

Poetry Taster, 1830-1910

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‘speech where an accent’s change gives each / The other’s soul’

Robert Browning, *Sordello* (1840)

‘evermore
Yourselves effect what I was fain before
Effect, what I supplied yourselves suggest,
What I leave bare yourselves can now invest.
How we attain to talk as brothers talk,
In half-words, call things by half-names’

Robert Browning, *Sordello* (1840)

‘I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.’

Alfred Tennyson, *In Memoriam A. H. H.* (1850)

‘*In Memoriam* is full of such magnifying-glasses for secret feelings, and doubts, and fears, and hopes, and trusts.’

R. H. Hutton

- Gerard Manley Hopkins, ‘Sonnets of Desolation’ (1880s)
- Dante Gabriel Rossetti, *The House of Life: A Sonnet-Sequence* (1881)

‘And hands so often clasp’d in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.’

‘But thou art turned to something strange
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.’

Alfred Tennyson, *In Memoriam A. H. H.* (1850)

‘the peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet’s utter unconsciousness of a listener’

John Stuart Mill, ‘What is Poetry?’ (1833)

‘In the old times, the poetic impulse went along with the general impulse of the nation’

Arthur Hallam, ‘On Some Characteristics of Modern Poetry’ (1831)

‘The idle singer of an empty day’

William Morris, *The Earthly Paradise* (1868-70)

‘catch

Upon the burning lava of a song

The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted Age’

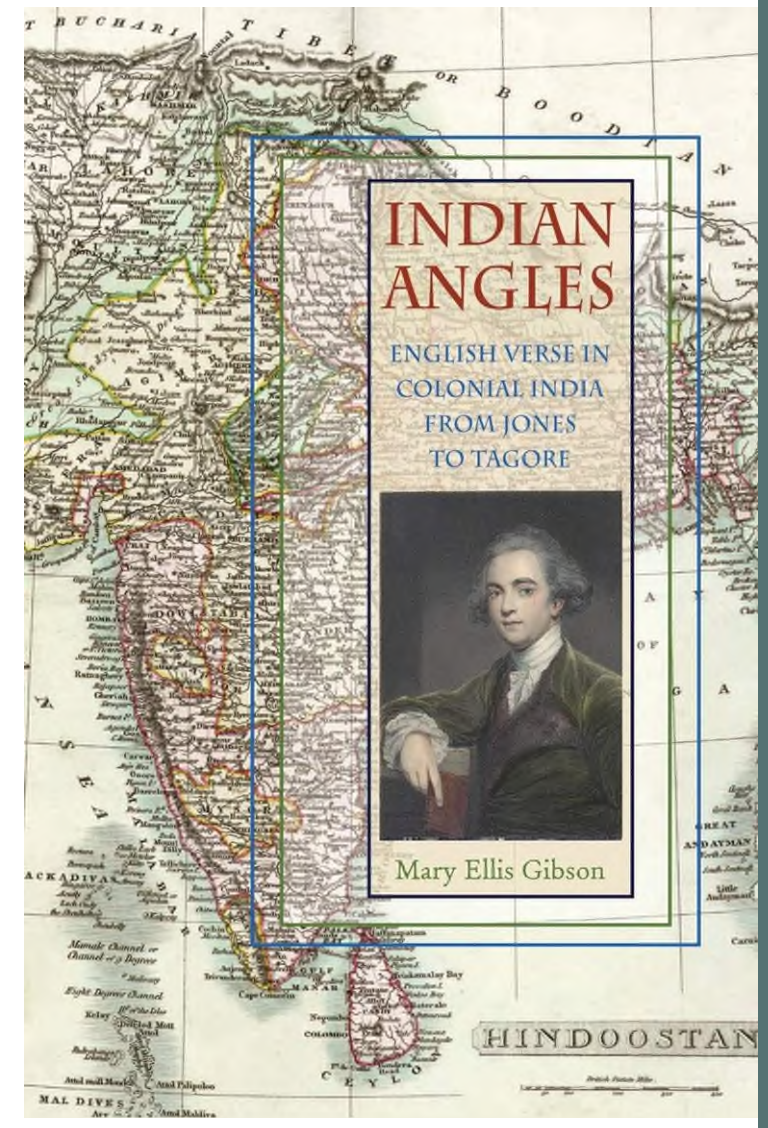
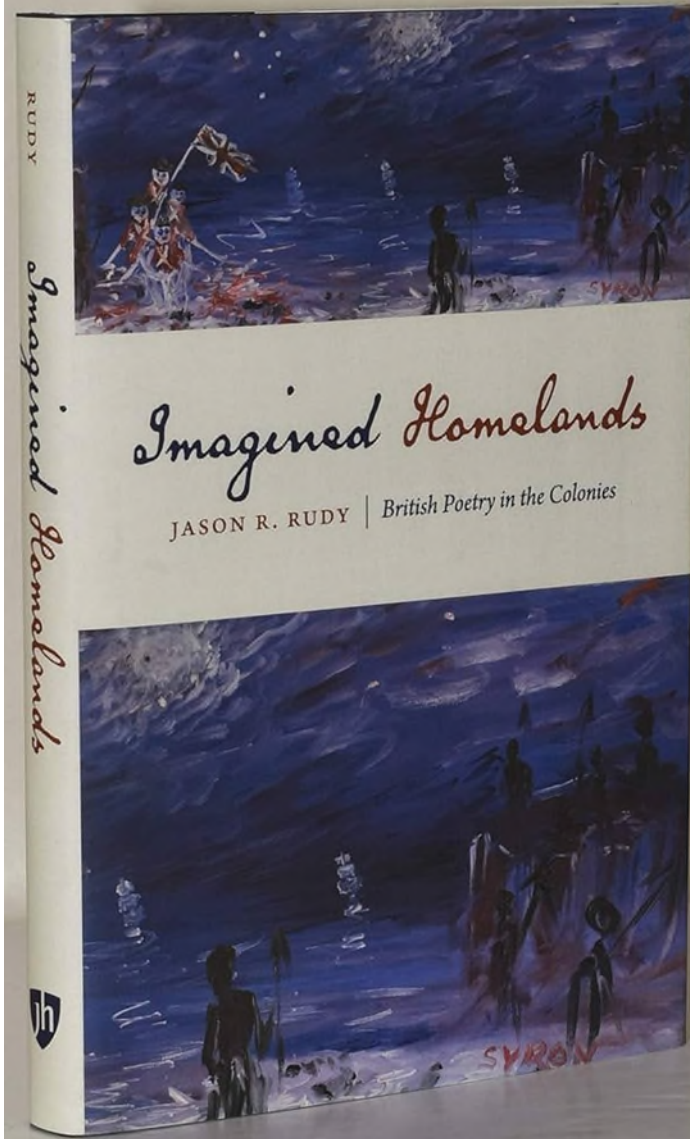
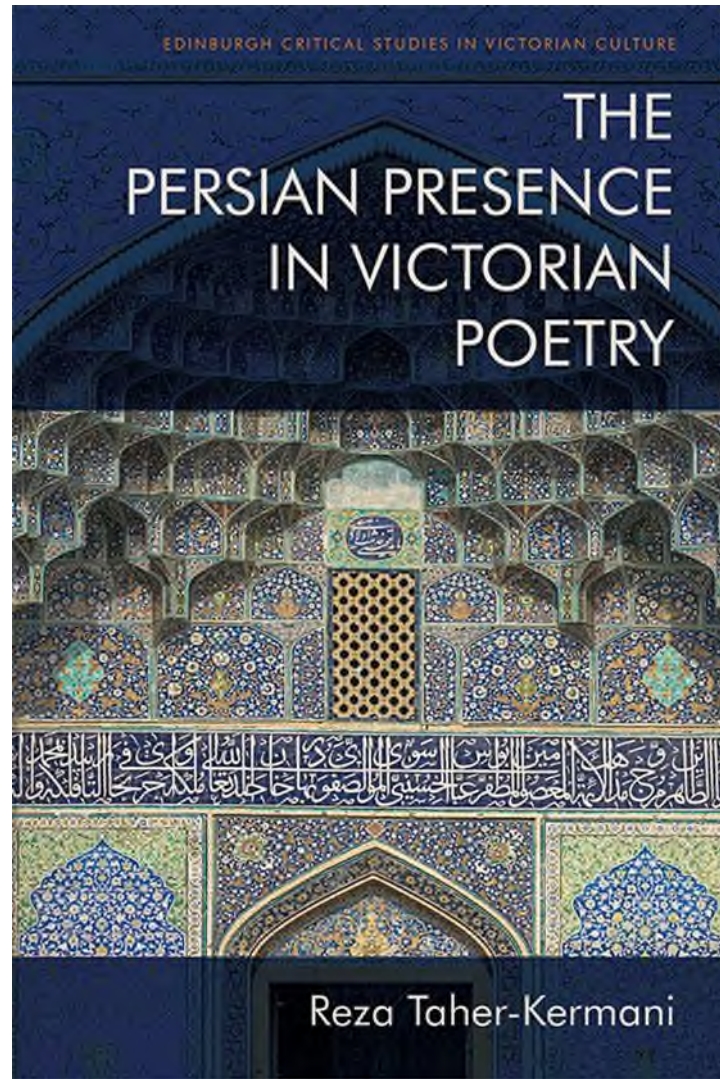
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *Aurora Leigh* (1856)

- Arthur Hugh Clough, *Amours de Voyage* (1858)

‘Our interest’s on the dangerous edge of things,
The honest thief, the tender murderer,
The superstitious atheist’

Robert Browning, ‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855)

- Augusta Webster, *Portraits* (1870)
- Amy Levy, *Xantippe and Other Verse* (1881)



‘I tell my secret? No indeed, not I;
Perhaps some day, who knows?
But not today; it froze, and blows and snows,
And you’re too curious: fie!’

Christina Rossetti, ‘Winter: My Secret’ (1857)

‘This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me—’

Emily Dickinson, ‘This is my letter to the World’ (c. 1862)

'the intrinsic ... ability of the lyric to create intimacy is perhaps most striking when the object of intimacy can never be humanly seen or known ... yet *can* be humanly addressed. In such a case, the unseen other becomes an unseen listener, anchoring the voice of the poet as it issues into the otherwise vacant air.'

Helen Vendler, *Invisible Listeners* (2005)

From far, from eve and morning
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

Now—for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart—
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way.

A. E. Housman, 'From Far, from Eve' (1896)

‘If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry.’

Emily Dickinson

‘I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.’

John Henry Newman, *The Dream of Gerontius* (1865)

Metre (4-part lecture series)

Hannah Sullivan

Nineteenth-Century Poetry Circus (3-part lecture series)

Many Voices

Robert Douglas-Fairhurst

Dramatic Monologues

Sophie Ratcliffe

The Body and Sensation

Sophie Ratcliffe

Making Art Speak (*Art and Imagination* lecture 3)

Fergus McGhee

Digital Poetics and Victorian Verse

Michael Sullivan

‘I am not a Tennyson bot’

Peter McDonald