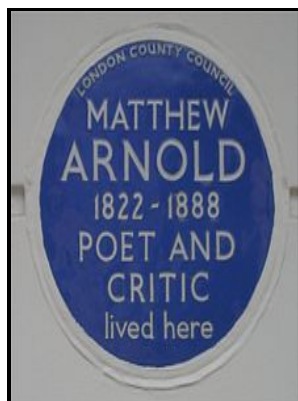


Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840-1867

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Pester him not in this his sombre mood With questionings about an idle tale, But lead him through the lovely mountain paths, And keep his mind from preying on itself, And talk to him of things at hand and common, Not miracles ; thou art a learned man, But credulous of fables as a girl. He, too, was there it was the princely boy, The child-companion of his childish joy! So might they reason ; so compare, Fausta, times past with times that are. Where the long green reed-beds sway In the rippled waters grey Of that solitary lake Where Maeander's springs are born ; Where the ridg'd pine-wooded roots Of Messogis westward break, Mounting westward, high and higher.

Questia

Nature, with equal mind, Sees all her sons at play ; Sees man control the wind, The wind sweep man away ; 260 Allows the proudly- riding and the founder'd bark. Although we are mainly concerned here with the poems, a word must be said on Essays in Criticism, which Mr.

POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD 1840

Quick I pass'd, following 40 The wood-cutters' cart-track Down the dark valley ; I saw 42 THE STKAYED KEVELLER On my left, through the beeches, Thy palace. These excellences, the funda- mental excellences of poetical art, Shakespeare no doubt possessed them possessed many of them in a splendid degree ; but it may perhaps be doubted whether even he himself did not sometimes give scope to his faculty of expression to the prejudice of a higher poetical duty.

Matthew Arnold Poems

He will desire to direct his own efforts towards producing the same effect. Even while I speak My sand runs short ; and as yon star-shot ray, Hemm'd by two banks of cloud, peers pale and weak, Now, as the barrier closes, dies away ; Even so do past and future intertwine, Blotting this six years' space, which yet is mine. These had no sound for thee: that cold calm eye Lit with no rapture as the storm swept by, To mark with shiver'd crest the reeling wave Hide his torn head beneath his sunless cave; Or hear, mid circling crags, the impatient cry Of the pent winds, that scream in agony! Renew the stories Of men who against hope repell'd the chain, 10 And make the world's dead spirit leap again! Only the loved Hebe bears The cup about, whose draughts beguile Pain and care, with a dark store Of fresh-pull'd violets wreath'd and nodding o'er ; And her flush'd feet glow on the marble floor.

The Poems of Matthew Arnold 1840

He will not, however, maintain a hostile attitude towards the false pretensions of his age; he will content himself with not being overwhelmed by them.

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