

Between these extremes the poet sings "with notes angelical to many a harp" the varying passions of the human soul. In the third section of the first part the soft melody of the lines comes to us from the poet's solitary musing like the sighing and whispering of the wind across his own dark garden ground:

" Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,  
Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, all the night long,  
Growing and fading and growing till I could bear it no more,  
But arose and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,  
Walked in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer and fount,  
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave."

In description as well of natural scenery as of emotions Tennyson is admirable. He uses his words as an artist might his brush, and with them he paints in every tint in a garden of flowers, each flush on a morning sky. When he tells how

" The far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,  
Half lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,  
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land,"

we are almost gazing out across the sea to where it melts into the hazy shimmering light on the distant horizon; and we fancy we can hear the whispers of the flowers when he writes

" The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

Yet sometimes, as in the following passage, he is inclined to carry this poetic sentiment too far and becomes extravagant,

" . . . . I saw the treasured splendour, her hand  
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,  
And the sunlight broke from her lips."

Many of the poet's images and comparisons are remarkably beautiful and exemplify his power of word-painting:

" Passionless, pale cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound."

"The cobweb woven across the cannon's mouth  
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more."

"Given false death her hand and stolen away  
To nameless wastes, where footless fancies dwell  
Among the fragments of a golden day."