

**MAUD. A
MONODRAMA**

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Maud. A monodrama by Alfred Lord Tennyson

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ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

**MAUD. A
MONODRAMA**

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CONSISTS OF FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY COPIES
SIGNED BY THE ARTIST*

Edmond Rostand

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MAUD

A MONODRAMA

BY
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDMUND J. SULLIVAN



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ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than anything on earth. (p. 84.)

Frontispiece

The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain ;
For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice.

Facing page 18

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall !
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call !

Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die.

Facing page 21

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone ;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone ;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
To find they were met by my own.

Facing page 30

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately ;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

Facing page 38

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,
I long'd so heartily then and there
To give him the grasp of fellowship ;
But while I past he was humming an air,
Stopt, and then with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

Facing page 40

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall ;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all.

Facing page 70

Dead, long dead,
Long dead !
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet.

Facing page 90

ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK AND WHITE

Queen Maud in all her splendour. (p. 66.) *Page 2*

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie.
Page 7

Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn ;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower. *Page 43*

. . . to glide,
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to my side. *Page 45*

Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth. *Page 51*

And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear. *Page 65*

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed. (p. 72.) *Page 71*

The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,
The fires of Hell and of Hate. (p. 76.) *Page 74*

Was it he lay there with a fading eye ?
 'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, 'fly !'
 Then glided out of the joyous wood
 The ghastly Wraith of one that I know ;
 And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
 A cry for a brother's blood :
 It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.

Page 77

Should I fear to greet my friend
 Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'
 Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
 'To the regions of thy rest' ?
 But the broad light gaires and beats,
 And the shadow flits and fleets
 And will not let me be.

Page 89

But I know where a garden grows,
 Fairer than aught in the world beside,
 All made up of the lily and rose
 That blow by night, when the season is good,
 To the sound of dancing music and flutes :
 It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
 And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood.

Page 95

The doom assign'd. (p. 103.)

Page 98

HEAD-PIECES

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I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood.	3
The Hall.	10
Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long Growing and fading and growing . . .	13
And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a light ; But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star !	15