THE POETRY OF MORSE.

Edited by Chris Sullivan

Hello and welcome to my new book. This book is a collection of all the poems that have been quoted in the Morse series.

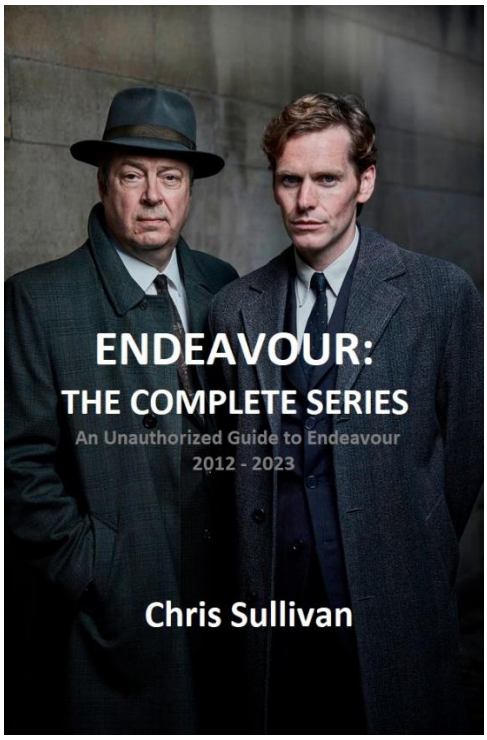
These poems can of course be found easily on the internet, but I thought that Morse and poetry fans would like to have them all gathered in the one place.

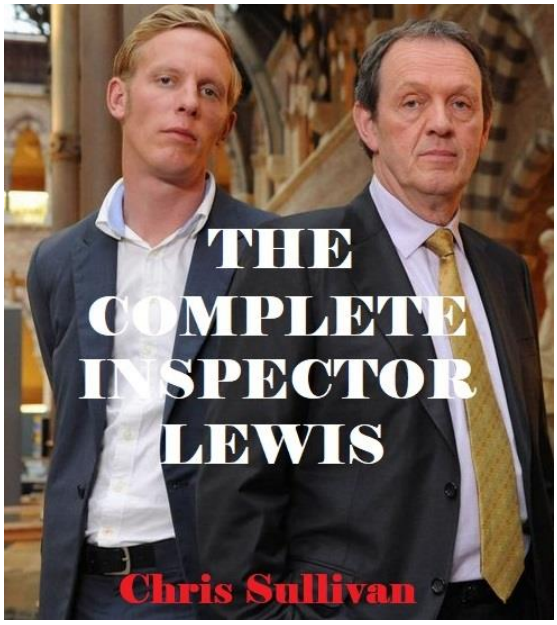
It is a fascinating mix of poems and poets. From the BC era of Virgil's Aeneid to the modern-day poetry of Sylvia Plath.

Lewis and Endeavour poetry collections will follow. Soon.

I hope you enjoy this book.

The following books, written by me, can be found on Amazon.





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SERVICE OF ALL THE DEAD (Series 1, Episode 3).

The title of the episode, 'Service of all the Dead' alludes to a poem by D.H. Lawrence with the same title. In another Lawrence poem, 'All Souls' the first line contains the words, 'service of all the dead'.

David Herbert Lawrence, 1885 – 1930.

SERVICE OF ALL THE DEAD

Between the avenues of cypresses,
All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices
Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery
The round, dark heads of men crowd silently
And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully
Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands
With sunken head, and forgotten, folded hands;
And at the foot of a grave a soman kneels
With pale shut face, and neither hears not feels

The coming of the chaunting choristers
Between the avenues of cypresses,
The silence of the many villagers,
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

(Published, 1914)

ALL SOULS

They are chanting now the service of all the dead
And the village folk outside in the burying ground
Listen – except those who strive with their dead,
Reaching out in anguish, yet unable quite to touch them:
Those villagers isolated at the grave
Where the candles burn in the daylight, and the painted wreaths
Are propped on end, there, where the mystery starts.

The naked candles burn on every grave.
On your grave, in England, the weeds grow.

But I am your naked candle burning,
And that is not your grave, in England,
The world is your grave.
And my naked body standing on your grave
Upright towards heaven is burning off to you
Its flame of life, now and always, till the end.

It is my offering to you; every day is All Souls' Day.

I forget you, have forgotten you.
I am busy only at my burning,
I am busy only at my life.
But my feet are on your grave, planted.
And when I lift my face, it is a flame that goes up
To the other world, where you are now.
But I am not concerned with you.
I have forgotten you.

I am a naked candle burning on your grave.

LAST SEEN WEARING. (Series 2, Episode 2).

At the Craven house Morse is talking to Mrs Craven and mentions that she has changed her hair colour from blonde to brunette. Mrs Craven quotes W.B. Yeats (1865 – 1939) the Irish poet saying, "I will have to see if I can be loved for myself and not for my yellow hair".

William Butler Yeats, 1865 – 1939.

FOR ANNE GREGORY

'NEVER shall a young man,
Thrown into despair
By those great honey-coloured
Ramparts at your ear,
Love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.'
'But I can get a hair-dye
And set such colour there,
Brown, or black, or carrot,
That young men in despair
May love me for myself alone
And not my yellow hair.'
'I heard an old religious man
But yesternight declare
That he had found a text to prove
That only God, my dear,
Could love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.'

(Published in 1933).

LAST BUS TO WOODSTOCK. (Series 2, Episode 4)

Jennifer Colby's house and Morse is talking to the young student Angie Hartman about **Edmund Spenser, From 'The Faerie Queene.'**

Edmund Spenser, ? – 1599.

The Faerie Queene is an incomplete English epic poem by Edmund Spenser. Books I to III were first published in 1590, and then republished in 1596 together with books IV to VI. The fragmentary Book VII was first published in 1609. *The Faerie Queene* is notable for its form: at over 36,000 lines and over 4,000 stanzas, it is one of the longest poems in the English language; it is also the work in which Spenser invented the verse form known as the Spenserien stanza.

I, of course, will not include the whole poem of 4000 stanzas but will instead give a summary of all six books.

Book I is centred on the virtue of Holiness as embodied in the Redcrosse Knight. Largely self-contained, Book I can be understood to be its own miniature epic. At first, the Redcrosse Knight and his lady Una travel together when he defeats the monster Errour. Then they travel separately after the wizard Archimago, using a false dream, tricks the Redcrosse Knight into thinking that Una is unchaste. The Redcrosse Knight meets Duessa, who feigns distress in order to entrap him. Duessa leads the Redcrosse Knight to captivity by the giant Orgoglio. Meanwhile, Una seeks tirelessly to be reunited with the Redcrosse Knight. She overcomes many perils, meets Arthur, and finally rescues the Redcrosse Knight from his capture, from Duessa, and from Despair. Una and Arthur help the Redcrosse Knight recover in the House of Holiness, with the House's ruler Caelia and her three daughters joining them. There, the Redcrosse Knight sees a vision of his future. He then returns Una to her parents' castle and rescues them from a dragon, and the two are betrothed after resisting Archimago one last time.

Book II is centred on the virtue of Temperance as embodied in Sir Guyon, who is tempted by the fleeing Archimago into nearly attacking the Redcrosse

Knight. Guyon discovers a woman killing herself out of grief for having her lover tempted and bewitched by the witch Acrasia and killed. Guyon swears a vow to avenge them and protect their child. Guyon on his quest starts and stops fighting several evil, rash, or tricked knights and meets Arthur. Finally, they come to Acrasia's Island and the Bower of Bliss, where Guyon resists temptations to violence, idleness, and lust. Guyon captures Acrasia in a net, destroys the Bower, and rescues those imprisoned there.

Book III is centred on the virtue of Chastity as embodied in Britomart, a lady knight. Resting after the events of Book II, Guyon and Arthur meet Britomart, who wins a joust with Guyon. They separate as Arthur and Guyon leave to rescue Florimell, while Britomart rescues the Redcrosse Knight. Britomart reveals to the Redcrosse Knight that she is pursuing Sir Artegall because she is destined to marry him. The Redcrosse Knight defends Artegall and they meet Merlin, who explains more carefully Britomart's destiny to found the English monarchy. Britomart leaves and fights Sir Marinell. Arthur looks for Florimell, joined later by Sir Satyrane and Britomart, and they witness and resist sexual temptation. Britomart separates from them and meets Sir Scudamore, looking for his captured lady Amoret. Britomart alone is able to rescue Amoret from the wizard Busirane. Unfortunately, when they emerge from the castle Scudamore is gone. (The 1590 version with Books I–III depicts the lovers' happy reunion, but this was changed in the 1596 version which contained all six books.)

Book IV is called "The Legend of Cambell and Telamond or Of Friendship." But despite its title, Cambell's companion in Book IV is actually named Triamond, and the plot does not center on their friendship; the two men appear only briefly in the story. The book is largely a continuation of events begun in Book III. First, Scudamore is convinced by the hag Ate (discord) that Britomart has run off with Amoret and becomes jealous. A three-day tournament is then held by Satyrane, where Britomart beats Arthegal (both in disguise). Scudamore and Arthegal unite against Britomart, but when her helmet comes off in battle Arthegal falls in love with her. He surrenders, removes his helmet, and Britomart recognizes him as the man in the enchanted mirror. Arthegal pledges his love to her but must first leave and complete his quest. Scudamore, upon discovering Britomart's sex, realizes his mistake and asks after his lady, but by this time Britomart has lost Amoret, and she and Scudamore embark together on a search for her. The reader discovers that Amoret was abducted by a savage man and is imprisoned in his cave. One day Amoret darts out past the savage and is rescued from him by

the squire Timias and Belphoebe. Arthur then appears, offering his service as a knight to the lost woman. She accepts, and after a couple of trials on the way, Arthur and Amoret finally happen across Scudamore and Britomart. The two lovers are reunited. Wrapping up a different plotline from Book III, the recently recovered Marinell discovers Florimell suffering in Proteus' dungeon. He returns home and becomes sick with love and pity. Eventually he confesses his feelings to his mother, and she pleads with Neptune to have the girl released, which the god grants.

Book V is centred on the virtue of Justice as embodied in Sir Artegall, who defeats a demagogic giant and mediates several conflicts, including a joust held in honor of Florimell's nuptials. The knight then attempts to free several men from their indenture to the Amazon Radigund. She defeats Artegall in battle by guile, and, according to the terms of their duel, he, a stickler for legal agreements, must become her slave as well. Britomart eventually rescues her betrothed and kills Radigund, thereby restoring a just relationship of the sexes. We are introduced to the court of Mercilla, where Duessa is put on trial and found guilty. Departing from Artegall, Spenser presents Prince Arthur's quest to slay the beast Gerioneo in order to restore the lady Belge to her rights. In the final canto, Artegall aids Sir Burbon and slays the monstrous Grantorto.

Book VI is centred on the virtue of Courtesy as embodied in Sir Calidore who is on a mission from the Faerie Queene to slay the Blatant Beast. After helping reconcile two lovers and taking on the courteous young Tristram as his page, he falls prey to the pleasant distractions of pastoral life and eventually wins the affections of Pastorella away from the ultimately agreeable but somewhat cowardly Coridon. This book also features the knight Calepine and his quest for his lady Serena who is cared for by a strangely well-mannered Savage who, like the humble Pastorella, turns out to be a long-lost scion of nobility; Arthur later takes on Serena and leaves her to the care of his page Timias and a Hermit who has been a knight. Calidore rescues his love from the Blatant Beast, capturing and binding the monster, which nonetheless, we are told, eventually escapes to prowl about the world once more to seek the ruin of more reputations.

From the same episode as above, Morse and Lewis are in a pub at around the one-hour mark. Morse quotes John Wilmot the Earl of Rochester's **A Pastoral dialogue between Alexis and Strephon.**

John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester, 1647 – 1680.

A Pastoral Dialogue between *ALEXIS* and *STREPHON.*

ALEXIS.

There sighs not on the plain

So lost a swain as I;

Scorched up with love, frozen with disdain,

Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.

Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown

On that bewitching face,

Like ruined birds robbed of their young,

Lamenting, frighted, and alone,

I fly from place to place.

Framed by some cruel powers above,

So nice she is, and fair,

None from undoing can remove

Since all who are not blind must love --

Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace

But, fond of their own art,

Severely jealous, ever place,

To guard the glories of a face,

A dragon in the heart.

Proud and ill-natured powers they are,

Who, peevish to mankind,

For their own honor's sake, with care

Make a sweet form divinely fair,

And add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of love,

By honor taught to hate,

If we, forced by decrees above,

Must sensible to beauty prove,

How tyrannous is fate!

ALEXIS.

I to the nymph have never named

The cause of all my pain.

STREPHON.

Such bashfulness may well be blamed,

For since to serve we're not ashamed,

Why should she blush to reign?

ALEXIS.

But if her haughty heart despise

My humble proffered one,

The just compassion she denies

I may obtain from others' eyes:

Hers are not fair alone.

Devouring flames require new food:

My heart's consumed almost;

New fires must kindle in her blood,

Or mine go out, and that's as good.

STREPHON.

Wouldst live, when love is lost?

Be dead before thy passion dies,

For if thou shouldst survive,

What anguish would the heart surprise

To see her flames begin to rise,

And thine no more alive!

ALEXIS.

Rather, what pleasure should I meet,

In my triumphant scorn,

To see my tyrant at my feet

Whilst, taught by her, unmoved I sit,

A tyrant in my turn.

STREPHON.

Ungentle shepherd, cease, for shame!

Which way can you pretend

To merit so divine a flame,

Who to dull life make a mean claim

When love is at an end?

As trees are by their bark embraced,

Love to my soul doth cling;

When, torn by the herd's greedy taste,

The injured plants feel they're defaced,

They wither in the spring.

My rifled love would soon retire,

Dissolving into air,

Should I that nymph cease to admire,

Blest in whose arms I will expire,

Or at her feet despair.

Published 1682.

At the end of the episode, Last Bus to Woodstock, as Morse and Lewis walk down a hospital corridor, Morse quotes the Earl of Rochester's poem, The Imperfect Enjoyment. The poem contains some mature language.

John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester, 1647 – 1680.

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

Naked she lay, clasped in my longing arms,

I filled with love, and she all over charms;

Both equally inspired with eager fire,

Melting through kindness, flaming in desire.

With arms, legs, lips close clinging to embrace,

She clips me to her breast, and sucks me to her face.

Her nimble tongue, love's lesser lightning, played

Within my mouth, and to my thoughts conveyed

Swift orders that I should prepare to throw

The all-dissolving thunderbolt below.

My fluttering soul, sprung with the pointed kiss,

Hangs hovering o'er her balmy brinks of bliss.

But whilst her busy hand would guide that part

Which should convey my soul up to her heart,

In liquid raptures I dissolve all o'er,

Melt into sperm, and spend at every pore.

A touch from any part of her had done 't:

Her hand, her foot, her very look's a cunt.

Smiling, she chides in a kind murmuring noise,

And from her body wipes the clammy joys,

When, with a thousand kisses wandering o’er

My panting bosom, “Is there then no more?”

She cries. “All this to love and rapture’s due;

Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?”

But I, the most forlorn, lost man alive,

To show my wished obedience vainly strive:

I sigh, alas! and kiss, but cannot swive.

Eager desires confound my first intent,

Succeeding shame does more success prevent,

And rage at last confirms me impotent.

Ev’n her fair hand, which might bid heat return

To frozen age, and make cold hermits burn,

Applied to my dear cinder, warms no more

Than fire to ashes could past flames restore.

Trembling, confused, despairing, limber, dry,

A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I lie.

This dart of love, whose piercing point, oft tried,

With virgin blood ten thousand maids has dyed,

Which nature still directed with such art
That it through every cunt reached every heart—
Stiffly resolved, ’twould carelessly invade
Woman or man, nor ought its fury stayed:
Where’er it pierced, a cunt it found or made—
Now languid lies in this unhappy hour,
Shrunk up and sapless like a withered flower.
    Thou treacherous, base deserter of my flame,
False to my passion, fatal to my fame,
Through what mistaken magic dost thou prove
So true to lewdness, so untrue to love?
What oyster-cinder-beggar-common whore
Didst thou e’er fail in all thy life before?
When vice, disease, and scandal lead the way,
With what officious haste doest thou obey!
Like a rude, roaring hector in the streets
Who scuffles, cuffs, and justles all he meets,
But if his king or country claim his aid,
The rakehell villain shrinks and hides his head;
Ev’n so thy brutal valor is displayed,
Breaks every stew, does each small whore invade,

But when great Love the onset does command,

Base recreant to thy prince, thou dar’st not stand.

Worst part of me, and henceforth hated most,

Through all the town a common fucking post,

On whom each whore relieves her tingling cunt

As hogs on gates do rub themselves and grunt,

Mayst thou to ravenous chancres be a prey,

Or in consuming weepings waste away;

May strangury and stone thy days attend;

May’st thou never piss, who didst refuse to spend

When all my joys did on false thee depend.

And may ten thousand abler pricks agree

To do the wronged Corinna right for thee.

Published 1680.

THE LAST ENEMY (Series 3, Episode 2).

Near the end of the episode with Drysdale in a hospital bed both he and Morse quote from The Hound of Heaven by Francis Thompson.

Francis Thompson 1859 – 1907.

The Hound of Heaven

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'
I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest having Him, I must have naught beside).
But, if one little casement parted wide,

The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover—
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their
feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
'Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.'

I sought no more that after which I strayed

In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children’s eyes
Seems something, something that replies;
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
‘Come then, ye other children, Nature’s—share
With me’ (said I) ‘your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother’s vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.’
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature’s secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that’s born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,

When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day’s dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning’s eyes.

I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven’s gray cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound I speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o’ her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noisèd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
‘Lo! naught contents thee, who content’st
not Me.’

Naked I wait Thy love’s uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;

I am defenceless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o’ the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i’ the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds

From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
'And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught' (He said),
'And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:

Rise, clasp My hand, and come!’
Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
‘Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.’

Published 1890.

The Infernal Serpent (Series 4, Episode 1).

At the end of the episode, Morse quotes from Milton's Paradise Lost.

John Milton (1608–1674).

Paradise Lost is an epic poem in blank verse by the English poet John Milton (1608–1674). The first version, published in 1667, consists of ten books with over ten thousand lines of verse. A second edition followed in 1674, arranged into twelve books (in the manner of Virgil's Aeneid) with minor revisions throughout.[1][2] It is considered to be Milton's masterpiece, and it helped solidify his reputation as one of the greatest English poets of all time.[3] The poem concerns the biblical story of the fall of man: the temptation of Adam and Eve by the fallen angel Satan and their expulsion from the Garden of Eden.

Here is a synopsis of the poem.

The poem follows the epic tradition of starting in medias res (lit. 'in the midst of things'), the background story being recounted later.

Milton's story has two narrative arcs, one about Satan (Lucifer) and the other about Adam and Eve. It begins after Satan and the other fallen angels have been defeated and banished to Hell, or, as it is also called in the poem, Tartarus. In Pandæmonium, the capital city of Hell, Satan employs his rhetorical skill to organise his followers; he is aided by Mammon and Beelzebub; Belial, Chemosh, and Moloch are also present. At the end of the debate, Satan volunteers to corrupt the newly created Earth and God's new and most favoured creation, Mankind. He braves the dangers of the Abyss alone, in a manner reminiscent of Odysseus or Aeneas. After an arduous traversal of the Chaos outside Hell, he enters God's new material World, and later the Garden of Eden.

At several points in the poem, an Angelic War over Heaven is recounted from different perspectives. Satan's rebellion follows the epic convention of large-scale warfare. The battles between the faithful angels and Satan's forces take place over three days. At the final battle, the Son of God single-handedly defeats the entire legion of angelic rebels and banishes them from Heaven. Following this purge, God creates the World, culminating in his creation of Adam and Eve. While God gave Adam and Eve total freedom and power to rule over all creation, he gave them one explicit

command: not to eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil on penalty of death.

Adam and Eve are presented as having a romantic and sexual relationship while still being without sin. They have passions and distinct personalities. Satan, disguised in the form of a serpent, successfully tempts Eve to eat from the Tree by preying on her vanity and tricking her with rhetoric. Adam, learning that Eve has sinned, knowingly commits the same sin. He declares to Eve that since she was made from his flesh, they are bound to one another – if she dies, he must also die. In this manner, Milton portrays Adam as a heroic figure, but also as a greater sinner than Eve, as he is aware that what he is doing is wrong.

After eating the fruit, Adam and Eve experience lust for the first time, which renders their next sexual encounter with one another unpleasant. At first, Adam is convinced that Eve was right in thinking that eating the fruit would be beneficial. However, they soon fall asleep and have terrible nightmares, and after they awake, they experience guilt and shame for the first time. Realising that they have committed a terrible act against God, they engage in mutual recrimination.

Meanwhile, Satan returns triumphantly to Hell, amid the praise of his fellow fallen angels. He tells them about how their scheme worked and Mankind has fallen, giving them complete dominion over Paradise. As he finishes his speech, however, the fallen angels around him become hideous snakes, and soon enough, Satan himself turns into a snake, deprived of limbs and unable to talk. Thus, they share the same punishment, as they shared the same guilt.

Eve appeals to Adam for reconciliation of their actions. Her encouragement enables them to approach God, and plead for forgiveness. In a vision shown to him by the Archangel Michael, Adam witnesses everything that will happen to Mankind until the Great Flood. Adam is very upset by this vision of the future, so Michael also tells him about Mankind's potential redemption from original sin through Jesus Christ (whom Michael calls "King Messiah"). Adam and Eve are cast out of Eden, and Michael says that Adam may find "a paradise within thee, happier far". Adam and Eve now have a more distant relationship with God, who is omnipresent but invisible (unlike the tangible Father in the Garden of Eden).

Fat Chance (Series 5, Episode 2).

At 22 minutes and 25 seconds Morse says, “For some we loved, the loveliest and the best“. This is from The Rubaiyat by Omar Khayyam. The quote is from verse 22 (there are over 100 versus).

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám is the title that Edward FitzGerald gave to his 1859 translation from Persian to English of a selection of quatrains (rubāʿiyāt) attributed to Omar Khayyam (1048–1131), dubbed "the Astronomer-Poet of Persia".

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám is a lyric poem in quatrains (four-line stanzas). Rather than telling a story with characters, a lyric poem presents the deep feelings and emotions of the poet on subjects such as life, death, love, and religion. The Rubáiyát was published in March 1859 but received little attention.

Omar Khayyam (full Arabic name Ghiyāth al-Dīn Abū al-Fatḥ ʿUmar ibn Ibrāhīm al-Nīsābūrī al-Khayyāmī; 1048-1131 AD) was a renaissance man long before the dawn of the European renaissance: an expert in subjects as diverse as mathematics, law, and philosophy. Khayyam (the family name literally meaning “tent-maker”) was born in Naishapur, in northeastern Persia, around the time when the Seljuk Turk (a central Asian tribe) dynasty began to rule the region. When he was 20, Khayyam moved to the great city of Samarkand, now in Uzbekistan, for work and further scholarship. It is in Samarkand that he wrote some of his greatest treatises on algebra.

Here is a summary of the poem.

The poem begins at dawn on the traditional Persian New Year’s Day, which occurs at the vernal equinox, the beginning of spring. As the sun scatters the night, the poet urges his companion to rise and accompany him. This companion, addressed later as “Thou” and “Love,” can be assumed to be the speaker’s beloved. Since many of the verses are addressed to the beloved, she is also the stand-in for the reader.

The speaker is eager to rise and seize the day before “life’s liquor in its cup runs dry” (Line 8) or before his brief life ends. In his half-waking state, he has heard the clamor of travelers impatient to enter a tavern, because they want to make the most of their stay, which is destined to be short. The tavern represents the world, and the travelers are human beings, who visit this tavern only once. The poet and his companion must also make speed because the time of the year symbolizes new movement and beginnings. Flowers as white as the hand of Moses (a biblical reference) are

blossoming on trees, while others are blooming from the ground as if raised by the breath of the resurrected Jesus.

If there is any permanence in this world, it is in the cycle of nature. Though the ancient city of fabulous Iram has long sunk in the ground and the great Persian emperor Jamshyd long dead, the garden, the vine, and the stream live on. Time has sealed shut the lips of the biblical David, composer of beautiful psalms and the wise king of Judea (corresponding to today's Israel), the nightingale continues to sing to the rose. Therefore, the speaker says, fill a cup with intoxicating wine and "in the Fire of Spring / The Winter Garment of Repentance fling" (Lines 25-26). The bird of time is already in flight, so why stay still?

The rose of each new spring drives further into oblivion the memory of Jamshyd and Kaikobad (a pre-Islamic legendary king of Persia). As the day awakens a thousand blossoms, so it casts also into death thousands of creatures, mortal as clay. However, the speaker or "old Khayyam" (Line 33) urges his companion not to dwell on mortality and come with him to the garden, the great equalizer, where the name of the slave and the name of the king are all equally dispensable. There, in the lap of nature, is the only paradise available to Khayyam: he and his beloved sitting under a bough, with bread, wine, and a book of poetry for succor. This short, perfect moment is heaven enough for the speaker. And it is only in such fleeting moments that transcendence and heaven exist.

Yet the beauty of the garden continues to remind the speaker of the impermanence of existence. Some people save money to acquire material wealth in this life, others save merits to acquire virtue for the next. Yet, with death the only truth, chasing all such goals is meaningless. Therefore, it is best to spend the cash one has on present enjoyment. The speaker urges the reader to look to the rose for inspiration: she is generous and reckless with her treasure or pollen, scattering it in the wind till it lands in the garden (Verse 13). The grower and consumer of golden grain both lie buried in the garden of life. Once they are in their graves, no one covets their bones (Verse 15). Thus, one must not forget to delight in life while pursuing material goals.

In Verse 16, the speaker compares the world to a "battered Caravanserai" (Line 61) or a rugged traveler's inn, through the doors of which sultan after sultan have passed and perished. Now only the "Lion and the Lizard keep / The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep" (Lines 65-66), emphasizing the transience of earthly power. A wild ass stomps over the grave of Bahram, a legendary hunter of Persian mythology. Nature consumes humans so it can breed other new life: Wild red roses bloom even

more crimson when irrigated by the blood of a fallen Caesar (emperor), and each purple hyacinth grows from a buried skull (Verse 18). The speaker urges his companion to tread gently on the tender herbs that grow on the river bank's lip, since they may rise from an unknown buried lip (Verse 19). Even the speaker and his companion will one day become the ground over which unknown generations are bound to tread. The fate of all humans is to turn "Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie, / Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer and—sans End!" (Lines 91-92).

In Verses 26-30, the speaker dismisses the consolations of knowledge and philosophy when it comes to the puzzle of the temporary nature of human existence. The muezzin or holy man's cry from the mosque mocks both those who hanker for worldly goods and those who covet the afterlife, since their "reward is neither Here or There" (Line 104). Thus, the speaker rejects the religious idea of life after death. He exhorts the reader to come with "old Khayyam" and leave the wise men to their notions, since the only certainty in life is death. When he was younger, the speaker did "eagerly frequent / Doctor and saint" (Lines 105-106) but ended up leaving by the same door he entered, that is to say, without learning a single lesson but one. All he learnt from the seemingly wise men was that even the wisest are as powerless before fate as an unknowing wave or wind is before its driving force (Verses 28-30). The wisest having failed him, the speaker sought an answer from the stars. In a meditative state, he rose to Saturn, the seventh planet orbiting Earth (medieval astronomy held a geocentric view of the universe; Saturn was the outermost observed planet) and could see life's many knots unraveled from his high perspective (Verse 31). But even from his high throne he could not unravel the knot of human death and fate. It remained obscured as a locked door and an impenetrable veil (Verse 32). What is the purpose of human life? The speaker found an answer to this question only in a goblet of intoxicating wine (Verses 33-35). Wine, symbolizing abandonment and living-in-the-now, is the one refuge of troubled human existence.

However, in the very next verse (Verse 36) the speaker returns to the question of mortality. The earthen goblet holding the wine reminds him of a potter thumping wet clay, clay being the symbol of the fragile human form. Shaking himself free of such dispiriting thoughts, the speaker turns his attention to the present moment. The stars have set, and the caravan of life is moving; so must he and his companion take advantage of the fleeting day (Verse 38). Rather than despair over the bitter fruit of life, the speaker wants to drown himself in the sweetness of the grape. After all, he, a man of logic and reason, has long divorced even those fruitless pursuits and married himself to wine, the daughter of the grape (Verses 39-40). The speaker has found no answers either in faith or in science.

An “Angel Shape” (Line 165) the speaker espies through the tavern door carries a flask of wine on his shoulder, which he bids the speaker taste. Thus, ironically, even the angels seem to be suggesting the speaker be devoted to the religion of wine and drinking. The all-powerful Grape (symbolizing wine) can “with Logic absolute / The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute” (Lines 109-10), or equally enamor scholars of the 72 clashing Islamic sects (symbolizing heated theological debate). The Grape is the alchemist that can transmute even life’s dull base metal into a state of golden perfection.

So, the speaker urges, it is best to fool around with life, since life too makes a fool of you (Verse 45). (The comparison of life with different games and sports continues in Verses 45-50.) What point is taking life seriously, since life anyway is a “Magic shadow show” (Line 182), a kind of shadow puppetry? Life can also be compared to a board of chess, with men and women as pieces played by destiny. One by one the pieces fall, only to be deposited at the back of a closet (Verse 49). The “Moving Finger” of destiny writes (Line 201) and “having writ / Moves on” (Lines 201-02); not a word it has written can be taken back or erased. In Verses 52 and 53, the speaker’s tone changes to a rare existential despair, where he compares the sky to an inverted bowl, under which people crawl around like trapped insects. Their cries for help do not affect the unfeeling, impotent sky. Ironically, birth itself is the beginning of the end of man, and creation itself signals the day of reckoning (Verse 53).

However, the speaker knows one thing for sure. When destiny flagged off the race of life and threw the “flaming foal” of the sun (Line 214) over the shoulder of Mushtara (Jupiter) and Parwin (the Pleiades), it also set aside a plot of “Dust and Soul” (Line 216) for the speaker. Thus, the speaker does have a place in the scheme of things, an idea which is at odds with the despair of the preceding rubais or verse. The speaker’s tone shifts again in Verse 55. He now describes his soul as clinging to the grape-vine, producer of intoxication. In this intoxication he has found answers to riddles that evade even the Sufi mystic. The speaker has learnt that it is better to find a flash of truth or divine inspiration in the tavern, rather than remain uninspired in a temple or a mosque (Verse 56).

In Verse 57, the speaker directly addresses God, referring to divinity as “thou.” If God has exposed the speaker (symbolizing humanity) to the pitfalls of drinking (original sin), how can the speaker be blamed for sinning? The speaker is only walking the path on which God set him. After all, it was God who created the serpent in the garden of Eden in the Bible, which led to the fall of Adam and Eve (Verse 58).

The poem now enters a section called the “Kuza-Nama” or “Book of Pots.” From Verses 59-66, the speaker recalls an experience at a potter’s shop in the month of the crescent moon, or the holy period of Ramzan. Some of the pots could speak while others were mute. The chattering pots debated “Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?” (Line 240). Why should the potter (God) create the pots only to break them mercilessly? If the potter was a good potter, why were some pots created unequal and flawed (the diseased and the unlucky; Verse 63). Some pots answered that the potter was a good man, despite his smoke-dark face, which of course is an allusion to the devil (Verse 64). Thus, the pots could not tell if their creator was benevolent or malicious; however, the wisest pot knew its sole purpose was to be filled up with the elixir that is wine.

The Kuza-Nama ends, and the speaker declares his sole wish is to be watered with plenty of wine for the rest of his life (Verse 67). When he dies, he wants to be wrapped in grape leaves and buried in a sweet vineyard. Thus buried, his body will throw up such a sweet scent, it will convert even the most devout passerby to a believer in the faith of the Grape (Verse 68). Even though drinking has made him lose his honor and reputation in the eyes of men, the speaker cannot mend his ways. Sure, he has sworn to repent many times, but he has not been sober even once while making that promise (Verse 69)! Besides, he would gladly lose his honor in exchange for wine. In his eyes wine is so precious, its sellers make a loss even when they sell it for a great profit (because they end up parting from wine; Verse 71).

As night (and the poem’s end) approaches, the speaker’s tone turns contemplative. He returns to the metaphors of nightingale, rose, and spring to lament the end of the day, as well as youth (Verse 72). He wishes he and his beloved could conspire with fate to change the laws of nature and mortality and “re-mould it nearer to the Heart’s Desire” (Line 222). The speaker addresses his beloved as “the moon of my Delight” (Line 223), who unlike the heavenly moon, stays constant without waxing or waning. As the moon ascends the sky, the speaker has a premonition of his beloved looking at future moons emptily after he dies.

In the final rubai (Verse 75), the speaker addresses the reader, who may one night be passing a moonlit “star-scattered” (Line 298) garden (the stars representing other poets or people), where Khayyam is buried. When the reader reaches Khayyam’s grave, he should simply pour a cup of wine over it as a libation.

Greeks Bearing Gifts (Series 5, Episode 4).

At the end of the episode after Lewis's quote from his mother Morse quotes the poet Virgil (Born: 70 BC, Died: 19 BC), "I fear the Greeks even when they come bearing gifts". The quote comes from Virgil's poem 'Aeneid'.

Publius Vergilius Maro usually called Virgil or Vergil in English. 70BC – 19BC.

The Aeneid comprises 9,896 lines in dactylic hexameter.

Here is a summary of the epic poem.

The first six of the poem's twelve books tell the story of Aeneas' wanderings from Troy to Italy, and the poem's second half tells of the Trojans' ultimately victorious war upon the Latins, under whose name Aeneas and his Trojan followers are destined to be subsumed.

The hero Aeneas was already known to Greco-Roman legend and myth, having been a character in the Iliad. Virgil took the disconnected tales of Aeneas' wanderings, his vague association with the foundation of Rome and his description as a personage of no fixed characteristics other than a scrupulous pietas, and fashioned the Aeneid into a compelling founding myth or national epic that tied Rome to the legends of Troy, explained the Punic Wars, glorified traditional Roman virtues, and legitimised the Julio-Claudian dynasty as descendants of the founders, heroes, and gods of Rome and Troy.

The Aeneid is widely regarded as Virgil's masterpiece and one of the greatest works of Latin literature.

Cherubim and Seraphim (Series 6, Episode 5).

At around the 22-minute mark Morse is talking to Marilyn's teacher. Morse says, "Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well." This is a line from Sylvia Plath's wonderful poem, Lady Lazarus.

Sylvia Plath 1932 – 1963.

Lady Lazarus

I have done it again.

One year in every ten

I manage it——

A sort of walking miracle, my skin

Bright as a Nazi lampshade,

My right foot

A paperweight,

My face a featureless, fine

Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin

O my enemy.

Do I terrify?——

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?

The sour breath

Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.
What a trash
To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot——
The big strip tease.
Gentlemen, ladies

These are my hands
My knees.
I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.
The first time it happened I was ten.
It was an accident.

The second time I meant
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut

As a seashell.
They had to call and call
And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

'A miracle!'
That knocks me out.
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge

For the hearing of my heart——
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.
So, so, Herr Doktor.
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,
I am your valuable,
The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash—
You poke and stir.
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there——

A cake of soap,
A wedding ring,
A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer
Beware

Beware.

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.

Published 1965.

The Way Through the Woods. (The first of five specials).

At the end of the episode Lewis quotes Rudyard Kipling though he doesn't realise he is. "If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster And treat those two impostors just the same." This is a quote from Kipling's poem, If.

Rudyard Kipling 1865 – 1936.

If.

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,
And—which is more—you’ll be a Man, my son!

Published circa 1895.

Staying with the above episode, the title The Way Through the Woods is the title of another Kipling poem.

The Way Through The Woods.

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.

It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate,
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few.)
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,

As though they perfectly knew

The old lost road through the woods…

But there is no road through the woods.

Published 1910.

In the same episode, The Way Through the Woods another Kipling poem is quoted, The White Man’s Burden.

The White Man’s Burden.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

2

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

3

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of famine
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,

Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hopes to nought.

4

Take up the White Man's burden—
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead!

5

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward,
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah slowly!) toward the light—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
"Our loved Egyptian night?"

6

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

7

Take up the White Man's burden—
    Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
    The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
    Through all the thankless years,
Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom,
    The judgement of your peers.

Published 1899.

Another Kipling poem is also referenced regarding the character of Karen Anderson as 'The Female of the Species.'

The Female of the Species.

When the Himalayan peasant meets the she-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside.
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail [1]
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the careless foot of man,
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can.
But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,
They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws.
'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts pale
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say,
For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;
But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale -
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations - worm and savage otherwise, -
Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise.
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe.
Mirth obscene diverts his anger - Doubt and Pity oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue - to the scandal of The Sex! (2)

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same;
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast
May not deal in doubt or pity - must not swerve for fact or jest.
These be purely male diversions - not in these her honour dwells.
She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else. (3)

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate.
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same. (4)

She is wedded to convictions - in default of grosser ties;
Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him who denies! -
He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild,
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges - even so the she-bear fights,
Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons - even so the cobra bites,
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw

And the victim writhes in anguish - like the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer
With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands
To some God of Abstract Justice - which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern - shall enthral but not enslave him.
And She knows, because She warns him, and Her instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly than the Male.

Published 1911.

The Daughters of Cain. (The second of five specials).

At around 9 minutes and 50 seconds Morse says to Lewis, when he remarks that the newlyweds never got up until 1pm, “Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be in bed was very heaven.” Morse paraphrased lines from a William Wordsworth poem, The French Revolution as It Appeared to Enthusiasts at Its Commencement.

William Wordsworth 1770 – 1850.

The French Revolution as It Appeared to Enthusiasts at Its Commencement.

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!

Published 1804.

Death is Now my Neighbour (Third of five specials).

At around the **4m mark** Strange says that he hates this time of the month. Morse replies, “April is the cruellest month.” This quote is the opening line to T.S. Eliot’s most famous poem, The Wasteland.

Thomas Stearns Eliot 1888 – 1965.

The Waste Land.

‘Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω.’

For Ezra Pound
il miglior fabbro.

Toggle annotations

I. The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding

Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

Memory and desire, stirring

Dull roots with spring rain.

Winter kept us warm, covering

Earth in forgetful snow, feeding

A little life with dried tubers.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee

With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,

And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,

And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

Bin gar keine Russin, stamm’ aus Litauen, echt deutsch.

And when we were children, staying at the archduke’s,

My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?

'You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
'They called me the hyacinth girl.'
—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Oed' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: 'Stetson!
‘You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
‘That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
‘Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
‘Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
‘Oh keep the Dog far hence, that’s friend to men,
‘Or with his nails he’ll dig it up again!
‘You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!”

II. A Game of Chess

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,

Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carvéd dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
'Jug Jug' to dirty ears.
And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

'My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.
What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
I never know what you are thinking. Think.'

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

'What is that noise?'

The wind under the door.

‘What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?’

Nothing again nothing.

‘Do

‘You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

‘Nothing?’

I remember

Those are pearls that were his eyes.

‘Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?’

But

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—

It’s so elegant

So intelligent

‘What shall I do now? What shall I do?’

‘I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street

‘With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?

‘What shall we ever do?’

The hot water at ten.

And if it rains, a closed car at four.

And we shall play a game of chess,

Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

When Lil’s husband got demobbed, I said—

I didn’t mince my words, I said to her myself,

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Now Albert’s coming back, make yourself a bit smart.

He’ll want to know what you done with that money he gave you

To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.

You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,

He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.

And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,

He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,

And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

Others can pick and choose if you can't.

But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.

You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.

(And her only thirty-one.)

I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

(She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)

The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

You are a proper fool, I said.

Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

What you get married for if you don't want children?

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,

And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

III. The Fire Sermon

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of City directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.
By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him.
White bodies naked on the low damp ground
And bones cast in a little low dry garret,

Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.
O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forc'd.
Tereu

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter noon
Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
Asked me in demotic French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives

Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
Bestows one final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit . . .

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
'Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over.'
When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

'This music crept by me upon the waters'
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach

Past the Isle of Dogs.

Weialala leia

Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester

Beating oars

The stern was formed

A gilded shell

Red and gold

The brisk swell

Rippled both shores

Southwest wind

Carried down stream

The peal of bells

White towers

Weialala leia

Wallala leialala

‘Trams and dusty trees.

Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew

Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees

Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe.’

‘My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart

Under my feet. After the event

He wept. He promised a ‘new start.’

I made no comment. What should I resent?’

‘On Margate Sands.

I can connect

Nothing with nothing.

The broken fingernails of dirty hands.

My people humble people who expect

Nothing.’

la la

To Carthage then I came

Burning burning burning burning

O Lord Thou pluckest me out

O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

IV. Death by Water

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,

Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell

And the profit and loss.

A current under sea

Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell

He passed the stages of his age and youth

Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew

O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,

Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

V. What the Thunder Said

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain

There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mudcracked houses
If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock
And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
—But who is that on the other side of you?

What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming

Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Co co rico co co rico
In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
Bringing rain

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
DA
Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms
DA
Dayadhvam: I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA
Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina

Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

Published 1922.

In the same episode as above, at around 34 and a half minutes, Clixby and Shelly Cornford are having tea. She says, “Experience and innocence, you know?” A reference to William Blake’s, ‘Songs of Innocence and of Experience.’

William Blake 1757 – 1827.

Songs of Innocence and of Experience is a collection of illustrated poems by William Blake. Originally, Blake illuminated and bound Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience separately. It was only in 1794 that Blake combined the two sets of poems into a volume titled Songs of Innocence and of Experience Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul. Even after beginning to print the poems together, Blake continued to produce individual volumes for each of the two sets of poetry.

Again, from the episode, Death is Now my Neighbour, Denis returns from jogging at around 42m he hugs Shelly. She says, “This first fine careless rapture, it’s supposed to wear off.” This is reference to a line in Home-Thoughts, from Abroad by Robert Browning.

Robert Browning 1812 – 1889.

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad.

Oh, to be in England

Now that April's there,

And whoever wakes in England

Sees, some morning, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough

In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,

And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew

The buttercups, the little children's dower

—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Published 1845.

Again, from the above-mentioned episode, at 1h37m Morse, in Strange's office says; 'That which we are, we are. One equal temper of heroic hearts, Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield' from the poem Ulysses by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Alfred Lord Tennyson 1809 – 1892.

Ulysses.

It little profits that an idle king,

By this still hearth, among these barren crags,

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink

Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd

Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades

Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known; cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments,

Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met;

Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades

For ever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Published 1842 (Written in 1833).

The Wench is Dead (Fourth of five specials).

At 24minutes Strange says, “Angel of Death fluttered its wings over his head.” This may be Strange paraphrasing Byron’s The Destruction of Sennacherib.

George Gordon Byron, 6th Baron Byron 1788 – 1824.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Published 1815.

From the same episode as mentioned above, Near the end of the episode Morse says to the doctor, “To make an end is to make a beginning. The end is where we start from.” This is from the T.S. Eliot poem, Little Gidding.

Thomas Stearns Eliot 1888 – 1965.

Little Gidding is the fourth and final poem of T. S. Eliot's Four Quartets, a series of poems that discuss time, perspective, humanity, and salvation. It was first published in September 1942 after being delayed for over a year because of the air-raids on Great Britain during World War II and Eliot's declining health. The title refers to a small Anglican community in Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, established by Nicholas Ferrar in the 17th century and scattered during the English Civil War.

Critics classify Little Gidding as a poem of fire with an emphasis on purgation and the Pentecostal fire. The beginning of the poem discusses time and winter, with attention paid to the arrival of summer. The images of snow, which provoke desires for a spiritual life, transition into an analysis of the four classical elements of fire, earth, air and water and how fire is the primary element of the four. Following this is a discussion on death and destruction, things unaccomplished, and regret for past events.[6] The section evokes a spiritual pilgrimage to Little Gidding, a site associated with prayer and community, emphasizing that the journey is not about verification or gaining knowledge but about spiritual stillness and transformation. A “timeless moment” emerges, suggesting an intersection of the human and divine.

The quote from the episode is from this section of the poem.

“What we call the beginning is often the end

And to make an end is to make a beginning.

The end is where we start from…

We shall not cease from exploration

And the end of all our exploring

Will be to arrive where we started

And know the place for the first time.

Through the unknown, remembered gate

When the last of earth left to discover

Is that which was the beginning…”

The Remorseful Day. (The last Morse episode).

The title of the episode is in reference to A.E. Housman's poem, How Clear, How Lovely Bright.

'How Clear, How Lovely Bright', written in the 1880s while Housman was living in London and working at the Patent Office after failing his degree in Classics at Oxford, was one of a number of poems which Housman preserved but didn't publish. When he died in 1936, his brother Laurence selected the best of these poems and published them as More Poems.

Alfred Edward Housman 1859 – 1936.

How Clear, How Lovely Bright.

How clear, how lovely bright,
How beautiful to sight
Those beams of morning play;
How heaven laughs out with glee
Where, like a bird set free,
Up from the eastern sea
Soars the delightful day.

To-day I shall be strong,
No more shall yield to wrong,
Shall squander life no more;
Days lost, I know not how,
I shall retrieve them now;
Now I shall keep the vow
I never kept before.

Ensanguining the skies
How heavily it dies
Into the west away;
Past touch and sight and sound
Not further to be found,
How hopeless under ground
Falls the remorseful day.

Published: Written in 1880s but never in his lifetime.