

IN MEMORIAM

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649613786

In Memoriam by Alfred Tennyson

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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ALFRED TENNYSON

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A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to be "James Clerk Maxwell". The signature is written in a cursive style with some flourishes.

FOURTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON :

EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.

1833.

LONDON:
BRADY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITECHAPEL.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

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Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be :
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
 We mock thee when we do not fear :
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
 What seem'd my worth since I began ;
 For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.