IN MEMORIAM

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649613786

In Memoriam by Alfred Tennyson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ALFRED TENNYSON

IN MEMORIAM

Trieste

IN MEMORIAM.

2

 $\hat{\mathbf{x}}$

83

.

•

a. ₁₀

IN MEMORIAM.

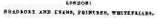
Juny in , " 1 "

FOURTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON :

EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.

1883.



- 155

EPRIOR:

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith slone, embrace,

Believing where we cannot prove ;

.

.

Υ.

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.

Then seemest human and divine, The highest, holiest manhood, theu :' 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.

ः भ vii

٩.

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.

49

E.

2

1849.