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OSCAR WILDE'S MUSICAL REFERENCES

A list of the most important occurrences of musical terms in the Complete Works of Oscar Wilde

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Reference text:

OSCAR WILDE, *The Complete Works of Oscar Wilde*, with an Introduction by Merlin Holland, Glasgow, HarperCollins Publishers, 2003.

THE STORIES

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Preface

From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the **musician**. (Page 17)

Chapter one

The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant **organ**. (Page 18)

But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the **harmony** of any face. (Page 19)

Chapter two

As they entered they saw Dorian Gray. He was seated at the **piano** with his back to them, turning over the pages of a volume of **Schumann's** Forest Scenes. (Page 26)

We were to have played a duet together – three duets I believe. (Page 27)

The audience probably thought it was a duet. When Aunt Agatha is down to the piano she makes quite enough noise for two people. (Page 27)

He becomes an echo of someone else's **music**, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. (Page 28)

"And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low, **musical voice**, and with that graceful wave of the hand that was so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Eton days. (Page 28)

The few words that Basil's friend had said to him – words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in them – had touched some secret **chord** that had never been touched before, but that he felt was now **vibrating** and throbbing to curious pulses. (Page 29)

Music had stirred him like that. **Music** had troubled him many times. But **music** was not articulate. (Page 29)

They seemed to be able to give a plastic form to formless things, and to have a **music** of their own as sweet as that of **viol** or of **lute**. (Page 29)

There was something in his low, languid voice that was absolutely fascinating. His cool white, flower-like hands, even, had a curious charm. They moved as he spoke, like **music**, and seemed to have a language of their own. (Page 29)

Chapter three

To project one's soul into some gracious form, and let it tarry there for a moment; to hear one's own intellectual views echoed back to one with all the added **music** of passion and youth; (Page 40)

“Oh Harry, I’m quite vexed with you. Why do you try to persuade our nice Mr Dorian Gray to give up the East End? I assure you he would be quite invaluable. They would love his **playing**.” (Page 42)

“I want him to **play** to me”, cried Lord Henry, smiling, and he looked down the table and caught a bright answering glance. (Page 42)

The praise of folly, has he went on, soared into a philosophy, and Philosophy herself became young, and catching the mad **music** of pleasure, wearing, one might fancy, her wine-stained robe and wreath of ivy, **danced** like a Bacchante over the hills of life, and mocked the slow Silenus for being sober. (Page 43)

He charmed his listeners out of themselves, and they followed his **pipe** laughing. (Page 43)

Chapter four

“Well, eighteen, then. And I saw you with him the other night at the **Opera**” (Page 45)

“That was *Lohengrin*, Lady Henry, I think?” (Page 45)

“Yes it was at dear *Lohengrin*. I like **Wagner’s music** better than anybody’s. It is so loud that one can talk the whole time without other people hearing what one says. That is a great advantage; don’t you think so, Mr. Gray?” (Page 45)

“I’m afraid I don’t think so, Lady Henry, I never talk during **music**, at least during good **music**. If one hears bad **music** it is one’s duty to draw it in conversation.” (Page 46)

But you must not think I don’t like good **music**. I adore it, but I’m afraid of it. It makes me too romantic. I have simply worshipped **pianists** – two at a time, sometimes, Harry tells me. (Page 46)

We have had such a pleasant chat about **music**. (Page 46)

There was a dreadful **orchestra**, presided over by a young Hebrew who sat at a cracked **piano** that nearly drove me away, but at last the drop-scene was draw up and the play began. (Page 48)

To note the curious hard logic of passion and the emotional coloured life of the intellect, to observe where they met and where they separated, at what point they were in **unison**, and at what point they were at **discord** – the was a delight in that! (Page 53)

He was conscious – and the thought brought a gleam of pleasure into his brown agate eyes – that it was through certain words of his, **musical** words said with **musical** utterance, that Dorian Gray’s soul had turned to this white girl and bowed in worship before her. (Page 53)

Chapter five

Chapter six

Chapter seven

Harry is so cynical, he terrifies me. But here is the **orchestra**. It is quite dreadful, but it only lasts for about five minutes. (Page 69)

The **band**, such as it was struck up a few bars of **music** and the **dance** began. (Page 69)

The **voice** was exquisite, but from the point of view of **tone** it was absolutely false. (Page 69)

Chapter eight

They contained the usual collections of cards, invitation to dinner, tickets for private views, programmes of charity **concerts**, and the like, that are showered on fashionable young man, every morning during the **season**. (Page 76)

You must come and dine with me, and afterwards we will look in at the **Opera**. It is a **Patti** night, and everybody will be there. (Page 79)

To you at least, she was always a dream, a phantom that flitted through Shakespeare's plays and left them lovelier for its presence, a reed through which Shakespeare's **music** sounded richer and more full of joy. (Page 82)

"I think I shall join you at the **Opera**, Harry" (Page 83)

"Good bye. I shall see you before nine-thirty, I hope. Remember, **Patti** is **singing**." (Page 83)

Nay, without thought or conscious desire, might not things external to ourselves **vibrate** in **unison** with our moods and passions, atom calling atom in secret love of strange affinity? (Page 84)

An hour later he was at the **Opera** and Lord Henry was leaning over his chair. (Page 84)

Chapter nine

"I called last night, and they told me you were at the **Opera**." (Page 85)

"I was at the **Opera**. You should have come on there." (Page 85)

"She is perfectly charming; and **Patti** sang divinely." (Page 85)

"You went to the **Opera**?" (Page 85)

"You went to the **Opera** while Sybil Vane was lying dead in some sordid lodging? You can talk to me of other people being charming, and of **Patti** singing divinely, before the girl you loved has even the quiet of a grave to sleep in?" (Page 85)

Chapter ten

It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate **sound of flutes**, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. (Page 96)

The mere cadence of the sentences, the subtle monotony of their **music**, so full as it was of complex **refrains** and **movements** elaborately repeated, produced in the mind of the lad, as he passed from chapter to chapter, a form of reverie, a malady of dreaming, that made him unconscious of the falling day and creeping shadows. (Page 96)

Chapter eleven

Once or twice every month during the winter, and on each Wednesday evening while the **season** lasted, he would throw open to the world his beautiful house and have the most celebrated **musicians** of the day to charm his guests with the wonders of their art. (Page 98)

At another time he devoted himself entirely to **music**, and in a long latticed room, with a vermilion-and-gold ceiling and walls of olive-green lacquer, he used to give curious **concerts** in which mad gipsies tore wild music from little **zithers**, or grave, yellow-shawled Tunisians plucked at the strained strings of monstrous **lutes**, while grinning Negroes beat monotonously upon copper **drums** and, crouching upon scarlet mats, slim turbaned Indians blew through long **pipes** of reed or brass and charmed - or feigned to charm - great hooded snakes and horrible horned adders. The harsh intervals and shrill **discords** of barbaric **music** stirred him at times when **Schubert's** grace, and **Chopin's** beautiful sorrows, and the mighty harmonies of **Beethoven** himself, fell unheeded on his ear. He collected together from all parts of the world the strangest **instruments** that could be found, either in the tombs of dead nations or among the few savage tribes that have survived contact with Western civilizations, and loved to touch and try them. He had the mysterious **juruparis** of the Rio Negro Indians, that women are not allowed to look at and that even youths may not see till they have been subjected to fasting and scourging, and the earthen **jars** of the Peruvians that have the shrill cries of birds, and **flutes** of human bones such as Alfonso de Ovalle heard in Chile, and the sonorous green **jaspers** that are found near Cuzco and give forth a **note** of singular sweetness. He had painted **gourds** filled with pebbles that rattled when they were shaken; the long **clarin** of the Mexicans, into which the performer does not blow, but through which he inhales the air; the harsh **ture** of the Amazon tribes, that is sounded by the sentinels who sit all day long in high trees, and can be heard, it is said, at a distance of three leagues; the **teponaztli**, that has two vibrating tongues of wood and is beaten with sticks that are smeared with an elastic gum obtained from the milky juice of plants; the **yotl-bells** of the Aztecs, that are hung in

clusters like grapes; and a huge cylindrical **drum**, covered with the skins of great serpents, like the one that Bernal Diaz saw when he went with Cortes into the Mexican temple, and of whose doleful sound he has left us so vivid a description. The fantastic character of these **instruments** fascinated him, and he felt a curious delight in the thought that art, like Nature, has her monsters, things of bestial shape and with hideous voices. Yet, after some time, he wearied of them, and would sit in his box at the **Opera**, either alone or with Lord Henry, listening in rapt pleasure to "**Tannhäuser**" and seeing in the prelude to that great work of art a presentation of the tragedy of his own soul. (Page 101)

And the coat that Charles of Orleans once wore, on the sleeves of which were embroidered the verses of a song beginning "Madame, je suis tout joyeux", the **musical** accompaniment of the words being wrought in gold thread, and each **note**, of square shape in those days, formed with four pearls. (Page 104)

In the seventh chapter he tells how, crowned with laurel, lest lightning might strike him, he had sat, as Tiberius, in a garden at Capri, reading the shameful books of Elephantis, while dwarfs and peacocks strutted round him and the **flute-player** mocked the swinger of the censer. (Page 108)

Chapter twelve

Chapter thirteen

His own **voice sounded** shrill and curious in his ears. (Page 115)

There was a stifled groan and the horrible **sound** of someone choking with blood. (Page 117)

Once, she began to **sing** in a hoarse **voice**. (Page 117)

Chapter fourteen

He began to brood over those verses which, drawing **music** from kiss-stained marble, tell of that curious statue that Gautier compares to a **contralto voice**, the "monstre charmant" that couches in the porphyry-room of the Louvre. (Page 121)

He was an excellent **musician**, however, as well, and **played** both the **violin** and the **piano** better than most amateurs. In fact, it was **music** that had first brought him and Dorian Gray together--**music** and that indefinable attraction that Dorian seemed to be able to exercise whenever he wished-- and, indeed, exercised often without being conscious of it. They had met at Lady Berkshire's the night that **Rubinstein** played there, and after that used to be always seen together at the **Opera** and wherever good **music** was going on. (Page

121-122)

He had changed, too - was strangely melancholy at times, appeared almost to dislike hearing **music**, and would never himself **play**, giving as his excuse, when he was called upon, that he was so absorbed in science that he had no time left in which to practise. (Page 122)

The brain had its own food on which it battered, and the imagination, made grotesque by terror, twisted and distorted as a living thing by pain, **danced** like some foul puppet on a stand and grinned through moving masks. (Page 122)

Chapter fifteen

It was some consolation that Harry was to be there, and when the door opened and he heard his slow **musical voice** lending charm to some insincere apology, he ceased to feel bored. (Page 129)

Chapter sixteen

The coarse brawl, the loathsome den, the crude violence of disordered life, the very vileness of thief and outcast, were more vivid, in their intense actuality of impression, than all the gracious shapes of Art, the dreamy shadows of **Song**. (Page 135)

Chapter seventeen

Chapter eighteen

Chapter nineteen

Let us have our coffee in the **music-room**, Dorian. You must play **Chopin** to me. The man with whom my wife ran away played **Chopin** exquisitely. (Page 152)

Dorian said nothing, but rose from the table, and passing into the next room, sat down to the **piano** and let his fingers stray across the white and black ivory of the keys. (Page 152)

Dorian Gray shook his head and struck some soft **chords** on the **piano**. "Like the painting of a sorrow," he repeated, "a face without a heart." (Page 153)

The **music** jarred, and Dorian Gray started and stared at his friend. "Why do you ask me that, Harry?" (Page 153)

Play me something. **Play** me a **nocturne**, Dorian, and, as you play, tell me, in a low voice, how you have kept your youth. (Page 154)

How lovely that thing you are **playing** is! I wonder, did **Chopin** write it at Majorca, with the

sea weeping round the villa and the salt spray dashing against the panes? It is marvellously romantic. What a blessing it is that there is one art left to us that is not imitative! Don't stop. I want **music** to-night. It seems to me that you are the young Apollo and that I am Marsyas listening to you. (Page 154)

And it has all been to you no more than the **sound of music**. It has not marred you. You are still the same. (Page 154)

But a chance tone of colour in a room or a morning sky, a particular perfume that you had once loved and that brings subtle memories with it, a line from a forgotten poem that you had come across again, a cadence from a piece of **music** that you had ceased to **play** - I tell you, Dorian, that it is on things like these that our lives depend. (Page 155)

Life has been your art. You have set yourself to **music**. Your days are your sonnets. (Page 155)

Why have you stopped **playing**, Dorian? Go back and give me the **nocturne** over again. Look at that great, honey-coloured moon that hangs in the dusky air. She is waiting for you to charm her, and if you **play** she will come closer to the earth. (Page 155)

Do stay. You have never **played** so well as to-night. There was something in your touch that was wonderful. (Page 155)

Chapter twenty

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime – A Study of Duty

As soon as she had gone, Lady Windermere returned to the picture gallery, where a celebrated political economist was solemnly explaining the scientific theory of **music** to an indignant virtuoso from Hungary, and began to talk to the duchess of Paisley. (Page 160)

All my **pianists** look exactly like poets; and all my poets look exactly like **pianists**. (Page 161)

“Ah, a **pianist!** I see,” said Mr. Podgers, “an excellent **pianist**, but perhaps hardly a **musician**. Very reserved, very honest, and with a great love for animals.”(Page 162)

In fact, many people seemed afraid to face the odd little man with his stereotyped smile, his gold spectacles, and his bright, beady eyes; and when he told poor Lady Fermor right out before everyone, that she did not care a bit for **music**, but was extremely fond of **musicians**, it was generally felt that chiromancy was a most dangerous science, and one that ought not to be encouraged, except in a tête-à-tête. (Page 163)

The Canterville Ghost – A Hilo-Idealistic Romance

His plan of action was this. He was to make his way quietly to Washington Otis's room, gibber at him from the foot of the bed, and stab himself three times in the throat to the sound of a slow **music**. (Page 190)

Just as they were passing out of the dining-room, midnight began to boom from the clock tower, and when the last stroke sounded they heard a crash and a sudden shrill cry; a dreadful peal of thunder shook the house, a strain of unearthly **music** floated through the air, a panel at the top of the staircase flew back with a loud noise, and out on the landing, looking very pale and white, with a little casket in her hand, stepped Virginia. (Page 200)

As she did so, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and flooded with its silent silver the little churchyard, and from a distant copse a nightingale began to **sing**. (Page 202)

The Sphinx without a Secret– An Etching

The Model Millionaire – A Note of Admiration

A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES

The Young King

And, indeed, it was the hunters who had found him, coming upon him almost by chance as, bare-limbed and **pipe** in hand, he was following the flock of the poor goatherd who had brought him up, and whose son he had always fancied himself to be. The child of the King's only daughter, by a secret marriage with one much beneath her in station – a stranger, some said, who, by the wonderful magic of his **lute-playing**, had made the young princess love him. (Page 213)

Far away, in an orchard, a nightingale was **singing**. A faint perfume of jasmine came through the open window. He brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and taking up a **lute**, let his fingers stray across the **cords**. (Page 215)

At the prow of the galley sat a shark-charmer, beating monotonously upon a **drum**. (Page 217)

In the fair raiment of a king he stood before them, and the organ pealed out its **music**, and the **trumpeters** blew upon their **trumpets**, and the **singing** boys **sang**. (Page 222)

The Birthday of the Infanta

A troop of handsome Egyptians - as the gipsies were termed in those days - then advanced into the arena, and sitting down cross-legs, in a circle, began to play softly upon their **zithers**, moving their bodies to the tune, and humming, almost below their breath, a low dreamy **air**. (Page 227)

So they **played** on very gently and just touching the **CORDS** of the **zithers** with their long pointed nails, and their heads began to nod as though they were falling asleep. Suddenly, with a cry so shrill that all the children were startled and Don Pedro's hand clutched at the agate pommel of his dagger, they leapt to their feet and whirled madly round the enclosure beating their **tambourines**, and chaunting some wild love-**song** in their strange guttural language. Then at another signal they all flung themselves again to the ground and lay there quite still, the dull strumming of the **zithers** being the only **sound** that broke the silence. (Page 227)

The Fisherman and his Soul

"I will not let thee go save thou makest me a promise that whenever I call thee, thou wilt come and **sing** to me, for the fish delight to listen to the **song** of the Sea-folk, and so shall my nets be full." (Page 236)

And she **sang** a marvellous song. For she **sang** of the Sea-folk who drive their flocks from cave to cave, and carry the little calves on their shoulders; of the Tritons who have long green beards, and hairy breasts, and blow through twisted conchs when the King passes by; of the palace of the King which is all of amber, with a roof of clear emerald, and a pavement of bright pearl; and of the gardens of the sea where the great filigrane fans of coral wave all day long, and the fish dart about like silver birds, and the anemones cling to the rocks, and the pinks burgeon in the ribbed yellow sand. She **sang** of the big whales that come down from the north seas and have sharp icicles hanging to their fins; of the Sirens who tell of such wonderful things that the merchants have to stop their ears with wax lest they should hear them, and leap into the water and be drowned; of the sunken galleys with their tall masts, and the frozen sailors clinging to the rigging, and the mackerel swimming in and out of the open portholes; of the little barnacles who are great travellers, and cling to the keels of the ships and go round and round the world; and of the cuttlefish who live in the sides of the cliffs and stretch out their long black arms, and can make night come when they will it. She sang of the nautilus who has a boat of her own that is carved out of an opal and steered with a silken sail; of the happy Mermen who play upon **harps** and can charm the great Kraken to sleep; of the little children who catch hold of the slippery porpoises and ride laughing upon their backs; of the Mermaids who lie in the white

foam and hold out their arms to the mariners; and of the sea-lions with their curved tusks, and the sea-horses with their floating manes. (Page 237)

And as she **sang**, all the funny-fish came in from the deep to listen to her, and the young Fisherman threw his nets round them and caught them, and others he took with a spear. (Page 237)

And in the morning the Priest went forth to bless the sea, for it had been troubled. And with him went the monks and the **musicians**, and the candle-bearers, and the swingers of censers, and a great company. (Page 258)

The Star-Child

And his companions followed him, for he was fair, and fleet of foot, and could **dance**, and **pipe**, and make **music**. (Page 262)

THE HAPPY PRINCE

The Happy Prince

The Nightingale and the Rose

“She said that she would **dance** with me if I brought her red roses”. (Page 278)

“The Prince gives a **ball** to-morrow night,” murmured the young Student, “and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will **dance** with me till dawn”. (Page 278)

What I **sing** of he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. (Page 278)

“The **musicians** will sit in their gallery,” said the young Student, “and **play** upon their stringed **instruments**, and my love will **dance** to the **sound** of the **harp** and the **violin**. She will **dance** so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her.”(Page 278)

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will **sing** you my sweetest **song**.” (Page 279)

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“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will **sing** you my sweetest **song**.” (Page 279)

“If you want a red rose,” said the Tree, “you must build it out of **music** by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must **sing** to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must **sing** to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine.” (Page 279)

“Be happy,” cried the Nightingale, “be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out

of **music** by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood." (Page 280)

"**Sing** me one last **song**," he whispered; "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone." So the Nightingale **sang** to the Oak-tree, and her **voice** was like water bubbling from a silver jar. (Page 280)

When she had finished her **song** the Student got lip, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove – "that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of **music**, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful **notes** in her **voice**. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." (Page 280)

All night long she **sang** with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she **sang**, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her. (Page 280)

She **sang** first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as **song** followed **song**. (Page 280)

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her **song**, for she **sang** of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid. (Page 280)

Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her **song**, for she **sang** of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb. (Page 281)

Fainter and fainter grew her **song**, and she felt something choking her in her throat. (Page 281)

Then she gave one last burst of **music**. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. (Page 281)

The Selfish Giant

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely **music**. It **sounded** so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's **musicians** passing by. It was really only a little linnets **singing** outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird **sing** in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful **music** in the world. (Page 284)

The Devoted Friend

The Remarkable Rocket

Then the moon rose like a wonderful silver shield; and the stars began to shine, and a **sound of music** came from the palace. (Page 298)

The Prince and Princess were leading the **dance**. They danced so beautifully that the tall white lilies peeped in at the window and watched them, and the great red poppies nodded their heads and beat time. (Page 298)

“What a delightful **voice** you have!” cried the Frog. “Really it is quite like a croak, and croaking is of course the most **musical sound** in the world. You will hear our glee-club this evening”. (Page 299)

“A delightful **voice**, certainly,” continued the Frog. (Page 299)

The Portrait of Mr. W.H.

He tried to smile, but there was a point of poignant pathos that I remember to the present day, as one remembers the **tone** of a particular **violin** that has charmed one, the touch of a particular’s woman’s hand. (Page 313)

“Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and **musical**

As bright Apollo’s **lute**, strung with his hair,” (Page 314)

Yes; who else but he could have been the master-mistress of Shakespeare’s passion, the lord of his love to whom he was bound in vassalage, the delicate minion of pleasure, the rose of the whole world, the herald of the spring decked in the proud livery of youth, the lovely boy whom it was sweet **music** to hear, and whose beauty was the very raiment of Shakespeare’s heart, as it was the keystone of his dramatic power? (Page 320)

And into the well of beauty he had emptied the sweet fountain of his **song**. (Page 323)

And as I read through the various description given of him, I saw that the love Shakespeare bore him was as the love of a **musician** for some delicate **instrument** on which he delight to **play**, as a sculptor’s love for some rare and exquisite material that suggests a new form of plastic beauty, a new mode of plastic expression. For all Art has its medium, its material, be it that of **rhythmical** words, or of pleasurable colour, or of sweet and subtly-divided **sounds**; and as one of the most fascinating critics of our day has pointed out, it is to the qualities inherent in each material, and special to it, that we owe the sensuous element in Art, and with it all that in Art is essentially artistic. (Page 323)

Looked at from one point of view, the common players of the saffron-strewn stage are Art’s most complete, most satisfying **instruments**. (Page 323)

The epos changes acts into words, and **music** changes words into **tones**. (Page 324)

In Willie Hughes, Shakespeare found not merely a most delicate **instrument** for the presentation of his art, but a visible incarnation of his idea of beauty, and it is not too much to say that to his young actor, whose very name the dull writers of his age forgot to chronicle, the Romantic Movement of English Literature is largely indebted. (Page 327)

In a wonderfully graphic account of the last days of the great Earl of Essex, his chaplain Thomas Knell, tells us that the night before the Earl died, he called William Hewes, which was his **musician**, to **play** upon the virginals and to **sing**. (Page 327)

Surely the boy who **played** on the virginals of the dying father of Sidney's Stella was none other than the Will Hews to whom Shakespeare dedicated the Sonnets, and who he tells us was himself sweet "**music** to hear". (Page 327)

Indeed the name Hews seemed to have been closely connected with **music** and the stage. The first English actress was the lovely Margaret Hews, whom Prince Rupert so madly adored. What more probable than that between her and Lord Essex's **musician** had come the boy-actor of Shakespeare's plays? (Page 327)

He had been quick-witted, too, and eloquent, and from those finely curved lips that the satirist had mocked at had come the passionate cry of Juliet, and the bright laughter of Beatrice, Perdita's flower-like words, and Ophelia wandering **songs**. (Page 328)

Gil Carie, who, attired as a mountain nymph, **sang** in the same lovely masque Echo's **song** of mourning for Narcissus. (Page 328)

Hart, who made his first success by playing the Duchess in the tragedy of "The Cardinal", and who in a poem that is clearly modelled upon some of Shakespeare's Sonnets is described by one who had seen him as "beauty to the eye, and **music** to the ear". (Page 329)

For it was out of the **choirs** of the cathedrals and royal chapels of England that most of these leads came, and from their earliest years they had been trained in the **singing** of anthems and madrigals, and in all that concerns the subtle art of **music**. Chosen at first for the beauty of their **voices**, as well as for a certain comeliness and freshness of appearance, they were then instructed in gesture, **dancing** and elocution, and taught to play both tragedies and comedies in the English as well as in the Latin language. (Page 330)

In a will dated "the fourth daie of maie, anno Domini 1605", Augustine Phillips, Shakespeare's dear friend and fellow actor, bequeathed to one of his apprentices his "purple cloke, sword, and dagger", his "base viall" and much rich apparel, and to another a sum of money and many beautiful **instruments** of **music**, "to be delivered unto him at the expiration of his terme of yeres in his indenture of apprenticeship.". (Page 331)

We know from the Sonnets how clear and pure his **voice** was, and what skill he had in the

art of **music**. Noble gentlemen, such as the Earl of Leicester and Lord Oxford, had companies of **boy-players** in their service as part of their household. When Leicester went to the Hetherlands in 1585 he brought with him a certain “Will” described as a “**player**”. (Page 332)

“Your beard has begun to grow, and I pray God your **voice** be not cracked”, says Hamlet mockingly to the boy-actor of the strolling company that came to visit him at Elsinore. (Page 332)

If this be so, it is clear that Shakespeare’s first meeting with Willie Hughes must have been in 1585, and it is just possible that this young actor may, after all, have been in his boyhood the **musician** of Lord Essex. (Page 339)

We sit at the play with the woman we love, or listen to the **music** in some Oxford garden, or stroll with our friend through the cool galleries of the Pope’s house in Rome, and suddenly we become aware that we have passions of which we had never dreamed, thoughts that make us afraid, pleasures whose secret has been denied to us, sorrows that have been hidden from our tears. The actor is unconscious of our presence: the **musician** is thinking of the subtlety of the **fugue**, of the **tone** of his **instrument**; the marble gods that smile so curiously at us are made of insensate stone. (Page 343)

THE PLAYS

The Importance of Being Earnest

Algernon. Did you hear what I was **playing**, Lane?

Lane. I didn’t think it polite to listen, sir.

Algernon. I’m sorry for that, for your sake. I don’t **play** accurately - anyone can **play** accurately - but I **play** with wonderful expression. As far as the **piano** is concerned, sentiment is my forte. I keep science for life. (Page 357)

Algernon. My dear fellow, it isn’t easy to be anything nowadays. There’s such a lot of beastly competition about. [The sound of an electric bell is heard.] Ah! That must be Aunt Augusta. Only relatives, or creditors, ever ring in that **Wagnerian** manner. Now, if I get her

out of the way for ten minutes, so that you can have an opportunity for proposing to Gwendolen, may I dine with you to-night at Willis's? (Page 363)

Lady Bracknell. Well, I must say, Algernon, that I think it is high time that Mr. Bunbury made up his mind whether he was going to live or to die. This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd. Nor do I in any way approve of the modern sympathy with invalids. I consider it morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others. Health is the primary duty of life. I am always telling that to your poor uncle, but he never seems to take much notice... as far as any improvement in his ailment goes. I should be much obliged if you would ask Mr. Bunbury, from me, to be kind enough not to have a relapse on Saturday, for I rely on you to arrange my **music** for me. It is my last reception, and one wants something that will encourage conversation, particularly at the end of the **season** when every one has practically said whatever they had to say, which, in most cases, was probably not much.

Algernon. I'll speak to Bunbury, Aunt Augusta, if he is still conscious, and I think I can promise you he'll be all right by Saturday. Of course the **music** is a great difficulty. You see, if one **plays** good **music**, people don't listen, and if one **plays** bad **music** people don't talk. But I'll run over the programme I've drawn out, if you will kindly come into the next room for a moment.

Lady Bracknell. Thank you, Algernon. It is very thoughtful of you. [Rising, and following Algernon.] I'm sure the programme will be delightful, after a few expurgations. French **songs** I cannot possibly allow. People always seem to think that they are improper, and either look shocked, which is vulgar, or laugh, which is worse. But German **sounds** a thoroughly respectable language, and indeed, I believe is so. Gwendolen, you will accompany me. (Page 364)

Gwendolen. It suits you perfectly. It is a divine name. It has a **music** of its own. It produces **vibrations**.

Jack. Well, really, Gwendolen, I must say that I think there are lots of other much nicer names. I think Jack, for instance, a charming name.

Gwendolen. Jack? ... No, there is very little **music** in the name Jack, if any at all, indeed. It does not thrill. It produces absolutely no **vibrations**... I have known several Jacks, and they all, without exception, were more than usually plain. Besides, Jack is a notorious domesticity for John! And I pity any woman who is married to a man called John. She would probably never be allowed to know the entrancing pleasure of a single moment's

solitude. The only really safe name is Ernest. (Page 366)

[Algernon, from the other room, strikes up the **Wedding March**. Jack looks perfectly furious, and goes to the door.]

Jack. For goodness sake don't **play** that ghastly tune, Algy! How idiotic you are!

[The **music** stops and Algernon enters cheerily.] (Page 370)

[Jack and Algernon whistle some dreadful popular **air** from a British **Opera**.] (Page 405)

Lady Windermere's Fan

Duchess of Berwick. Isn't he dreadful? Agatha, this is Lord Darlington. Mind you don't believe a word he says. [Lord Darlington crosses R.C.] No, no tea, thank you, dear. [Crosses and sits on sofa.] We have just had tea at Lady Markby's. Such bad tea, too. It was quite undrinkable. I wasn't at all surprised. Her own son-in-law supplies it. Agatha is looking forward so much to your **ball** to-night, dear Margaret.

Lady Windermere. [Seated L.C.] Oh, you mustn't think it is going to be a **ball**, Duchess. It is only a **dance** in honour of my birthday. A small and early. (Page 424)

Scene. Drawing-room in Lord Windermere's house. Door R.U. opening into **ball-room**, where **band** is **playing**. Door L. through which guests are entering. Door L.U. opens on to illuminated terrace. Palms, flowers, and brilliant lights. Room crowded with guests. Lady Windermere is receiving them.

Duchess of Berwick. [Up C.] So strange Lord Windermere isn't here. Mr. Hopper is very late, too. You have kept those five **dances** for him, Agatha? [Comes down.]

Lady Agatha. Yes, mamma.

Duchess of Berwick. [Sitting on sofa.] Just let me see your card. I'm so glad Lady Windermere has revived cards. They're a mother's only safeguard. You dear simple little thing! [Scratches out two names.] No nice girl should ever **waltz** with such particularly younger sons! It looks so fast! The last two **dances** you might pass on the terrace with Mr. Hopper. (Page 432)

Dumby. Good evening, Lady Stutfield. I suppose this will be the last **ball** of the **season**?

Lady Stutfield. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It's been a delightful **season**, hasn't it?

Dumby. Quite delightful! Good evening, Duchess. I suppose this will be the last **ball** of the **season**?

Duchess of Berwick. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It has been a very dull **season**, hasn't it?

Dumby. Dreadfully dull! Dreadfully dull!

Mrs. Cowper-Cowper. Good evening, Mr. Dumby. I suppose this will be the last **ball** of the **season**? (Page 432)

Hopper. But I should like to **dance** with Lady Agatha, Duchess.

Duchess of Berwick. Well, I hope she has a **dance** left. Have you a **dance** left, Agatha? (Page 433)

Mrs. Erlynne. So that is poor Dumby with Lady Plymdale? I hear she is frightfully jealous of him. He doesn't seem anxious to speak to me to-night. I suppose he is afraid of her. Those straw-colored women have dreadful tempers. Do you know, I think I'll **dance** with you first, Windermere. [Lord Windermere bits his lip and frowns.] It will make Lord Augustus so jealous! Lord Augustus! [Lord Augustus comes down.] Lord Windermere insists on my **dancing** with him first, and, as it's his own house, I can't well refuse. You know I would much sooner **dance** with you.

Lord Augustus. [With a low bow.] I wish I could think so, Mrs. Erlynne.

Mrs. Erlynne. You know it far too well. I can fancy a person **dancing** through life with you and finding it charming. (Page 437)

Lady Plymdale. Because I want you to take my husband with you. He has been so attentive lately, that he has become a perfect nuisance. Now, this woman is just the thing for him. He'll **dance** attendance upon her as long as she lets him, and won't bother me. I assure you, women of that kind are most useful. They form the basis of other people's marriages. (Page 438)

Lady Windermere. I did not ask her. He insisted on her coming - against my entreaties - against my commands. Oh! The house is tainted for me! I feel that every woman here sneers at me as she **dances** by with my husband. What have I done to deserve this? I gave him all my life. He took it - used it - spoiled it! I am degraded in my own eyes; and I lack courage - I am a coward! [Sits down on sofa.] (Page 438)

Mrs. Erlynne. Charming **ball** it has been! Quite reminds me of old days. [Sits on sofa.] And I

see that there are just as many fools in society as there used to be. So pleased to find that nothing has altered! Except Margaret. She's grown quite pretty. The last time I saw her - twenty years ago, she was a fright in flannel. Positive fright, I assure you. The dear Duchess! And that sweet Lady Agatha! Just the type of girl I like! Well, really, Windermere, if I am to be the Duchess's sister-in-law. (Page 441)

[Exit on terrace with Lord Windermere. **Music** strikes up in ballroom.] (Page 442)

Lord Windermere. You made me get you an invitation to my wife's **ball**.

Mrs. Erlynne. For my daughter's **ball** – yes. (Page 458)

Mrs. Erlynne. It makes no matter. I'll take a hansom. There is nothing in the world so respectable as a good Shrewsbury and Talbot. And now, dear Lady Windermere, I am afraid it is really good-bye. [Moves up C.] Oh, I remember. You'll think me absurd, but do you know I've taken a great fancy to this fan that I was silly enough to run away with last night from your **ball**. Now, I wonder would you give it to me? Lord Windermere says you may. I know it is his present. (Page 462)

A Woman of No Importance

Lady Hunstanton I am very much gratified at Gerald Arbuthnot's good fortune. He is quite a protégé of mine. And I am particularly pleased that Lord Illingworth should have made the offer of his own accord without my suggesting anything. Nobody likes to be asked favours. I remember poor Charlotte Pagden making herself quite unpopular one **season**, because she had a French governess she wanted to recommend to everyone. (Page 467)

Lord Illingworth Quite serious, Mr Kelvil. (To Mrs Allonby) Vulgar habit that is people have nowadays of asking one, after one has given them an idea, whether one is serious or not. Nothing is serious except passion. The intellect is not a serious thing, and never has been. It is an **instrument** on which one **plays**, that is all. The only serious form of intellect I know is the British intellect. And on the British intellect the illiterates play the **drum**.

Lady Hunstanton What are you saying, Lord Illingworth, about the **drum**? (Page 471)

Lady Hunstanton Caroline, shall we all make a move to the **music-room**? Miss Worsley is

going to **play**. You'll come too, dear Mrs Arbuthnot, won't you? You don't know what a treat is in store for you. (To Dr Daubeny) I must really take Miss Worsley down some afternoon to the rectory. I should so much like dear Mrs Daubeny to hear her on the **violin**. Ah, I forgot. Dear Mrs Daubeny's hearing is a little defective, is it not? (Page 488)

Gerald (to Lord Illingworth) Do speak to my mother, Lord Illingworth, before you go into the **music-room**. She seems to think, somehow, you don't mean what you said to me. (Page 488)

[Exit following the other guests. Sound of **violin** heard from **music-room**.] (Page 489)

Lord Illingworth Oh! Talk to every woman as if you loved her, and to every man as if he bored you, and at the end of your first **season** you will have the reputation of possessing the most perfect social tact. (Page 493)

Mrs Allonby We have been waiting for her in the **music-room**, dear Lady Hunstanton.

Lady Hunstanton Ah! The **music-room**, of course. I thought it was the Yellow Drawing-room, my memory is getting so defective. (To Dr Daubeny) Mrs Daubeny has a wonderful memory, hasn't she? (Page 496)

Hester He couldn't refuse you anything. He loves you too much. Ask him to stay. Let me send him in to you. He is on the terrace at this moment with Lord Illingworth. I heard them laughing together as I passed through the **music-room**. (Page 500)

Lady Hunstanton Ah, I am afraid the heat was too much for her last night. I think there must have been thunder in the air. Or perhaps it was the **music**. Music makes one feel so romantic - at least it always gets on one's nerves. (Page 504)

An Ideal Husband

Scene: The Octagon room at Sir Robert Chiltern's house in Grosvenor Square.

The room is brilliantly lighted and full of guests [including the Viconte de Nanjac, the Duchess of Maryborough, and Mabel Chiltern]. At the top of the staircase stands Lady Chiltern, a woman of grave Greek beauty, about twenty- seven years of age. She receives

the guests as they come up. [Mason stands in the background]. Over the well of the staircase hangs a great chandelier with wax lights, which illumine a large eighteenth-century French tapestry—representing the Triumph of Love, from a design by Boucher—that is stretched on the staircase well. On the right is the entrance to the **music-room**. The **sound** of a string **quartet** is faintly heard. The entrance on the left leads to other reception-rooms. Mrs Marchmont and Lady Basildon, two very pretty women, are seated together on a Louis Seize sofa. They are types of exquisite fragility. Their affectation of manner has a delicate charm. Watteau would have loved to paint them. (Page 515)

[They rise and go towards the **music-room**. The Vicomte De Nanjac, a young attaché known for his neckties and his Anglomania, approaches with a low bow, and enters into conversation.] (Page 516)

Mabel Chiltern. How can you say such a thing? Why, he rides in the Row at ten o'clock in the morning, goes to the **Opera** three times a week, changes his clothes at least five times a day, and dines out every night of the **season**. You don't call that leading an idle life, do you? (Page 516)

Vicomte de Nanjac. I should like to, but my professor objects. (To Mabel Chiltern) May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the **music-room**, Mademoiselle?

Mabel Chiltern. (looking very disappointed) Delighted, Vicomte, quite delighted! (Turning to Lord Goring) Aren't you coming to the **music-room**?

Lord Goring. Not if there is any **music** going on, Miss Mabel.

Mabel Chiltern. (severely) The **music** is in German. You would not understand it. (Page 522)

Lord Caversham. Well, sir! What are you doing here? Wasting your life as usual! You should be in bed, sir. You keep too late hours! I heard of you the other night at Lady Rufford's **dancing** till four o'clock in the morning! (Page 522)

Mrs Marchmont. (Page 524) Well, we are not going to praise her. I hear she went to the **Opera** on Monday night, and told Tommy Rufford at supper that, as far as she could see, London Society was entirely made up of dowdies and dandies.

[The Vicomte de Nanjac enters from the **music-room** with some other guests. After having

carefully examined all the people present, he approaches Lady Basildon.] (Page 525)

Sir Robert Chiltern. (rising) But you have not seen my Corots yet. They are in the **music-room**. Corots seem to go with **music**, don't they? May I show them to you? (Page 527)

Lord Goring. Afraid I can't, thanks. I have promised to look in at the Hartlocks'. I believe they have got a mauve Hungarian **band** that **plays** mauve Hungarian **music**. See you soon. Good-bye! (Page 532)

Sir Robert Chiltern. (throws himself into an arm-chair by the writing table) One night after dinner at Lord Radley's the Baron began talking about success in modern life as something that one could reduce to an absolutely definite science. With that wonderfully fascinating quiet **voice** of his he expounded to us the most terrible of all philosophies, the philosophy of power, preached to us the most marvellous of all **gospels**, the **gospel** of gold. (Page 537)

Lord Goring. Then the marvellous **gospel** of gold breaks down sometimes. The rich can't do everything, after all. (Page 540)

Lord Goring. Certainly. Whenever you like. I'm going to look in at the Bachelors' **Ball** tonight, unless I find something better to do. But I'll come round tomorrow morning. If you should want me tonight by any chance, send round a note to Curzon Street. (Page 542)

Mabel Chiltern. Well, Tommy has proposed to me again. Tommy really does nothing but propose to me. He proposed to me last night in the **music-room**, when I was quite unprotected, as there was an elaborate **trio** going on. I didn't dare to make the smallest repartee, I need hardly tell you. If I had, it would have stopped the **music** at once. **Musical** people are so absurdly unreasonable. They always want one to be perfectly dumb at the very moment when one is longing to be absolutely deaf. Then he proposed to me in broad daylight this morning, in front of that dreadful statue of Achilles. Really, the things that go on in front of that work of art are quite appalling. The police should interfere. At luncheon I saw by the glare in his eye that he was going to propose again, and I just managed to check him in time by assuring him that I was a bimetallist. Fortunately I don't know what bimetallism means. And I don't believe anybody else does either. But the observation crushed Tommy for ten minutes. He looked quite shocked. And then Tommy is so annoying in the way he proposes. If he proposed at the top of his **voice**, I should not mind so much.

That might produce some effect on the public. But he does it in a horrid confidential way. When Tommy wants to be romantic he talks to one just like a doctor. I am very fond of Tommy, but his methods of proposing are quite out of date. I wish, Gertrude, you would speak to him, and tell him that once a week is quite often enough to propose to any one, and that it should always be done in a manner that attracts some attention. (Page 545)

Mrs Cheveley. Oh, pray don't trouble, Lady Chiltern. I dare say I lost it at the **Opera**, before we came on here

Lady Markby. Ah, yes, I suppose it must have been at the **Opera**. The fact is, we all scramble and jostle so much nowadays that I wonder we have anything at all left on us at the end of an evening. I know myself that, when I am coming back from the Drawing room, I always feel as if I hadn't a shred on me, except a small shred of decent reputation, just enough to prevent the lower classes making painful observations through the windows of the carriage. The fact is that our Society is terribly over-populated. Really, some one should arrange a proper scheme of assisted emigration. It would do a great deal of good.

Mrs Cheveley. I quite agree with you Lady Markby. It is nearly six years since I have been in London for the **Season** and I must say Society has become dreadfully mixed. One sees the oddest people everywhere.

(Page 547)

Lord Goring. During the **Season**, father, I only talk seriously on the first Tuesday in every month, from four to seven. (Page 555)

Mabel Chiltern. Tommy Trafford, of course. It is one of Tommy's days for proposing. He always proposes on Tuesdays and Thursday s, during the **Season**. (Page 572)

Salomé

The Young Syrian. She has a strange look. She is like a little princess who wears a yellow veil, and whose feet are of silver. She is like a princess who has little white doves for feet. One might fancy she was **dancing**. (Page 583)

Salomé Thy hair is horrible. It is covered with mire and dust. It is like a crown of thorns placed on thy head. It is like a knot of serpents coiled round thy neck. I love not thy

hair....It is thy mouth that I desire, Jokanaan. Thy mouth is like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory. It is like a pomegranate cut in twain with a knife of ivory. The pomegranate flowers that blossom in the garden of Tyre, and are redder than roses, are not so red. The red blasts of **trumpets** that herald the approach of kings, and make afraid the enemy, are not so red. Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. It is redder than the feet of the doves who inhabit the temples and are fed by the priests. It is redder than the feet of him who cometh from a forest where he hath slain a lion, and seen gilded tigers. Thy mouth is like a branch of coral that fishers have found in the twilight of the sea, the coral that they keep for the kings!...It is like the vermilion that the Moabites find in the mines of Moab, the vermilion that the kings take from them. It is like the bow of the King of the Persians, that is painted with vermilion, and is tipped with coral. There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth...Let me kiss thy mouth. (Page 590)

The Page of Herodias He was my brother, and nearer to me than a brother. I gave him a little box full of perfumes, and a ring of agate that he wore always on his hand. In the evening we were wont to walk by the river, and among the almond-trees, and he used to tell me of the things of his country. He spoke ever very low. The **sound** of his **voice** was like the **sound** of the **flute**, of a **flute player**. Also he had much joy to gaze at himself in the river. I used to reproach him for that. (Page 591)

Herodias Ah! Ah! I should like to see that day of which he speaks, when the moon shall become like blood, and when the stars shall fall upon the earth like unripe figs. This prophet talks like a drunken man... but I cannot suffer the **sound** of his **voice**. I hate his **voice**. Command him to be silent. (Page 597)

Herod **Dance** for me, Salomé.

Herodias I will not have her **dance**.

Salomé I have no desire to **dance**, Tetrarch.

Herod Salomé, daughter of Herodias, **dance** for me.

Herodias Peace. Let her alone.

Herod I command thee to **dance**, Salomé.

Salomé I will not **dance**, Tetrarch.

Herodias (Laughing) You see how she obeys you.

Herod What is it to me whether she **dance** or not? It is nought to me. Tonight I am happy. I am exceeding happy. Never have I been so happy. (Page 597)

Herod Salomé, Salomé, **dance** for me. I pray thee **dance** for me. I am sad tonight. Yes, I am passing sad tonight. When I came hither I slipped in blood, which is an ill omen; also I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings. I cannot tell what that may mean.... I am sad tonight. Therefore **dance** for me. **Dance** for me, Salomé, I beseech you. If you **dance** for me you may ask of me what you wilt, and I will give it you, even unto the half of my kingdom.

Salomé (rising) Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask of you, Tetrarch?

Herodias Do not **dance**, my daughter.

Herod Everything, even the half of my kingdom.

Salomé You swear it, Tetrarch?

Herod I swear it, Salomé.

Herodias Do not **dance**, my daughter.

Salomé By what will you swear, Tetrarch?

Herod By my life, by my crown, by my gods. Whatsoever you desire I will give it you, even to the half of my kingdom, if you will but **dance** for me. O Salomé, Salomé, **dance** for me!

Salomé You have sworn an oath, Tetrarch.

Herod I have sworn an oath.

Herodias My daughter, do not **dance**. (Page 598)

Herod...But we will not speak of this. Now I am happy. I am passing happy. Have I not the right to be happy? Your daughter is going to **dance** for me. Will you not **dance** for me, Salomé? You have promised to **dance** for me.

Herodias I will not have her **dance**.

Salomé I will **dance** for you, Tetrarch.

Herod You hear what your daughter says. She is going to **dance** for me. You do well to **dance** for me, Salomé. And when you have **danced** for me, forget not to ask of me whatsoever you wish. Whatsoever you wish I will give it you, even to the half of my kingdom. I have sworn it, have I not? (Page 599)

Herod Ah, you are going to **dance** with naked feet! 'Tis well! 'Tis well! Your little feet will be like white doves. They will be like little white flowers that **dance** upon the trees.... No, no, she is going to **dance** on blood! There is blood spilt on the ground. She must not **dance** on blood. It were an evil omen.

Herodias What is it to you if she **dance** on blood? Thou hast waded deep enough therein...

(Page 599)

Herodias Let us go within. The voice of that man maddens me. I will not have my daughter **dance** while he is continually crying out. I will not have her **dance** while you look at her in this fashion. In a word, I will not have her **dance**.

Herod Do not rise, my wife, my queen, it will avail thee nothing. I will not go within till she hath **danced**. **Dance**, Salomé, **dance** for me.

Herodias Do not **dance**, my daughter.

Salomé I am ready, Tetrarch. (Salomé **dances** the **dance** of the seven veils)

Herod Ah! Wonderful! Wonderful! You see that she has **danced** for me, your daughter. Come near, Salomé, come near, that I may give you your reward. Ah! I pay the dancers well. I will pay thee royally. I will give thee whatsoever thy soul desireth. What wouldst thou have? Speak. (Page 600)

Salomé....There was nothing in the world so black as thy hair. In the whole world there was nothing so red as thy mouth. Thy **voice** was a censer that scattered strange perfumes, and when I looked on thee I heard a strange **music**. Ah! Wherefore didst thou not look at me, Jokanaan? (Page 604)

The Duchess of Padua

Guido (laughing). Nay, nay, I doubt not that he has come to tell,
that I am some great Lord of Italy,
and we will have long days of joy together.

Within the hour, dear Ascanio.

(Exit Ascanio)

Now tell me of my father? (Sits down on a stone seat). Stood he tall?

I warrant he looked tall upon his horse.

His hair was black? Or perhaps a reddish gold,
like a red fire of gold? Was his **voice** low?

The very bravest men have **voices** sometimes
full of low **music**; or a **clarion** was it
that brake with terror all his enemies?

Did he ride singly? Or with many squires

and valiant gentlemen to serve his taste?
For oftentimes methinks I feel my veins
beat with the blood of kings. Was he a king?

Guido. O thou eternal heaven!
If there is aught of nature in my soul,
of gentle pity, or fond kindness,
wither it up, blast it, bring it to nothing,
or if thou wilt not, then will I myself
cut pity with a sharp knife from my heart
and strangle mercy in her sleep at night
lest she speak to me. Vengeance there I have it.
Be thou my comrade and my bedfellow,
sit by my side, ride to the chase with me,
when I am weary **sing** me pretty **songs**,
when I am light o' heart, make jest with me,
and when I dream, whisper into my ear
the dreadful secret of a father's murder –
did I say murder? (Draws his dagger) (Page 618)

(The **organ** peals in the Cathedral, and under a canopy of cloth of silver tissue, borne by four pages in scarlet, the Duchess of Padua comes down the steps; as she passes across their eyes meet for a moment, and as she leaves the stage she looks back at Guido, and the dagger falls from his hand) (Page 618)

Duke. Tut, man, they waste their strength upon their lungs!
People who shout so loud, my lords, do nothing;
the only men I fear are silent men. (A yell from the people)
You see, Lord Cardinal, how my people love me,
This is their **serenade**, I like it better
Than the soft murmurs of the amorous **lute**;
Is it not sweet to listen to? (Another yell.) I fear
They have become a little **out of tune**,
So I must tell my men to fire on them.
I cannot bear bad **music**! Go, Petrucci,

and tell the captain of the guard below
to clear the square. Do you not hear me, sir?
Do what I bid you. (Page 619)

Guido. Ask of the sea-bird if it loves the sea,
ask of the roses if they love the rain,
ask of the little lark, that will not **sing**
till day break, if it loves to see the day: -
And yet, these are but empty images,
mere shadows of my love, which is a fire
so great that all the waters of the main
can not avail to quench it. Will you not speak? (Page 627)

Duchess. I would not have you either stay or go;
for if you stay you steal my love from me,
and if you go you take my love away.
Guido, though all the morning stars could **sing**
they could not tell the measure of my love.
I love you, Guido. (Page 628)

Guido. (stretching out his hands) Oh, do not cease at all;
I thought the nightingale **sang** but at night;
or if thou needst must cease, then let my lips
touch the sweet lips that can such **music** make. (Page 628)

Guido. (clasping her in his arms) O love, love, love! Nay, sweet, lift up your head,
let me unlock those little scarlet doors
that shut in **music**, let me dive for coral
in your red lips, and I'll bear back a prize
richer than all the gold the Gryphon guards
in rude Armenia. (Page 628)

Guido. Ay! without love
life is no better than the unhewn stone
which in the quarry lies, before the sculptor

has set the God within it. Without love
life is as silent as the common reeds
that through the marshes or by rivers grow,
and have no **music** in them.

Duchess. Yet out of these
the **singer**, who is Love, will make a **pipe**
and from them he draws **music**; so I think
love will bring **music** out of any life.
Is that not true? (Page 629)

Guido. Oh, how I love you!
See, I must steal the cuckoo's **voice**, and tell
the one tale over.

Duchess. Tell no other tale!
For, if that is the little cuckoo's **song**,
the nightingale is hoarse, and the loud lark
has lost its **music**. (Page 631)

Duchess. Alas, you cannot, Guido,
for they are part of nature now; the air
is tremulous with their **music**, and outside
the little birds **sing** sweeter for those vows. (Page 633)

Duchess. If you are going, touch me not, but go. (Exit Guido)
Never again, did he say never again?
Well, well, I know my business! I will change
The torch of love into a funeral torch,
And with the flowers of love will strew my bier,
And from love's **songs** will make a dirge, and so
Die, as the swan dies, **singing**. (Page 634)

Duchess. Nay, you know he has.
Oh, give him back to me, give him back, I say,
or I will tear your body limb from limb,
and to the common gibbet nail your head

until the carrion crows have stripped it bare.
Better you had crossed a hungry lioness
before you came between me and my love.
(With more pathos) Nay, give him back, you know not how I love him.
Here by this chair he knelt a half hour since;
'twas there he stood, and there he looked at me;
this is the hand he kissed, and these the ears
into whose open portals he did pour
a tale of love so **musical** that all
the birds stopped **singing!** Oh, give him back to me. (Page 637)

Duchess. Revenge!

I think I never harmed a little child.
What should Revenge do coming to my door?
It matters not, for Death is there already,
waiting with his dim torch to light my way.
'Tis true men hate thee, Death, and yet I think
thou wilt be kinder to me than my lover,
and so dispatch the messengers at once,
hurry the lazy steeds of lingering day,
and let the night, thy sister, come instead,
and drape the world in mourning; let the owl,
who is thy minister, scream from his tower
and wake the toad with hooting, and the bat,
that is the slave of dim Persephone,
wheel through the sombre air on wandering wing!
Tear up the shrieking mandrakes from the earth
and bid them make us **music**, and tell the mole
to dig deep down thy cold and narrow bed,
for I shall lie within thine arms tonight. (Page 637)

Guido. You do well to talk:

Within your veins, old man, the pulse of youth
throbs with no ardour. Your eyes full of rheum
have against beauty closed their filmy doors,

and your clogged ears, losing their natural sense,
have shut you from the **music** of the world.
You talk of love! You know not what it is.
Moranzone. Oh, in my time, boy, have I walked i' the moon,
swore I would live on kisses and on blisses,
swore I would die for love, and did not die,
wrote love bad verses; ay, and **sung** them badly,
like all true lovers: Oh, I have done the tricks!
I know the partings and the chamberings;
we are all animals at best, and love
is merely passion with a holy name. (Page 641)

Guido. Is the lark
Sure that it loves the dawn that bids it **sing**? (Page 644)

Duchess. Better for me I had not seen your face.
O think it was for you I killed this man.
(Guido recoils: she seizes his hands as she kneels)
Nay, Guido, listen for a while:
Until you came to Padua I lived
wretched indeed, but with no murderous thought,
very submissive to a cruel Lord,
very obedient to unjust commands,
as pure I think as any gentle girl
who now would turn in horror from my hands -
You came: ah! Guido, the first kindly words
I ever heard since I had come from France
were from your lips: well, well, that is no matter.
You came, and in the passion of your eyes
I read love's meaning; everything you said
touched my dumb soul to **music**, and you seemed
fair as that young Saint Michael on the wall
in Santa Croce, where we go and pray.
I wonder, will I ever pray again?
Well, you were fair, and in your boyish face

The morning seemed to lighten, so I loved you.
And yet I did not tell you of my love.
'T was you who sought me out, knelt at my feet
as I kneel now at yours, and with sweet vows,(Kneels)
whose **music** seems to linger in my ears,
swore that you loved me, and I trusted you.
I think there are many women in the world
Who had they been unto this vile Duke mated,
Chained to his side, as the poor galley slave
Is to a leper chained, - ay! Many women
who would have tempted you to kill the man.
I did not.
Yet I know that had I done so,
I had not been thus humbled in the dust. (Page 648)

Duchess. Guido, why are we here? I think this room
is poorly furnished for a marriage chamber.
Let us get hence at once. Where are the horses?
We should be on our way to Venice now.
How cold the night is! We must ride faster.
(The monks begin to **chant** outside)
Music! It should be merrier; but grief
Is of the fashion now -- I know not why.
You must not weep: do we not love each other? –
That is enough. Death, what do you here?
You were not bidden to this table, sir;
away, we have no need of you: I tell you
it was in wine I pledged you, not in poison.
They lied who told you that I drank your poison.
It was spilt upon the ground, like my Lord's blood;
you came too late. (Page 679)

Vera, or the Nihilists

Prince Petrovitch. I am bored with life, Prince. Since the **opera** season ended I have been a perpetual martyr to ennui. (Page 698)

Czarevitch. There are times when the people are the **instruments** of God. (Page 705)

Czar. Only your **voice**, that flower's **note** which lures my heart away like a poor bird upon the limed twig. (Page 719)

Vera. Our wedding night! Oh, let me drink my fill of love to-night! Nay, sweet, not yet, not yet. How still it is, and yet methinks the air is full of **music**. It is some nightingale who, wearying of the south, has come to **sing** in this bleak north to lovers such as we. It is the nightingale. Dost thou not hear it?

Czar. O sweet, mine ears are clogged to all sweet sounds save thine own **voice**, and mine eyes blinded to all sights but thee, else had I heard that nightingale, and seen the golden-vestured morning sun itself steal from its sombre east before its time, for jealousy that thou art twice as fair.

Vera. Yet would that thou hadst heard the nightingale. Methinks that bird will never **sing** again. (Page 720)

A Florentine Tragedy

Guido. Simone,
Your reckless tongue needs curbing; and besides,
You do forget this gracious lady here
Whose delicate ears are surely not attuned
To such coarse **music**. (Page 724)

Simone. (turning round) Who spake of Death? Let no one speak of Death.
What should Death do in such a merry house,
With but a wife, a husband, and a friend
To give it greeting? Let Death go to houses
Where there are vile, adulterous things, chaste wives
Who grow weary of their noble lords
Draw back the curtains of their marriage beds,
And in polluted and dishonoured sheets

Feed some unlawful lust. Ay! 'tis so
Strange, and yet so. You do not know the world.
You are too single and too honourable.
I know it well. And would it were not so,
But wisdom comes with winters. My hair grows grey,
And youth has left my body. Enough of that.
To-night is ripe for pleasure, and indeed,
I would be merry, as beseems a host
Who finds a gracious and unlooked-for guest
Waiting to greet him. (takes up a **lute**.)
But what is this, my lord?
Why, you have brought a **lute** to **play** to us.
Oh! **play**, sweet Prince. And, if I am bold,
Pardon, but **play**.
Guido. I will not **play** to-night.
Some other night, Simone.
(To Bianca) You and I
Together, with no listeners but the stars,
Or the more jealous moon.
Simone. Nay, but my lord!
Nay, but I do beseech you. For I have heard
That by the simple fingering of a **string**,
Or delicate breath breathed along hollowed reeds,
Or blown into cold mouths of cunning bronze,
Those who are curious in this art can draw
Poor souls from prison-houses. I have heard also
How such strange magic lurks within these shells
And innocence puts vine-leaves in her hair,
And wantons like a mænad. Let that pass.
Your **lute** I know is chaste. And therefore **play**:
Ravish my ears with some sweet **melody**;
My soul is in a prison-house, and needs
Music to cure its madness. Good Bianca,
Entreat our guest to **play**.
Bianca. Be not afraid

Our well-loved guest will choose his place and moment:

That moment is not now. You weary him

With your uncouth insistence.

Guido. Honest Simone,

Some other night. To-night I am content

With the low **music** of Bianca's **voice**,

Who, when she speaks, charms the too amorous air,

And makes the reeling earth stand still, or fix

His cycle round her beauty.

Simone. You flatter her.

She has her virtues as most women have,

But beauty is a gem she may not wear.

It is better so, perchance.

Well, my dear lord,

If you will not draw **melodies** from your **lute**

To charm my moody and o'er-troubled soul

You'll drink with me at least? (Sees table.) (Page 727)

Bianca. Oh! be sure

Your image will be with me always. Dear,

Love can translate the very meanest thing

Into a sign of sweet remembrances.

But come before the lark with its shrill **song**

Has waked a world of dreamers. I will stand

Upon the balcony.

Simone. Well, well, so be it.

I would have wished for fuller converse with you,

My new friend, my honourable guest,

But that it seems may not be.

And besides,

I do not doubt your father waits for you,

Wearying for **voice** or footstep. You, I think,

Are his one child? He has no other child.

You are the gracious pillar of his house,

The flower of a garden full of weeds.
Your father's nephews do not love him well.
So run folk's tongues in Florence. I meant but that;
Men say they envy your inheritance
And look upon your vineyard with fierce eyes
As Ahab looked on Naboth's goodly field.
But that is but the chatter of a town
Where women talk too much. (Page 730)

La Sainte Courtisane

Myrrhina. What is the **voice** that speaks to him at night time in his cave?

First man. We do not know whose **voice** it is. We think it is the **voice** of his God. For we have seen no man enter his cavern nor any come forth from it. (Page 736)

Myrrhina. Come forth, Honorius.

My chamber is ceiled with cedar and odorous with myrrh. The pillars of my bed are of cedar and the hangings are of purple. My bed is strewn with purple and the steps are of silver. The hangings are sewn with silver pomegranates and the steps that are of silver are strewn with saffron and with myrrh. My lovers hang garlands round the pillars of my house. At night time they come with the **flute players** and the **players** of the **harp**. They woo me with apples and on the pavement of my courtyard they write my name in wine.

THE POEMS

Ye Shall Be Gods

Before the dividing of days
Or the **singing** of summer or spring (Page 745)
The people have broken from prison
And the **voices** once voiceless now **sing**. (Page 746)

We kneel to the Cyprian Mother,
We take up our **lyres** and **sing**, (Page 746)

Chorus of Cloud Maidens

The **songs** of the sea-waves **resound**; (Page 747)
In Bacchanal **dance** and in pleasure, (Page 747)
'Mid the contests of sweet **singing choirs**,
And the crash of loud lyres. (Page 748)

From Spring Days to Winter (for music)

Between the blossoms red and white,
O merrily the throstle **sings!** (Page 748)
O love too great for lip or **lyre**, (Page 748)

Requiescat

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet, (Page 749)

San Miniato

My heart is weary of this life
And over-sad to **sing** again. (Page 749)

By the Arno

But ah! The grasshoppers have fled,
The little Attic **song** is still. (Page 750)

Rome Unvisited

O Roma, Roma, at thy feet
I lay this barren gift of **song!** (Page 751)
And hear the silver **trumpets** ring
A triumph as He passes by! (Page 751)
And teach my lips a **song** to **sing**. (Page 752)

La Bella Donna della Mia Mente

For, calling on my Lady's name,

My lips have now forgot to **sing**. (Page 752)

O Linnet in the wild-rose brake

Strain for my love thy **melody**, (Page 752)

Chanson

Untitled

Untitled

She stole behind him where he lay

All tossed and tired from the **dance**. (Page 754)

The Dole of the King's Daughter

*Love **Song***

I that am only the idlest **singer**

That ever **sang** by a desolate sea,

A goodlier gift than **song** can bring her,

Sweeter than **sound** of minstrelsy,

For **singers** grow weary and lips will tire,

And winds will scatter the **pipe** and reed,

And even the **sound** of the silver **lyre**

Sickens my heart in the days of need, (Page 756)

And sweeter to me when my Lady **sings**, (Page 757)

Tristitia

The True Knowledge

Heart's Yearnings

The Passion-**Music** of a fevered brain, (Page 758)

That I would sit alone and **sing** no **song** (Page 758)

And the sweet **voice** of Love that **sings**. (Page 759)

The Little Ship

ᾠΦΗΝΩΙΔΙΑ (A Song of Lamentation)

Song sung by the captive women of Troy on the beach at Aulis, while the Achaeans were there storm-bound through the wrath of dishonoured Achilles, and waiting for a fair wind to bring them home. (Page 760)

I shall **sing** with some maids
From the Cyclades, (Page 761)

Lotus Land

How still it is! No passionate **note** of pain
Comes from the towny songstress of the brake, (Page 762)

Dèsespoir

Lotus Leaves

A linnet on the hawthorn spray
Sang of the glories of the **spring**, (Page 764)
By murmuring tree or **song** of bird, (Page 764)

Untitled

That I the **singer** of this **song** (Page 765)

A Fragment from the Agamemnon of Aeschilos

Sing out this **song** and these unhallowed lays, (Page 766)
The fate of that **singer** so clear, (Page 766)
Why dost thou **sing** with evil-tongued refrain, (Page 766)
Sing my sad **song** of fruitless prophecy (Page 767)
At the cry of that **song** of woe! (Page 767)
And I the **singer** of this **song** of woe, (Page 767)

A Vision

Sonnet on Approaching Italy

Sonnet

Impression de voyage

The Theatre at Argos

Chants his glad **song**, nor clamorous Tragedy
Startles the air; green corn is waving sweet
Where once the chorus **danced** to measures fleet; (Page 770)

Urbs Sacra Aeterna

The Grave of Keats

Sonnet

Easter day

The silver **trumpets** rang across the Dome: (Page 771)

Sonnet (On hearing the dies irae sung in the Sistine Chapel)

And the field echo to the gleaner's **song**. (Page 772)

Italia

Vita Nuova

E Tenebris

Quantum Mutata

To Milton

Ave Maria Gratia Plena

Wasted Days

To no sweet **sound** of laughter, or of **lute**; (Page 775)

The Grave of Shelley

Santa Decca

And in the noon the careless shepherds **sing**, (Page 776)

Theoretikos

Amor Intellectualis

And heard sweet **note** of sylvan **music** blown (Page 777)

And grave-browed Milton's solemn **harmonies**. (Page 777)

At Verona

Ravenna

The throistle **singing** on the feathered larch, (Page 778)

While the brown linnet in the greenwood **sing**. (Page 778)

Pipes on his reed, nor even through the day (Page 779)

The lips that **sang** of Heaven and of Hell, (Page 780)

Yet this dull world is grateful to the **song**; (Page 780)

Who freely gave thee his **lyre** and sword, (Page 781)

Her warrior-poet, first in **song** and fight. (Page 781)

And small birds **sang** on every twining spray. (Page 782)

Or why before the dawn the linnet **sing**? (Page 784)

To wake his **lyre** to **sing** a louder strain, (Page 784)

And saw the city which now I try to **sing**, (Page 785)

Magdalen Walks

The birds are **singing** for joy of the Spring's glad birth, (Page 786)

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and **sound** of Spring, (Page 786)

The Burden of Itys

Of the Maria **organ**, which they **play** (Page 787)

And sweet to hear the shepherd Daphnis **sing**

The **song** of Linus through a sunny dell (Page 778)

And the slight lithe-limbed reapers **dance** about the wattled fold. (Page 788)

The Nuneham meadows, if with reeded **flute** (Page 788)
Then **sing** to me thou tuneful chorister
Though what thou **sing'st** be thine own requiem! (Page 788)
Sang to the wondrous boy, until he heard (Page 790)
If ever thou didst soothe with **melody** (Page 790)
And is immortal, **sing** to me! For I too love thee well. (Page 790)
Sing on! Sing on! Let the dull world grow young, (Page 790)
Sing on! Sing on! And Bacchus will be here (Page 791)
Sing on! And I will wear the leopard skin, (Page 791)
Sing on! And soon with passion-wearied face (Page 791)
Sing on! And I the dying boy will see (Page 791)
Sing on! Sing on! I would be drunk with life, (Page 792)
Sing on! Sing on! O feathered Niobe,
Thou canst make sorrow beautiful, and steal
From joy its sweetest **music**, not as we (Page 792)
Sing louder yet, why I must still behold (Page 792)
To vex its sylvan quiet with such wild impressioned **song!** (Page 792)
Who such **piping** listens half in joy and half afraid. (Page 793)
Apollo loveth not to hear such troubled **songs** of pain! (Page 793)
Yet still from Nuneham wood there comes that thrilling **melody**
So sad, that one might think a human heart
Break in each separate **note**, a quality
Which **music** sometimes has, being the Art
Which is most high to tears and memory; (Page 793)
Which has no message of its own to **play**,
So **pipes** another's bidding, it is I, (Page 794)
Dying in **music**, else the air is still, (Page 794)

Theocritus

O **singer** of Persephone! (Page 795)

Nocturne

Endymion (For music)

And no bird **sings** in Arcady, (Page 797)

Charmides

Held on this way, and marked the rower's time with measured **song**, (Page 798)

And then the **clear-voiced** maidens 'gan to **sing**, (Page 798)

For ever in the cell, and the shrill **lyres**

Came fainter on the wind, as down the road

In joyous **dance** these country folk did pass, (Page 799)

To their dull ears so **musicless** and thin (Page 800)

And his nerves thrilled like throbbing **violins** (Page 800)

Will never know of what I try to **sing**, (Page 801)

And now and then a little tinkling **bell** (Page 802)

Through the gray willows **danced** the fretful gnat, (Page 802)

And from the cops the linnet 'gan to **sing**

To her brown mate her sweetest **serenade**; (Page 803)

With whistling **pipe** across the rocky road,

And the shard-beetle with its **trumpet-notes** (Page 803)

One **dancer** left the circling galaxy, (Page 804)

And others bade the halcyon **sing** her softest lullaby. (Page 804)

And held his hand, and **sang** her sweetest **song**, (Page 806)

Keeps its sweet store for him, and he can **pipe** on oaten reed. (Page 808)

Whose **cadence** seemed to **play** upon the air

As though it were a **viol**, hastily (Page 811)

To catch the last **notes** of the linnet, mows (Page 811)

Till the faint air was troubled with the **song** (Page 812)

Pipes in the noonday, and the nightingale **sings** on till dawn. (Page 812)

Where thrushes never **sing**, and **piping** linnets mate no more, (Page 812)

To **pipe** again of love, too venturous reed! (Page 813)

To **pipe** again of passion! Fold thy wings (Page 813)

Ballade de Marguerite

I might swing the censer and ring the **bell**. (Page 814)

But I hear the boy's **voice chaunting** sweet, (Page 815)

La Belle Gabrielle

Humanitad

Steal from the bluebells' nodding **carillons** (Page 817)
Could make me **sing** in **unison**, a time (Page 818)
The minor **chord** which ends the **harmony**,
And for its answering brother waits in vain
Sobbing for incompleated **melody**, (Page 818)
Wait for the light and **music** of those suns which never rise. (Page 818)
And, if my lips be **music-less**, inspire (Page 820)
By one who gave to thee his sword and **lyre** (Page 820)
Of lone Helvellyn, for this **note** of strife (Page 821)
Breathe through thy melancholy **pipe** thy sweetest threnody! (Page 822)
Breathe through the tragic stops such **melodies** (Page 822)
Ye argent **clarions, sound** a loftier strain! (Page 822)
Swift daylight kills it, and no trump of war
Can wake to passionate **voice** the silent dust (Page 822)
Where is that Art which bade the Angels **sing** (Page 824)
With sweeter **song** than common lips can dare (Page 824)
From morn to noon, but in sweet **unison** (Page 825)
And being joined with it in **Harmony** (Page 825)
Strike form their several tones one **octave chord**
Whose **cadence** being measureless would fly (Page 825)
When soul and body seemed to blend in mystic **symphonies**. (Page 825)
Their cycles, and the morning star **sang**, and the Word was Man! (Page 826)

Athanasia

For we to death with **pipe** and **dancing** go, (Page 827)

The New Helen

To fill the silver **trumpet** with thy praise, (Page 829)
That I have lost all hope and heart to **sing**, (Page 829)

Panthea

So soft she **sings** the envious moon is pale, (Page 830)
She cannot hear that love-enraptured **tune**, - (Page 831)
And from the linnet's throat will **sing** again, (Page 833)

But for lovers' lips that kiss, the poets' lips that **sing**. (Page 834)

Phedre

For Goat-foot Pan's shrill **pip**ing, and have **played** (Page 835)

Queen Henrietta Maria

Louis Napoleon

Madonna Mia

Roses and Rue

We never could learn love's **song**, (Page 837)

And your **voice** had a quaver in it, (Page 837)

With its last big **note**; (Page 837)

I will break in **music**, I know, (Page 838)

Portia

Apologia

While all the forest **sang** of liberty, (Page 839)

Quia Multum Amavi

Silentium Amoris

All my sweetest **singing** out of **tune** (Page 841)

Which was its only instrument of **song** (Page 841)

Why I am silent, and my **lute** unstrung; (Page 841)

Thou to some lips of sweeter **melody**, (Page 841)

Of un-kissed kisses, and **songs** never **sung**. (Page 841)

Her Voice

My Voice

No more than **lyre** or **lute**, or subtle spell

Of **viols**, or the **music** of the sea (Page 842)

ΓΛΥΚΥΤΤΙΚΡΟΣ ΕΡΩΣ (Bittersweet love)

Struck a better, clearer **song**, (Page 843)

Had my lips been smitten into **music** by the kisses (Page 843)

And the **pipe** is ever dropping honey, and the **lyre's**

Strings are ever strung. (Page 843)

Without **lyre**, without lute or **chorus**, Death the

Silent pilot comes at last. (Page 844)

The Garden of Eros

Or **dance** on by the lads of Arcady! (Page 845)

In her own woods the wild tempestuous **song** of summer's bird, (Page 846)

Wonder what young intruder dares to **sing** (Page 846)

To **sing** her song at noon, but weeps alone (Page 846)

And I will **sing** how sad Proserpina (Page 846)

And then I'll **pipe** to thee that Grecian tale (Page 846)

And if my **flute** can breathe sweet melody, (Page 847)

Beneath the Roman walls and **melody**,

Still mourns her sweetest **lyre**; none can **play**

The **lute** of Adonais: with his lips **song** passed away. (Page 847)

One silver **voice** to **sing** his threnody, (Page 847)

Panthea claimed her **singer** as her own, (Page 847)

The great Republic! Him at least thy love hath taught to **sing**, (Page 847)

Hunting the tusked boar, his honied **lute** (Page 848)

And **sung** the Galilean's requiem, (Page 848)

With soft and sylvan **pipe** has oft beguiled (Page 848)

Without the storm's red ruin, for the **singer** is divine (Page 849)

Is not so **musical**, the clammy gold (Page 849)

Ave Imperatrix

The measured roll of English **drums** (Page 852)

Change thy glad **song** to **song** of pain; (Page 853)

Pan

Thy satirs and their wanton **play** (Page 955)

Then blow some **trumpet** loud and free,

And give thine oaten **pipe** away, (Page 855)

The Artist's Dream or Sen Artisty

Sang out of tune for me, and the sweet flowers (Page 856)

Ignoble Else. Once let the **clarion note**

And trump of loud ambition **sound** my name (Page 857)

Libertatis Sacra Fames

Sonnet to Liberty

Taedium Vitae

Fabien dei Franchi

Thou **trumpet** set for Shakespeare's lips to blow! (Page 860)

Serenade (For music)

Camma

Impression du Matin

Flew to the glistening roofs and **sang**. (Page 862)

In the Gold Room (A harmony)

Her ivory hands on the ivory **keys** (Page 862)

Impressions

The dull dead wind is out of **tune**, (Page 863)

Impression

Hélas!

Is a stringed **lute** on which all winds can **play**, (Page 864)

With idle **songs** for **pipe** and **virelay**; (Page 864)

Struck one clear **chord** to reach the ears of God: (Page 864)

To V. F.

To M. B. J.

And the red breast **sing** on the spray, (Page 865)

To what I have to **sing**. (Page 865)

Impressions

Le Jardin des Tuleries

Like little things of **dancing** gold. (Page 866)

The Harlot's House

We caught the thread of **dancing** feet, (Page 867)

We heard the loud **musicians** play

The "**Treues Liebes Hertz**" of **Strauss**. (Page 867)

We watched the ghostly **dancers** spin

To **sound** of **horn** and **violin**, (Page 867)

And **danced** a stately saraband (Page 867)

Sometimes they seemed to try to **sing**. (Page 867)

But she – she heard the **violin**, (Page 867)

Then suddenly the **tune** went false,

The **dancers** wearied of the **waltz**, (Page 867)

Fantaisies Décoratives

She takes an amber **lute** and **sings**

And as she **sings** a silver crane (Page 868)

She takes a **lute** of amber bright, (Page 868)

And now she laughs a merry **note**: (Page 868)

Under the rose-tree's **dancing** shade. (Page 868)

Rise and reel like **dancing** girls, (Page 869)

Under the Balcony

O rapturous bird with the low, sweet **note!** (Page 869)

Sing on, sing on, from your soft brown throat! (Page 870)

O rapturous bird with the low, sweet **note!** (Page 870)

To my Wife

On the sale by Auction of Keats' Love Letters

The New Remorse

So now is **music** prisoned in her cave, (Page 871)

Canzonet

Have loved the shepherd's **note.**

Then pluck a reed

And bid me **sing** to thee,

For I would feed

Thine ears with **melody,**

With a Copy of 'A House of Pomegranates'

Go, little book,

To him who, on a **lute** with horns of pearl,

Sang of the white feet of the Golden Girl:

And bid him look

Into thy pages: it may hap that he

May find that golden maidens **dance** through thee. (Page 872)

Symphony in Yellow

La Dame Jaune

Remorse (A Study in Saffron)

In the Forest

He skips through the copses **singing,**

And his shadow **dances** along,

And I know not which I should follow,
Shadow or **song!**
Else moonstruck with **music** and madness (Page 874)

The Sphinx

Fawn at my feet, fantastic Sphinx! And **sing** me all your memories!
Sing to me of the Jewish maid who wandered with the Holy Child, (Page 875)
Sing to me of that odorous green eve when crouching by the marge (Page 876)
Sing to me of the Labirinth in which the twi-formed bull was stalled!
Sing to me of the night you crawled across the temple granite plinth (Page 876)
The river-horses in the slime **trumpeted** when they saw him come (Page 878)
Wild satyrs call unto their mates across the fallen **fluted drums**. (Page 879)
Charm his dull ear with Syrian **hymns!** He loved your body! Oh, be kind, (Page 880)
And Nilus with his broken **horn** lies in his black an oozy bed (Page 881)
And when you hear his dying **note** lash your long flanks of polished brass (Page 881)
Your tongue is like a scarlet snake that **dances** to fantastic **tunes**, (Page 881)
Your pulse makes poisonous **melodies**, and your black throat is like the hole (Page 882)

The Ballad of Reading Gaol

It is sweet to **dance** to violins
When Love and Life are fair:
To **dance** to flutes, to **dance** to lutes
Is delicate and rare:
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To **dance** upon the air! (Page 886)
But with **flutes** of Fear the fill the ear,
As their grisly masque the led,
And loud they **sang**, and long they **sang**.
For they **sang** to wake the dead. (Page 890)
Around, around, they waltzed and wound; (Page 891)
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
Like a madman on a **drum!** (Page 892)
They did not even toll
A **requiem** that might have brought
Rest to his startled soul, (Page 896)

POEMS IN PROSE

The Artist

The Doer of Good

He heard within the city the tread of the feet of joy, and the laughter of the mouth of gladness and the loud noise of many **lutes**. (Page 900)

The Disciple

When Narcissus died the pool of his pleasure changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, and the Oreads came weeping through the woodland that they might **sing** to the pool and give it comfort. (Page 901)

The Master

The House of Judgment

The walls of thy chamber were painted with images, and from the bed of thine abomination thou didst rise up to the sound of **flutes**. (Page 902)

The Teacher of Wisdom

And as he walked along the highway he was full of the joy that comes from the perfect knowledge of God, and he **sang** praises unto God without ceasing; and after a time he reached a strange land in which there were many cities. (Page 904)

And each city he found a disciple who loved him and followed him and a great multitude also of people followed him from each city, and the knowledge of God spread in the whole land, and many of the rulers were converted, and the priests of the temples in which there were idols found that half of their gain was gone, and when they beat upon their drums at noon none, or but a few, came with peacocks and with offerings of flesh as had been the custom of the land before his coming. (Page 904)

ESSAYS, SELECTED JOURNALISM, LECTURES AND LETTERS

The House Beautiful

One must have a piano I suppose, but it is a melancholy thing, and more like a dreadful, funeral packing-case in form than anything else. Some people cover it up with embroidery, which is well enough if the piano is out of tune, or one plays badly, or if one does not love music: the cloth cover entirely spoils the tone, and no one who really loves music would think of using one. [...] The best form for pianos, the upright grand, gives grand opportunities for inlaying or for painting; the first school of decorative arts in America which decorates pianos successfully will create an era in decorative art. (Page 920)

It must not be supposed that I am so impractical as to object to machinery, but none of us want to hear even the choicest lines ground out by a music box, and it is the same with other arts; machinery's mission is to lighten men's labour. (Page 921)

The Decorative Arts

Personal Impressions of America

Mrs Langtry as Hester Grazebrook

Woman's Dress

Mr Whistler's Ten o'Clock

Dinners and Dishes

Hamlet at the Lyceum

Olivia at the Lyceum

A Handbook to marriage

Balzac in English

A Ride through Morocco

The American Invasion

Two Biographies of Keats

Aristotle at Afternoon Tea

Mr Morris on Tapestry

London Models

De Profundis “Episola: In Carcere et Vinculis”

One who is entirely ignorant of the modes of Art in its revolution or the moods of thought in its progress, of the pomp of the Latin line or the richer **music** of the vowelled Greek, of Tuscan sculpture or Elizabethan **song** may yet be full of the very sweetest wisdom. (Page 981)

You forgot – I will not say the formal courtesy of thanks, for formal courtesies will strain a close friendship – but simply the grace of sweet companionship, the charm of pleasant conversation, that τερπνον κακον as the Greeks called it, and all those gentle humanities that make life lovely, and are an accompaniment to life as **music** might be, keeping things in **tune** and filling with **melody** the harsh of silent. (Page 984)

I was often bored to death by it, and accepted it as I accepted your passion for going to **music-halls**, or your mania for absurd extravagancies in eating and drinking, or any other of your, to me, less attractive characteristics, as a thing, that is to say, that one simply had to put up with, a part of the high price one paid for knowing you. (Page 987)

So much in this place do man live by pain that my friendship with you, in the way through which I am forced to remember it, appears to me always as a prelude consonant with those varying modes of anguish which each day I have to realise; nay more, to necessitate them even; as though my life, whatever it had seemed to myself and others, had all the while been a real **Symphony** of Sorrow, passing through its **rhythmically-linked** movements to its certain resolution, with that inevitableness that in Art characterises the treatment of every great theme. (Page 991)

Some paper, the Pall Mall Gazette I think, describing the dress-rehearsal of one of my plays, spoke of you as following me about like my shadow: the memory of our friendship is the shadow that walks with me here: that seem never to leave me: that wakes me up at night to tell me the same story over and over till its wearisome iteration makes all sleep abandon me till dawn: at dawn it begins again: it follows me into the prison-yard and makes me talk to myself as I tramp round. Each detail that accompanied each dreadful moment I am forced to recall: there is nothing that happened in those ill-starred years that I cannot recreate in that chamber of the brain which is set apart for grief or for despair: every strained **note** of your **voice**, every twitch and gesture of your nervous hands, every bitter word, every poisonous phrase comes back to me: I remember the street or river down which we passed, the wall or woodland that surrounded us, at what figure on the dial stood the hands of the clock, which way went the wings of the wind, the shape and colour of the moon. (Page 999)

You knew what my Art was to me, the great primal **note** by which I had revealed, first myself to myself, and then myself to the world; the real passion of my life; the love to which all other loves were as marsh-water to red wine, or the glow-worm of the marsh to the magic mirror of the moon. (Page 1001)

Never, even in my most perfect days of my development as an artist, could I have had words fit to bear so august a burden, or to move with sufficient stateliness of **music** through the purple pageant of my incommunicable woe. (Page 1010)

That is why Sculpture has ceased to be a representative art; and why **Music** is a representative art; and why Literature is, and has been, and always will remain the supreme representative art. (Page 1012)

Had you consulted me, I would have advised you to delay the publication of your verses for a little; or, if that proved displeasing to you, to publish anonymously at first, and then when you had won lovers by your **song** – the only sort of lovers really worth the winning – you might have turned round and said to the world “These flowers that you admire are of my sowing, and now I offer them to one whom you regard as a pariah and an outcast, as my tribute to what I love and reverence and admire in him.”. (Page 1012)

Nor has it been a silence of weeks and months merely, but of years; of years even as they have to count them who, like yourself, live swiftly in happiness, and can hardly catch the gilt feet of the days as they **dance** by, and are out of breath in the chase after pleasure. (Page 1015)

It would mean that I would be always haunted by an intolerable sense of disgrace, and that those things that are meant as much for me as for anyone else – the beauty of the sun and moon, the pageant of the seasons, the **music** of daybreak and the silence of great nights,

the rain falling through the leaves, or the dew creeping over the grass and making it silver – would all be tainted for me, and lose their healing power and their power of communicating joy. (Page 1020)

Of such modes of existence there are not a few: youth and the arts preoccupied with youth may serve as a model for us at one moment: at another, we may like to think that, in its subtlety and sensitiveness of impression, its suggestion of a spirit dwelling in external things and making its raiment of earth and air, of mist and city alike, and in the morbid sympathy of its moods, and **tones** and colours, modern landscape art is realising for us pictorially what was realised in such plastic perfection by the Greeks. **Music**, in which all subject is absorbed in expression and cannot be separated from it, is a complex example, and a flower, or a child a simple example of what I mean: but Sorrow is the ultimate type both in Life and Art. (Page 1024)

I went down to the primrose path to the sound of **flutes**. (Page 1026)

Of course all this is foreshadowed and prefigured in my art. Some of this is in “The Happy Prince”: some of it in “The Young King”, notably in the passage where the Bishop says to the kneeling boy, “Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art?” a phrase which when I wrote it seemed to me little more than a phrase: a great deal of it is hidden away in the note of Doom that like a purple thread runs through the gold cloth of Dorian Gray: in “The critic as artist” it is set forth in many colours: in “The Soul of Man” it is written down simply and in letters too easy to read: it is one of the **refrains** whose recurring motifs make Salomé so like a piece of **music** and bind it together as a **ballad**: in the prose-poem of the man who from the bronze of the image of the “Sorrow that abideth for Ever” it is incarnate. (Page 1026)

I see a far more intimate and immediate connection between the true life of Christ and the true life of the artist, and I take a keen pleasure in the reflection that long before Sorrow had made my days her own and bound me to her wheel I had written in “the Soul of Man” that he who would lead a Christ-like life must be entirely and absolutely himself, and had taken as my types not merely the shepherd on the hillside and the prisoner in his cell, but also the painter to whom the world is a pageant and the poet for whom the world is a **song**. (Page 1027)

One always thinks of him as a young bridegroom with his companions, as indeed he somewhere describes himself, or as a shepherd straying through a valley with his sheep in search of green meadow or cool stream, or as a **singer** trying to build out of **music** the walls of the city of God, or as a lover for whose love the world was too small. (Page 1029)

I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that his

mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain: or that as he passed by on the highway of life people who had seen nothing of life's mysteries saw them clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of Pleasure heard for the first time the voice of Love and found it as "**musical** as is Apollo's **lute**": or that evil passions fled at his approach, and man whose dull unimaginative lives had been but a mode of death rose as it were from the grave when he called them: or that when he taught on the hillside the multitude forgot their hunger and thirst and the cares of this world, and that to his friends who listened to him as he sat at meat the coarse food seemed delicate, and the water had the taste of good wine, and the whole house became full of the odour and sweetness of nard. (Page 1029)

In his view of life he is one with the artist who knows that by the inevitable law of self-perfection the poet must **sing**, and the sculptor think in bronze, and the painter make the world a mirror for his moods, as surely and as certainly as the hawthorn must blossom in Spring, and the corn burn to gold at harvest-time, and the moon in her ordered wanderings change from shield to sickle, and from sickle to shield. (Page 1030)

Out of Shakespeare's sonnets they draw, to their own hurt it may be, the secret of his love and make it their own: they look with new eyes on modern life because they have listened to one of **Chopin's nocturnes**, or handled Greek things, or read the story of the passion of some dead man for some dead woman whose hair was like threads of fine gold and whose mouth was a pomegranate. But the sympathy of the artistic temperament is necessarily with what has found expression. In words or in colour, in **music** or in marble, behind the painted masks of an AEschylean play or through some Sicilian shepherd's pierced and jointed reeds the man and his message must have been revealed. (Page 1031)

His desire was to be to the myriads who had found no utterance a very **trumpet** through which they might call to Heaven. (Page 1031)

He is in *Romeo and Juliet*, in the *Winter's Tale*, in Provençal poetry, in *The Ancient Mariner*, in *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, and in Chatterton's **Ballad of Charity**. (Page 1032)

Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, the note of pity in Russian novels, the stained glass and tapestries and quattrocento work of Burne-Jones and Morris, Verlaine and Verlaine's poems, belong to him no less than the tower of Giotto, Lancelot and Guinevere, **Tannhäuser**, the troubled romantic marbles of Michael Angelo, pointed architecture, and the love of children and flowers – for both of whom indeed, in classical art there was but little place, hardly enough for them to grow or play in, but who from the twelfth century down to our own day have been continually making their appearance in art, under various modes and at various times, coming fitfully and wilfully as children and

flowers are apt to do. (Page 1032)

The strange figures of poetic drama and **ballad** are made by the imagination of others, but out of his own imagination entirely did Jesus of Nazareth create himself. The cry of Isaiah had really no more to do with his coming than the **song** of the nightingale has to do with the rising of the moon – no more, though perhaps no less. (Page 1033)

It is in the brain that the poppy is red, that the apple is odorous, that the skylark **sings**. (Page 1033)

All that Christ says to us by way of a little warning is that every moment should be beautiful, that the soul should always be ready for the coming of the Bridegroom, always waiting for the **voice** of the Lover. (Page 1036)

Perhaps there may come into my art also, no less than into my life, a still deeper **note**, one of greater unity of passion, and directness of impulse. (Page 1039)

But something must come into my work, of fuller **harmony** of words perhaps, of richer **cadences**, of more curious colour-effects, of simpler architectural order, of some aesthetic quality at any rate. (Page 1039)

When Marsyas was “torn from the scabbard of his limbs” – dalla vagina delle membre sue, to use one of Dante’s most terrible, most Tacitean phrases – he had no more **song**, the Greeks said. Apollo had been victor. The **lyre** had vanquished the reed. But perhaps the Greeks were mistaken. I hear in much modern art the cry of Marsyas. It is bitter in Baudelaire, sweet and plaintive in Lamartine, mystic in Verlaine. It is in the deferred resolution of **Chopin’s music**. It is in the discontent that haunts the recurrent faces of Burne-Jones’s women. Even Matthew Arnold, whose **song** of Callicles tells of “the triumph of the sweet persuasive **lyre**” and the “famous final victory”, in such a clear **note** of lyrical beauty – even he, in the troubled undertone of doubt and distress that haunts his verse, had not a little of it. Neither Goethe nor Wordsworth could heal him, though he followed each in turn, and when he seeks to mourn for “Thyrsis” or to **sing** of “the Scholar Gipsy” , it is the reed that he has to take for the rendering of his strain. (Page 1040)

Instead of making beautiful coloured, **musical** things such as *Salomé*, and the *Florentine Tragedy*, and *La Sainte Courtisane*, I found myself forced to send long lawyer’s letters to your father and constrained to appeal to the very things against which I had always protested. (Page 1042)

Language requires to be **tuned**, like a **violin**: and just as too many or too few **vibrations** in the **voice** of the **singer** or the trembling of the **string** will make the **note** false, so too much or too little in words will spoil the message. (Page 1051)

There was no harm in your seriously considering that the most perfect way of passing an evening was to have a champagne dinner at the Savoy, a box at a **Music-Hall** to follow, and a champagne supper at Willis's as *bonnebouche* for the end. (Page 1051)

Still, I am conscious now that behind all this Beauty, satisfying though it be, there is some Spirit hidden of which the painted forms and shapes are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this Spirit that I desire to become in **harmony**. (Page 1057)

The Mystical Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature – this is what I am looking for and in the great **symphonies of Music**, in the initiation of Sorrow, in the depths of the Sea I may find it. (Page 1057)

It is not for nothing, or to no purpose, that in my lifelong cult of literature I have made myself

Miser of **Sound** and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage.

Two Letters to the Daily Chronicle

The Decay of Lying

Pen, Pencil and Poison

The Critic as Artist

Gilbert. (at the **piano**) My dear Ernest, what you are laughing at?

Ernest. (looking up) At a capital story that I have just come across in this volume of Reminiscences that I have found on your table.

Gilbert. What is the book? Ah! I see. I have not read it yet. Is it good?

Ernest. Well, while you have been **playing**, I have been turning over the pages with some amusement, though, as a rule, I dislike modern memoirs. (Page 1108)

Gilbert. [...]Poor, silly, conceited Mr. Secretary Pepys had chattered his way into the circle of the Immortals, and, conscious that indiscretion is the better part of valour, bustles about among them in that 'shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and looped lace' which he is so

fond of describing to us, perfectly at his ease, and prattling, to his own and our infinite pleasure, of the Indian blue petticoat that he bought for his wife, of the 'good hog's harslet,' and the 'pleasant French fricassee of veal' that he loved to eat, of his game of bowls with Will Joyce, and his 'gadding after beauties,' and his reciting of *Hamlet* on a Sunday, and his **playing** of the **viol** on week days, and the other wicked or trivial things.

And now, let me play **Chopin** to you, or **Dvorák**? Shall I play you a fantasy by **Dvorák**? He writes passionate, curiously-coloured things.

Ernest. No; I don't want **music** just a present. It is far too indefinite. Besides, I took the Baroness Bernstein down to dinner last night, and, though absolutely charming in every other respect, she insisted on discussing **music** as if were actually written in the German language. Now, whatever **music** sounds like, I am glad to say that it does not sound in the smallest degree like German. There are forms of patriotism that are really quite degrading. No; Gilbert, don't **play** any more. Turn round and talk to me. Talk to me till the white-horned day comes into the room. There is something in your **voice** that is wonderful.

Gilbert. (rising from the piano) I am not in a mood for talking to-night. How horrid of you to smile! I really am not. Where are the cigarettes? Thanks. How exquisite these single daffodils are! They seem to be made of amber and cool ivory. They are like Greek things of the best period. What was the story in the confessions of the remorseful Academician that made you laugh? Tell it to me. After playing **Chopin**, I feel as if I had been weeping over sins that I had never committed, and mourning over tragedies that were not my own. **Music** always seems to me to produce that effect. It creates for one a past of which one has been ignorant, and fills one with a sense of sorrows that have been hidden from one's tears. I can fancy a man who had led a perfectly commonplace life, hearing by chance some curious piece of **music**, and suddenly discovering that his soul, without his being conscious of it, had passed through terrible experiences, and know fearful joys, or wild romantic loves, or great renunciations. And so tell me this story, Ernest. I want to be amused. (Page 1109)

He did not survey, and it was but rarely that he could **sing**. [...]

Rhyme, that exquisite echo which in the Muse's hollow hill creates and answers its own **voice**; rhyme, which in the hands of the real artist becomes not merely a material element of metrical beauty, but a spiritual element of thought and passion also, waking a new mood, it may be, or stirring a fresh train of ideas, or opening by mere sweetness and suggestion of **sound** some golden door at which the Imagination itself had knocked in vain; rhyme, which can turn man's utterance to the speech of gods; rhyme, the one **chord** we have added to the Greek **lyre**, became in Robert Browning's hands a grotesque, misshapen

thing, which at times made him his tongue in his cheek. There are moments when he wounds us by monstrous **music**. Nay, if he can only get his **music** by breaking the strings of his **lute**, he breaks them, and they snap in **discord**, and no Athenian tettix, making **melody** from tremulous wings, lights on the ivory **horn** to make the movement perfect, or the interval less harsh. Yet, he was great: and through he turned language into ignoble clay, he made from it men and women than live. He is the most Shakespearian creature since Shakespeare. If Shakespeare could **sing** with myriad lips, Browning could stammer through a thousand mouths. (Page 1110)

On a wall of fresh plaster, stained with bright sandyx or mixed with milk and saffron, he pictured one who trod with tired feet the purple white starred fields of asphodel, one "in whose eyelids lay the whole of the Trojan War" Polixena, the daughter of Priam; or figured Odysseus, the wise and cunning, bound by tight cords to the mast-step, that he might listen without hurt to the **singing** of the Sirens, or wandering by the clear river of Acheron, where the ghosts of fishes flitted over the pebbly bed; or showed the Persians in trews and mitre flying before the Greek at marathón, or the galleys clashing their beaks of brass in the little Salamina bay. [...] All life, indeed, was his, firm the merchants seated in the marketplace to the cloaked shepherd lying on the hill; from the nymph hidden in the laurel and the faun that **pipes** at noon, to the king whom, in long green-courtained litter, slaves bore upon oil-bright shoulders, and fanned with peacock fans. (Page 1112)

Again, on the rim of the wide flat cup he would draw the stag browsing, or the lion at rest, as his fancy willed it. From the tiny perfume-bottle laughed Aphrodite at her toilet, and, with bare-limbed Maenads in his train, Dionysus **danced** round the vine-jar on naked must-stained feet, while, satyre-like, the old Silenus sprawled upon the bloated skins, or shook that magic spear which was tipped with a fretted firecone, and wreathed with dark ivy. (Page 1113)

No; let me play to you some mad scarlet thing by **Dvorák**. (Page 1114)

Recognising that the most perfect art is that which most fully mirrors man in all his infinite variety, they elaborated the criticism of language, considered in the mere material of that art, to a point which we, with our accentual system of reasonable or emotional emphasis, can barely if at all attain; studying for instance the metrical movements of a prose as scientifically as a modern **musician** studies **harmony** and **counterpoint**, and, I need

hardly say, with much keener aesthetic instinct. [...] Even the work of Mr. Pater, who is, on the whole, the most perfect master of English prose now creating amongst us, is often far more like a piece of mosaic than a passage in **music**, and seems, here and there, to lack the true **rhythmical** life of words and the fine freedom and richness of effect that such rhythmical life produces. We, in fact, have made writing a definite mode of composition, and have treated it as form of elaborate design. The Greeks, upon the other hand, regarded writing simply as a method of chronicling. Their test was always the spoken word in its **musical** and metrical relations. The **voice** was the medium, and the ear the critic. I have sometimes thought that the story of Homer's blindness might be really an artistic myth, created in critical days, and serving to remind us, not merely that the great poet is always a seer, seeing less with the eyes of the body than he does with the eyes of the soul, but he is a true singer also, building his song out of **music**, repeating each line over and over again to himself, till he has caught the secret of its **melody**, chaunting in darkness the words that are winged with light. Certainly, whether this be so or not, it was to his blindness that, as an occasion, if not as a cause, that England's great poet owed much of the majestic movement and **sonorous** splendour of his later verse. When Milton could no longer write he began to **sing**. Who would match the measures of *Comus* with the measures of *Samson Agonistes*, or of *Paradise Lost* or *Regained*? When Milton became blind he composed as everyone should compose, with the **voice** purely, and so the pipe or reed of earlier days became that mighty many-stopped organ whose rich reverent **music** has all the stateliness of Homeric verse, if it seeks not to have its swiftness, and is the one imperishable inheritance of English literature sweeping through all the ages, because above them, and abiding with us ever being immortal in its form. Yes: writing has done much harm to writers. We must return to the **voice**. That must be our rest and perhaps then we shall be able to appreciate some of the subtleties of Greek art-criticism. (Page 1115)

Plato had, of course, dealt with many definitely artistic subjects, such as the importance of unity in a work of art, the necessity for **tone** and **harmony**, the aesthetic value of appearance, the relation of the visible art to the external world, and the relation of fiction to fact. (Page 1116)

Words have not merely **music** as sweet as that of **viol** or of **lute**, colour as rich and vivid as any that makes lovely for us the canvas of the Venetian or the Spaniard, and plastic form no less sure and certain than that which reveals itself in marble or in bronze, but thought and passion and spirituality are theirs also, are theirs indeed alone. (Page 1117)

Gilbert. It is really not so, Ernest. All fine imaginative work is self conscious and deliberate. No poet **sings** because he must **sing**. At least, no great poet does. A great poet **sings** because he chooses to **sing**. It is so now, and it has always been so. We are sometimes apt to think that the **voices** that sounded at the dawn of poetry were simpler, fresher and more natural than ours, and that the world which the early poets looked at, and through which they walked, had a kind of poetical quality of its own, and almost without changing could pass into **song**. The snow lies thick now upon the Olympus, and its steep scarped sides are bleak and barren, but once, we fancy, the white feet of the Muses brushed the dew from anemones in the morning, and at evening came Apollo to **sing** to the shepherds in the vale. (Page 1118)

No doubt Homer had old **ballads** and stories to deal with, as Shakespeare has chronicles and plays and novels from which to work, but they were merely his rough materials. He took them, and shaped them into **song**. They become his because he made them lovely. They were built out of **music**,

And so not built at all,
And therefore built forever. (Page 1119)

Ernest. Gilbert, you sound too harsh a **note**. Let us go back to the more gracious fields of literature. (Page 1122)

Are they not greater of the men and women they **sing** of? (Page 1122)

She can see his bright hair, and hears, or fancies that she hears, that clear cool **voice**. (Page 1122)

Shadows in a song? No, they are real. Action! What is action? It dies in the moment of his energy. It is a base concession to fact. The world is made by the **singer** to the dreamer. (Page 1123)

Those who live in marble or on painted panel, know of life but a single exquisite instant, eternal indeed in its beauty, but limited to one **note** of passion or one mood of calm. [...] on the little hill by the city of Florence, where the lovers of Giorgione are lying, it is always the solstice of noon, of noon made so languorous by summer suns, that hardly can the slim

naked girl dip into the marble tank the round bubble of clear glass, and the long fingers of the **lute-player** restidly upon the **chords**. It is twilight always for the **dancing** nymphs whom Corot set free among the silver poplars of France. (Page 1123)

Ernest. Because the best that he can give us will be but an echo of rich **music**, a dim shadow of clear-outlined form. (Page 1124)

Gilbert. Yes; it has been said by one whose gracious memory we all revere, and the **music** of whose **pipe** once lured Proserpina from her Sicilian fields, and made those white feet stir, and not in vain, the Cumnor cowslips, that the proper aim of Criticism is to see the object as in itself it really is. (Page 1126)

Gilbert. Of course it is. Who cares whether Mr. Ruskin's views on Turner are **sound** or not? What does it matter? That mighty and majestic prose of his, so fervid and so fiery-coloured in its noble eloquence, so rich in its elaborate **symphonic music**, so sure and certain, and its best, in subtle choice of word and epithet, is at least as great a work of art as any of those wonderful sunsets that bleach or rot on their corrupted canvases in England's Gallery; (Page 1126)

And all this has been to her but as the **sound of lyres** and **flutes**, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. (Page 1126)

And so the picture becomes more wonderful to us than it really is, and reveals to us a secret of which, in truth, it knows nothing, and the **music** to the mystical prose is as sweet in our ears as was that **flute-player's music** that lent to the lips of La Gioconda those subtle and poisonous curves. (Page 1126)

The longer I study, Ernest, the more clearly I see that the beauty of the visible arts is, as the beauty of **music**, impressive primarily, and that it may be marred, and indeed often is so, by any excess of intellectual intention on the part of the artist. (Page 1127)

Sometimes, when I listen to the **overture to Tannhäuser**, I seem indeed to see that comely knight treading delicately on the flower-strewn grass, and to hear the **voice** of Venus calling to him from the caverned hill. (Page 1127)

To-morrow, like the **music** of which Aristotle and Plato tell us, the noble Dorian **music** of the Greek, it may perform the office of a physician, and give us an anodyne against pain, and heal the spirit that is wounded, and 'bring the soul into **harmony** with all right things.' And what is true about **music** is true about all the arts. (Page 1127)

This is the reason why **music** is the perfect type of art. **Music** can never reveal its ultimate secret. (Page 1129)

He takes the written word, and action, gesture and **voice** become the media of revelation. The **singer** or the **player on lute** and **viol** is the critic of **music**. (Page 1131)

When **Rubinstein** plays to us the *Sonata Appassionata* of **Beethoven** he gives us not merely **Beethoven**, but also himself, and so gives us Beethoven absolutely – **Beethoven** reinterpreted through a rich artistic nature, and made vivid and wonderful to us by a new and intense personality. (Page 1131)

Trough the dim purple the air fly those who have stained the world with the beauty of their sin, and in the pit of loathsome disease, dropsy-stricken and swollen of body into the semblance of a monstrous **lute**, lies Adamo di Brescia, the coiner of false coin. (Page 1133)

When we hear the **voice** of his agony we are glad, and Virgil praises us for the bitterness of our scorn. (Page 1133)

When he learns that Virgil is one of Mantua's citizens, he falls upon his neck, and when he learns that he is the **singer** of Rome he falls before his feet. In that valley whose grass and flowers are fairer than cleft emerald and Indian wood, and brighter than scarlet and silver, they are **singing** who in the world were kings; but the lips of Rudolph of Hapsburg do not move to the **music** of the others, and Philip of France beats his breast and Henry of England sits alone. On and on we go, climbing the marvellous stair, and the stars become larger than their wont, and the **song** of the kings grows faint, and a length we reach the seven trees of gold and the garden of the Earthly paradise. (Page 1133)

Cunizza, the sister of Ezzelin, the lady of Sordello's heart, is there, and Folco, the passionate **singer** of Provence, who in sorrow for Azalais forsook the world, and the

Canaanitish harlot whose soul was the first that Christ redeemed. (Page 1134)

In Saturn the soul **sings** not, and even she who guides us dare not smile. (Page 1134)

Pass on to the poem on the man who tortures himself, let its subtle **music** steal into your brain and colour your thoughts, and you will become for a moment what he was who wrote it; (Page 1134)

Or wake from his forgotten tomb the sweet Syrian, Meleager, and bid the lover of Heliodore make you **music**, for he too has flowers in his **song**, red pomegranate blossoms, and irises that smell of myrrh, ringed daffodils and dark-blue hyacinths, and marjoram and crinkled ox-eyes. (Page 1135)

It is a strange thing, this transference of emotion. We sicken with the same maladies as the poets, and the **singer** lends us his pain. (Page 1135)

Theocritus blows on his **pipe**, and we laugh with the lips of nymph and shepherd. In the wolfskin of Pierre Vidal we flee before the hounds, and in the armour of Lancelot we ride from the bower of the Queen. We have whispered the secret of our love beneath the cowl of Abelard, and in the stained raiment of Villion have put our shame into **song**. (Page 1138)

And who the true man of culture, if not he who by fine scholarship and fastidious rejection has made instinct self-conscious and intelligent, and can separate the work that has distinction from the work that has it not, and so by contact and comparison makes himself master of the secrets of style and school, and understands their meanings, and listens to their **voices**, and develop that spirit of disinterested curiosity which is the real root, as it is the real flower, of the intellectual life, and thus attains to intellectual clarity, and, having learned 'the best that is known and thought in the world,' lives –it is not fanciful to say so – with who are the Immortals. (Page 1138)

And M. Renan uses dialogue, and Mr. Pater fiction, and Rossetti translates into **sonnet-music** the colour of Giorgione and the design of Ingres, and his own design and colour also, feeling, with the instinct of one who had many modes of utterance, that the ultimate art is literature, and the finest and fullest medium that of words. (Page 1144)

Those of whose lives it forms the dominant **note** will always seem to the world to be pure visionaries. (Page 1144)

You remember that lovely passage in which Plato describes how a young Greek should be educated, and with what insistence he dwells upon the importance of surroundings, telling us how the lad is to be brought up in the midst of fair sights and **sounds**, so that the beauty of material things may prepare his soul for the reception of the beauty that is spiritual. (Page 1146)

Yet, even for us, there is left some loveliness of environment, and the dullness of tutors and professors matters very little when one can loiter in the grey cloisters at Magdalen, and listen to some **flute-like voice singing** in Waynfleete's chapel, or lie in the green meadow, among the strange snake-spotted fritillaries, and watch the sunburnt noon smite to a finer gold the tower's gilded vanes, or wander up the Christ Church staircase beneath the vaulted ceiling's shadowy fans, or pass through the sculptured gateway of Laud's building in the College of St. John. (Page 1146)

Some of their arrangements and harmonies serve to remind one of the unapproachable beauty of Gautier's immortal **Symphonie en Blanc Majeur**, that flawless masterpiece of colour and *music* which may have suggested the type as well as the title of many of their best pictures. (Pag-1147)

The **harmony** that resides in the delicate proportions of lines and masses becomes mirrored in the mind. (Page 1148)

For the real artist is he who proceeds, not from feeling to form, but from form to thought and passion. He does not first conceive an idea, and then say to himself, 'I will put my idea into a complex metre of fourteen lines,' but realising the beauty of the sonnet-scheme, he conceives certain modes of **music** and methods of rhyme, and the mere form suggests what is to fill and make it intellectually and emotionally complete. (Page 1148)

Gilbert. Why should you wonder? It is not merely in art that the body is the soul. In every sphere of life Form is the beginning of things. The **rhythmic harmonious** gestures of **dancing** convey, Plato tells us, both **rhythm** and **harmony** into the mind. (Page 1148)

The realism of Euripides was hateful to Sophokles. Those droppings of warm tears had no **music** for him. (Page 1150)

To the great poet, there is only one method of **music**- his own. (Page 1150)

It is Criticism, as I hope to point out myself some day, that makes the mind a fine **instrument**. (Page 1151)

‘How can one write **songs** of hatred without hating? [...] This **note, sounded** in the modern world by Goethe first, will become, I think, the starting point for the cosmopolitanism of the future. (Page 1153)

The Truth of Masks

Knowing how the artistic temperament is always fascinated by beauty of costume, he constantly introduces into his plays masques and **dances**, purely for the sake of the pleasure which they give the eye; (Page 1156)

Orlando’s bloodstained napkin strikes the first sombre **note** in that exquisite woodland idyll, and shows us the depth of feeling that underlines Rosalind’s fanciful wit and wilful jesting. (Page 1158)

Look that my staves be **sound** and not too heavy. (Page 1159)

Indeed, to put any play of Shakespeare’s on the stage, absolutely as he himself wished it to be done, requires the services of a good property-man, a clever wig-maker, a costumier with a sense of colour and a knowledge of textures, a master of the methods of making-up, a fencing-master, a **dancing-master**, and an artist to direct personally the whole production. (Page 1159)

As for the metaphors Shakespeare draws from dress, and the aphorism he makes on it, his hits at the costume of his age, particularly at the ridiculous size of the ladies’ bonnets, and the many descriptions of the *mundus muliebris*, from the **song** of Autolycus in the *Winter’s Tale* down to the account of the Duchess of Milan’s gown in *Much Ado About Nothing*, they are far too numerous to quote; (Page 1160)

Mr.Symonds, speaking of that great picture of Mantegna's, now in Hampton Court, says that the artist has converted an antiquarian motive into a theme for **melodies** of line. (Page 1163)

Better *Endymion* than any theory, however **sound**, or, as in the present instance, **unsound** of an epidemic among adjectives! (Page 1163)

Shakespeare, in the spirit of the true artist, accepts the facts of the antiquarian and converts them into dramatic and picturesque effects: indeed, the gown of humility, the 'wolfish gown', as Shakespeare calls it, is the central **note** of the play. (Page 1168)

[...] there is the danger of a want of **harmony** in the scene as a picture. For each scene the colour-scheme should be settled as absolutely as for the decoration of a room, and the textures which it is proposed to use should be mixed and re-mixed in every possible combination, and what is discordant **removed**. [...] Shabbiness, which in modern life is merely the tendency of the lower orders towards **tone**, is not without its artistic value, and modern colours are often much improved by being a little faded. (Page 1170)

Its decorative value is, of course, the same as that of white or gold; it can separate and **harmonise** colour. (Page 1172)

The Soul of Man under Socialism

It will not be a **discord**. (Page 1179)

But he was not more Christlike than **Wagner** when he realised his soul in **music**; or than Shelley, when he realised his soul in **song**. (Page 1181)

For what it seeks to disturb is **monotony** of type, slavery of custom, tyranny of habit, and the reduction of man to the level of a machine. (Page 1186)

The spectator is to be receptive. He is to be the **violin** on which the master is to **play**. (Page 1190)

One might point out how Louis XIV, by creating the modern state, destroyed the individualism of the artist, and made things monstrous in their **monotony** of repetition,

and contemptible in their conformity to rule, and destroyed throughout all France all those fine freedoms of expression that had made tradition new in beauty, and new modes one with antique form. (Page 1193)

They painted many religious pictures – in fact they painted far too many, and the **monotony** of type and motive is wearisome, and was bad for art. (Page 1196)

The Rise of Historical Criticism

A Few Maxims for the Instruction of the Over-Educated

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