

# Texts presented in Class 3

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## Wordsworth: two passages from *The Prelude*

Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance!  
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
When most intent on making of herself  
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work  
Which then was going forward in her name!  
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,  
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets  
(As at some moment might not be unfelt  
Among the bowers of paradise itself )  
The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
What temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!  
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
The playfellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred  
Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,  
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more wild,  
And in the region of their peaceful selves;—  
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty  
Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;  
Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,

Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!  
But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where in the end  
We find our happiness, or not at all!

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But that night  
When on my bed I lay, I was most mov'd  
And felt most deeply in what world I was;  
With unextinguish'd taper I kept watch,  
Reading at intervals; the fear gone by  
Press'd on me almost like a fear to come;  
I thought of those September Massacres,  
Divided from me by a little month,  
And felt and touch'd them, a substantial dread:  
The rest was conjured up from tragic fictions,  
And mournful Calendars of true history,  
Remembrances and dim admonishments.  
"The horse is taught his manage, and the wind  
Of heaven wheels round and treads in his own steps,  
Year follows year, the tide returns again,  
Day follows day, all things have second birth;  
The earthquake is not satisfied all at once."  
And in such way I wrought upon myself,  
Until I seem'd to hear a voice that cried  
To the whole City, "Sleep no more."

**Byron: The Eve of Waterloo, from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto 3**

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.  
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before;  
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who would guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips —  
"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the 'Cameron's Gathering' rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
The earth is covered thick with other clay  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

### **Byron: *Napoleon's Farewell***

I.  
Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my Glory  
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—  
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,  
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.  
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only  
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;  
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,  
The last single Captive to millions in war.

II.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,  
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,  
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.  
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won  
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was lasted,  
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

III.

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies  
Once more in thy regions, remember me then,  
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;  
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it  
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice  
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,  
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

### **Hardy: *The Night of Trafalgar***

In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the land,  
And the back-sea met the front-sea, and our doors were blocked with sand,  
And we heard the drub of dead-man's bay, where the bones of thousands are,  
We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgar.

Had done,  
Had done,  
For us at Trafalgar!

'Pull hard, and make the nothe, or down we go!' One says, says he.  
We pulled; and bedtime brought the storm; but snug at home slept we.  
Yet all the while our gallants after fighting through the day,  
Were beating up and down the dark, sou'west of Cadiz Bay.

The dark,  
The dark,  
Sou'west of Cadiz Bay!

The victors and the vanquished then the storm it tossed and tore,  
As hard they strove, those worn-out men, upon that surly shore;  
Dead Nelson and his half dead crew, his foes from near and far,  
Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar!

The deep,  
The deep,  
That night at Trafalgar!

### **Newbolt: *The Fighting Téméraire***

It was eight bells ringing,  
For the morning watch was done,  
And the gunner's lads were singing  
As they polished every gun.  
It was eight bells ringing,  
And the gunner's lads were singing,  
For the ship she rode a-swinging,  
As they polished every gun.

Oh! to see the linstock lighting,  
Téméraire! Téméraire!  
Oh! to hear the round shot biting,  
Téméraire! Téméraire!  
Oh! to see the linstock lighting,  
And to hear the round shot biting,  
For we're all in love with fighting  
On the fighting Téméraire.

It was noontide ringing,  
And the battle just begun,  
When the ship her way was winging,  
As they loaded every gun.  
It was noontide ringing,  
When the ship her way was winging,  
And the gunner's lads were singing  
As they loaded every gun.

There'll be many grim and gory,  
Téméraire! Téméraire!  
There'll be few to tell the story,  
Téméraire! Téméraire!  
There'll be many grim and gory,  
There'll be few to tell the story,  
But we'll all be one in glory  
With the Fighting Téméraire.

There's a far bell ringing  
At the setting of the sun,  
And a phantom voice is singing  
Of the great days done.  
There's a far bell ringing,  
And a phantom voice is singing  
Of renown for ever clinging  
To the great days done.

Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
Téméraire! Téméraire!  
And she's fading down the river,  
Téméraire! Téméraire!  
Now the sunset's breezes shiver,  
And she's fading down the river,  
But in England's song for ever  
She's the Fighting Téméraire.