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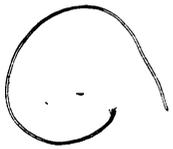
**THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK**  
**FREDERICTON, N. B.**

Mr. Bliss Carman is engaged in writing a trilogy on the death of Matthew Arnold. The first part, "Death in April," appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for April 1889. The second part, "Midsummer Land," has just appeared in England in the Universal Review, accompanied by a beautiful full page engraving of Matthew Arnold. The third part, "Autumn Guard," is not yet finished.

Mr. Carman has lately been appointed to the staff of the New York Independent, as editor in charge of the department that deals with contributed articles. We extend our hearty congratulations on his success in obtaining so important a position on a periodical so widely circulated as the Independent.

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University Monthly  
Volume 9, Page 73  
March, 1890



London: A Trilogy  
in Commemoration of  
Matthew Arnold: with  
Lyric Interludes:

To R. H. H.

This old fragment turns  
up after all these years,  
and I pass it on to you.

I had entirely forgotten  
it, and don't know whether  
there is another copy or not.

J. L.

New Canaan  
9. April. 1921

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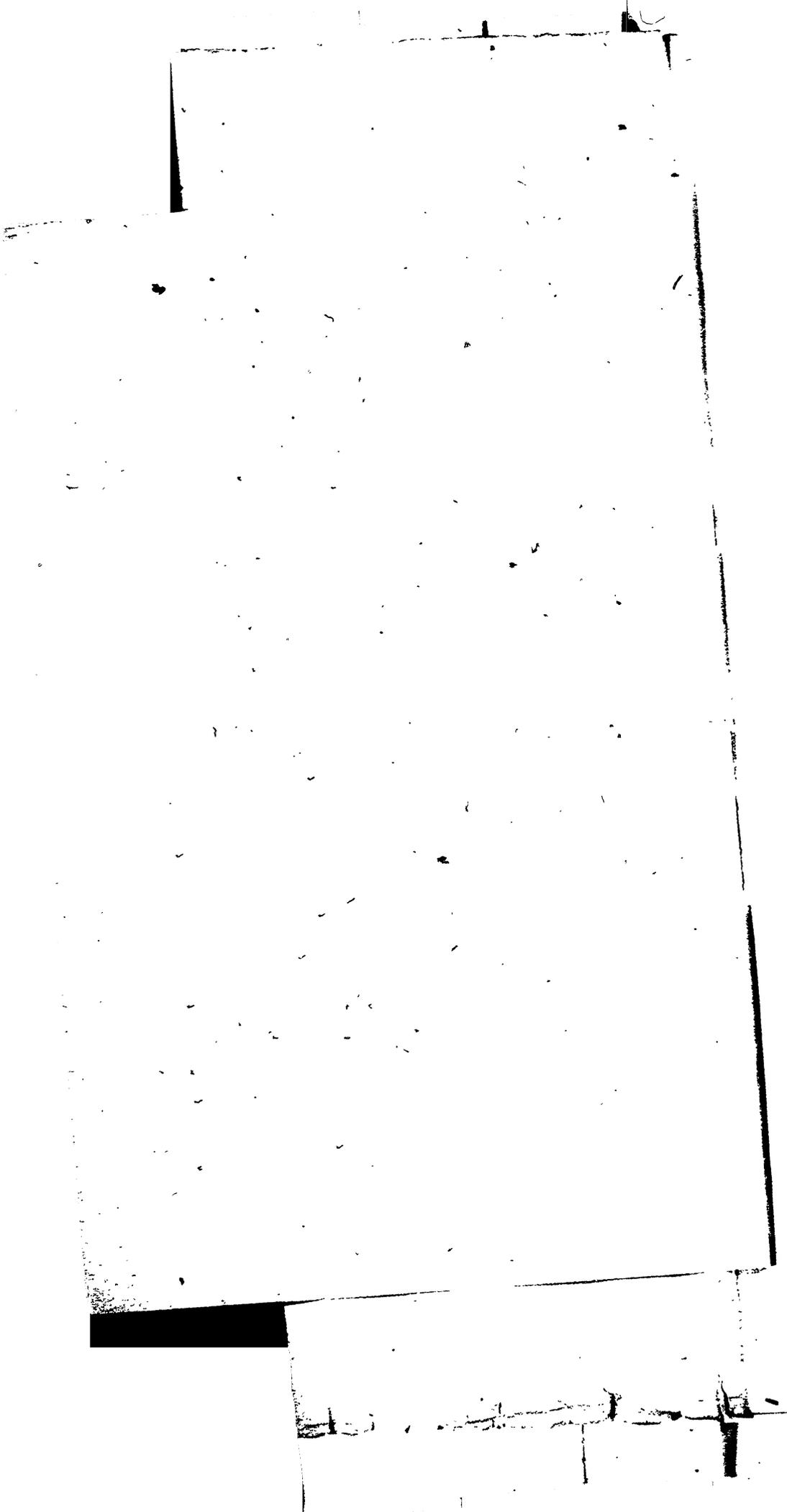


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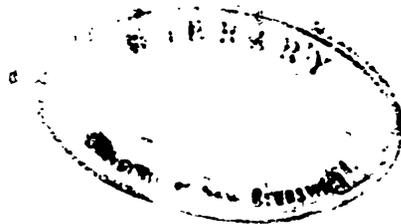
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Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts writes that the publication of Mr. Bliss Carman's "Frigley on Matthew Arnold," is delayed till next April to admit of the 1st part, entitled, "Death in April," being issued in the April number of "The Atlantic Monthly". This part has over 200 lines, and the compliment is an unusual one.

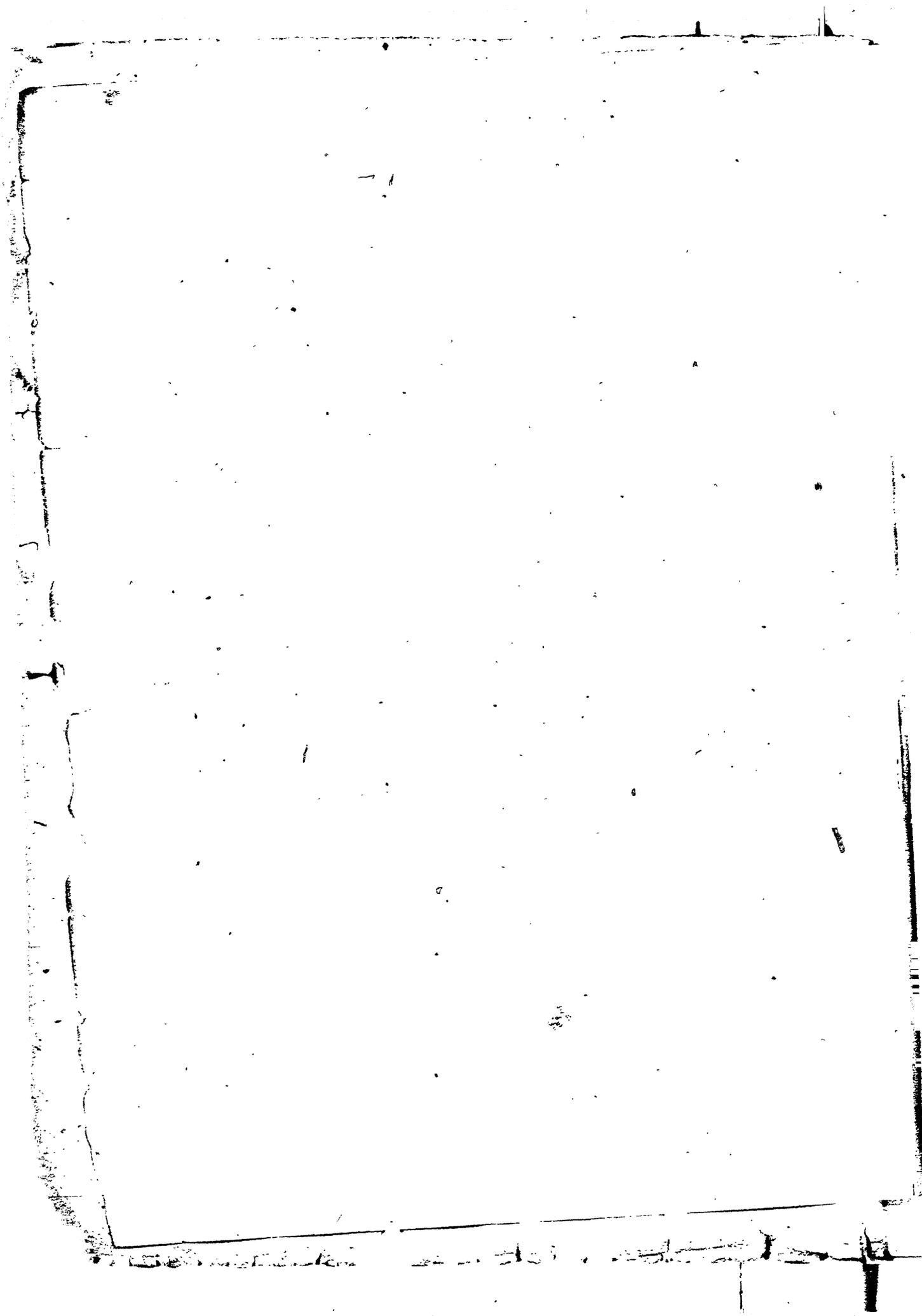


Corydon: A Trilogy:  
in Commemoration of  
Matthew Arnold: with  
Lyric Interludes: by  
Bliss Carman.

"Out of the heed of mortals he is gone."  
Thyrsis.



Fredericton: Canada  
Press of L. C. MacIntyre  
1888



Part First: Death in April

Part Second: Midsummer Land

Part Third: Autumn Guard

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Death in April.

"In low lands where the Sun and moon are mute."  
Ave atque vale.

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Midsummer Land.

"Back to the turning fountain whence it came."  
Adonais.

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Autumn Guard

"While the still Morn went out with sandals grey."  
Lycidas.

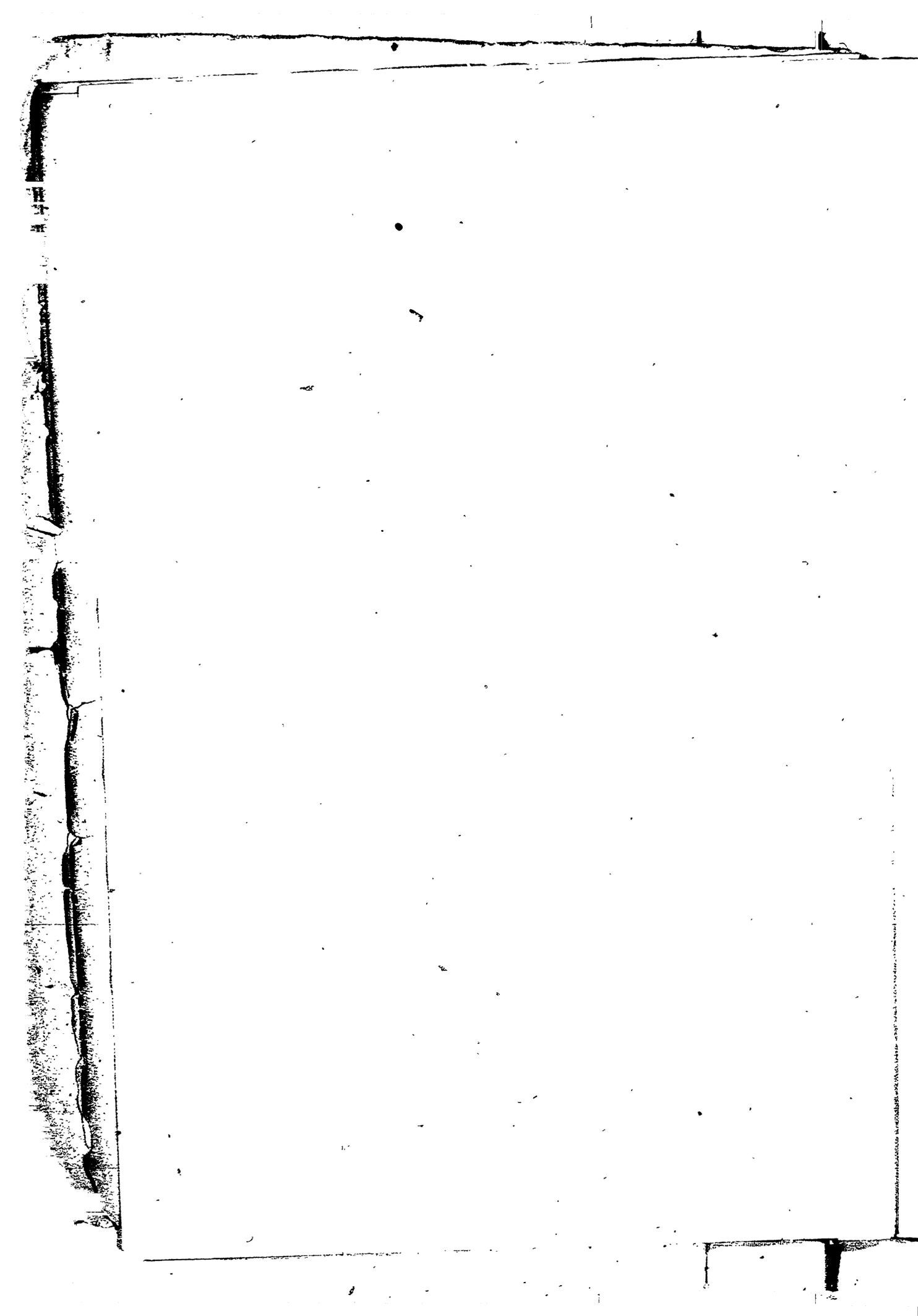
Part First. XVIII, l. 3: for prim read stet bleak  
hush, raw

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## DEATH IN APRIL.

"In low lands where the sun and moon are mute."

*Ave atque vale.*



## DEATH IN APRIL.

### I.

O Mother England, bow thy reverend head  
This April morning. Over Northlands wan  
Midspring comes back to freshen thee once more,  
With daisies on the mounds of thy loved dead,  
Like Chaucer's benediction from the dawn,  
Or his, ah, me! who down thy forest floor  
Went yestereven. Now  
In vain thou art regirdled as alone  
Of all the elder lands or younger thou  
With hawthorn spray canst be,—that weariless  
Eternal charm of thine, thou home of blown  
Seafarers in the storm through dark and stress.

II.

'Tis Spring once more upon the Cumner hills,  
And the shy Cumner vales are sweet with rain  
With blossom and with sun. The burden of time  
By eerie woodland messengers fulfils  
Our unremembered treasures of pain  
With long lost tales of unforgotten prime;  
The stir of winds asleep  
Amidst of orchards through unlanguid hours  
Allures us to explore the vernal deep  
And unhorizoned hush wherein we wend,  
Yet always some elusive weird there lowers  
Haunting its uttermost cloud walls unkenned.

III.

There skirt the dim outroads of April's verge—  
Memorial of an elder age—gray wraiths  
Which went nowhither when the world was young,—  
Grim ghosts which haunt the marges of the surge  
Of latest silence. Beaming sunshine bathes  
The wanderers of life, and still among  
The corners of the dawn  
Lurk these dark exiles of the nether sea,  
Unbanished, unrecalled from ages gone.  
Disowned ideals, deeds, or Furies blind,  
Or murdered selves,—I know not what they be,  
Yet are they terrible though death be kind.

IV.

Companioned by the myriad hosts of eld,  
We journey to a land beyond the sweep  
Of knowledge to determine; tented where  
The storied heroes watch aforetime held,  
We hold encampment for a night and sleep  
Into the dawn; till, restless, here and there  
A sleeper having dreamed  
Of music and the childhood sound of birds  
And the clear run of river heads which gleamed  
Along his hither coming through the gloom,  
Rouses from his late slumber, and upgirds  
Him to look forth where the gold shadows loom.

V.

Ah, Cumner, Cumner, where is morning now?  
A nightwatch did he bide with thee, but who  
Hath his clear prime? Perchance the great dead Names  
Wide bruted, shall restore thee him, if thou  
His captive flight with ransom flowers pursue  
And gleaming swallows down the glittering Thames  
Where the long sea-winds go.  
In vain, in vain! To the hid wells of tears  
In their grim waste thou canst not journey so,  
Nor make leap up the old desire outworn,  
For Corydon is dead these thousand years,  
Dear Corydon who died this April morn.

VI.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,  
Child of remembrance, mother of regret.  
Inheritor of silence and desire,  
Who dost revisit now forsaken streams,  
Canst thou, their spirit, evermore forget  
How one sweet touch of immemorial fire  
Erewhile did use to flush  
The music of their wells, as sunset light  
Is laid athwart the springtime with keen hush ?  
Being so gracious and so loved, hast thou  
In all thy realm no shelter from the night  
Where Corydon may keep—with Thyrsis now ?

VII.

Hast thou some far sequestering retreat  
We can but measure by the pause and swing  
Of old returning seasons filled with change ?  
When far from this world, whither do thy feet  
Lead thee upon the margins of the Spring ?  
Through what calm lulls of weather dost thou range  
In smiling reverie,  
Between the crisp of dawn and noon's white glare ?  
Beyond the borders of the wintry sea,  
Remembering those who loved thy garment's hem  
As children love the oxeyes, dost thou there  
Reserve a shadow of content for them ?

### VIII.

Belike some tender little grave-eyed boy  
Of mild regard and wistful plaintive moods,  
Fondling of earth, darling of God, too shy  
For fellowship with comrades, finds employ  
In undiscoverable solitudes  
Of childhood, when the gravel paths are dry  
And the still noons grow long.  
In the old garden's nook of quiet sun,  
Where brownies, elfin-things, and sun-motes throng,  
He builds a hut of the half-brown fir boughs—  
Whose winter banking for the flowers is done—  
And there all day his royal fairy house

### IX.

He keeps, with entertainment of such guests  
As no man may bring home; he peoples it  
As never Homer peopled Troy with kings.  
In the wide morning his unnamed behests  
Strange foresters obey, while he doth sit  
And murmur what his sparrow playmate sings  
From the dark cedar hedge.  
Twin tiny exiles from the vast outland,  
They know the secret unrecorded pledge  
Whereby the children of the dawn are told.  
The toiling small red ants are his own band  
Of servitors; his minstrels from of old—

X.

Light-hearted pillagers of golden shrines—  
The bees were, in the willows; row on row  
Are his the ~~tall~~ white lilacs in the sun;  
And his the stainless roof-work of the pines.  
He in that wide unhaste beats to and fro,  
Borne far a-wind as a poised bird might run,  
Or as a sunburnt shard  
Might gleam, washed over by the glimmering sea:  
A mother hand hath still his doom in guard:  
The sparrow cadence and the lilac's prime  
Go build the soul up of a man to be,  
While yet he kens them not, nor self, nor time.

XI.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,  
In thy far dwelling keepest thou for him  
Such hospitable bounty? Hast thou there  
A welcome of seclusion and sweet streams  
Of sheer blue waters at whose running brim,  
Under the gold of that enchanted air,  
Thy frail windflowers are spread?  
Crown with thy smile the end of his rare quest,  
And cherish on thy knees that holiest head;  
Sweet mother, comfort his dear spirit now  
With perfect calm, with long abiding rest,  
And that love thou canst tend him—only thou!

XII.

April, O mother of all the dappled hours,  
Restorer of lost days for whom we long,  
Bringer of seedtime—of the flowers and birds,  
Sower of bounty—of the buds and showers,  
Exalter of dumb hearts to the brink of song,  
Revealer of blind Winter's runic words!  
Relief from losing strife  
To him thou givest and to us regret.  
Wilt thou requicken ever there to life  
Our dreams which troop across the burning hills?  
Or on some primal bleak windlands forget  
Thy yearning children by their woodland rills?

XIII.

We muse and muse and never quite forego  
The sure belief in thy one home at last.  
The years may drive us with dull toil and blind,  
Till age bring down a covering like snow  
Of many winters, yet the pausing blast  
Hath rifts of quiet, and the frozen wind  
Zones of remindful peace;  
Then, while some pale green twilight fades to gold,  
There comes a change—and we have found release  
In the old way at thy returning hands.  
Forever in thy care we grow not old,  
No barrows of the dead are in thy lands.

July?

7

XIV.

O April, mother of desire and June,  
Great Angel of the sunshine and the rain,  
Thou, only thou canst evermore redeem  
The world from bitter death, or quite retune  
The morning with low sound wherein all pain  
Bears part with incommunicable dream  
And lispings undersong,  
Above thy woodbanks of anemone.  
A spirit goes before thee, and we long  
In tears to follow where thy windways roam—  
Depart and traverse back the toiling sea,  
Nor weary any more in alien home.

XV.

With what high favor hast thou rarely given  
A springtime death as thy bestowal of bliss :  
On Avon once thy tending hands laid by  
The puppet robes, the curtained scenes were riven,  
And the great prompter smiled at thy long kiss ;  
And Corydon's own master sleeps a-nigh  
The stream of Rotha's well,  
Where thou didst bury him thy dearest child ;  
In one sweet year the Blessed Damozel  
Beholds thee bring her lover, loved by thee,  
Outworn for rest, whom no bright shore beguiled,  
To voyage out across the gray North Sea,—

XVI.

And slowly Assabet takes on her charm,  
Since him she most did love thou hast withdrawn  
Beyond the well-springs of perpetual day.  
And now 'tis Laleham : from all noise and harm.  
Blithe and boy hearted, whither is he gone,  
(Like them who fare in peace—knowing thy sway  
Is over carls and kings,  
He was too great to cease to be a child,  
Too wise to be content with childish things)  
Having heard swing to the twin-leaved doors of gloom  
Pillared with autumn dust from out the wild  
And carved upon with BEAUTY and FOREDOOM ?

XVII.

Awhile within the roaring iron house  
He toiled to thrill the bitter dark with cheer ;  
But ever the earlier prime wrapped his white soul  
In sure and flawless welfare of repose,  
Kept like a rare Greek song through many a year  
With Chian terebinth—an illumined scroll  
No injury can deface.  
And men will toss his name from sea to sea  
Along the wintry dusk a little space,  
Till thou return with flight of swallow and sun  
To weave for us the rain's hoar tracery,  
With blossom and dream unravelled and undone.

XVIII.

We joy in thy brief tarrying, and beyond—  
The vanished road's end lies engulfed in snow  
Far on the mountains of a ~~grim~~ new morn.  
Craving the light, yet of the dark more fond,  
Abhorring and desiring do we go,—  
A cruse of tears, and love with leaven of scorn,  
Mingled for journey fare,—  
While in the vision of a harvest land  
We see thy river wind and, looming there,  
Death walk within thy shadow, proudly grim,  
A little dust and sleep in his right hand—  
The withered windflowers of thy forest dim.

## AD VESPERUM.

Call to me, thrush,  
When day grows dim,  
When death is near  
And night is warm.

Stir the keen hush  
On twilight's rim,  
When my own star  
Is white and clear.

Fly low to brush  
Mine eyelids grim,  
Where sleep and storm  
Have set their bar.

For time shall crush  
Spring balm for him,  
Stark on his bier  
Past fault or harm.

Who once, as flush  
Of dream might skim  
The dusk, afar  
In sleep shall hear

Thy song's cool rush  
With calm rebrim  
The world, and scar  
The gloom with cheer.

Then, Heartsease, hush:  
If sense grow dim,  
Desire shall steer  
Us home from far:

E TENEBRIS.

Call to me, thrush,  
When night grows dim,  
When dreams unform,  
And death is far.

When hoar dews flush  
The dawn's rathe brim,  
Wake me to hear  
Thy wild wood charm,—

As a lone rush  
Astir in the slim  
White stream where sheer  
Blue mornings are.