

Tristram of
Lyonesse: And
Other Poems



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Tristram of Lyonesse: And Other Poems Details

Date : Published November 2nd 2008 by BiblioLife (first published 1899)

ISBN : 9780559603013

Author : Algernon Charles Swinburne

Format : Paperback 376 pages

Genre : Poetry, Mythology, Arthurian, European Literature, British Literature, Epic



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From Reader Review Tristram of Lyonesse: And Other Poems for online ebook

Salymar says

One of the Greek classics I loved back in my high school days :)

“And her heart sprang in Iseult, and she drew
With all her spirit and life the sunrise through
And through her lips the keen triumphant air
Sea-scented, sweeter than land-roses were,
And through her eyes the whole rejoicing east
Sun-satisfied, and all the heaven at feast
Spread for the morning; and the imperious mirth
Of wind and light that moved upon the earth,
Making the spring, and all the fruitful might
And strong regeneration of delight
That swells the seedling leaf and sapling man,
Since the first life in the first world began
To burn and burgeon through void limbs and veins,
And the first love with sharp sweet procreant pains
To pierce and bring forth roses; yea, she felt
Through her own soul the sovereign morning melt,
And all the sacred passion of the sun;
And as the young clouds flamed and were undone
About him coming, touched and burnt away
In rosy ruin and yellow spoil of day,
The sweet veil of her body and corporal sense
Felt the dawn also cleave it, and incense
With light from inward and with effluent heat
The kindling soul through fleshly hands and feet.
And as the august great blossom of the dawn
Burst, and the full sun scarce from sea withdrawn
Seemed on the fiery water a flower afloat,
So as a fire the mighty morning smote
Throughout her, and incensed with the influent hour
Her whole soul's one great mystical red flower
Burst, and the bud of her sweet spirit broke
Rose-fashion, and the strong spring at a stroke
Thrilled, and was cloven, and from the full sheath came
The whole rose of the woman red as flame:
And all her Mayday blood as from a swoon
Flushed, and May rose up in her and was June.
So for a space her hearth as heavenward burned:
Then with half summer in her eyes she turned,
And on her lips was April yet, and smiled,
As though the spirit and sense unreconciled
Shrank laughing back, and would not ere its hour

Let life put forth the irrevocable flower.
And the soft speech between them grew again"

Clifton says

My doctoral dissertation is a Jungian analysis of "Tristram," so I'm biased. I have long felt he has been underrated in the century since his death. In my considered opinion, he ranks with Tennyson and Robert Browning as among the three greatest Victorian poets, certainly better than Arnold, both in quantity and quality.
