

losing his best friend in his 20's → central to processing grief.

Alfred Lord Tennyson, "In Memoriam A.H.H."

[The poem is written in 131 sections, with a long stanza in the whole, each based on octosyllabic lines quatrains.]

announces his ~~text~~ intention to mourn his lost love; indeed the poet regards grieving as a way of preserving his love for the departed against the inroads of time

Rhyme scheme
a1 cutter
grief.

(rested in religion)

speaking to Jesus
god, yet
highlight
how blind
one is led

(A prayer)

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.

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.

1849.

turning to
what one
cannot see
both the
body of his
friend and
soul become
non-physical

necessary to prove
what was
previously
said, god
cannot be
seen but our
personal
knowledge
of, therefore
which is true
how this
relates to
death and
it's limits in
the physical
realm.

first indirect
mention
of his
friend; from
we go
forgiveness
what is bound to
happen - forgiveness
only your natural
job.

make me
understand how these
situations are just

human
being
God creation

somewhat
philosophical
reads
heavily in
the spirit of
man and
ultimate
death

bringing back
to light
(spirit?)

nature's
grief

how his
words numb
his grief

speaking
upon his
sins, seems
metaphysical
and lacking
in worth,

he lives in
God, and
in God (heaven)
should not
be more
worthy of
love he did

his friend dying so
early (20's, 'wasted'
situation is just

their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

[...]

V
I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

[...]

VII
Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

still has not come to
form of him dead he is
simply far away, it part
of him that died.

rebirth of the
self

where should one
find gain, happens
in his loss?

playing in the
future, consol-
ing the self

preparing the
death, how
catastrophic this

what is grief but has become - a
not (love preserving)? derive to forget

skip ft 4 sections too present
back to son,
show the fune-
lous nature of
emotions.

the reveal (and
conceal nature of
his grief he
translates,
weeds
wrapping the
body.

yet like an addict, it
becomes mechanic, constant.

even when
wrapped
warm, grief
becomes a
large hollow
outline, constri-
cting us as

the psychological
comfort, warmth,
of the body -

the psychological
comfort, warmth,
of the body -

the psychological
comfort, warmth,
of the body -

biblical event, tennyson discusses how he would feel should his friend be brought back and how he would consider his resurrection a natural event - a kind of judgement day in heaven. the use of the pause here; emphasis on his own yearning?

the cycle of nature, repetition, but how it must keep moving like the inevitable death & life. gnet as seen; shows the relationship as

[...] XV To-night the winds begin to rise And roar from yonder dropping day: The last red leaf is whirl'd away, The rooks are blown about the skies; The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd, The cattle huddled on the lea; And wildly dash'd on tower and tree The sunbeam strikes along the world: purple: color that flowers are turned by a love's wound. (rose and hope) possibly drew from Adonis? (connection of stars w/ flowers) (identified with Advent. (mand-the passion flower) Hstler to christ. (purple robe of christ) olive: jesus's warning to his followers that they will suffer tribulations and persecution before the ultimate triumph of the

And but for fancies, which aver That all thy motions gently pass Athwart a plane of molten glass, I scarce could brook the strain and stir That makes the barren branches loud; And but for fear it is not so, The wild unrest that lives in woe Would dote and pore on yonder cloud That rises upward always higher, And onward drags a labouring breast, And topples round the dreary west, A looming bastion fringed with fire. colors the poets emotion as images of fire & brimstone stir the reader into empathy

XVI What words are these have fall'n from me? Can calm despair and wild unrest Be tenants of a single breast, Or sorrow such a changeling be? Or cloth she only seem to take The touch of change in calm or storm; But knows no more of transient form In her deep self, than some dead lake Will be the final goal of ill, To pangs of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt, and taints of blood; That nothing walks with aimless feet; That not one life shall be destroy'd, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete; become like jesus; maybe a way of denial / acceptance?

That not a worm is cloven in vain; That not a moth with vain desire Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire, Or but subserves another's gain. That death is not in vain; it happens for a reason and therefore Arthur was killed for a reason. Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all, And every winter change to spring. everything will face a rebirth. It will continue, no matter what; he can assure that due to the consistent nature of the seasons his previous thoughts would be true as well.

So runs my dream: but what am I? An infant crying in the night: An infant crying for the light: And with no language but a cry. motif. the wish of grief

LV The wish, that of the living whole No life may fail beyond the grave, Derives it not from what we have The likeliest God within the soul? Are God and Nature then at strife, That Nature lends such evil dreams? death, destruction God births, nature kills

So careful of the type she seems, So careless of the single life; That I, considering everywhere Her secret meaning in her deeds, the opposite of personification of nature still this questioning of the self. He doesn't have words only the will of expression

[...] XXXI When Lazarus left his charnel-cave, And home to Mary's house return'd, from the bible whose life is restored 4 days after his death by jesus; it becomes one of the miracles.

— they can still exist
in this sense

aligning back w/ God, putting
his trust in him

lacking her
previous
confidence.

And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

'So careful of the type?' but no.
From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

[...]

XLV

I vex my heart with fancies dim:
He still outstript me in the race;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream—I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,

"lame"
back to
hands as
mentioned
in v, now
they call
to god
rather
than
Arthur's
helpless
image.

reflected
a bleak,
increasing
warmer
that the
cruelty of
the industrial
revolution
and the
expanding
empire
showed the
world not
to be the
warm
creation of
God, but
to be material
and
impersonal

death,
he beat
me.

physical
reality

76reed?
God is the
light, every
thing else
becomes
darkness.

— of his death
to mean something
to him

This balancing
act between
life and
death

Mirrors the
state of
Arthur,
Tennyson
falls into
the cycle of
the body,
He's lacking
personhood and
how he is trying
to fill that
void.

→ refers to the
holy of holies
where God's
presence
dwelled and
the veil that
separated
it from the
holy place?

die with him?

how many began to
hypothesize the
homosexualism in this piece,

* draws upon the soul
often, a piece that
not only captures how he is black
a person, but is and white from
the last meta-physical, grief, but when he
sleeps (remembers)
his colour.

A lord of large experience, train
To ripen growth the mind and will:

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?

XLIII

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV

How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more,
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint;

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs
May some dim touch of earthly things)
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O, turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

[...]

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest

both him
and Arthur,
this knowing
of reality to-
ward death
can also be
broad.

sleep bringing
Tennyson closer
to death, i.e.
closer to Arthur
memories, flash-
backs

homosexual;
how time plays
into his love
for Arthur

the stillness of
these memories
consciousness
flipside -
depression,
grief.

could follow the
notion that they
are in a better
happier place
but on earth they
are more, can
do more

birth, resurrection
of
Christ.

Christmas
heaven and
another?

back to
religion
from myth
veil, between life and
death
hypothesis the
piece, especially by the word
loved

was born; suggests the existence of the everlasting soul is fundamental to the speaker's sense of self. how he could be, a reference to only himself. with Arthur not resurrecting, not the Third Christmas after Dr. Hallam's death. The family eating the vintage bells in the unfamiliar church at a time and the new move men have eased their grief. yet chose a solemn celebration w/ a feast. new year bells ring out the old year w/ it's mourning and death to welcome a new hopeful year.

1. fierce intellect, grace kindness, and gentle-
manly nature. im-
pressed those
blissful, joyful, angelic around him

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom

lifestyle of self-
denial and
abstinence from
worldly pleasures,
essential growth

CXX - where his theory of evolution was developed before Darwin. men are more than brutes and machines - there are spiritual dimensions to their lives.

his portrait in the portrait gallery.

Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

the form of the last 3 words. official, prominent, and thick it is.

Have look'd on: if they look'd on me,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

passive
ins was
by of pride.
he improved his knowledge by developing wisdom, reverence, and kindness.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

physical death

CXXI
I trust I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;
Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

gratefulness, yet anxiety of life after death, conscious development.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

reset of society, life, for a while, how, in his mind it was also dying. (socially, politically)

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

biblical

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

his artistic, music side for his grief (socially, politically)

CXXII
There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street rears, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

emotional and it personified - physical his own struggle w/ death, to not kill himself.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

his artistic, music side for his grief (socially, politically)

CXXIII
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.
But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

again, his fixation of the soul, how it relates to a spiritual consciousness. the body going everywhere.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

his artistic, music side for his grief (socially, politically)

CIX
Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

his sorrow could Hallam be a muse to him?

the repetition of King, like an actual bell, emanation.

Hallam's character yet to come and personality.

(CA rebirth)

uniforitarian geology poetic - via Bakhtin theory.

Ring: beginnings and endings, a call to order, or even a command (warning)

CXXIII - Imagines the transformation of earth since prehistoric times. No speaker needs something constant in his life. i.e faith

his love for Hallam grows w/ this faith.

the charge
into love
he went
XLIV

hope as
transport
to faith

reference
to Arthur

love or
Tennyson

musical
notes, hitting
such
rhythms

addressing
Hallam,
could
even be
the reader
for reading
this far

when I
see the
world, I see
you.

his connection
w/ nature
is essential
now that
he is with
God.

the confessional nature of
this poem. (religious-like)

The expansion of his love surpassed Hallam's physical body to the universe, where he is w/ God. And God becomes everything

love as a version of God, personification of love as a physical being - capable of

CXXV
Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
On Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXIX
Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;
Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeper, darker understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

Back to XLIII
sleeping to awake at Hallam
CXXX
Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

how necessary this (as is...)
the acceptable security of such

of love as a physical being - capable of

grief she has hidden.

spirituality and evolutionary ideas change his perception

presence of love offers some serenity better to have loved and lost (idea)

remains of Hallam

the claiming of the body - often why people like homo-eroticism, by the stake on such a close person.

unconsciously the liminality and the space present that Hallam's body existed in for Tennyson, how soon when it is returned to it is held by the ground, not by Tennyson.

his soul not being able to die, nature after death

the acceptable security of such

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
Prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

Epilogue
No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

earth and heaven?

addressing his union w/ god

hope this ideology helped him through his grief.

unconsciously the liminality and the space present that Hallam's body existed in for Tennyson, how soon when it is returned to it is held by the ground, not by Tennyson.

Bakhtin theory: A poetics that reveals the seminal role methodologies in geology played in the development of divisions between science and culture

he has consciously moved on.

holding gracious lies, same w/ hope as a woman

cent of cupid especially from the perspective of (love & victory)

returning back to the personality of Hallam and his final destination w/ God.