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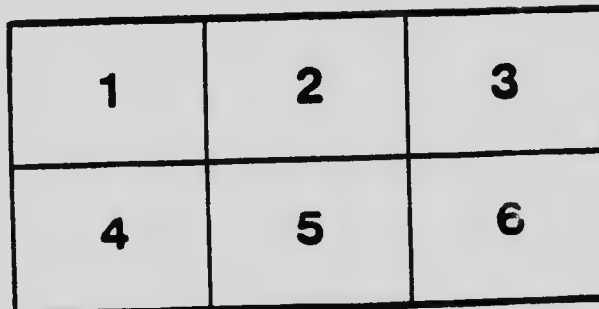
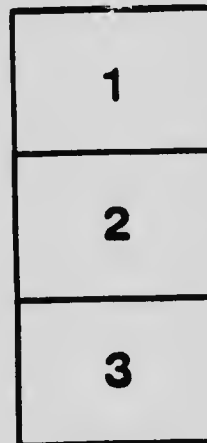
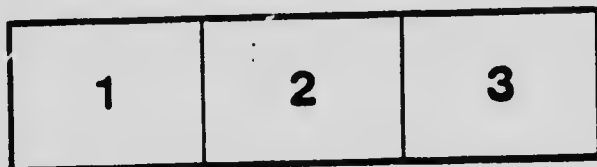
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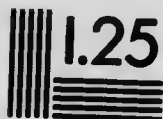
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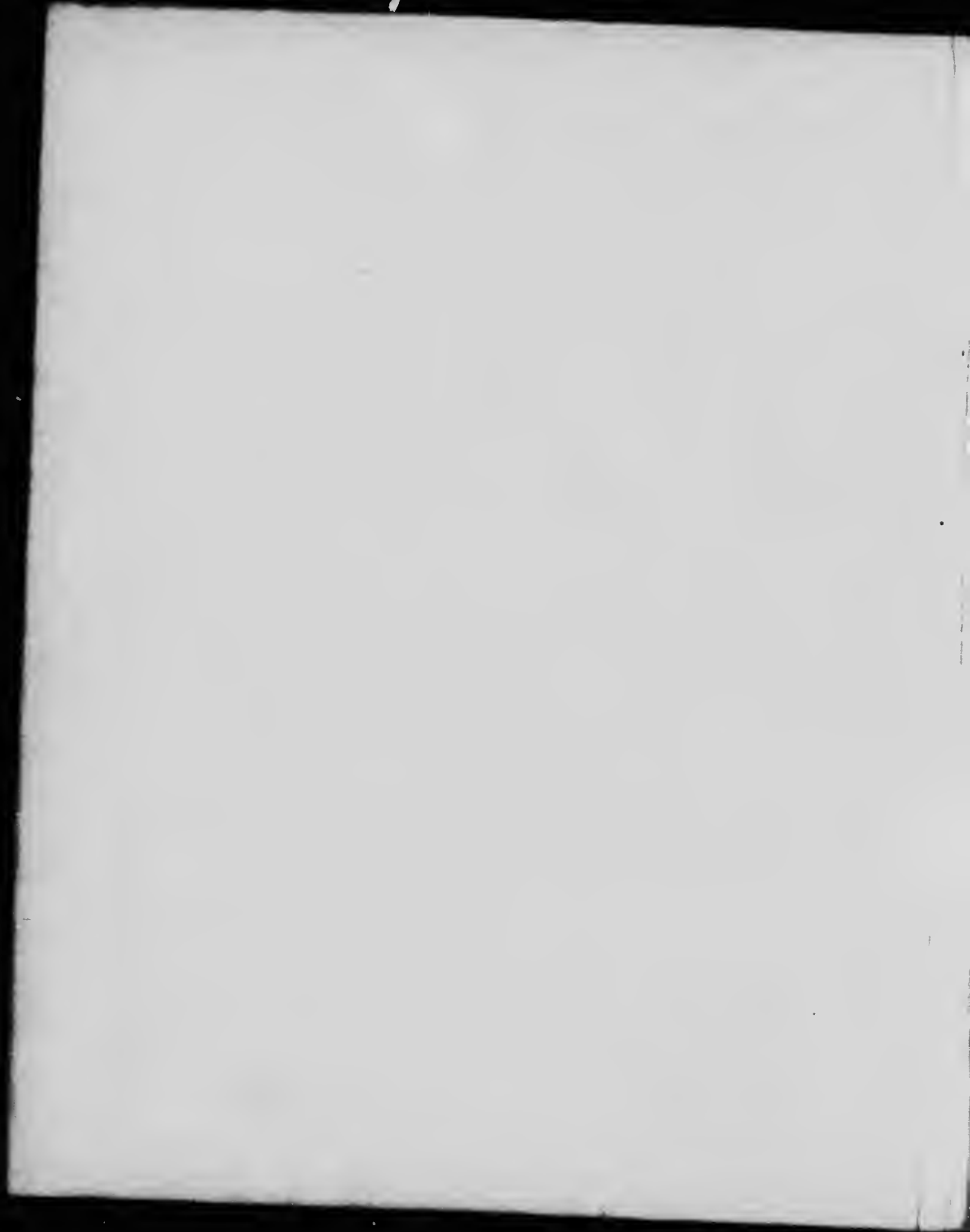
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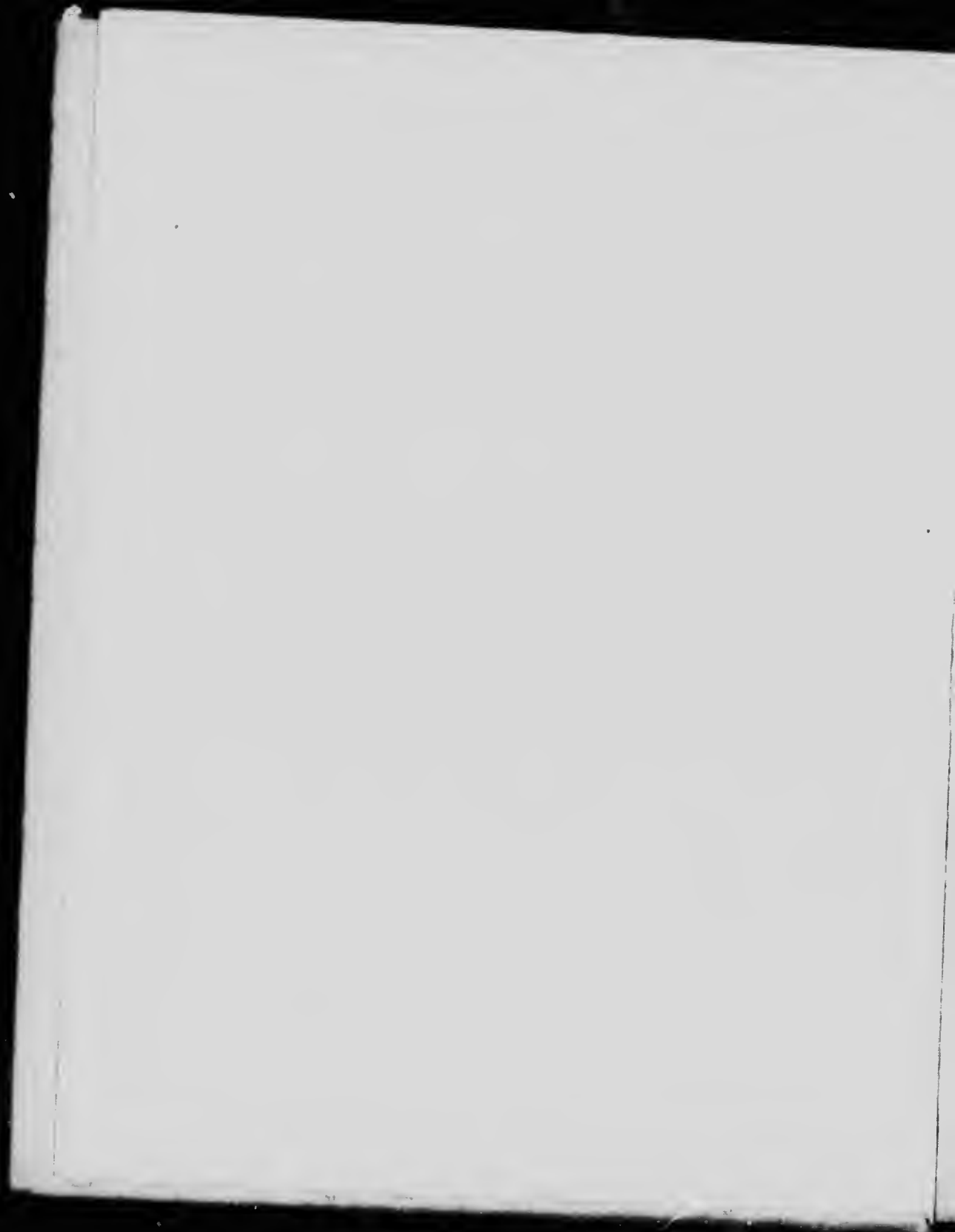
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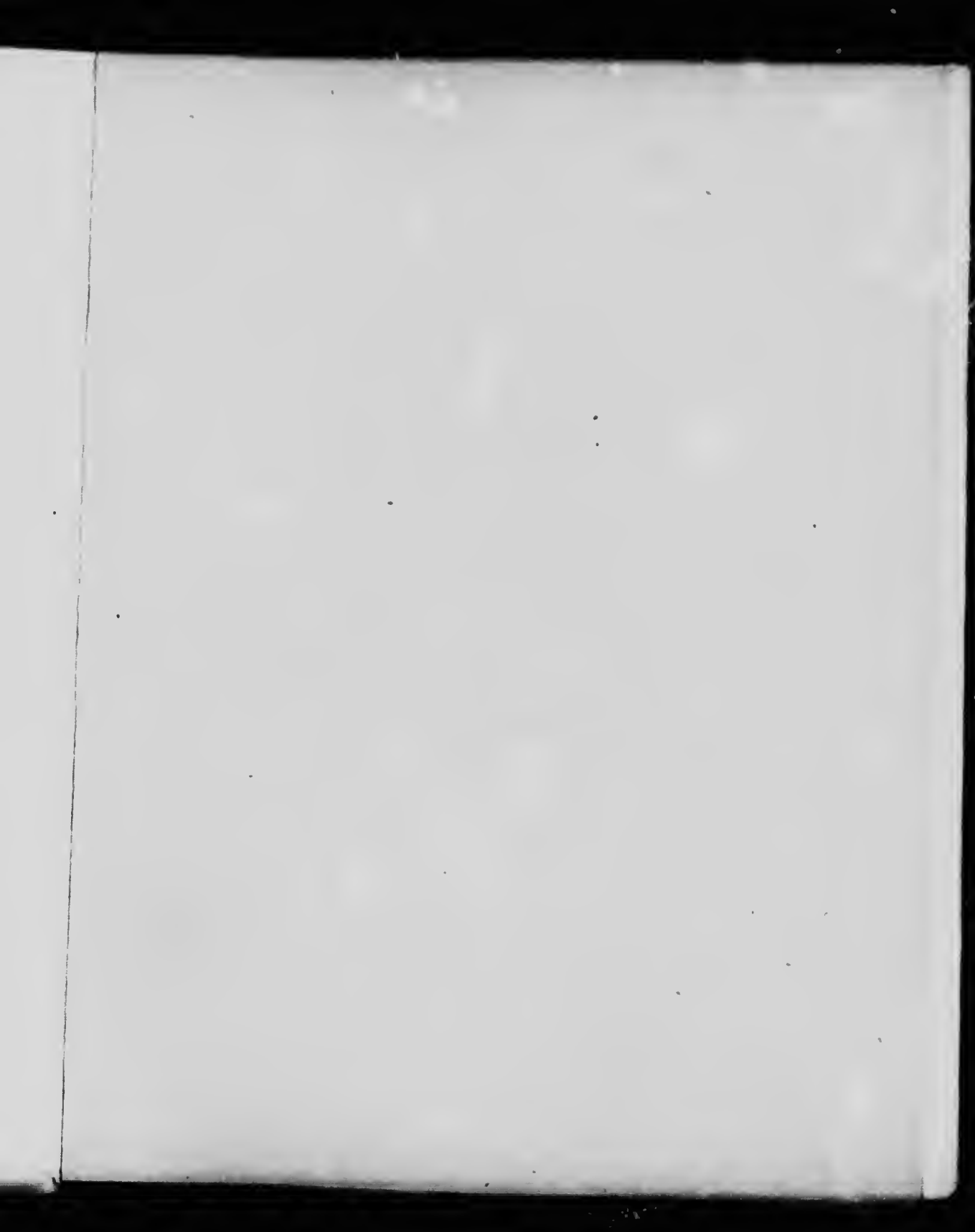
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Through the Year with Great Authors

TENNYSON





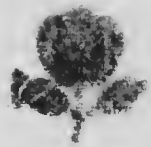


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1809-1892

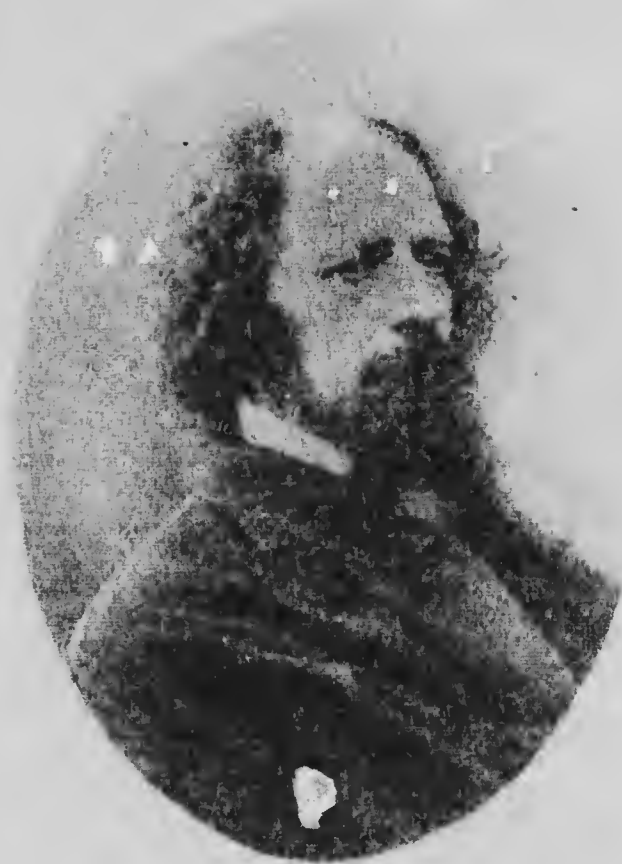
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A DAY BOOK
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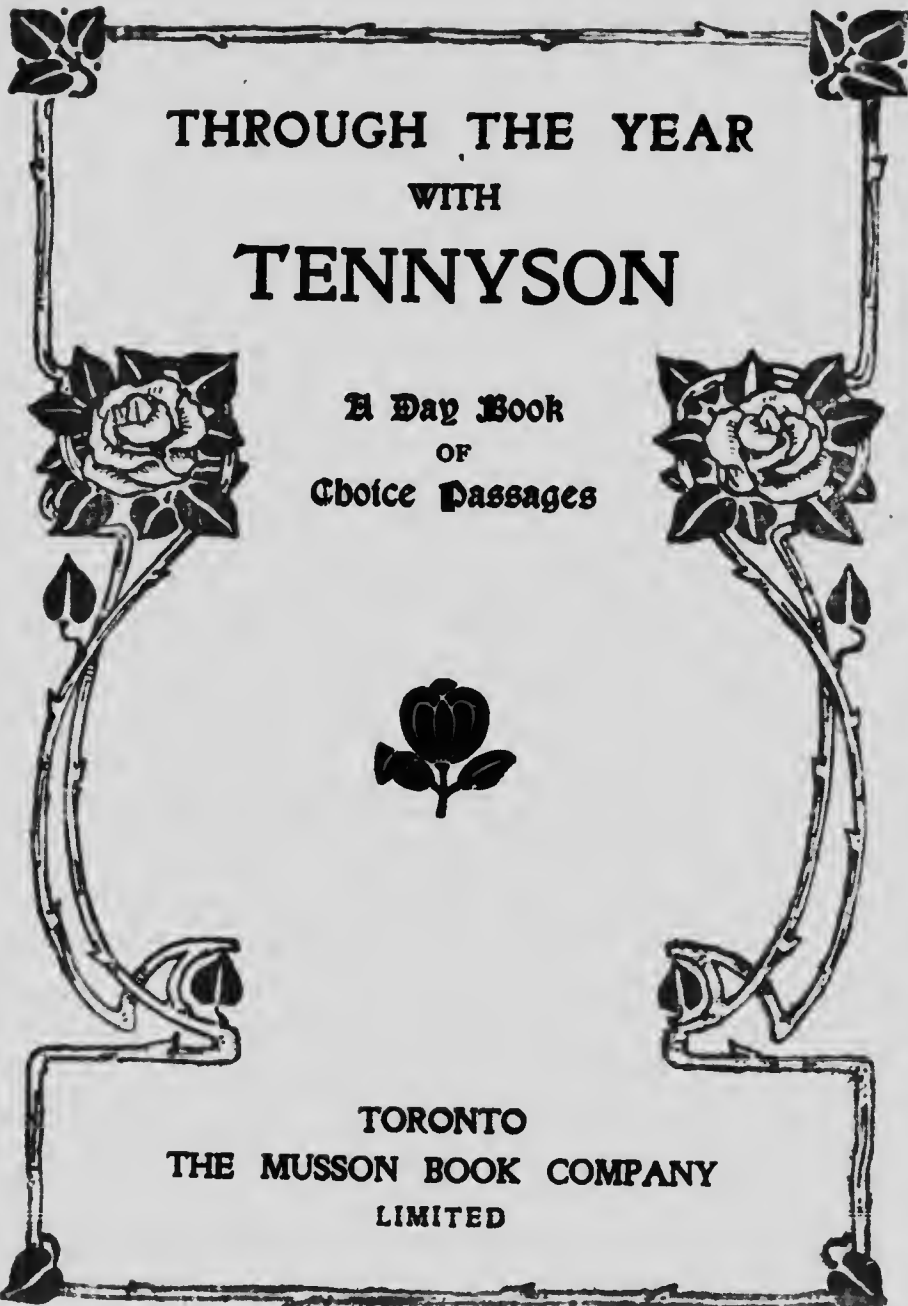
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WITH
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Through the Year with Tennyson

Many and many a happy Year



JANUARY

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet New-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.

O thou, New-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

In Memoriam.

JANUARY

THE NEW YEAR

FIRST DAY

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam.

SECOND DAY

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

The Death of the Old Year.

THIRD DAY

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Ænone.

FOURTH DAY

The old order changeth, yielding piace to new,
And God fulfilis Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Morte d' Arthur.

FIFTH DAY

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things
move . . .
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the Golden Year.

The Golden Year.

SIXTH DAY

Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.

Maud.

SEVENTH DAY

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

In Memoriam.

EIGHTH DAY

**How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true?**

Enid.

NINTH DAY

See that there be no traitors in your camp.

The Princess.

TENTH DAY

**My faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.**

Love and Duty.

ELEVENTH DAY

**'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life and fuller that I want.**

The Two Voices.

TWELFTH DAY

**Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.**

In Memoriam.

THIRTEENTH DAY

You were born for something great.

The Princess.

FOURTEENTH DAY

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.

In Memoriam.

FIFTEENTH DAY

To live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear ;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Enone.

SIXTEENTH DAY

We that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now
that

The Princess.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

All was good that Time could bring.

In Memoriam.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs; there is a Hand that
guides.

The Princess.

NINETEENTH DAY

I said that all the years invent;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

The Two Voices.

TWENTIETH DAY

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Ah God, for a man with a heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone.

Maud.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

(Queen Victoria died, 1901)

Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen.

To the Queen.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

I clung to all the Present for the promise that
it closed.

Locksley Hall.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

The Golden Year.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

If straight thy track, or if oblique,
Thou know'st not.

The Two Voices.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Hold thou the good; define it well.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

I will not fight my way with gilded arms,
All shall be iron.

Enid.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Hope, a poizing eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow.

The Princess.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

St Agnes Eve.

THIRTIETH DAY

Life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core.

In Memoriam.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

FEBRUARY

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells,—
Of that which came between, more sweet than
each,

In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
Of difference, reconciliation, pledges given,
And vows, where there was never need of vows,
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars;
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-lit,
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,
And in the hollows,

The Gardener's Daughter.



FEBRUARY

THE LOVE MONTH

FIRST DAY

The Master Love,
A more ideal Artist he than all.

The Gardener's Daughter.

SECOND DAY

The spirit of true love replied;
"Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong."

In Memoriam.

THIRD DAY

May you light on all things that you love.

Enid.

FOURTH DAY

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass and we forget?
Love the gift is love the debt.

The Miller's Daughter.

FIFTH DAY

He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love.

"To —"

SIXTH DAY

Brief is life but love is long.

The Princess.

SEVENTH DAY

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote out all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd
in music out of sight.

Locksley Hall.

EIGHTH DAY

I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

In Memoriam.

NINTH DAY

Sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our lone world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.

Maud.

TENTH DAY

Love's too precious to be lost,

In Memoriam.

ELEVENTH DAY

Love's white star
Beam'd through the thicken'd cedar in the dusk

The Gardener's Daughter.

TWELFTH DAY

One deep love doth supersede
All other,

In Memoriam.

THIRTEENTH DAY

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

To J. S.

FOURTEENTH DAY

A song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines.

The Princess.

FIFTEENTH DAY

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Vivien.

SIXTEENTH DAY

I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love.

In Memoriam.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Love may come and love may go,
And fly like a bird from tree to tree.

Edward Gray.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

In Memoriam.

NINETEENTH DAY

Trust me not at all or all in all.

Vivien.

TWENTIETH DAY

Love trebled life within me.

The Gardener's Daughter.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him.

The Princess.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers.

Vivien.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Love reflects the thing beloved.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

One loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily.

The Princess.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

I cannot understand; I love.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it
in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.

Locksley Hall.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure.

In Memoriam.

MARCH

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too.

In Memoriam.



MARCH

SPRINGTIDE

FIRST DAY

A Spring rich and strange
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through,
Here and there,
Till the air
and the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

Nothing will die.

SECOND DAY

The budded peaks of the wood are bow'd,
Caught and cuff'd by the gale.

Maud.

THIRD DAY

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast,
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets
himself another crest.

Locksley Hall.

FOURTH DAY

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The Goose.

FIFTH DAY

Underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.

In Memoriam.

SIXTH DAY

Cry, faint not; either Truth is born
Beyond the Polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn.

The Two Voices.

SEVENTH DAY

When will the wind be weary of blowing
Over the sky?

Nothing will die.

EIGHTH DAY

All is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunn'd in the night of fear.

In Memoriam.

NINTH DAY

Words weaker than your grief
Would make grief more.

To J. S.

TENTH DAY

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

Guinevers.

ELEVENTH DAY

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

Love thou thy Land.

TWELFTH DAY

Thro' wild March the throstle calls.

To the Queen.

THIRTEENTH DAY

All the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood.

In Memoriam.

FOURTEENTH DAY

Huge trees, a thousand rings of Spring
In every bole.

The Princess.

FIFTEENTH DAY

I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven.

The Two Voices.

SIXTEENTH DAY

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do.

Locksley Hall.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

The herald melodies of Spring.

In Memoriam.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

That which we are,

We are; one equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Ulysses.

NINETEENTH DAY

Down at your own fireside,

With the evil tongue and the evil ear.

Maud.

TWENTIETH DAY

O Father, touch the east, and light

The light that shone when Hope was born.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

At their feet the crocus brake like fire,

Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,

Lotus and lilies.

Enone.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears ?

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring,

Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch.

The Lotus-Eaters.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.

Love thou thy Land.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

The wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet.

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

**Why not believe then? Why not yet
Anchor thy frailty there, where man
Hath moored and rested?**

Confessions.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

**The satin-shining palm
On shallows in the windy gleams of March.**

Vivien.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

**All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever.**

Ulysses.

THIRTIETH DAY

**And men, thro' novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things.**

The Two Voices.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the
burnished dove;

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love.

Locksley Hall.

APRIL

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love/lore,
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles; but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?

Thy smile and frown are not aloof
From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other,
All the mystery is thine;
Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love/lore,

Madeline.



APRIL

SMILES AND TEARS

FIRST DAY

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from Heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.

Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.

SECOND DAY

The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flowered furrow.

Confessions.

THIRD DAY

Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

In Memoriam.

FOURTH DAY

To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills,
The Gardener's Daughter.

FIFTH DAY

The sunbeam strikes along the world.
In Memoriam.

SIXTH DAY

The whole wide earth of light and shade
Comes out, a perfect round.
Will Waterproof.

SEVENTH DAY

A little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few notes
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning.

Elaine.

EIGHTH DAY

Who knows the ways of the world, how God
will bring them about?

Maud.

NINTH DAY

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing,

In Memoriam.

TENTH DAY

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Love thou thy Land.

ELEVENTH DAY

The cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the
hill

The May Queen.

TWELFTH DAY

Then was I as a child that cries,
But crying, knows its father near,

In Memoriam.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Looking upward, full of grace,
 He pray'd, and from a happy place,
 God's glory smote him on the face.

The Two Voices.

FOURTEENTH DAY

The surge
 Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
 Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge.

Sonnet.

FIFTEENTH DAY

Great Nature is more wise than I;
 I will not tell you not to weep,

To J. S.

SIXTEENTH DAY

Spring
 Letters cowslips on the hill,

Adeline.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

"What is it thou knowest, sweet Voice?" I cried,
 "A hidden hope," the Voice replied,

The Two Voices.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

By the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire
in swamps and hollows gray.

The May Queen.

NINETEENTH DAY

If Time be heavy on thy hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

TWENTIETH DAY

So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower.

Vivien.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees
And poplars made a noise of falling showers.

Elaine.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

In that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower.

The Two Voices.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

All the wood stands in a mist of green
And nothing perfect

The Brook.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

I'll take the showers as they fall

Amphion.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Rain makes music in the tree.

A Dirge.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Let there be thistles, there are grapes ;
If old things, there are new ;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true.

Will Waterproof.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

The world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet

Maud.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

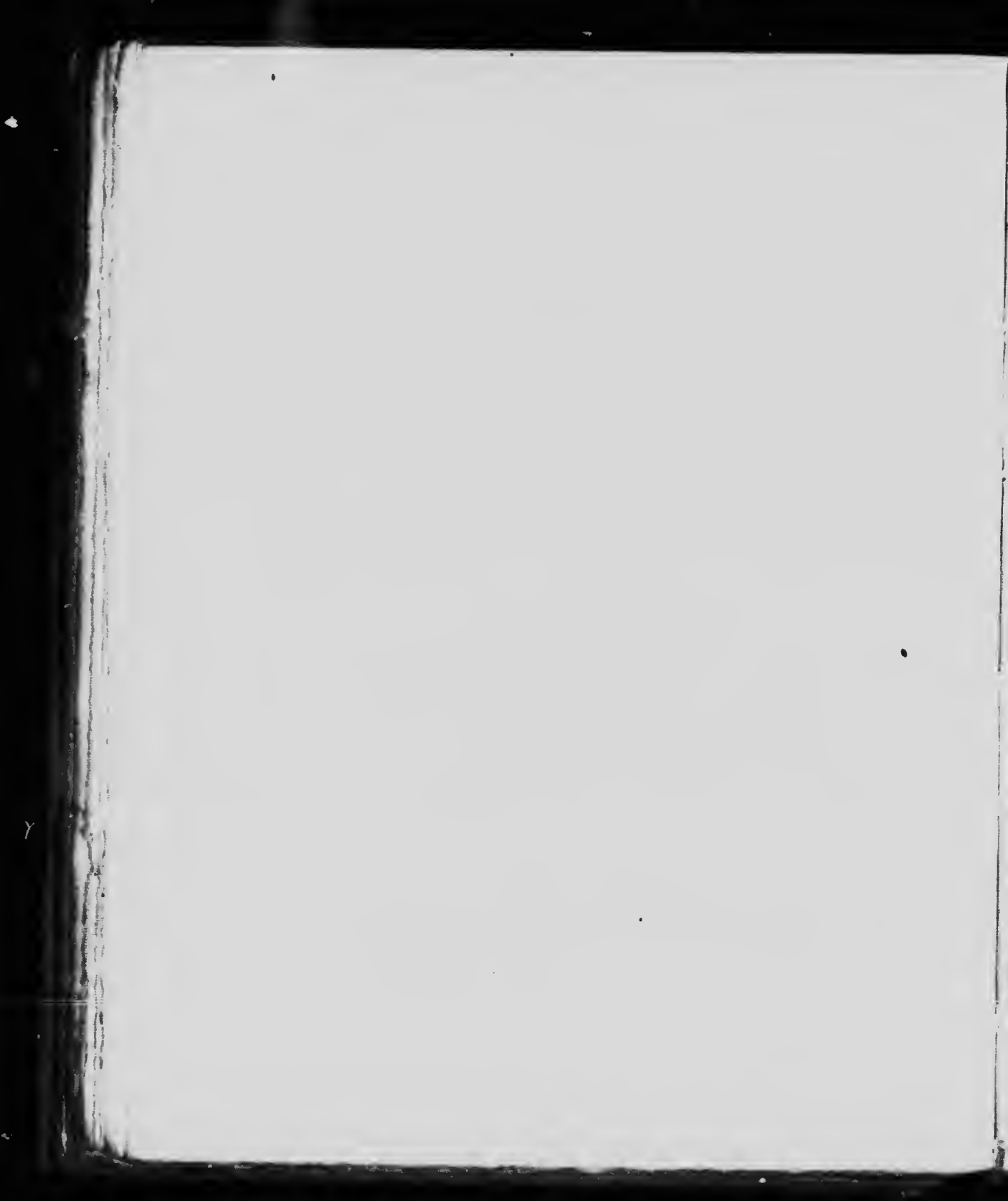
And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May.

In Memoriam.

THIRTIETH DAY

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the
glad New Year.

The May Queen.



MAY

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n
its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint,
sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire
in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon
the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to
brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of
the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green
and still,

And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over
all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily
glance and play,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

The May Queen.

MAY

WHEN FLOWERS APPEAR

FIRST DAY

One after another the white clouds are fleeting ;
Every heart this May morning in joyance is
beating
Full merrily.

All Things will die.

SECOND DAY

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock.

In Memoriam.

THIRD DAY

May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel.

The Gardener's Daughter.

FOURTH DAY

Shall man live thus, in joy and hope
 As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
 Living, but that he shall live on?

Confessions.

FIFTH DAY

And drooping chestnut buds began
 To spread into the perfect fan.

Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.

SIXTH DAY

Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
 That doat upon each other.

“ To — ”

SEVENTH DAY

All the land in flowery squares,
 Beneath a broad and equal blowing wind,
 Smelt of the coming summer.

The Gardener's Daughter.

EIGHTH DAY

And ah for a man to arise in me,
 That the man I am may cease to be.

Maud.

NINTH DAY

Sheets of hyacinth

That seem'd the heavens upbreking through
the earth.

Guinevere.

TENTH DAY

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers;
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

The Two Voices.

ELEVENTH DAY

Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?

Adeline.

TWELFTH DAY

I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water springs come up thro' bitter brine.

Sonnet.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Gentle words are always gain.

Love thou thy Land.

FOURTEENTH DAY

One silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen.

Ænone.

FIFTEENTH DAY

Bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees,

The Princess.

SIXTEENTH DAY

All
Life needs for life is possible to will—
Live happy; tend thy flowers.

Love and Duty.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

A truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day.

The Epic.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of a flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?

The Two Voices.

NINETEENTH DAY

All precious things discovered late,
To those that seek them issue forth,
The Day-Dream.

TWENTIETH DAY

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love,
The Gardener's Daughter.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind,
The Day-Dream.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

Round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady,
In Memoriam.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Who are wise in love
Love most, say least,
Vivien.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

(Empire Day)

Let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state.

The Death of the Duke of Wellington.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Were there nothing else
 For which to praise the heavens but only love,
 That only love were cause enough for praise.

The Gardener's Daughter.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above ;
 Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of
 scorn,
 The love of love.

The Poet.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

A spacious garden full of flowering weeds.

"To —"

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

"The highest-mounted mind," he said,
"Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead."

The Two Voices.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd.

The Poet.

THIRTIETH DAY

The swallow 'ill come back again with
summer o'er the wave.

The May Queen.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

Those old Mays had thrice the life of these.

The Gardener's Daughter.

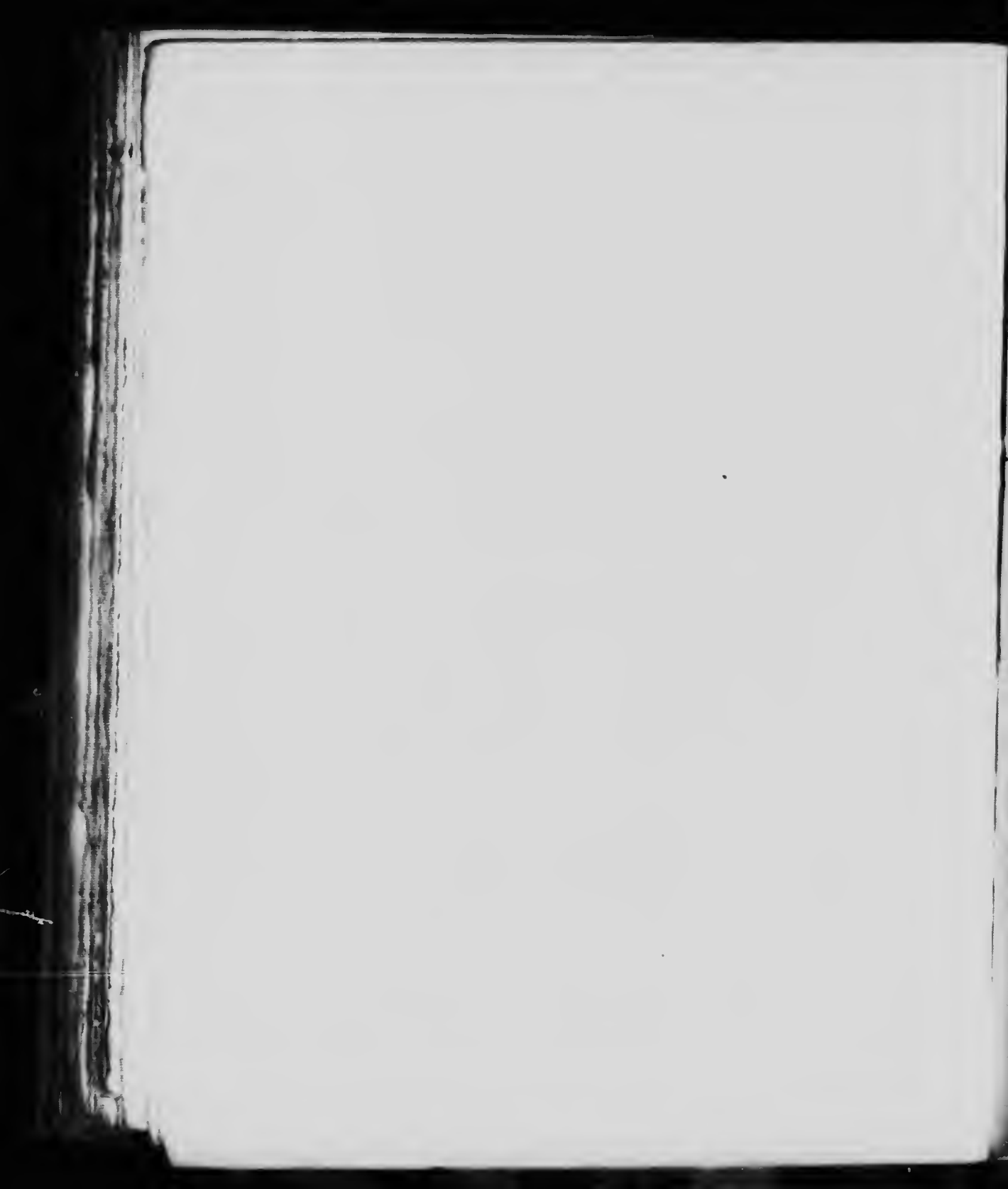


JUNE

A breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your
sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Maud.



JUNE

SUMMER SKIES

FIRST DAY

Happy Days roll onward, leading up the Golden
Year.

The Golden Year.

SECOND DAY

Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free
Like some broad river rushing down alone.

Sonnet.

THIRD DAY

The Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is.

Confessions.

FOURTH DAY

Warmly and broadly the south winds are
blowing over the sky.

All Things will die.

FIFTH DAY

Drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

In Memoriam.

SIXTH DAY

Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to
love,

Vivien.

SEVENTH DAY

And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song,

The Princess.

EIGHTH DAY

The white and glittering star of morn
Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by
Slips into golden cloud.

Enid.

NINTH DAY

I know where a garden grows
Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and rose.

Maud.

TENTH DAY

So the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the Feet of God.

Morte d' Arthur.

ELEVENTH DAY

And East and West, without a breath
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

In Memoriam.

TWELFTH DAY

All night long a cloud clings to the hill,
And with the dawn ascending lets the day
Strike where it clung.

Enid.

THIRTEENTH DAY

From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.

The Gardener's Daughter.

FOURTEENTH DAY

Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about
their queen.

The Princess.

FIFTEENTH DAY

The nightingale

Sang loud as though he were the bird of day.

The Gardener's Daughter.

SIXTEENTH DAY

The dull

Saw no divinity in grass,

Life in dead stones, or spirit in air.

A Character.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Each incited each to noble deeds.

Vivien.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

The woods were fill'd so full with song,

There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

The Two Voices.

NINETEENTH DAY

The woodbine spices are wafted abroad,

And the musk of the roses blown.

Maud.

TWENTIETH DAY

In a poplar grove when a light wind wakes
A lisp of the innumerable leaf and dies,

The Princess.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

In the heart of the garden the merry bird
chants,

The Poet's Mind.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

And out of town and valley came a noise
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed
Brawling,

Enid.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Christians with happy countenances—
And children all seem full of Thee!

Confessions.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again,

The Miller's Daughter.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

These birds have joyful thoughts. Think
you they sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?

The Gardener's Daughter.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

I love that beauty should go beautifully.

Enid.

, TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

The streams thro' many a lilled row
Down-carolling to the crisped sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

We are free.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Summer woods about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.

The Lord of Burleigh.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

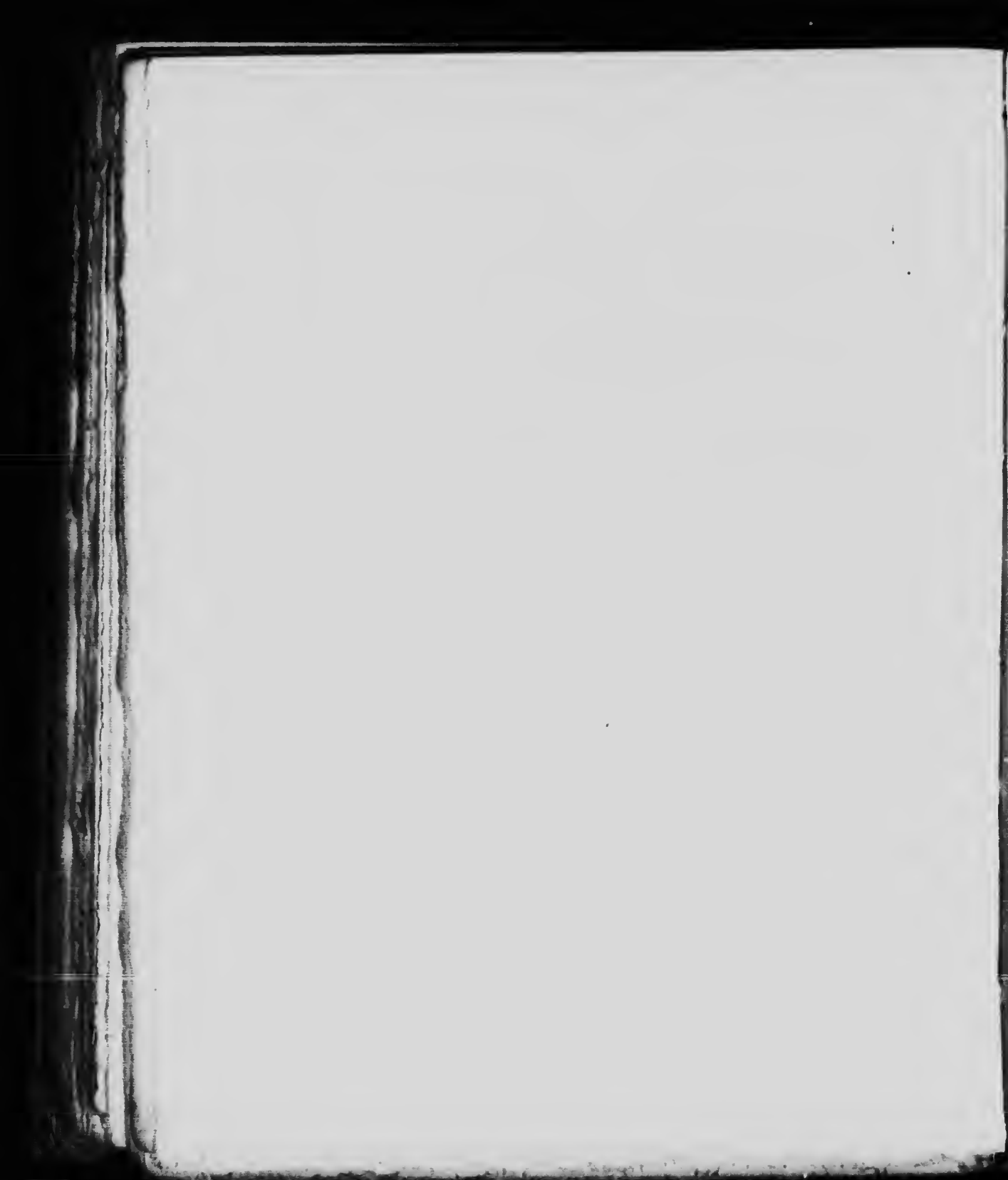
Hark, by the bird's song you may learn the
nest

Enid.

THIRTIETH DAY

On either hand
The lawns and meadow/ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers.

Ænone.

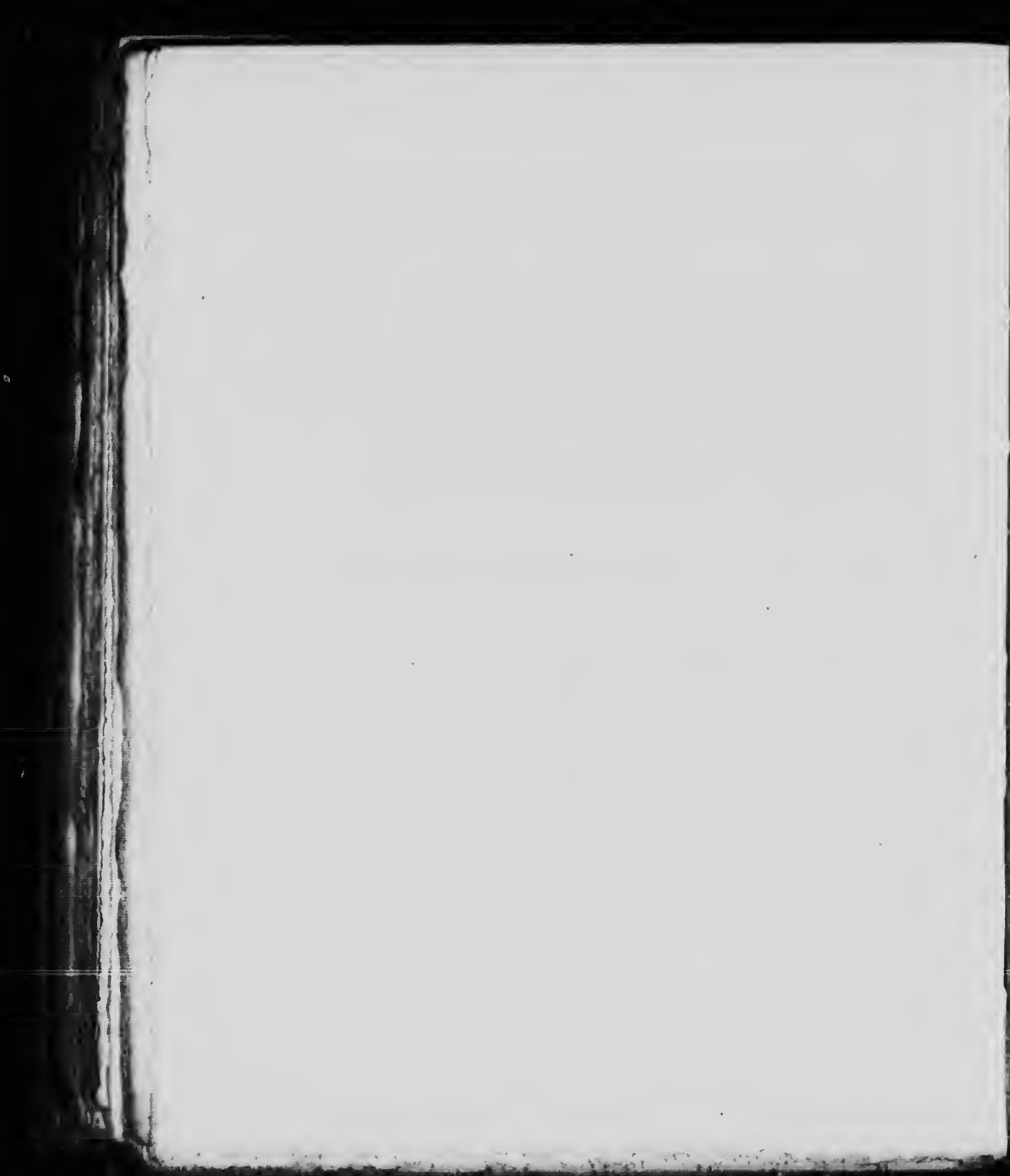


JULY

In the afternoon they came into a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And like a downward smoke, the slender
stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did
seem.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West ; thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seem'd the
same !

The Lotus-Eaters.



JULY

THE HEAT OF THE DAY

FIRST DAY

A summer crisp with shining woods.

The Day-Dream.

SECOND DAY

Often o'er the sun's bright eye
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud.

Vivien.

THIRD DAY

The waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom.

The Princess.

FOURTH DAY

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood.

Hands all round.

FIFTH DAY

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone.

The Palace of Art.

SIXTH DAY

All the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan.

In Memoriam.

SEVENTH DAY

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's.

Elaine.

EIGHTH DAY

It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length
Truth may stand forth unmoved of change.

Confessions.

NINTH DAY

The yellow-banded bees,
Thro' half-open lattices
Coming in the scented breeze.

Eleānore.

TENTH DAY

I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end.

In Memoriam.

ELEVENTH DAY

On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.

Ænon.

TWELFTH DAY

We needs must love the highest when we see
it

Guinevere.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
that blow.

The May Queen.

FOURTEENTH DAY

For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

The Two Voices.

FIFTEENTH DAY

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
The Death of the Duke of Wellington.

SIXTEENTH DAY

And round the cool green courts there ran a
row
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods.
The Palace of Art.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills
With promise of a morn as fair.

In Memoriam.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

The tiny-trumpeting goat can break our
dreams

When sweetest.

Vivien.

NINETEENTH DAY

All things have rest; why should we toil
alone?

We only toil, who are the first of things.

The Lotus-Eaters.

TWENTIETH DAY

Take warning! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want

The Blackbird.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

Vivien.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

Morte d' Arthur.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

A low breath

Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings,

The Brook.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

All the glens are drown'd in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower,

The Princess.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

The day prepared
The daily burden for the back,

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground,

The Gardener's Daughter.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Silence is wisdom.

Vivien.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

Hands all round.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Overhead

The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to
end.

The Princess.

THIRTIETH DAY

The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow streaks of rain.

The Palace of Art.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

The Two Voices.



AUGUST

Ask the sea

At midnight, when the crisp slope waves
After a tempest rib and fret
The broad-imbased beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland mere?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can
Draw down into his vexed pools
All that blue heaven which hues and paves
The other?

Confessions.



AUGUST

SEASCAPES

FIRST DAY

The rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave.

The Sea-Fairies.

SECOND DAY

A wild wave in the wide North-sea,
Green-glimmering t'ward the summit.

Elaine.

THIRD DAY

I seem'd

To float about a glimmering night, and watch
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight.

The Princess.

FOURTH DAY

Let the warm winds range
And the blue wave beat the shore.

All Things will die.

FIFTH DAY

Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

Break, break, break.

SIXTH DAY

**The forward/creeping tides
Began to foam.**

In Memoriam.

SEVENTH DAY

The hoary Channel

Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.

EIGHTH DAY

**There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas.**

Ulysses.

NINTH DAY

(Coronation of King Edward VII., 1902)

**I made them lay their hands in mine and
swear**

**To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience.**

Guinevere.

TENTH DAY

By the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave,

In Memoriam.

ELEVENTH DAY

Then I felt
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,

Enid.

TWELFTH DAY

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest.

In Memoriam.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Play'd into green.

Enid.

FOURTEENTH DAY

Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea.

The Princess.

FIFTEENTH DAY

O did you never lie upon the shore,
And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave
Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?

Vivien.

SIXTEENTH DAY

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full

Morte d'Arthur.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world.

Enid.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine.

Maud.

NINETEENTH DAY

The bay was oily-calm; the harbour-buoy
With one green sparkle ever and anon
Dipt by itself

Audley Court.

TWENTIETH DAY

Vaster grew the shore,
And roll'd the floods in grander space.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years.

The Princess.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

"Courage!" he said, and pointed t'ward the
land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward
soon."

The Lotus-Eaters.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Silver sails all out of the West
Under the silver moon.

The Princess.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Thick with white bells the clover-hill
swells
High over the full-toned sea.

The Sea-Fairies.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.

Morte d'Arthur.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

The winds, as at the hour of birth,
Leaning upon the ridged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, "We are free."

We are free.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

The tide flows down, the wave again
is vocal in its wooded walls.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

A sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea.

Ods to Memory.

THIRTIETH DAY

All night
The plunging seas draw backward from the
land
Their moon-led waters white.

The Palace of Art.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

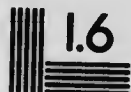
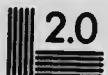
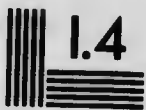
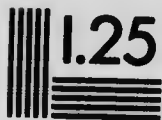
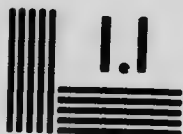
Flow down cold rivulet to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver.

A Farewell.



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SEPTEMBER

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

The Lotus-Eaters.



SEPTEMBER

AUTUMN TINTS

FIRST DAY

Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves.

In Memoriam.

SECOND DAY

The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls.

The Lotus-Eaters.

THIRD DAY

The summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the
bulrush in the pool

The May Queen.

FOURTH DAY

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold, and meet the sky,

The Lady of Shalott.

FIFTH DAY

Nothing will die,
All things will change
Through Eternity,

Nothing will die.

SIXTH DAY

The varying year with blade and sheath
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains.

The Day-Dream.

SEVENTH DAY

Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights,

Ænone.

EIGHTH DAY

Deepening thro' the silent spheres,
Heaven over Heaven rose the night

Mariana.

NINTH DAY

A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.

The Poet's Song.

TENTH DAY

The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

The Princess.

ELEVENTH DAY

Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and
fall

Elegiacs.

TWELFTH DAY

The sun is just about to set,
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And faint, rainy lights are seen
Moving in the leavy beech

Margaret.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Grey twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep.

The Palace of Art.

FOURTEENTH DAY

In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.

The Brook.

FIFTEENTH DAY

Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to
fruit
Of Wisdom.

Love and Duty.

SIXTEENTH DAY

Mine be the Power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow.

Sonnet.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.

The Lotus-Eaters.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall.

Claribel.

NINETEENTH DAY

The charmed sun-set linger'd low adown
In the red West.

The Lotus-Eaters.

TWENTIETH DAY

The wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot.

Ænon.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

For not to desire or admire, if a man could
learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the Sultan of old in
a garden of spice.

Maud.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

Low-flowing breezes are roaming the broad
valley dimm'd in the gloaming.

Elegiacs.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

A sudden splendour from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

Monstrous ivy stems

Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms.

Enid.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Cut off from the mind

The bitter springs of anger and fear.

Maud.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

All things have rest, and ripen t'ward the
grave

In silence ; ripen, fall and cease.

The Lotus-Eaters.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

In a hollow land,

From which old fires have broken, men may
fear

Fresh fire and ruin.

Enid.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Standing like a stately Pine
Set in a cataract on an island crag,
When storm is on the heights.

The Princess.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Winds creep; dew's fall chilly; in her first
sleep earth breathes stilly;
Over the pools in the burn water, gnats
murmur and mourn.

Elegiacs.

THIRTIETH DAY

Thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground.

In Memoriam.



OCTOBER

Fresh as the first beam glimmering on a soil,
That brings our friends up from the under-
world,

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others: deep as love,
Deep as first love, and warm with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

The Princess.



OCTOBER

MEMORIES

FIRST DAY

Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory,

Ode to Memory.

SECOND DAY

Let old bygones be.

The Princess.

THIRD DAY

And what is left to me, but Thou and faith in
Thee?

Confessions.

FOURTH DAY

Looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

The Princess.

FIFTH DAY

The smell of violets hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

A Dream of Fair Women.

SIXTH DAY

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson, died 1892)

God's Finger touch'd him, and he slept

In Memoriam.

SEVENTH DAY

Certain, if knowledge bring the sword
That knowledge takes the sword away.

Love thou thy Land.

EIGHTH DAY

For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again
Revolving t'ward fulfilment made it sweet
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe.

Edwin Morris.

NINTH DAY

O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break.

TENTH DAY

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.
Locksley Hall.

ELEVENTH DAY

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
In Memoriam.

TWELFTH DAY

Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their
light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.
The Princess.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

In Memoriam.

FOURTEENTH DAY

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or
frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down.

Enid.

FIFTEENTH DAY

Others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches ;
And most of sterling worth is what
Our own experience preaches.

Will Waterproof.

SIXTEENTH DAY

Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest memory.

Ode to Memory.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.

Morte d'Arthur.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change.

In Memoriam.

NINETEENTH DAY

Well hast thou done, great Artist Memory,

Ode to Memory.

TWENTIETH DAY

Grateful is the noise of noble deeds
To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong.

Enid.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Not once or twice in our rough island's story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.

The Death of the Duke of Wellington.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Locksley Hall.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Let the past be past.

The Princess.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

The memory of the wither'd leaf
In endless time is scarce more brief
Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf

The Two Voices.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

The Princess.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with
Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently.

Enid.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

She took
A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious past.

The Princess.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great?

In Memoriam.

THIRTIETH DAY

The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Break, break, break.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

O Death in Life, the days that are no more

The Princess.



NOVEMBER

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers ;
 To himself he talks ;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
 In the walks ;
 Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers ;
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Song.



NOVEMBER

THE DULL, DARK DAYS

FIRST DAY

Ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day,

In Memoriam.

SECOND DAY

Every cloud, that spreads above,
And veileth love, itself is love,

The Two Voices.

THIRD DAY

I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms,
To follow up the worthiest till he die.

The Princess.

FOURTH DAY

I will not say " God's ordinance
Of Death is blown in every wind " ;
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

To J. S.

FIFTH DAY

Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die.

In Memoriam.

SIXTH DAY

Cry, faint not, climb ; the summits slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense clouds from base to cope.

The Two Voices.

SEVENTH DAY

The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of Night.

In Memoriam.

EIGHTH DAY

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer ?

Morte d' Arthur.

NINTH DAY

(King Edward VII. born, 1841)

May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble to the latest day!

Dedication.

TENTH DAY

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out

In Memoriam.

ELEVENTH DAY

The toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining Table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

The Death of the Duke of Wellington.

TWELFTH DAY

The song of woe
Is after all an earthly song.

In Memoriam.

THIRTEENTH DAY

On my spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy;
Not long; I shook it off.

The Princess.

FOURTEENTH DAY

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it.

In Memoriam.

FIFTEENTH DAY

We, likewise, have our evil things;
Too much we make our Ledgers gods.

Hands all round.

SIXTEENTH DAY

I would the old God of War himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills.

The Princess.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide; thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl!

In Memoriam.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.

Will.

NINETEENTH DAY

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

The Two Voices.

TWENTIETH DAY

I wrong the grave with fears untrue;
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

*I have not made the world, and He that made
it will guide.*

Maud.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

*Out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' Nature, moulding men.*

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

*Right and left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents.*

The Princess.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

*But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?*

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Morte d'Arthur.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,

And thro' thick veils to apprehend

A labour working to an end.

The Two Voices.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

I falter where I firmly trod,

And falling with my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs

That slope thro' darkness up to God,

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,

And gather dust and chaff, and call

To what I feel is Lord of all,

And faintly trust the larger hope.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere .:e Vere.

THIRTIETH DAY

A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

In Memoriam.

DECEMBER

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy Face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou ;
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith ; we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness ; let it grow.

In Memoriam.



DECEMBER

WINTER

FIRST DAY

(Queen Alexandra born, 1844)

A life that moves to gracious ends.

" To — "

SECOND DAY

Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June.

In Memoriam.

THIRD DAY

All things serve their time
T'ward that great year of equal might and
rights.

The Princess.

FOURTH DAY

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon.

Isabel.

FIFTH DAY

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be.

In Memoriam.

SIXTH DAY

Better not be at all
Than not be noble.

The Princess.

SEVENTH DAY

Tho' much is taken, much abides.

Ulysses.

EIGHTH DAY

Man is man and master of his fate.

Enid.

NINTH DAY

The clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

In Memoriam.

TENTH DAY

Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Cenone.

ELEVENTH DAY

Keep a touch of sweet civility.

Enid.

TWELFTH DAY

Angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

The Palace of Art.

THIRTEENTH DAY

We pass: * * *
 What fame is left for human deeds
 In endless age? It rests with God.

In Memoriam.

FOURTEENTH DAY

Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought.

The Princess.

FIFTEENTH DAY

It is better to fight with the good than to rail at
 the ill.

Maud.

SIXTEENTH DAY

The silent snow possessed the earth.

In Memoriam.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

All times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone.

Ulysses.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Well roars the storm to those that hear
 A deeper voice across the storm.

In Memoriam.

NINETEENTH DAY

He rested well content that all was well.

Enid.

TWENTIETH DAY

I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every Winter change to Spring,

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

A word, but one, one little kindly word.

The Princess.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

The years with change advance ;
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

The Two Voices.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.

The Golden Year.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

The time draws near the birth of Christ

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

(Christmas Day)

The clear church bells ring in the Xmas morn.

Morte d'Arthur.

That happy morn

When angels spake to men aloud,

And Thou and peace to earth were born.

Confessions.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

And so the Word had breath, and wrought

With human hands the creed of creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds.

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Let Thy Dove

Shadow me over, and my sins

Be unremember'd and Thy Love

Enlighten me.

Confessions.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

I am a part of all that I have met.

Ulysses.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

I hold it good, good things should pass;
With Time I will not quarrel.

Will Waterproof.

THIRTIETH DAY

Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

The Death of the Old Year.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

In Memoriam.

