

Tennyson

humbleness lowliness

(1)

the stately flower of female fortitude,
 of perfect wisdom and pure lowliness
 — Isabel

cf. Byron C.H. 4,62.

rain-bow

And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brighten
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came

opposed to profile — Oenone

When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus, — Oenone

To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sincere'd with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circl'd thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Commensure perfect freedom, — Oenone
 to be consistent with

From these four jets four currents in one swell
 Across the mountain stream'd blow
 In misty folds, that floating as they fell
 Lit up a torrent-bow, — The Palace of Art

a group of 18th c. bow'd vase
 the dying Islamite, with hands & eyes
 artist of Mahometan — Ibid

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
 Lay dozing in the vale of Avalon
 and watch'd by weping queens
 — Ibid

The wood-nymph, stay'd the Auronian king to hear
 Of wisdom & of law — Ibid

numa Pompilius
 second King of Rome

The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd
A summer fan'd with spice
— Ibid

2

Or sweet Europa's mantle blue unclasp'd
— Ibid

(loved by Zeus who assuming the shape of a bull
snatched away her hand, & carries her to Crete)

Tray Above the pillars' town — Ibid

Homers And then the Dorian father of the rest
A million wrinkles carved in skin. — Ibid

And from his lips, as more from Murmur, drew
Rivers of melodies
(song down)

David T
Mene, mene, Tekel
Uphersin
constellation
Charlemagne's wagon

Wrote "mene, mene," and divided quite
The Ring down of his thought.
— Ibid

Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops — New-Year's Eve

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacles and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
Lances in ambush set.

Testudo

Helen 1. "I had great beauty: ask them not my name
— A Dream of F. Women

Sphigeneia

2. I was cut off from hope in that sad place
— Ibid

We drank the Lybian sun to sleep & let
Lamps which our burn'd Canopies — Ibid

a bright star in Argo constellation
system

4. (Sept 1894)

The daughter of the warrior Gildadite
— Ibid

5 I am that Roamond, whom men call fair,
Of what I was I be. — Ibid

(Concubine of Henry II, sheltered in the Labyrinth,
Killed by Eleanor, the queen)

6 who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murdered father's head. — Ibid

(7. More's daughter?)

Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her King,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath.
— Ibid

Eleanor of
Castle. smothered the poison
of Edward I
cf. Swinburne's
Chastelaine
upon the tower
Mary Queen of Scots

The last wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart.
Even in her sight he loved so well?
— Margaret

till I, tired out

upon skating with cutting edges that day upon the pond
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
I bump'd the ice into three several stars,
Fell in a doze. — The Epic

and the poet -- OS AS

Read, mouthing out his hollow oes & aes,
Deep-chested music, + to this result
— The Epic

glancing thence, discuss'd the farm,
The four field system and the price of grain
Rotation of crops — Andley Court

Admirable 35172
among great knowledge
in the 18th cent.

- I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd ⁽⁷¹⁾
all-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

- Edwin Morris
Horace Satin, Homo factus ad angulum

To some-full music, rose and sank the sun
And some full music seem'd to move & change
With the varied changes of the dark ---
- Edwin Morris

Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,
And number'd bead & shrift
Bluff Harry took into the spence - in close work
And turn'd the cowls adrift:
Henry VIII The Talking Oak

gloomy brewer's soul ^{olive Cromwell}
Went by me, like a stork - Ibid

Grafts
She-slips
= women

The slight she-slips of loyal blood,
And others, passing praise,
Stoic-laced, but all-too-full in bid
for puritanic stays. - Ibid

that were born
In tea-cups times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was ~~born~~ worn - Ibid
black spots

Than bard has honour'd beech or lime
Or that Thersalian growth,

In which the swarting ringdove sat
dove - Ibid

It is said that in Thersalia a black came • told people
to build a temple to Jupiter among

Will some one say, then why not ill for good
Why took ye not your pastime?
— Love and Duty

S. P. 10-15

A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous days,
That, setting the how much before the how
Cry, like the daughters of the horse-leech, "Give,
Crown us with all," but count not me the bard!
— The Golden Year

That ever with a prolix welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, & opposed
free hearts, free foreheads — Ulysses

adverbial

cursed be the social wants that sin against
the strength of youth! — Locksley Hall
himself

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! — 2bid

Devils & mind
Comfort
cf. P. Lock II

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honour feels — 2bid
curb

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers — 2bid

Weakness to be wrought in weakness! — *woman*

Here at least, where nature sickens, resting
in this country — 2bid
Small?

Rift the hills, & roll the waters, flash the lightning,
weigh the sun — 2bid

meaning is connection with the word "hand"