

sacred and with Irish scenery, Olympus and Tabor, and his own rivers and mountains. But it is full of his power over thought and imagery; and it is quite in a different key from anything in the first six books. It has an undertone of awe-struck and pathetic sadness.

“What man that sees the ever whirling wheel  
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,  
But that thereby doth find and plainly feel  
How Mutability in them doth play  
Her cruel sports to many men’s decay.”

He imagines a mighty Titaness, sister of Hecate and Bellona, most beautiful and most terrible, who challenges universal dominion over all things in earth and heaven, sun and moon, planets and stars, times and seasons, life and death; and finally over the wills and thoughts and natures of the gods, even of Jove himself; and who pleads her cause before the awful Mother of all things, figured as Chaucer had already imagined her:

“Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;  
Still moving, yet unmoved from her stead;  
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld,  
Thus sitting on her throne.”

He imagines all the powers of the upper and nether worlds assembled before her on his own familiar hills, instead of Olympus, where she shone like the Vision which “dazed” those “three sacred saints” on “Mount Thabor.” Before her pass all things known of men, in rich and picturesque procession; the Seasons pass, and the Months, and the Hours, and Day and Night, Life, as “a fair young lusty boy,” Death, grim and grisly—

“Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,  
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,  
Unbodied, unsoul’d, unheard, unseene—”

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