

**LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS.
TENNYSON'S: THE COMING
OF ARTHUR, THE HOLY GRAIL
AND THE PASSING OF ARTHUR**

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ALFRED TENNYSON & SOPHIE CHANTAL HART

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IDYLLS OF THE KING

DEDICATION



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Flos Regum Arthurus.—JOSEPH OF EXETER

THESE to His Memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate.
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls.

And indeed He seems to me 5
Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,
"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only and who gave to her—" 10
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone:
We know him now: all narrow jealousies 15
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that; 20
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses, 25
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
 And blackens every blot: for where is he,
 Who dares foreshadow for an only son
 A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his?
 Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons 30
 Hope more for these than some inheritance
 Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
 Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
 Laborious for her people and her poor—
 Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day— 35
 Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
 To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
 Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
 Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
 Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed, 40
 Beyond all titles, and a household name,
 Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
 Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star 45
 Which shone so close beside Thee that ye made
 One light together, but has past and leaves
 The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
 The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee, 50
 The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
 The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
 Till God's love set Thee at his side again!

THE COMING OF ARTHUR



THE COMING OF ARTHUR

LEODOGRAN, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came 5
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness, 10
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,
And after him King Uther fought and died,
But either fail'd to make the kingdom one. 15
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And thro' the puissance of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty pryncedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste, 20
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;
So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallow'd in the gardens of the King. 25