

APPENDICES

ANDREW MARVELL'S POEMS

To His Coy Mistress

Had we but world enough, and time,

This coyness, Lady, were no crime.

We would sit down and think which way

To walk and pass our long love's day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side 5

Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide

Of Humber would complain. I would

Love you ten years before the Flood,

And you should, if you please, refuse

Till the conversion of the Jews. 10

My vegetable love should grow

Vaster than empires, and more slow;

An hundred years should go to praise

Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;

Two hundred to adore each breast; 15

But thirty thousand to the rest;

An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart;
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate. 20
But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts at vast eternity
Thy beauty shall no more be found, 25
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust: 30
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires 35
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour

Than languish in his slow-chapped power. 40

Let us roll all our strength and all

Our sweetness up into one ball,

And tear our pleasures with rough strife

Thorough the iron gates of life:

Thus, though we cannot make our sun 45

Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The Definition of Love

I

My Love is of a birth as rare

As'tis, for object, strange and high ;

It was begotten by despair,

Upon Impossibility.

II

Magnanimous Despair alone

Could show me so divine a thing,

Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,

But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

III

And yet I quickly might arrive

Where my extended soul is fixed;

But Fate does iron wedges drive,

And always crowds it self betwixt.

IV

For Fate with jealous eye does see

Two perfect loves, nor lets them close;

Their union would her ruin be,

And her tyrannic power depose.

V

And therefore her decrees of steel

Us as the distant poles have placed,

(Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel),

Not by themselves to be embraced,

VI

Unless the giddy heaven fall,

And earth some new convulsion tear.

And, us to join, the world should all

Be cramp'd into a planisphere.

VII

As lines, so love's oblique, may well

Themselves in every angle greet:

But ours, so truly parallel,

Thought infinite, can never meet.

VIII

Therefore the love which us doth bind,

But Fate so enviously debars,

Is the conjunction of the mind,

And opposition of the stars.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS

The Lost Mistress

I

All's over, then: does truth sound bitter

As one at first believes?

Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter

About your cottage eaves!

II

And the leaf-buds on the vine are wooly,

I noticed that, today;

One day more bursts them open fully

-You know the red turns grey.

III

Tomorrow we meet the same then, dearest?

May I take your hand in mine?

Mere friends are we, -well, friends the merest

Keep much that I resign:

IV

For each glance of the eye so bright and black,

Though I keep with heart's endeavour, -

Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,

Though it stays in my soul for ever! –

V

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,

Or only a thought stronger;

I will hold your hand but as long as may,

Or so very little longer!

The Last Ride Together

I

I said – Then, dearest, since

Since now at length my fate I know,

Since nothing at all my love avails,

Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,

Since this was written and needs must be-

My whole heart rises up to bless

Your name in pride and thankfulness!

Take back the hope you gave-I claim

Only a memory of the shame,

And this beside, if you will not blame,

Your leave for one more last ride with me

II

My mistress bent that brow of hers;

Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs

When pity would be softening through,

Fixed me a breathing-while or two
With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end tonight!

III

Hush! If you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions-sun's
And moon's and evening-star's at once----
And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear!

Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

IV

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll

Freshening and fluttering in the wind.

Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a live awry?

Had I said that, had I done this,

So might I gain, so might I miss.

Might she have loved me? Just as well

She might have hated, who can tell!

Where had I been now if the worst befell?

And here we are riding, she and I.

V

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?

Why, all men strive and who succeeds?

We rode, it seemed my spirit flew,

Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side.

I thought—All labor, yet no less

Bear up beneath their unsuccess.

Look at the end of work, contrast

The petty done, the undone vast,

This present of theirs with the hopeful past!

I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

VI

What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?

 We ride and I see her bosom heave.
There's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones.
A soldier's doing! What atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey stones.

 My riding is better, by their leave.

VII

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
Your brains beta into rhythm, you tell
You hold things beautiful the best,
 And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
"Tis something, nay 'tis much: but then,
Have you yourself what's best for men?
Are you----poor, sick, old ere your time---
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who never have turned a rhyme?

 Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

VIII

And you, great sculptor---so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn!

 You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you grown grey
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
“ Greatly his opera's strains intend,
'But in music we know how fashions end!'”

 I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

IX

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being---had I signed the bond---
Still one must lead some life beyond,

 Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?

Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

X

And yet—she has not spoke so long!

What if heaven be that, fair and strong

At life's best, with our eyes upturned

Whiter life's flower is first discerned,

We, fixed so, ever should so abide?

What if we still ride on, we two

With life for ever old yet new,

Changed not in kind but in degree,

The instant made eternity---

And heaven just prove that I and she

Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

BIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)

Andrew Marvell, the son of a vicar, was born at Winestead-in-Holderness, Yorkshire on 31 March 1621. When Marvell was three years old, his family moved to Hull Grammar School, and in 1633 he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He travelled widely following the death of his father in 1641 and spent some five years visiting Holland, Italy, France and Spain. In 1650, Marvell became the tutor of twelve-year-old Mary Fairfax (later Duchess of Buckingham), daughter of Sir Thomas Fairfax, retired Lord General of the parliamentary forces.

In 1653, he became a friend of John Milton, who recommended him for the post of Assistant Latin Secretary to the Council of State. In 1657, he finally became John Milton's assistant as Cromwell's Latin Secretary. While most of his poetry was not published during his lifetime, he did have a number of satires published, notably The Rehearsal Transposed which was published in two parts and was a rebuttal of the opinions of the Archdeacon of Canterbury. Marvell's To His Coy Mistress and The Definition of Love probably belong to the same period. In his quiet way he seemed to have been helpful after the Restoration (1660) in saving Milton from the extended jail term and possible execution. Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems were printed posthumously in 1681. Marvell's best poems are not very many, and are not very well known, for example the Golden Treasury and the Oxford Book of English Verse. However, numerous readers have enjoyed most of his works.

Marvell died on August, 1678. He was buried at St. Giles in Fields, London.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

Robert Browning was born in Camberwell, London, on May 7, 1812. His father encouraged his interest in literature. His mother, whom Carlyle described as ‘true type of Scottish gentlewoman’, brought her son up in an atmosphere of sincere Evangelical piety, and implanted in him the love of music, and delight in a garden which were her own special pleasures. Browning already wrote a book of poetry at the age of twelve. At sixteen, he attended University of London, but dropped out after his first year. Strafford, Browning’s first play, was published in 1837 and it was performed at Covent Garden. In 1841, Browning wrote successful dramatic poems: Pipa Passes and in 1845, he wrote Dramatic Romances and Lyrics, which were considered to be among his best works.

Owing to Elizabeth Barret’s father’s opposition, they were secretly married in St. Marylebone in 1846, and a few days later fled to Italy, and then moved to Florence to the casa Guidi, a house near the Pitti Palace which became their permanent home and where their son was born in 1850. Although the period of Browning’s marriage was not a prolific one, he gained a very good reputation in this period. As Mrs. Browning’s health permitted, they took part in social and artistic life of Florence and Rome and made friends among the cosmopolitan society of their adopted country. During these years Browning produced his finest works, the two volumes of Men and Women (1855), Dramatis Personae (1862), and The Ring and the Book (1868).

There was a rumour that Browning had a love affair with Lady Ashburton in the 1870s. In 1878, he returned to Italy on several occasions. He died at his son’s home in Venice on 12 December 1889. He was buried in the Poet’s Corner in Westminster Abbey; his grave now lies immediately adjacent to that of Alfred Tennyson.

EXAMINER'S NOTE FOR REVISION

Student must go to supervisor I / II (circle as appropriate)

Points to elaborate / reconsider :