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In Memoriam; by Alfred, Lord Tennyson; A Photographic Interpretation

Eunice Blanchard

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In
Memoriam



In Memoriam

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

A Photographic Interpretation By Eunice Blanchard

English Literature Term Paper 1947

Syracuse University

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An Understanding and Thoroughly Invigorating instructor.

Instructor in Photography, C. Wesley Brewster

For his patience and advice.

Assistant to Mr. Brewster, D.M. Norton

For His Aid

*

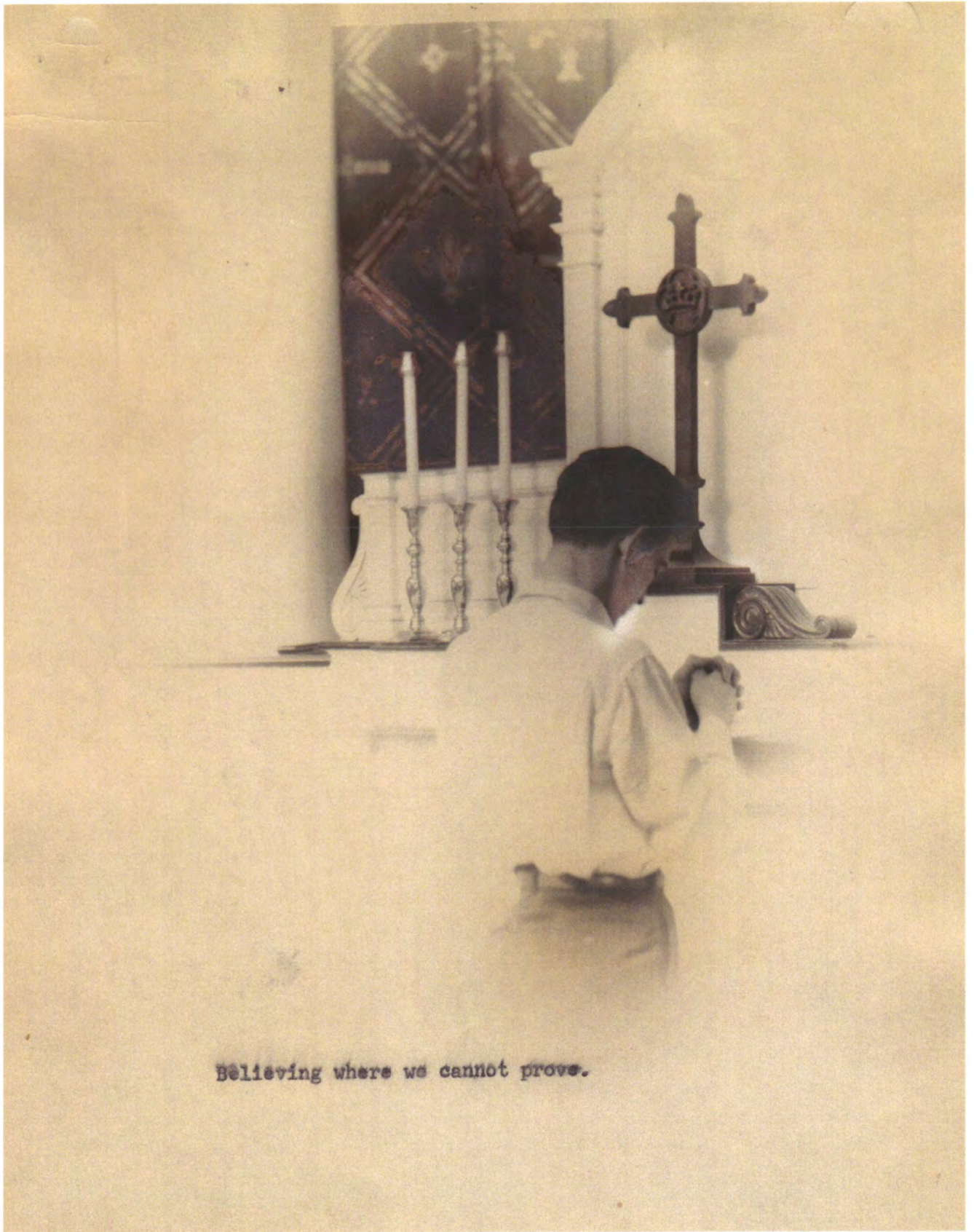
Photography Models

Janet Clark, Betty Sanders

Thanks For Their Participation.

Aubrey Vaughn Woolsey. Jr.

*My deep and lasting gratitude to one from whom
I received much and had given little,
a friend, a patient model, a severe critic.*



Believing where we cannot prove.

Or reach a hand thro' time to catch

The far-off interest of tears?



Let Love clasp

Grief lest

both be

drown'd.



And now her father's chimney glows

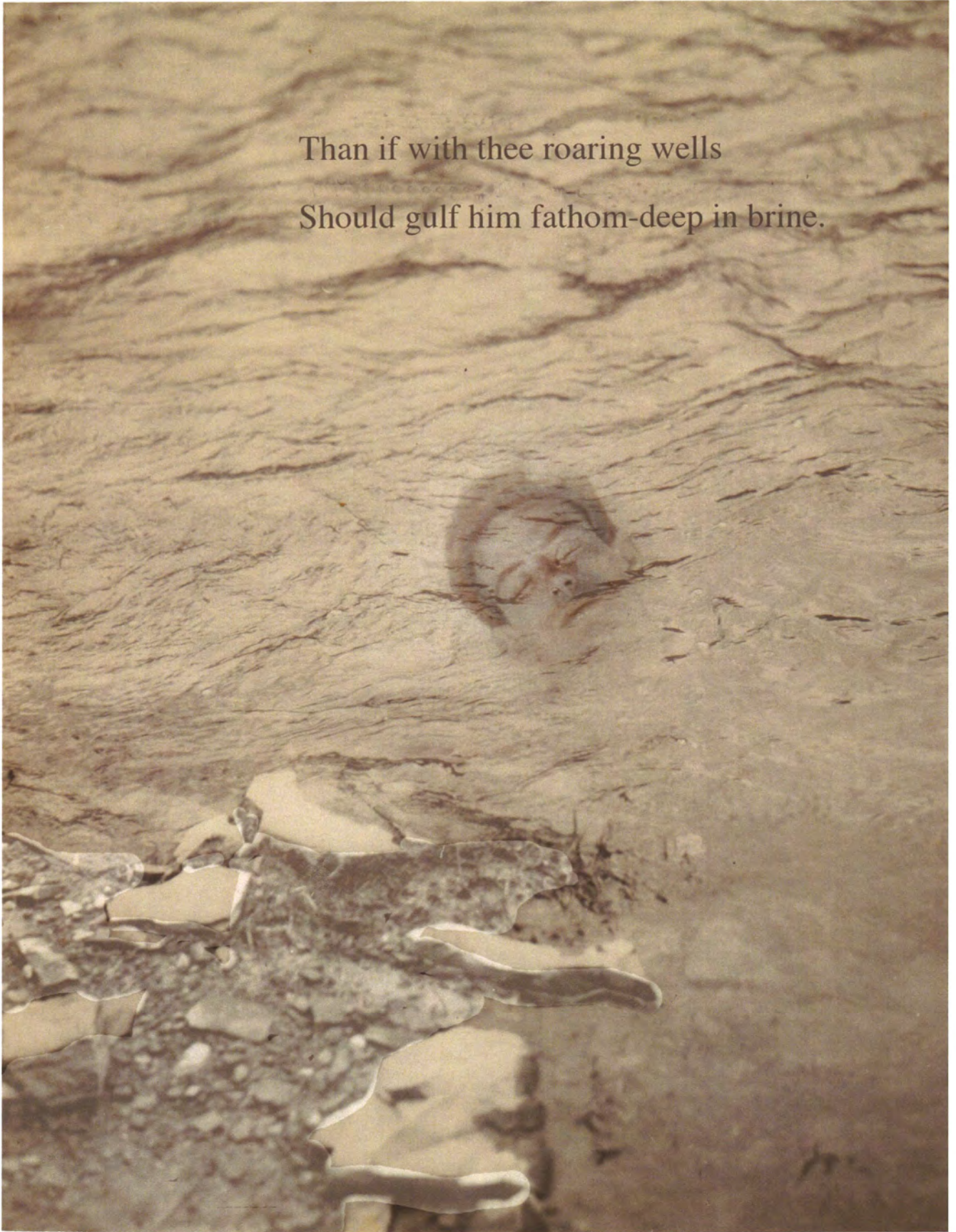
In expectation of a guest;

And thinking this will please him best,

She takes a riband or a rose;

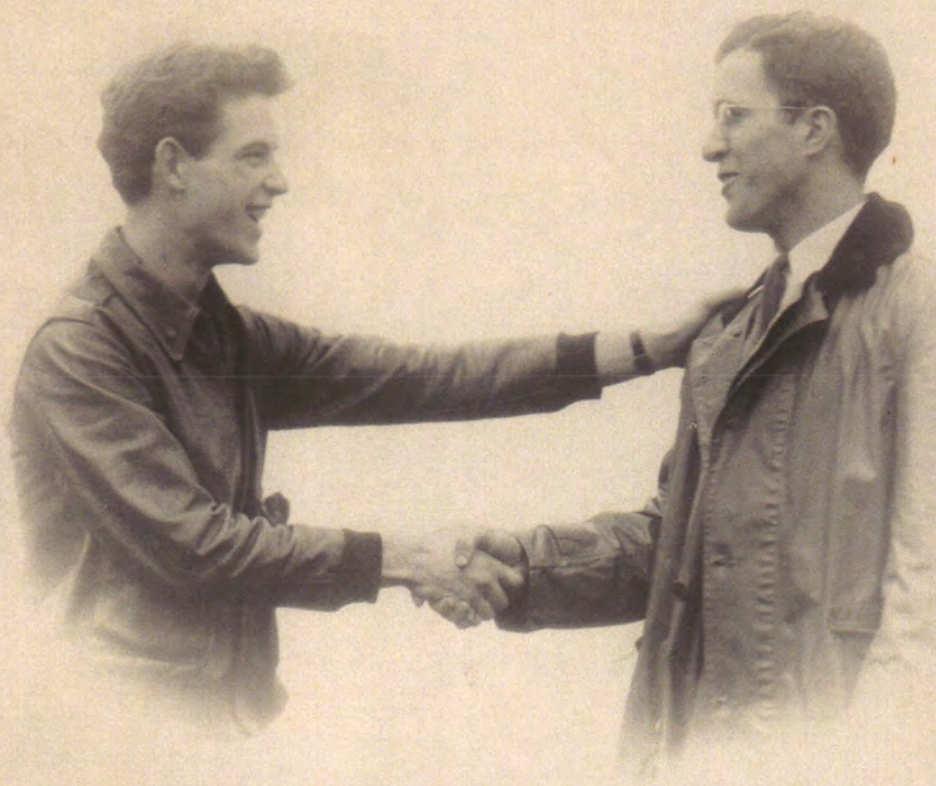


Than if with thee roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine.



And if along with these should come

The man I held as half-divine,



Should strike a sudden hand in mine,

And ask a thousand things of home;

Can calm despair



and wild unrest

Be tenants of a single breast?

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head

That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,



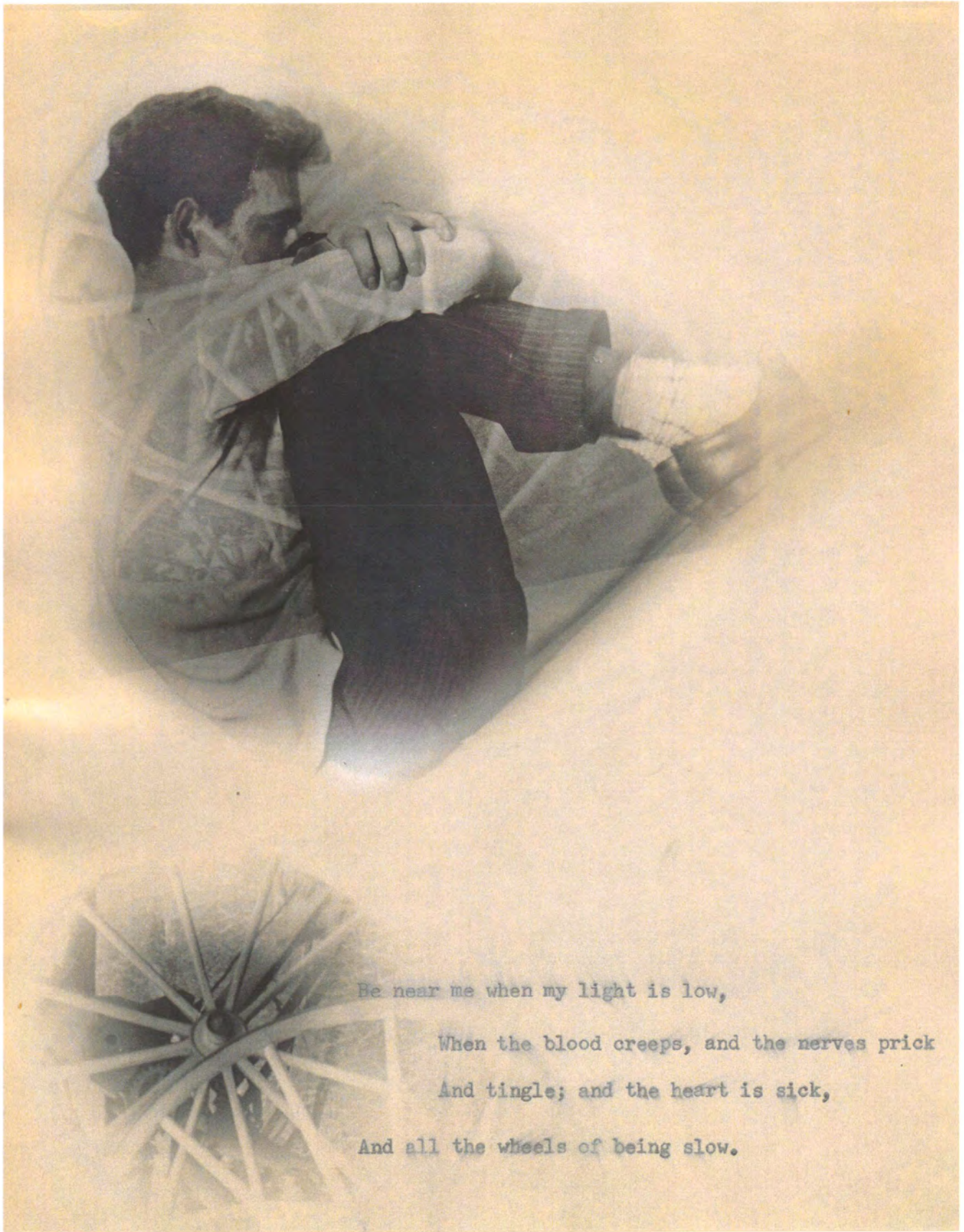
And doubtful joys the father move,

And tears are on the mother's face,

As parting with a long embrace



She enters other realms of love:




Be near me when my light is low,

When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick

And tingle; and the heart is sick,

And all the wheels of being slow.



Behold, we know not anything;

I can but trust that good shall fall


At last - far off - at last, to all,

And every winter

change

to

Spring.



I falter where I firmly trod,
And feeling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
They slope thro' darkness up to God.
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope.



O bliss, when all in circle drawn

About him, heart and ear were fed

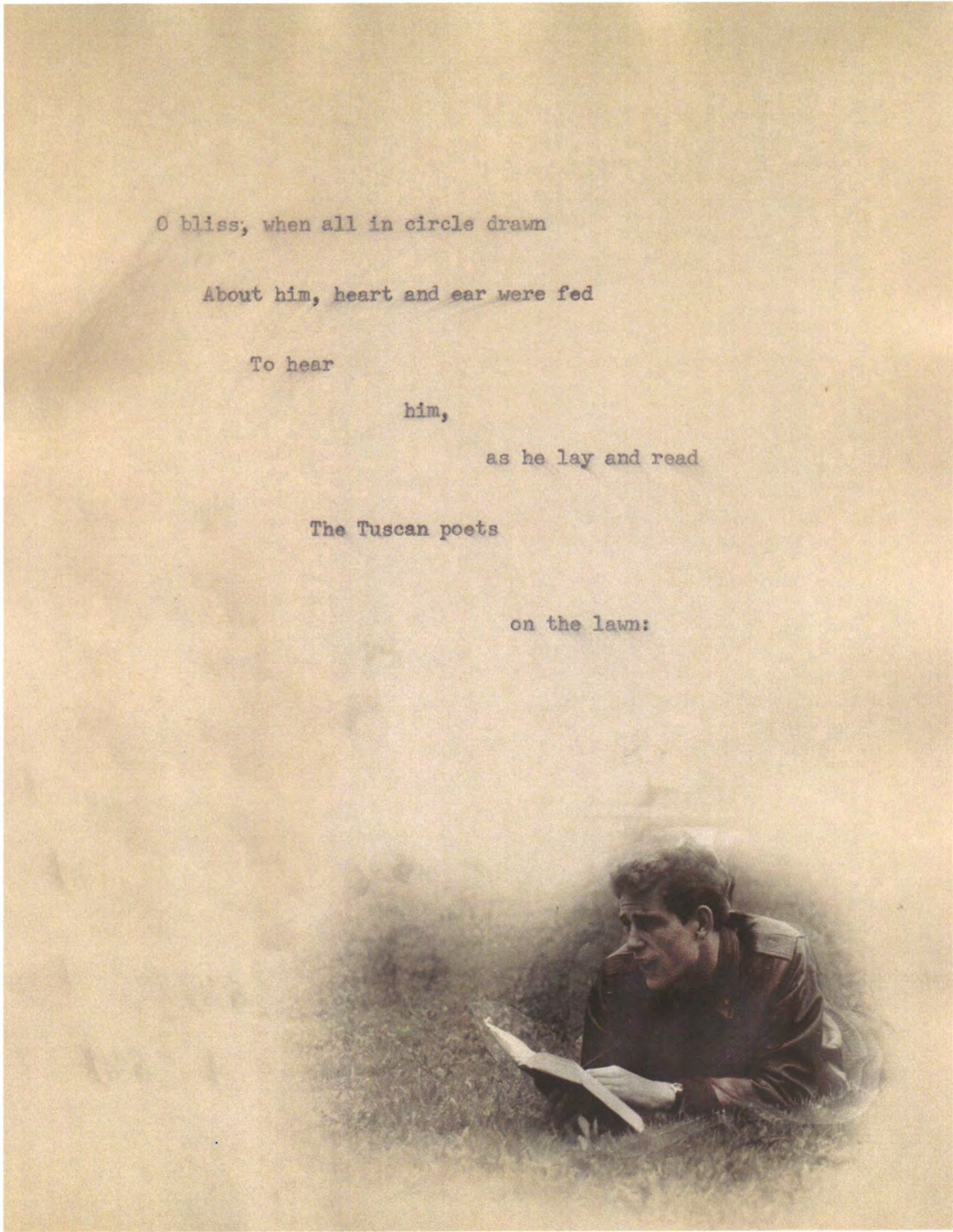
To hear

him,

as he lay and read

The Tuscan poets

on the lawn:



Two spirits of a diverse love contend for loving masterdom
One whispers, "Here thy boyhood sung long since its matin song,
And heard the low love language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung."

The other answers, "Yea but here thy feet have strayed
In after hours with thy lost friend among the bowers,

And this hath made them trebly dear."



As we descended following Hope,
There sat the shadow fear'd of man
The shadow sits and waits for me



The shadow cloaked from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys

of all the creeds,



And manhood fused with female grace

In such a sort,

the child

would twine

A trustful hand,

unask'd

in thine,

And find his

comfort

in thy

face;

