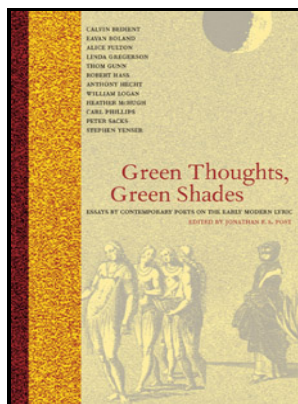


Lays and legends of the North and other poems.

A Elliot - Lay



Description: -

-Lays and legends of the North and other poems.

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Notes: With biographical sketch by R C T Mair.

This edition was published in 1908



Filesize: 32.15 MB

Tags: #NCERT #Solutions #for #Class #9 #English #Poem #Chapter #5 #A #Legend #Of #The #Northland

Juliusz Slowacki

She was baking cakes when St.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S SOHRAB AND RUSTUM AND OTHER POEMS

For three long hours that summer morn King Henry by his standard rode, Through onset and repulse upborne, A tower of strength where'er it glowed. It woke when fell with sturdy stroke The Norman axe around, And builders' hands in fragments broke The Idol from the ground; And hewed therefrom that corner stone Which yet yon tower sustains, Where Wodin's Moth sits, grim and lone, And holds the dell in chains. Reprinted from the edition of 1628.

Juliusz Slowacki

And as afield the reapers cut a swath Down through the middle of a rich man's corn, 295 And on each side are squares of standing corn, And in the midst a stubble, short and bare— So on each side were squares of men, with spears Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand. There in the quiet more profound Than sleep, than death more drear, Her shadow walks the silent ground When leaves are green or sere; When autumn with its cheerless sky Or winter with its pall, Puts all the year's fair promise by With fruits that fade and fall.

Lay

Until this procession takes place, the ceremony may be interrupted ; afterwards the union is complete, and the couple are man and wife. The title of the poem tells that it is a legend.

Lay

The accounts given of the first foundation of the nunnery of St.

Longfellow: Searchable Database of Longfellow Poems

My iron ranks wallowing in the grass and herbage! The night of my birth, the Zephyr carved of white stone a rune; and the ringed stars of Ursa Major outshone the cool pale moon; and my grandfather, Morydd, the seer saw wheeling, a-gyre in the sky, a falcon with terrible yellow-gold eyes when falcons never fly. Although a gentle- man by birth and a man of the highest cultivation, he identifies himself in his poems with the peasant and his wild fancies — the patriotic Klepht of the hills, — the free-hearted brave sailor of the ocean, and the devoted bishop or monk pouring out his blood for his country and its faith. Ireland was zealously attached to the house of York, and held in affectionate regard the memory of the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Warwick's father, who had been its lieutenant.

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