 24.

TYPOGRAPHY Title [unitalicized] 17, 20b, 24.

TEXT Title Saint 20b, 24.

1-12. [lacking] 20b, 24.

2. Yet to the history's end withheld the stroke
3. That must, he knew, provoke
4. Rancour in men that loved the monster least.
  
5. And this was prudence while the Beast lives
6. The infamy of his ravage is delight
7. And to the Red Cross Knight
8. A fore-won laurel of salvation gives.
  
9. But the Beast killed is carrion and a worse
10. Than carrion: which old Spenser would not tell
11. Knowing his Faerie well—
12. Therefore to me it falls to write that curse.
  
13. This foul Beast, then, was finally overcome
14. And in no secret combat: the whole city
15. Flocked out and groaned for pity
16. To see the Rep Cross Knight urge the blade home
  
17. Duly they danced, and sang the triumphs due,
18. Roasting whole oxen on the public spit,

[no break]

- 
2. . . . withheld . . . . 17.
  13. This Blatant Beast was . . . .
  14. . . . secret tourney: wit and fashion
  15. . . . and for compassion 20b, 24.
  16. Wept as the Red [Red 17] . . . Knight urged [pushed 24] the . . .  
20b, 24.
  17. The people danced, . . . [paean 24] due, 20b, 24.

19. Twelve mountain peaks were lit  
 20. With bonfires, yet their hearts were doubt and rue.  
  
 21. Therefore no grave was deep enough to hold  
 22. The Beast, which after days came thrusting out,  
 23. Wormy from rump to snout,  
 24. His draggled cere-cloth foul with the grave's mould.  
  
 25. Nor could sea hold him anchored with great stones  
 26. He swelled and buoyed them up, paddling to shore  
 27. As evident as before  
 28. With deep-sea ooze and salty creaking bones.  
  
 29. Lime could not burn him, nor the hot coal-fire  
 30. So often as the good Knight bound him there,  
 31. With stink of singeing hair  
 32. And scorching flesh the corpse rolled from the pyre.  
  
 33. In the city-gutter would the Beast lie  
 34. Praising the knight for his high valorous deeds:

[no break]

---

20. . . . bonfires, . . . . 17; . . . bonfires. Yet . . . .  
 22. Beast, who . . . ,  
 24. His yellow cere-cloth patched with . . . .  
 25. . . . with huge rocks, 20b, 24.  
 26. . . . paddling ashore 24.  
 29. . . . the sulphur-fire.  
 34. . . . for all his valorous . . . : 20b, 24.

35. "Ay, on those water-meads  
36. He slew even me. These death-wounds testify."  
  
37. The Knight governed that city, a man shamed  
38. And shrunken, for the Beast was over-dead,  
39. With wounds no longer red  
40. But gangrenous and loathsome and inflamed.  
  
41. Not all the righteous judgements he could utter,  
42. Nor mild laws frame, nor public works repair,  
43. Nor wars wage, in despair,  
44. Could bury that same Beast, crouched in the gutter.  
  
45. A fresh remembrance-banquet to forestall  
46. The Knight turned hermit, went without farewell  
47. To a far moutain-cell:  
48. But the Beast followed as his seneschal,  
  
49. And there drew water for him and hewed wood  
50. With vacant howling laughter; else all day  
51. Noisome with long decay  
52. Sunning himself at the cave's entry stood.

---

38. . . . shrunken: for . . . , 17, 20b, 24.

45. . . . forestall, 20b, 24.

47. . . . mountain-cell: 17, . . . mountain-cell; 20b, 24.

53. He would bawl to pilgrims for a dole of bread  
54. To feed the sick saint who once vanquished him  
55. With spear so stark and grim  
56. Would set a pillow of grass beneath his head,  
57. Would fetch him fever-wort from the pool's brim,  
58. And crept into his grave when he was dead.
- 

55. . . . grim,  
57. . . . brim—20b, 24
- 

ON TIME

1. The vague sea thuds against the marble cliffs
2. And from their fragments age-long grinds
3. Pebbles like flowers
  
4. Or the vague weather wanders in the fields,
5. When up spring flowers with coloured buds
6. Like marble pebbles.

[break]

---

PRINTINGS 18, 19b, 20b, 21, 24.

TEXT Title Time 19b, 20b, 21, 24.

5. And up . . . 20b, 21, 24.

7. The beauty of the flowers is time, death-grieved,  
 8. The pebbles' beauty too is time,  
 9. Life-weary.
10. It is all too easy to admire a flower  
 11. Or a smooth pebble flower-like freaked  
 12. By time and vagueness.
13. Time is the lie of lies: sweet oil that eases  
 14. All obstinate locks and rusty hinges  
 15. With loving-kindness.
16. Time is old age and crafty childhood, both  
 17. What monster lives heart-whole against  
     [no break]
- 
7. . . . Time, death-grieved: 19b, . . . Time . . . , 20b, 21, 24.  
 8. . . . Time, 19b, 20b, 21, 24.  
 9. . . . Life-wearied.  
 10. . . . is easy . . . a blowing flower 20b, 21, 24.  
 12. . . . Time . . . . 19b, 20b, 21, 24.  
 13. . . . is Time's ease and the sweet . . . that coaxes  
 15. To loving-kindness. 19b, 20b, 21, 24.  
 16. And am I proof [What monster's proof 19b] against that lovesome  
     pair, 19b, 20b, 21, 24.  
 17. Old age and childhood, [seals of 19b] [twins in 20b, 21, 24]  
     Time, 19b, 20b, 21, 24.

18. His innocent vagueness,  
 19. Or will not render him the accustomed tax,  
 20. Humouring age with filial flowers,  
 21. Childhood with pebbles.

- 
18. In [His 19b] sorrowful vagueness? 19b, 20b, 21, 24.  
 19. . . . accustomed thanks, 19b; And I will not pretend the  
 accustomed thanks: 20b, 21, 24.
- 

#### OGRES AND PYGMIES

1. Those famous men of old, the Ogres—  
 2. They had long beards and stinking arm-pits,  
 3. They were wide-mouthed, long-yarded and great-bellied  
 4. Yet of no taller stature, sirs, than you.  
 5. They lived on Ogre-strand, which was no place  
 6. But the churl's terror of their proud extent,  
 7. Where every foot was three-and-thirty inches  
 8. And every penny bought a whole sheep.

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 18, 19b, 20b, 21, 24.

TEXT

4. . . . .Sirs,  
 5. . . . .Ogre-Strand, . . . . 19b, 20b, 21, 24.  
 6. . . . .their vast extent,  
 8. . . . .whole hog. 20b, 21, 24.

9 Now of their company none survive, not one,  
 10 The times being, thank God, unfavourable  
 11 To all but nightmare memory of them  
 12 Their images stand howling in the waste,  
 13 (The winds enforced against their wide mouths)  
 14 Whose granite haunches king and priest must yearly  
 15 Buss, and their cold knobbed knees  
 16 So many feats they did to admiration  
 17 With their enormous lips they sang louder  
 18 Than ten cathedral choirs, with their grand yards  
 19 Stormed the most rare and obstinate maidenheads,  
 20 With their strong-gutted and capacious bellies  
 21 Digested stones and glass like ostriches  
 22 They dug great holes and heaped great cairns,  
 23 Deflected rivers, slew whole armies,

[no break]

---

11 . . . nightmare shadows of their fame,  
 12 . . . howling on the hill  
 13 . . . against those wide mouths),  
 14 . . . haunches country-folk salute  
 15 With May Day kisses and whose knobbed . . . .  
 [between 15 and 16 a break]  
 17 . . . enormous throats they . . . 20b, 21, 24  
 18 . . . choirs, with . . . 19b, 20b, 21, 24  
 22 . . . great pits and . . . , 19b, . . . great pits and heaped  
 huge mounds 20b, 21, 24  
 23 . . . rivers, wrestled with the bear 20b, 21, 24

24. And hammered judgements for posterity—  
 25. For the sweet-cupid-lipped and tassle-yarded  
 26. Delicate-stomached dwellers  
 27. In Pygmy Alley, where with brooding on them  
 28. A foot is shrunk to seven inches  
 29. And twelve-pence will not buy a spare rib.  
 30. And who would choose between Ogres and Pygmies—  
 31. The thundering text, the snivelling commentary—  
 32. Reading between such covers he will likely  
 33. Prove his own disproportion and not laugh.
- 

32. . . . will marvel  
 33. How his own members bloat and shrink again. 20b, 21, 24.
- 

### ULYSSES

1. To this much-tossed Ulysses never done  
 2. With woman, whether in the gown of wife or whore,  
 3. Penelope and Circe seemed as one.

[no break]

---

PRINTINGS 19b, 20b, 21, 24.

### TEXT

1. To [the 24] much-tossed Ulysses, never . . .  
 2. . . . woman whether gowned as wife . . . , 20b, 21, 24.

4. She like a whore made his lewd fancies run  
 5. And wifely she a hero to him bore.
6. Their counter-changings terrified his way:  
 7. They were the clashing rocks, Symplegades,  
 8. Scylla and Charybdis too were they,  
 9. Now they were storms frosting the sea with spray  
 10. And now the Lotus Orchard's filthy ease.
11. They multiplied into the Sirens' throng,  
 12. Forewarned by fear of whom he stood bound fast  
 13. Hand and foot helpless at the vessel's mast,  
 14. Yet would not stop his ears, daring their song.  
 15. He gasped and sweated till that shore was past.
16. One, two and many: flesh had made him blind.  
 17. Flesh had one pleasure only in the act,  
 18. Flesh set one purpose only in the mind—  
 [no break]

- 
4. . . . run,  
 10. . . . lotus orchard's . . . . 20b, 21, 24.  
 12. . . . fast, 20b, 21  
 13. . . . helpless to the . . . , 24.  
 14. . . . ears: daring . . . song  
 15. He groaned and . . . .  
 16. . . . blind, 20b, 21, 24.

19. Triumph of flesh and the continuance kind  
 20. Of those same terrors with which flesh was racked  
 21. His wiles were pleasant and his fame far known:  
 22. Every king's daughter sought him for her own.  
 23. Yet he was nothing to be won or lost.  
 24. All lands to him were Ithaca: love-tossed  
 25. He loathed the fraud, yet would not bed alone.
- 

19. . . . and afterwards to find  
 20. Still those . . . terrors wherewith flesh . . .  
 21. . . . were witty and . . . known,  
 22. . . . own, 20b, 21, 24.
- 

#### THE CELL

1. Three blank walls, a barred window with no view,  
 2. A ceiling within reach of the raised hands,  
 3. A floor blank as the walls.  
 4. But ruling out distractions of the body—  
 [no break]
- 

PRINTINGS 19b, 20b, 24.

TEXT Title The Philosopher 20b, 24.

4. And, ruling . . . — 20b, 24.

5. Growth of the hair and nails, a prison diet,
  6. Thoughts of escape,
  7. Ruling out memory and fantasy,
  8. The distant tramping of the gaoler's boots,
  9. Visiting mice and such,
  10. What refuge here for a laborious mind!
  11. What a redoubtable and single task
  12. Could one attempt here
  13. Threading connexion between wall and wall
  14. And floor and ceiling, more attentively
  15. Than the cob-spider—
  16. Plain logic without benefit of flies—
  17. Spinning and knotting till the cell became
  18. A spacious other head
- 
6. . . . escape—
  10. What solace here . . . !
  12. One might attempt . . . .
  13. Threading a logic between . . . wall,
  14. Ceiling and floor, more accurate by far
  15. . . . cob-spider's.
  16. Truth captured without increment of flies—20b, 24.

19. In which the emancipated reason might
  20. Learn in due time to walk more accurately
  21. And neatly than at home.
- 

20. . . . walk at greater length
  21. And more unanswerably. 20b, 24.
-

## INDEX OF TITLES

The Age of Uncertainty	109
Alice	87
Allie	33
An English Wood	82
The Beast	110
The Bedpost	73
Between Dark and Dark	98
The Cell	120
The Coronation Murder	55
The Country Dance	94
A Dead Boche	17
Down	48
Escape	11
A False Report	72
The Finding of Love	45
Free Verse	4
Front Door	105
A Frosty Night	26
Full Moon	85
Ghost Raddled	36
Goliath and David	14
The Hills of May	54
In Procession	61
In the Wilderness	9

The Kiss	23
The Lands of Whipperginny	79
Letter to S. S. from Mametz Wood	18
Lost Love	25
Ogres and Pygmies	116
Old Wives' Tales	80
On Time	114
Over the Brazier	6
The Pier-Glass	40
The Poet in the Nursery	2
The Presence	90
Pure Death	92
Railway Carriage	102
Reproach	43
Return	51
Richard Roe and John Doe	77
The Ridge-Top	76
Rocky Acres	31
Sandhills	107
Song: One Hard Look	29
To Be Less Philosophical	95
Ulysses	118
Vain and Careless	38
Warning to Children	99

FIRST LINE INDEX

Alice, dear, what ails you,	26
<i>Allie, call the birds in,</i>	33
Are they blind, the lords of Gaza,	72
Are you shaken, are you stirred	23
As I walked out one harvest night	84
Before this generous time	45
Below the ridge a raven flew	76
<i>Blessed above all women</i>	55
. . . But I <i>was</i> dead, an hour or more:	11
"But that was nothing to what things came out	102
Children, if you dare to think	99
Christ of his gentleness	9
Come closer yet, sweet honeysuckle, my coney, O	
my Jinny,	79
"Come, surly fellow, come! A song!"	36
Content in you,	109
Donne (for example's sake)	61
Downstairs a clock had chimed, two o'clock only	48
Edmund Spenser loathed the Blatant Beast,	110
His eyes are quickened so with grief,	25
I never dreamed we'd meet that day	18
I now delight,	4
Into a gentle wildness and confusion,	107
Lady, lovely lady,	38
Listen, you theologians,	95
Lost manor where I walk continually	40

More slowly the sun travels West,	94
O love, be fed with apples while you may	98
Once an earlier David took	14
Richard Roe wished himself <i>Solomon</i>	77
Since from the antique heights or deeps of that	105
Sleepy Betsy from her pillow	73
Small gnats that fly	29
The seven years' curse is ended now	51
The vague sea thuds against the marble cliffs	114
The youngest poet down the shelves was fumbling	2
This I admit, Death is terrible to me,	92
This is a wild land, country of my choice,	31
This valley wood is hedged	82
Those famous men of old, the Ogres—	116
Three blank walls, a barred window with no view,	120
To this much-tossed Ulysses never done	118
To you who'd read my songs of war	17
Walking with a virgin heart	54
Were the tales they told absurd,	80
What life to lead and where to go	6
When that prime heroine of our nation, Alice,	87
Why say Death? for Death's neither harsh nor kind	90
Your grieving moonlight face looks down	43

VITA

Surname: THOMAS Given Names: William David Aitken

Place of Birth: Manchester, U K Date of Birth 29 November 1930

Educational Institutions Attended, with Dates of Entering and Leaving:

<u>St. Paul's School, London, England</u>	<u>1946-1948</u>
<u>University of Victoria, Victoria</u>	<u>1972-1975</u>

Degrees, Diplomas, Etc., Awarded, with Dates and Names of Institutions:

<u>B A (Honours)</u>	<u>1974</u>	<u>University of Victoria</u>
----------------------	-------------	-------------------------------

Honours and Awards:

<u>University of Victoria President's Scholarship, 1973/74</u>
<u>Government of British Columbia Scholarship, 1973/74</u>
<u>University of Victoria Graduate Fellowship, 1974/75 -declined</u>
<u>University of Victoria Graduate Scholarship, 1974/75</u>
<u>Martlet Chapter, I O D E Cuthbert Holmes English Honours</u>
<u>Essay Prize, 1974</u>
<u>Canada Council Doctoral Fellowship, 1975/76</u>

PARTIAL COPYRIGHT LICENSE

I hereby grant the right to lend my thesis or dissertation (the title of which is shown below) to users of the University of Victoria Library, and to make *single copies only* for such users or in response to a request from the library of any other university, or similar institution, on its behalf or for one of its users. I further agree that permission for extensive copying of this thesis for scholarly purposes may be granted by me or a member of the University designated by me. It is understood that copying or publication of this thesis for financial gain shall not be allowed without my written permission.

Title of Thesis

IN SEARCH OF A DEFINITIVE: SOME VARIORUM  
PROBLEMS IN THE POETRY OF ROBERT GRAVES  
TO 1948

Author



*Signature*

William David Aitken Thomas

*Name*

March 1975

*Date*