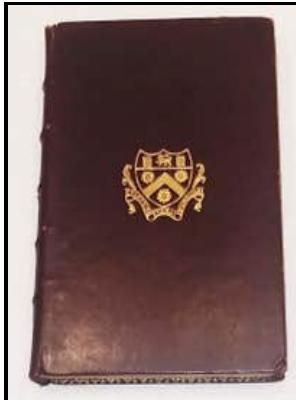


Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840-1867

Oxford University Press - 1853. Author's Preface. Matthew Arnold. 1909. The Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840



Description: -

-poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840-1867

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Notes: Includes index.

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Matthew Arnold Poems

With them, the action predominated over the expression of it ; with us, the expression predominates over the action. Those, certainly, which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections: to those elementary feelings which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time.

Poems of Matthew Arnold 1840 to 1867: Arnold, Matthew: persongroup.materialsproject.org.au: Books

Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn, Rose-crown'd ; and ever, when the sun went down, A hundred lamps beam'd in the tranquil gloom, From tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove, Revealing all the tumult of the feast, Flush'd guests, and golden goblets, foam'd with wine ; While the deep-burnish'd foliage overhead Splinter'd the silver arrows of the moon. The man mature with labour chops For the bright stream a channel grand, And sees not that the sacred drops Ran off and vanish'd out of hand.

1853. Author's Preface. Matthew Arnold. 1909. The Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840

Play when we halt, and, when the evening conies 90 And I must leave him for his pleasure is To be left musing these soft nights alone In the high unfrequented mountain spots , Then watch him, for he ranges swift and far, Sometimes to Etna's top, and to the cone ; But hide thee in the rocks a great way down, And try thy noblest strains, my Callicles, With the sweet night to help thy harmony. Addeddate 2006-12-11 19:25:57 Call number AIF-9817 Camera 1Ds Copyright-evidence Evidence reported by scanner-liz-ridolfo for item poemsofmatthewarnold00arnouoft on December 11, 2006: no visible notice of copyright; stated date is 1922.

Cromwell: A Prize Poem, 1843. Matthew Arnold. 1909. The Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840

Language: eng Leather Binding on Spine and Corners with Golden leaf printing on spine. It may be thou hast follow'd Through the islands some divine bard, By age taught many things, Age and the Muses ; 120 And heard him delighting The chiefs and people In the banquet, and learn'd his songs, Of Gods and Heroes, Of war and arts, And peopled cities Inland, or built By the grey sea.

Signs are not wanting, which might raise
The ghosts in them of former days : Signs are not wanting, if they would ; Suggestions to disquietude. I left
thee supping with Peisianax, With thy head full of wine, and thy hair crown'd, Touching thy harp as the whim came on thee, And prais'd and spoil'd
by master and by guests Almost as much as the new dancing girl. And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes, Who once were Cadmus and
Harmonia, Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore, In breathless quiet, after all their ills.

Matthew Arnold. 1909. The Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840

Children dear, let us away.

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