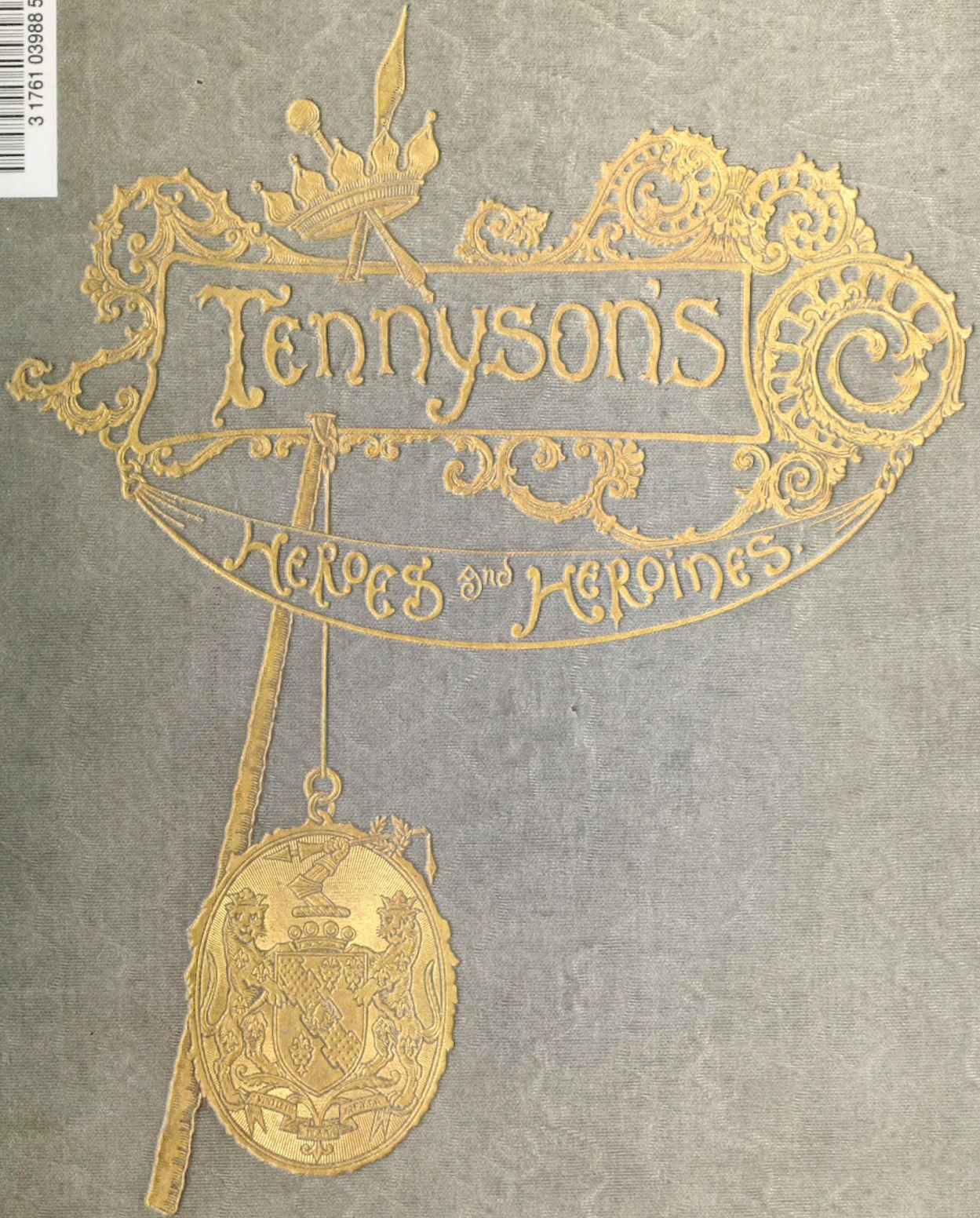




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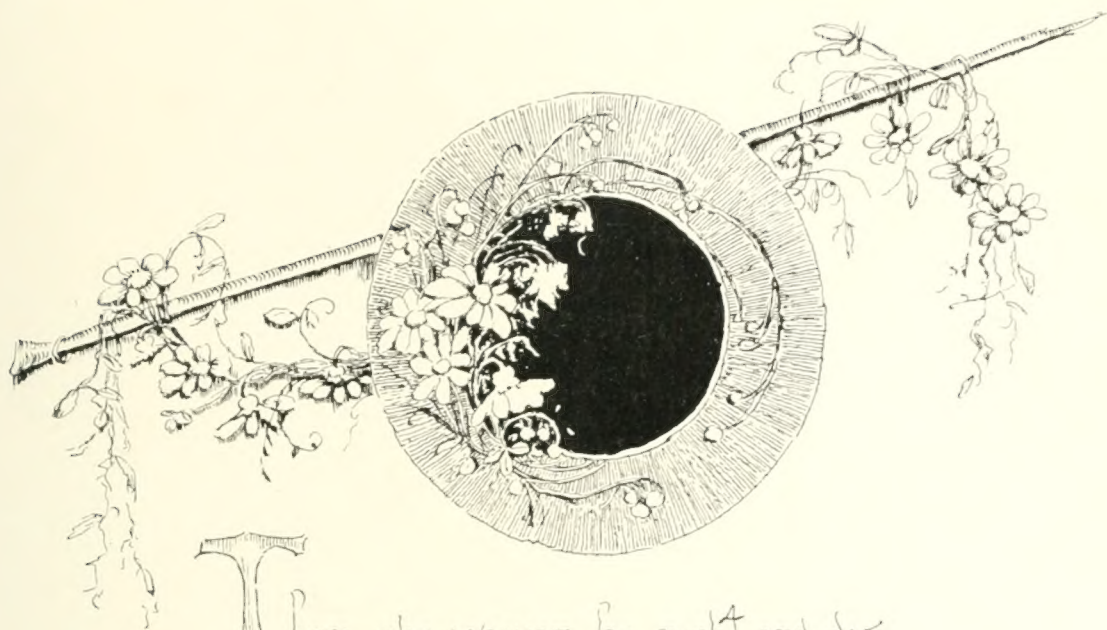




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T

here she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.



Yst



ADYSON'S
HEROES
AND
HEROINES.

Illustrated by

Marcus Stone. R. I.
G. G. Kilburne. R. I.
R. Squire. L. Wong
R. Kemm. and
Fanny Brown.

Pen and Ink drawings by
J. Pauline Suter.

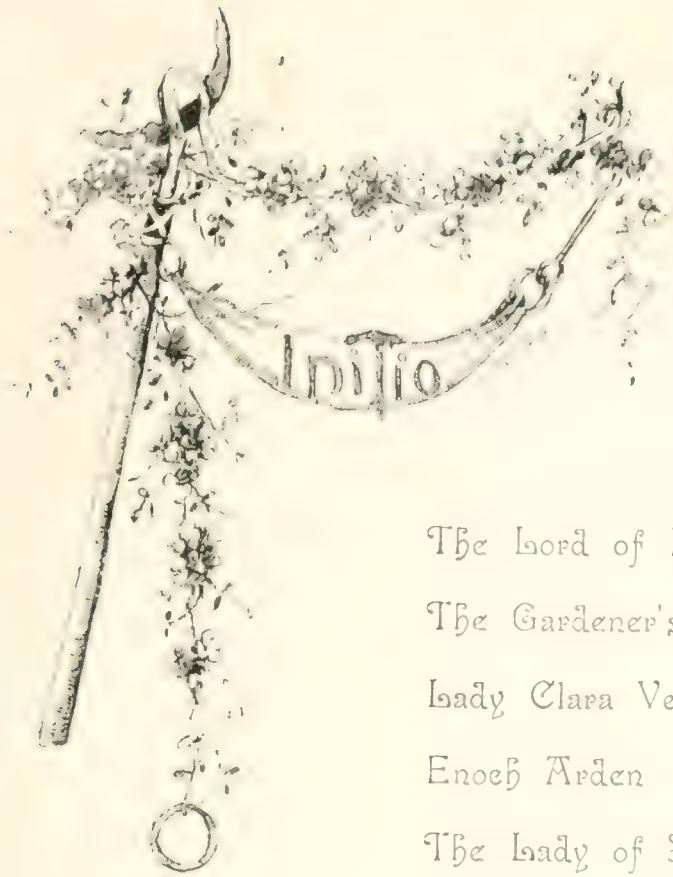
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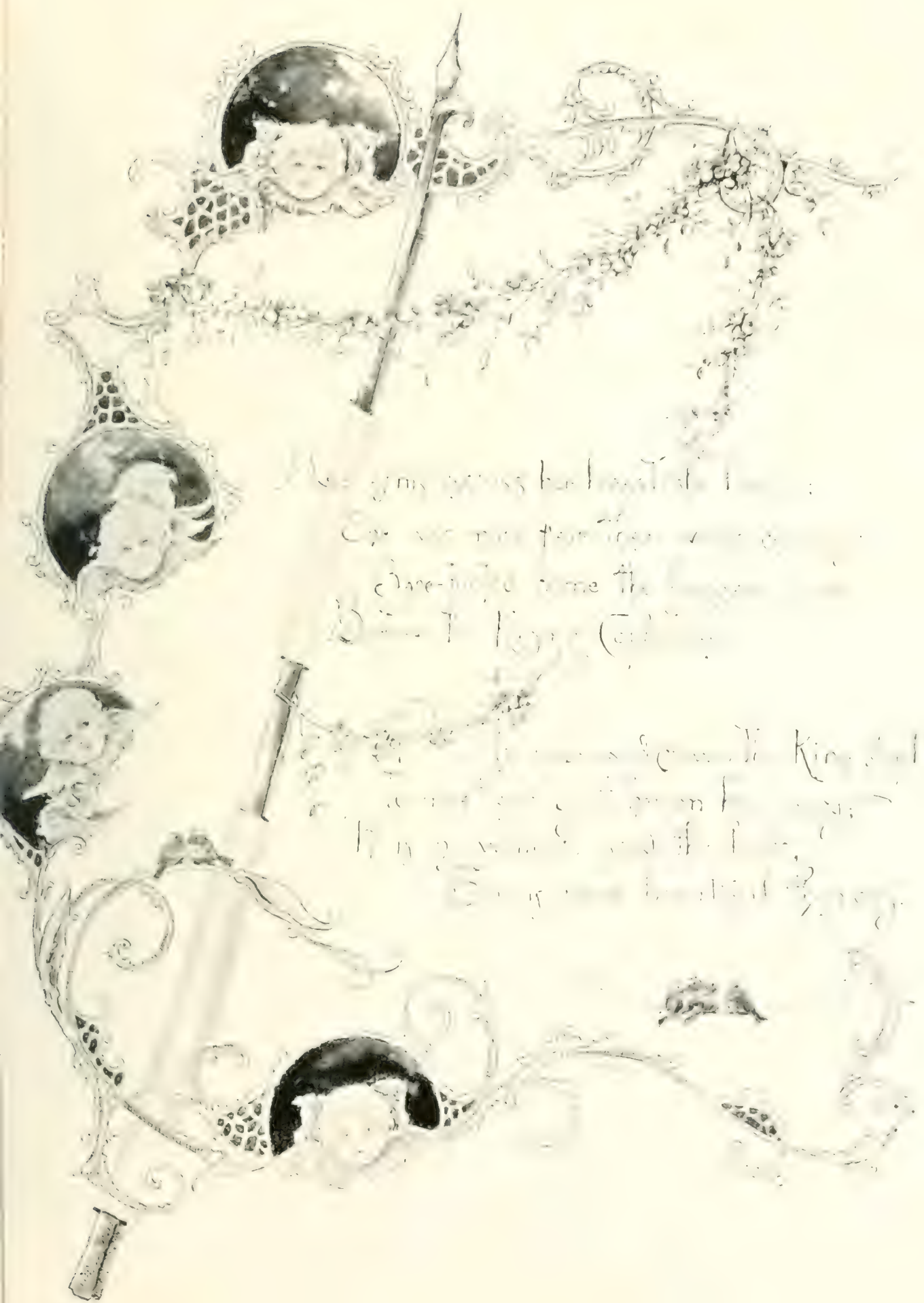
The Lord of Burleigh.
The Gardener's Daughter.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
Enoch Arden
The Lady of Shalott.
The Miller's Daughter.
Adeline.
The May Queen.
Lancelot and Elaine.
Maud.
Madeline.
Olivia.
The Grandmother.
The Beggar Maid.
Dora.
Margaret.



The Beggar's Gold.

The Beggar's Gold
by [illegible]





As you pass the forest
Eye was not far from
I've hope some the
Dance to King (C)

I've hope some the
King's golden
King's golden
King's golden



100



The Lord of Burleigh

Lives in state and bounty.

Lord of Burleigh

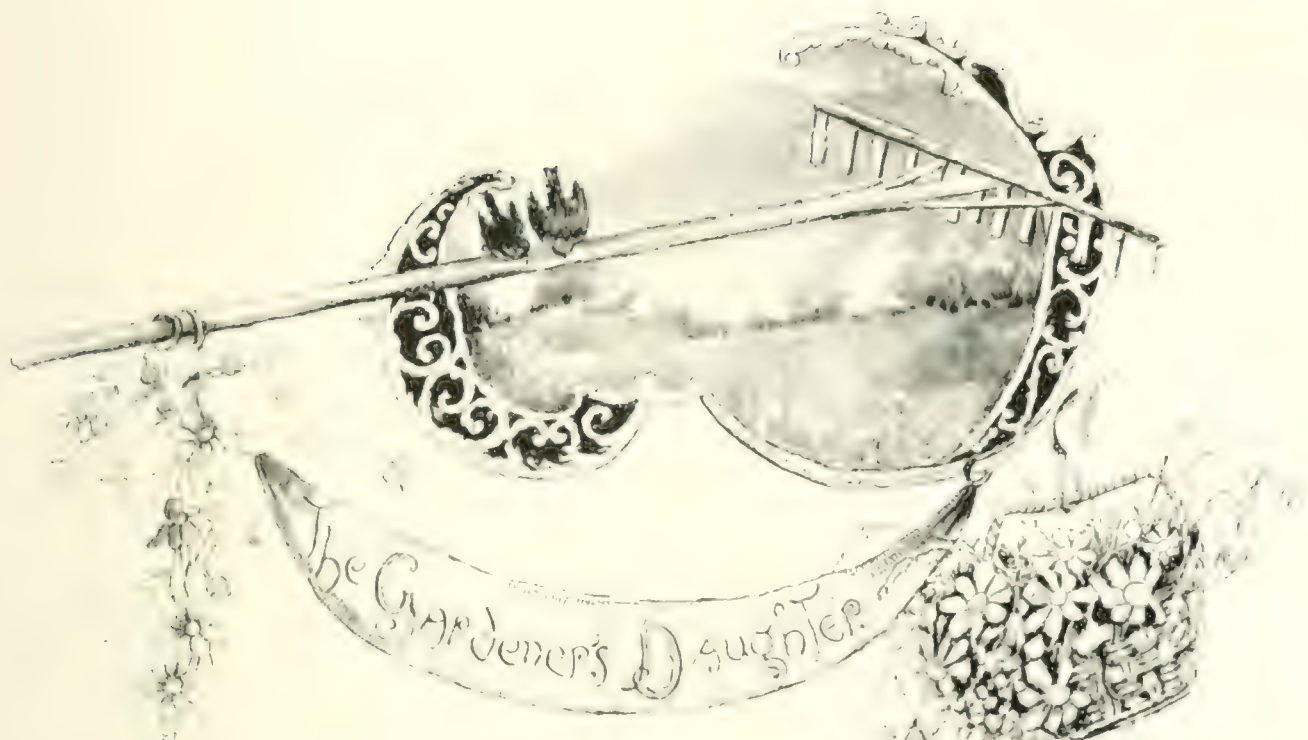
Fair and free.





And they speak, in gentle murmur,
When they answer each's call,
Whispering to each with joyful tones,
Leading us from hall to hall.
And, while now the evening breeze
Blows the fragrant perfume
Gently through the air,
"Yet of this I must not speak."





Who had not heard of
Rose, The Gardener's
daughter?



One arm aloft.

Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood,
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Leavingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Oh, happy shade, - and still went wavering down,
But ere it touch'd a foot, that might have dyed
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and gazed
Her violet eyes, and all her Mebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the hounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make gold man young.



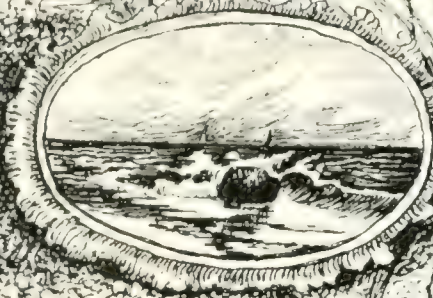


The daughter of a hundred CAPT'S
You are not one to be desired.





But she love Luce, ho she love it all,
Ay it would if gild day it.



Erach and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large grey eyes and weather beaten face
Glimmered by a still and sacred fire.
Just burn'd as on an altar.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence.
And "with a love and henceforth to be!"

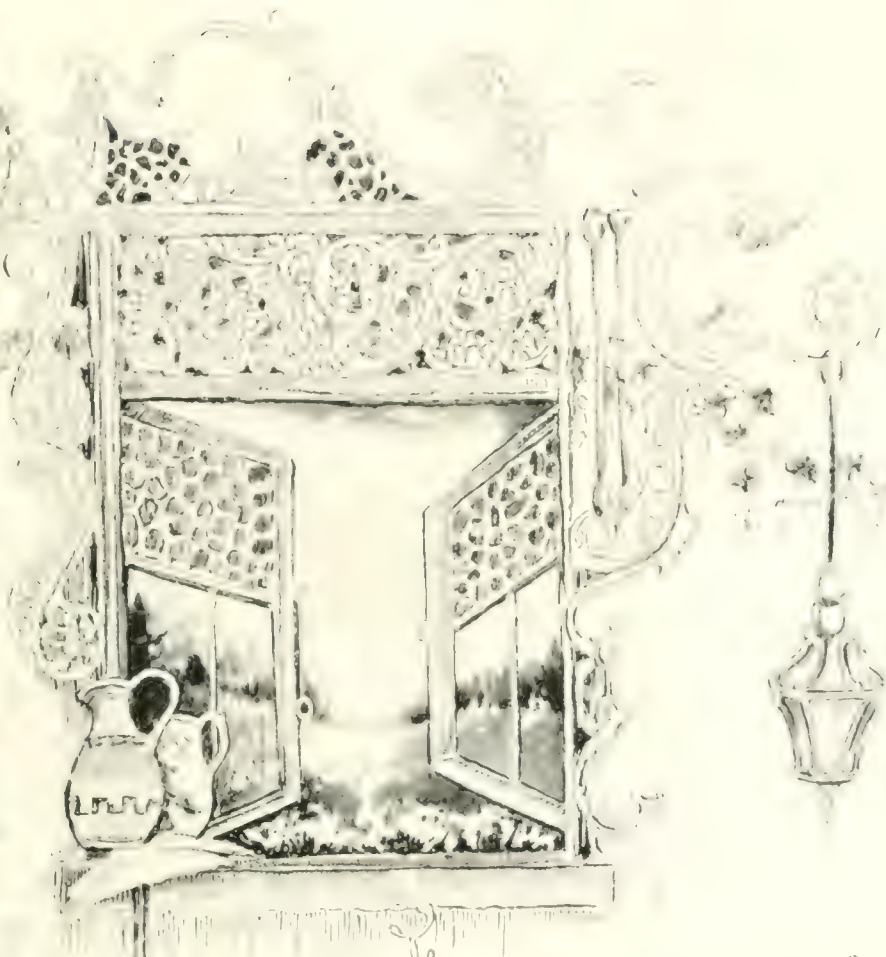




The Millers Daughter.



The reflex of a beautiful form,
A glowing scene, a glowing light



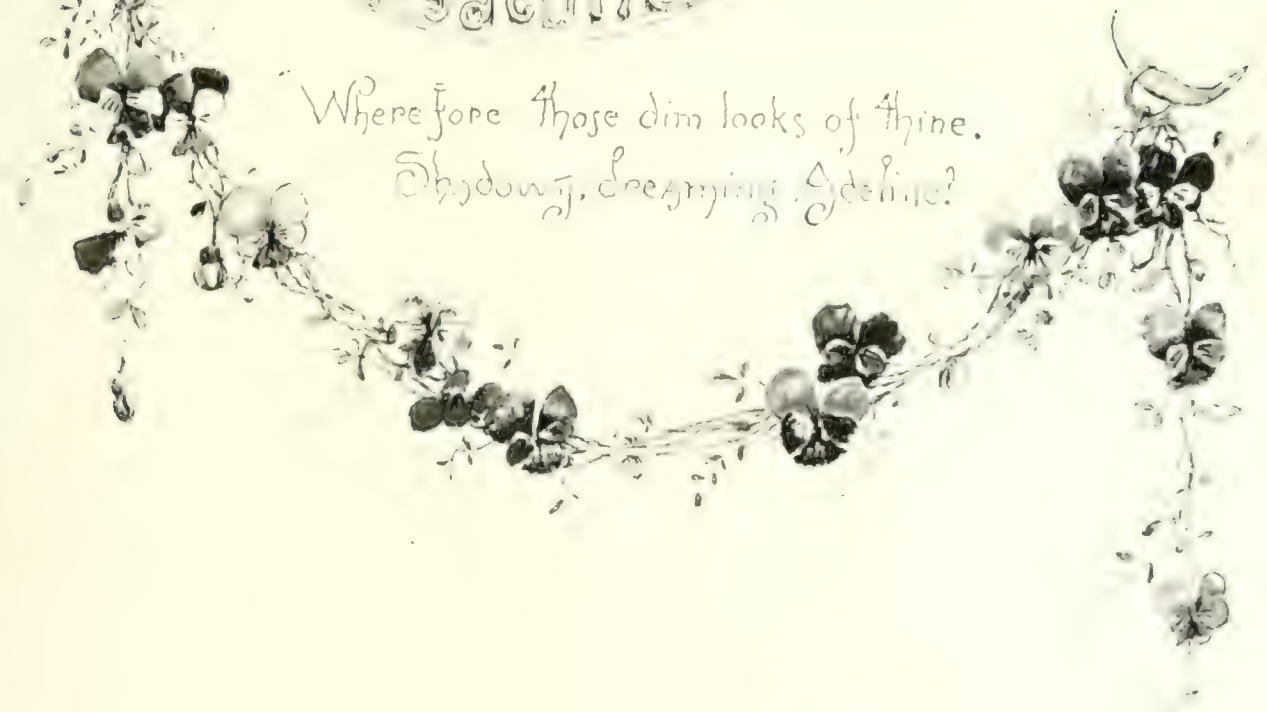
For you remember you had set,
That morning, on the casement edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the ledges:
When I raised my eyes, above
They shone like two so full and bright—
Such eyes!—I swear to you, my love,
If these have never lost their light.



John W. Brown



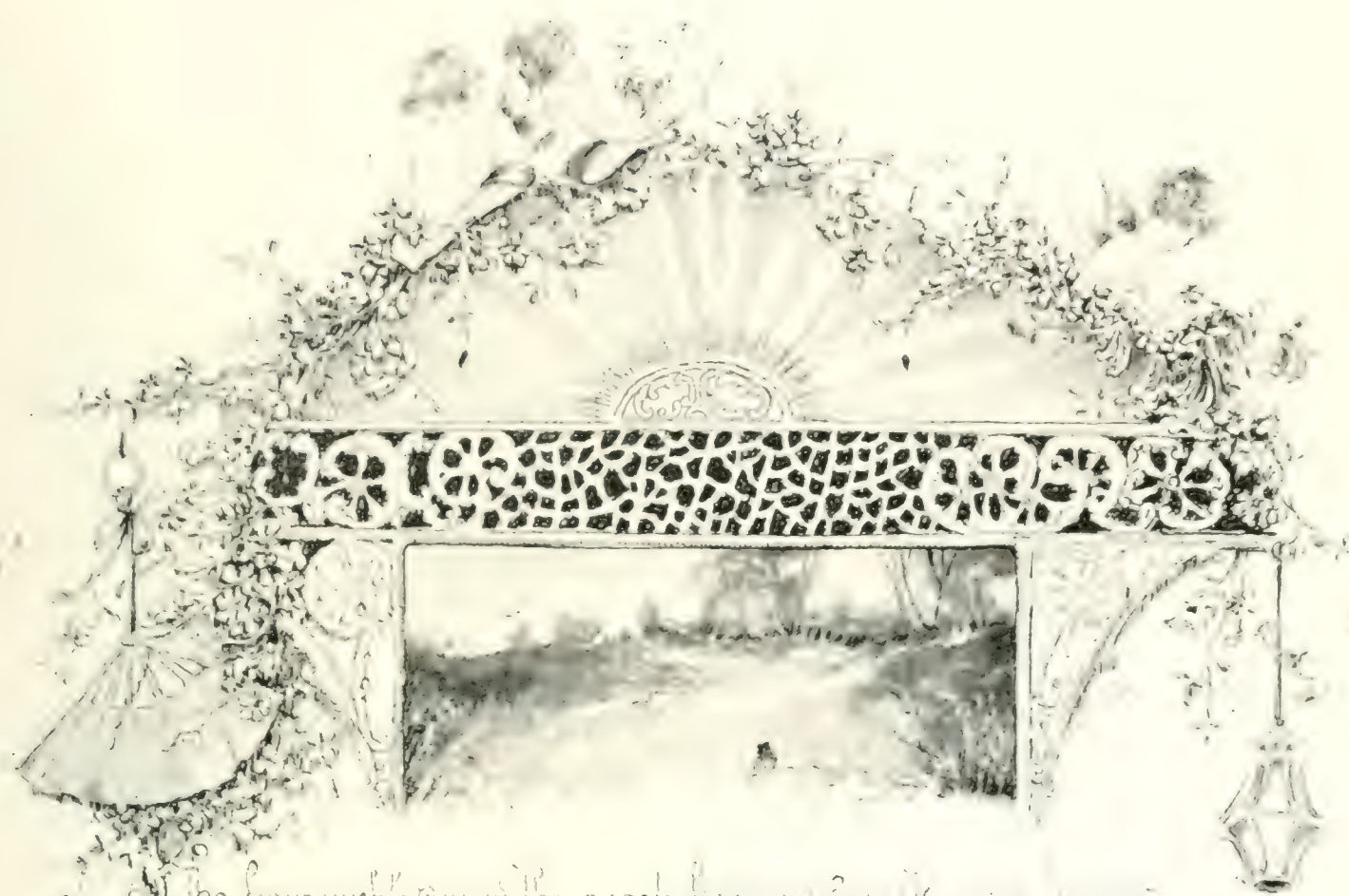
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
O shadowy, dreaming Adeline?







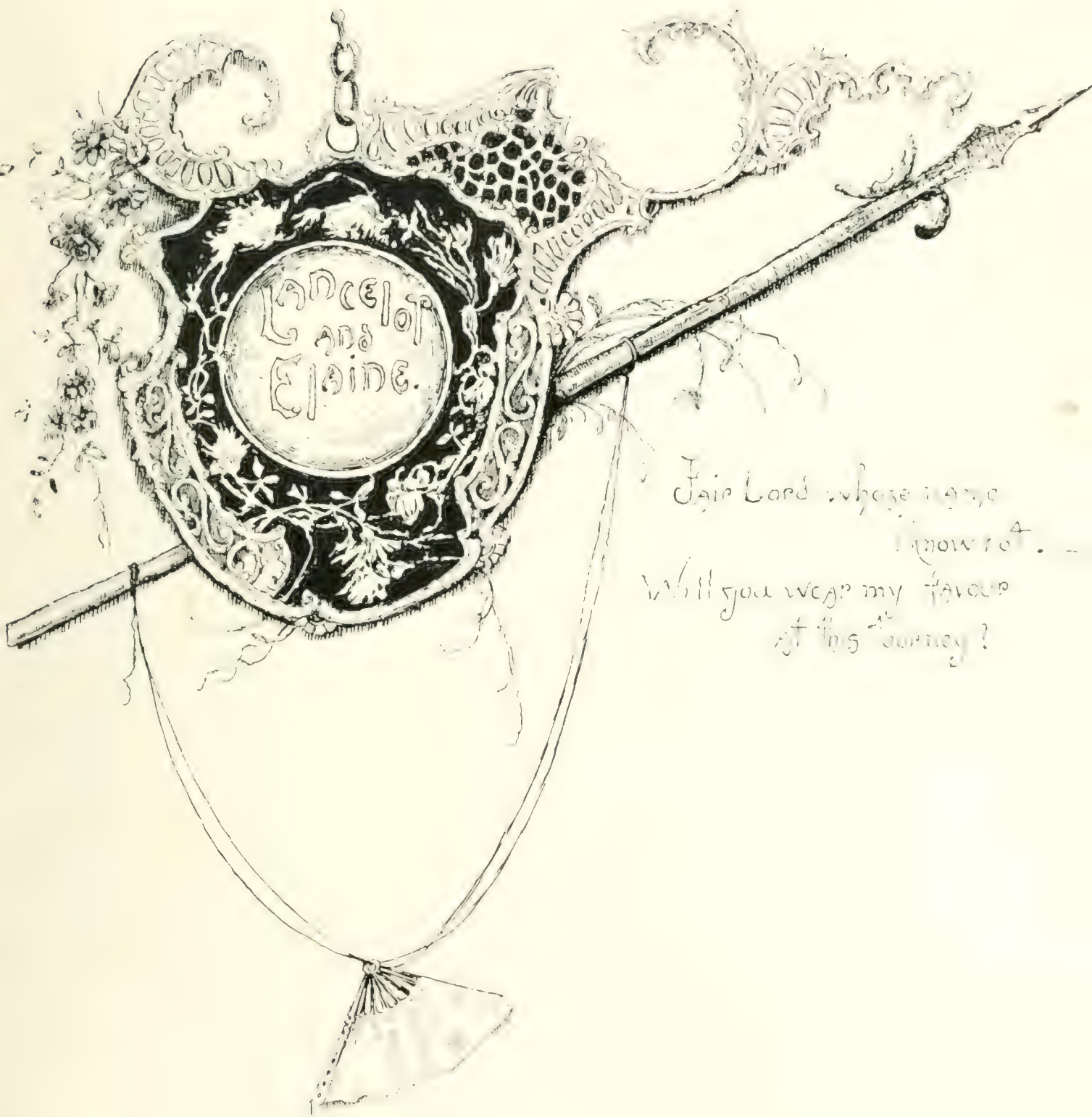
"But I must gather knots of flowers,
and buds and garlands gay."



The honey-suckle round the porch has woven its fragrant wreath,
 And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint, sweet, cuckoo-flowers;
 The night-wind comes and goes, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten in the grass;
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live long day,
 And I'm to be Queen, O the joy,
 Mother, I'm to be Queen O the joy.

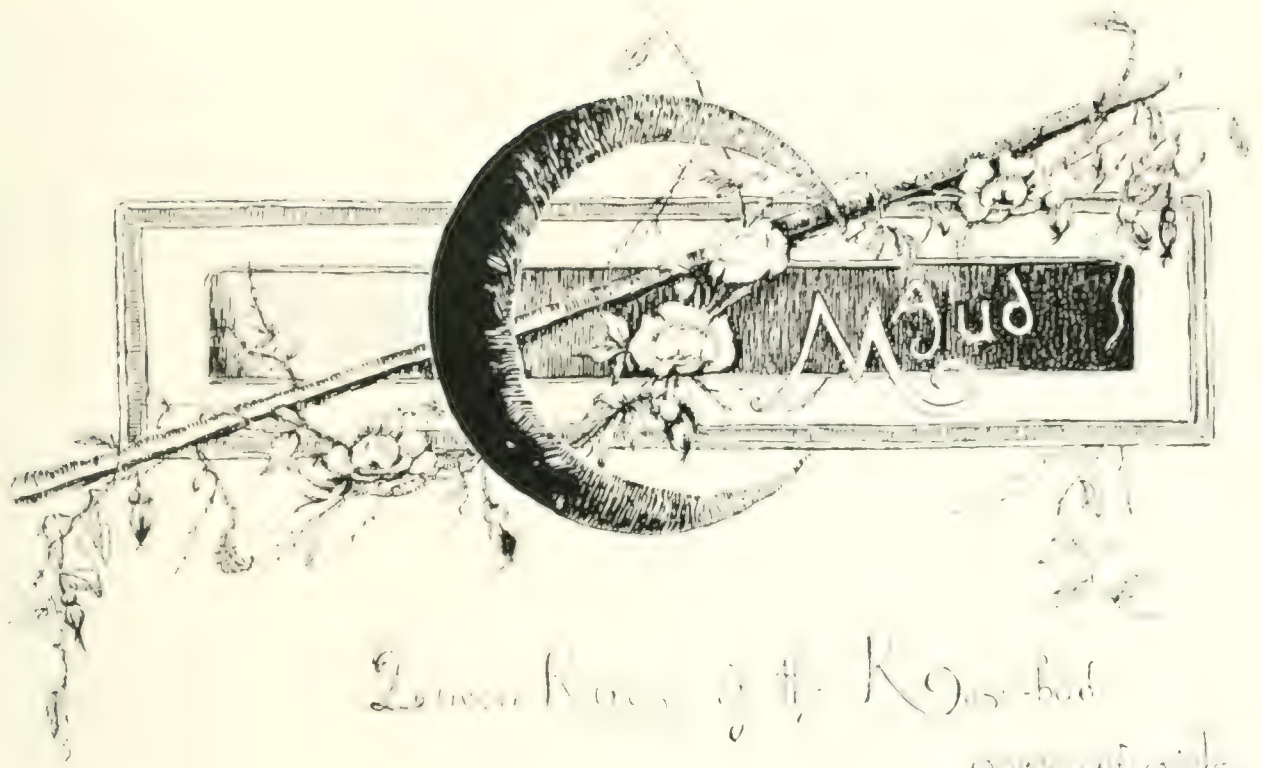
The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten in the grass;
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live long day,
 And I'm to be Queen, O the joy,
 Mother, I'm to be Queen O the joy.





Fair Lord whose name
I know not.
Will you wear my favour
at this journey?





Queen of the Rose-hed
gown of gold,
Lover of the Rose-hed





And has a garden of roses,
And lilies fair on a lawn;

There she walks in her state

And tends upon bed and bower;

And there I climb'd sidwáy.

And stood by her garden gate.





Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glance, sweet and strange;







Yes, she wander'd round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kiss'd, the name she found,
And sweetly murmur'd mine.

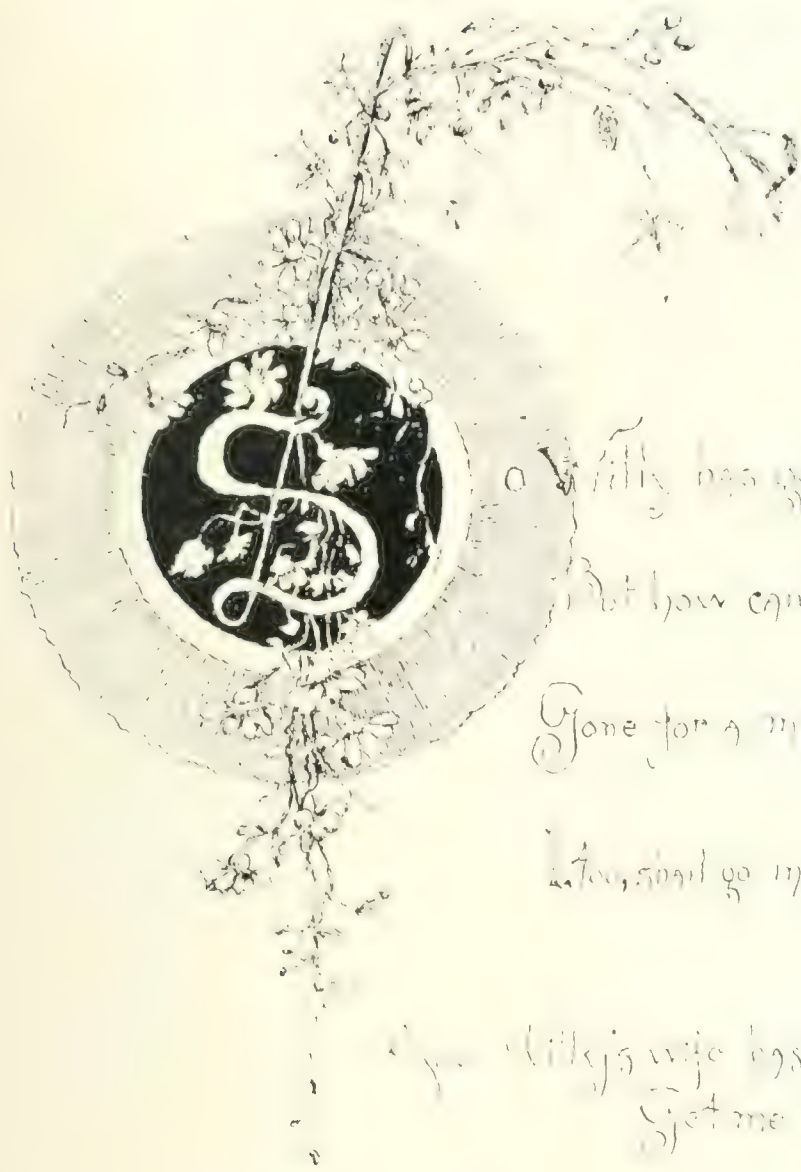
A tear-drop trembled from its source,
And down my surplus fell,
My sense of touch is something else,
But I believe she went.





For Willie I cannot weep,
I shall see him another morn.





O Willy has gone, my legacy, my oldest son,
my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy he has not gone
for an hour,
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room
into the next;
A too, soon go my minute, what time have I
time left?

Willy's wife has written, she is ever with me,
Get me my glasses, she says: I have God
that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, which I shall have
passed over
But if with the old woman now, you cannot live
long to stay.





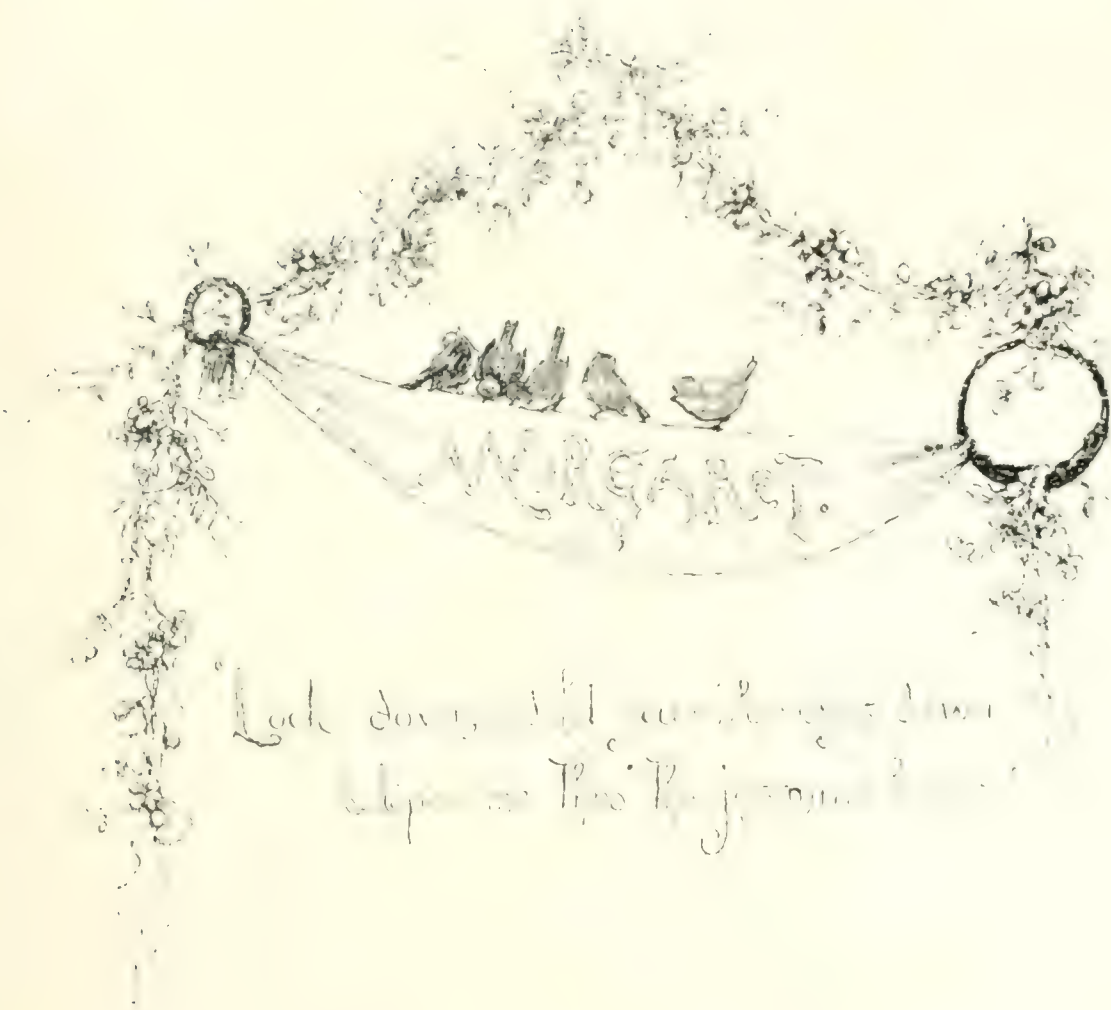
DORA

And Dora took the child and went her way
Across the wheat. —

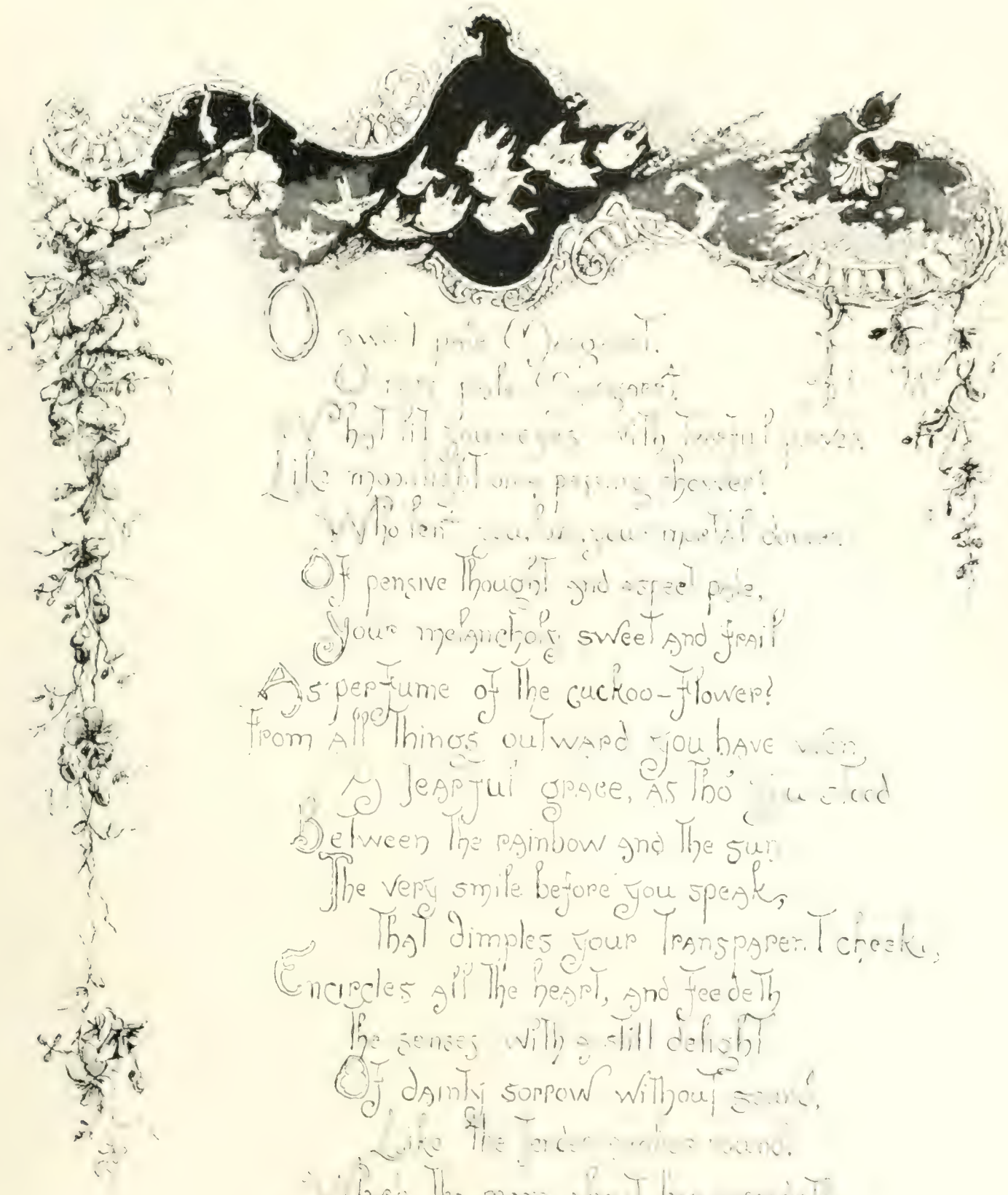


At when the morrow came, she rose
and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
that grew about, and tied it
round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye
Then when the farmer pass'd
into the field
He spied her, and he
left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were
you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"





Look down, and see how long I have
slipped in time the journey home



O sweet pure (O fragrant,
O rare pale (O fragrant,
What all your eyes with lustful power
Like moonlight only passing hover!
Who lent you such a mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From all things outward you have won
A jealous grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight
Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender quiver wand,
Which the moon about her spreadseth,
Quivering thro' a fleecy night.











She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.



PR Stone, Marcus
5577 Tennyson's heroes and
S75 heroines

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