



A DAY IN EDEN  
EDWARD LEE

## A DAY IN EDEN Notes by Edward Lee

### Origin and purpose of the piece

My first motivation was that, after a long period of creating very intense and sober pieces, most notably *Stars Blindly Run* (<https://wordsandmusic.bandcamp.com/album/stars-blindly-run> )

and *Guthlac* (<https://wordsandmusic.bandcamp.com/album/guthlac> ), I felt that I wanted to create something which was unalloyed joy.

This piece is an idealised re-creation of days we have all had and look back upon, because they occur so rarely, when everything comes together perfectly.

I realised very quickly that this joy typically comes from several possible sources: the enjoyment of Nature, the company of others, notably in dancing and reveling, and above a loving relationship with another.

The latter situation suggested the title, since in the popular tradition “Eden” has become synonymous with the ideal state for lovers:

*A garden of Eden, just made for two  
With nothing to mar our joy*

(from *If you were the only girl in the world* - a song from 1916 featuring the music hall artist, George Robey)

Another song, *Hold My Hand*, written by Jack Lawrence and Richard Myers, published in 1953, includes the following lyrics:

*So this the kingdom of Heaven  
So this is the sweet Promised Land  
While angels tell of love  
Don't break the spell of love, hold my hand*

*So this is the garden of Eden  
In dreams it was never so grand  
Let's never leave again  
Adam and Eve again, hold my hand*

Here the song, written originally for a predominantly Christian American audience, refers explicitly to the origin of these images, which is the Bible story of the Creation. In a modern diverse world, we cannot assume that everyone knows this. So for information, the Book of Genesis tells that

“So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female he created them” Genesis 1:27 [According to the story. this was the first man, Adam]

“And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed” Genesis 2:9

*“And he Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make an help meet for him”* Genesis 2:18 [According to the story, this was the first woman, Eve]

Also, since we are living in a much more diverse world, I should mention at this point that I have chosen to create a situation with a man and a woman, because that is my own experience. However, this is not meant as a comment on other types of relationship. I hope that what I create can be seen as reflecting the joy to be found in a loving relationship between any two people.

Those familiar with the Christian narrative will immediately call to mind that in the Bible the Eden story does not end happily, and in fact is the foundation event of the Christian religion. Adam and Eve, the first humans, are banished from the garden by God because they disobey his command (Genesis, chapters 2 and 3)

I was clear from the start that I did not wish to recreate the Biblical story - that would have been a very different work. But it was a way to find the words to describe an idyllic state, of the couple before their disobedience, particularly as I knew that John Milton had done this so well in his poem *Paradise Lost*.

### **Other themes**

It became clear, as the work progressed, that it could not and should not simply be the creation of joyful moments.

One strand that emerged is that, though we undoubtedly do experience moments of unalloyed joy, much of our satisfaction lies in the recollection of past moments. Thus, various of the texts give us an account of important experiences remembered.

Another dimension of these experiences is that they frequently lead seamlessly into the imagining of ideal situations.

Finally, these threads are expressed in literature, thus creating resonances to other uplifting experiences and a sense that these matters exist not only in time, but across time.

### **Structure, content and musical techniques of the work**

There are nine sections which lead into each other to create a continuous piece.

#### **1 Dawn**

The sun rises over land and sea.

In creating this work I have had certain moments of luck artistically. The first of these was a poem by James Gordon (Appendix 1), of which the text for this section is an extract. I felt that it could have been written to my brief.

The musical structure does not follow a set pattern but is dictated by the gradually opening up of the world as light grows stronger. I use synthesiser pads, natural sounds, and a sampled Chinese instrument (Gu). I have tried to blend instruments with the voice at certain times, creating the musical line from emphasising the main accents of the spoken phrase.

## 2 Morning

The sun is up and is welcomed with a dance.

In this case my good luck was that I had already a song in which I had set the words of Shakespeare's *Come unto these Yellow Sands* from *The Tempest* (Act 1 Scene 2) – in many ways an idyllic island ( see Appendix 2). I wrote it for a reworking of that play, which was never performed, so the song had remained unrealised for many years. The whole work from which it comes, entitled *Caliban Calypso*, can be read and downloaded free at <http://www.elmvillagearts.co.uk/words-and-music-scripts.php>

## 3 Late morning

This conveys the enjoyment of Nature, plants and streams.

*Caliban Calypso* provided me with another song, which I have used to celebrate Nature. It is *Where the Bee Sucks* (Appendix 3), originally also performed by Ariel (*The Tempest*, Act 5 Scene1). It is probably not obvious at first listening, but in fact this section uses the repeated chorus structure so familiar in jazz, rock and pop. Unlike those forms, however, this does not use a regular metre, but instead is in additive rhythm, derived from the speech patterns of the song lyric. The repeating cycles (which are also not exact, but follow the direction led by the words) present extracts from poems of Shakespeare and Milton (Appendix 4), whose evocation of an ideal landscape cannot really be surpassed.

The music is created from sampled drums and percussion, with computer pads.

## 4 Midday

Another lucky find was a poem by Frances Lee (*Breaking Cover*, Appendix 5). In that work she shows us the sense of peace and harmony which many people felt when animals seemed to appear from nowhere during lockdown in the Covid crisis of 2020.

The poem's vision is not however the famous one described in the vision of the prophet Isaiah:

*The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and he young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.*

*And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.* Isaiah 11: 6-7

Even if one is not religious, this is clearly very poetic, and describes a situation which many would hope for. But importantly, it describes a state of affairs which does not currently exist, and which I believe could not exist, as it would go against the very structure of the natural universe, for example, lions are carnivores, and cannot live as vegetarians.

Frances' poem, by contrast, is concerned with a desirable state which does not normally happen, but did actually occur in the lockdown. It is not an abstract ideal but a potentially realizable future.

This section does not have a set form, but is built around the extract from the poem. It uses computer pads with short phrases (derived from the original version of the poem

(<http://www.francesleepoems.co.uk/breaking-cover-2/>), played live on bass guitar, harmonica and Portuguese guitar.

## 5 Afternoon

I have had an interest in Medieval culture since schooldays, so it is not surprising that I should be called to mind the large body of literature of the period which celebrates Spring and Summer. The lyric *Lenten is Come with Love to Toune* is quite widely known, but as Frances preferred the 13<sup>th</sup> Century lyric *Somer is comen with love to toune*, that is what I chose to turn into a song (Appendix 6) This is in a slow 3 beat metre but the backing is a complex texture of interplaying drum and percussion rhythms.

## 6 Early Evening

Lovers meet, walk and eat together and make love.

The music sinks into a much more familiar beat and texture. The words are for the first time delivered by two voices.

The female voice first presents extracts from Milton's account of Adam and Eve, describing their idyllic relationship before they eat the fruit of the forbidden tree. (Appendix 7) She then moves on to an extract from John Donne's *The Dream* (Appendix 8).

From the start I wanted this section to move into a suggestion of love making, which I would certainly see as part of a perfect day. But this raised issues. It is now possible, even excluding pornography, to be explicit in ways which were unthinkable in any other age, even the more licentious periods of history. I have no puritanical feelings about such matters, and never have had, but I was not concerned in this work with the details of the act. My aim was (and remains) to give a sense of the emotional state which can result when sheer physical passion and delight are experienced in the context of a loving relationship. I was concerned with the spiritual uplift, moving towards ecstasy or a transcendental state. (Again, I repeat that though my concern is with a man/woman relationship, I do not deny that such experiences may occur between any couple).

In Donne's poem I found a text which was explicit enough physically, but clearly had more than a purely physical dimension.

At this point I had another piece of luck. When engaged in other projects, I had contacted my old friend, poet E C Gardiner, and asked if he felt he could contribute. Thus, in the case of *Guthlac*, he was able to create a text which made a major contribution to the work.

On this occasion he did not create a text, but sent a poem (Appendix 9) which had lain in a drawer for many years (does this begin to sound familiar?!) It starts as an imitation of the classic type of love sonnet, with the imagery skilfully selected to evoke a sense of that tradition. But unlike the work of Petrarch, whose love leans strongly towards spirituality, or even Shakespeare, who leaves to our imagination what his lovers do, Gardiner describes explicitly the embrace of the lovers. For me this expressed precisely the blend of physical and spiritual, expressed through the sexual experience, which I have described above.

I decided to use this poem (with a male voice) to interplay with the female voice as a sort of counterpoint.

I had already decided that I wished to create music for this section which would be climactic - some listeners will rightly detect the influence of the great Swing Bands, such as Count Basie and Woody Herman, who turned the building of excitement into a fine art. Donne's words "enter these arms" gave me a way of making the words of the woman (in this case) a part of a texture created electronically, which allowed me to create a rising excitement.

The music is in 4/4, with no set form, using live bass guitar, and synth brass strongly processed, to give a suggestion rather than a mechanical imitation of the brass sections of a big band.

## 7 Dance!

I was reaching the end of this project, when I heard the first releases on Oakhi records of *Fields Beneath* by *Soundblocks* (aka Laurence "Louie" Lee) (<https://www.oakhirecords.com/products/717279-soundblocks-fields-beneath>). The music is at times joyful, bouncy and had me dancing round the room. I then realized that those adjectives were among the ones I had in my original conception of *A Day in Eden*. I was satisfied (as far as one ever is) that I had created a landscape of beauty, warmth, softness, optimism. But where was the joy?! So *Fields Beneath* stimulated me to create a new section, which I hope will get the listeners out of their chairs. It probably does not need saying to anyone who will read this, but making music which is excitingly danceable is not just some activity to the musically simple minded – it is a skill of its own.

To link the listener to the developing themes of the work, I have included an anonymous poem, *Let the music play*, (Appendix 10) and an extract, in both the original Medieval French and a translation from *Erec et Enide* by Chrétien de Troyes.(Appendix 11)

The section has a strong retro element. This is a frequent experience that lifts joy (the old favourites which end many concerts) and also goes with the fact that this work partly starts with the fact that joy is often a remembered state.

## 8 Evening

At the Adam and Eve Tavern.

This section is a light-hearted acknowledgement of the importance of social life in a perfect day. I have suggested the increasing noisiness and randomness, as people become less inhibited. This crowd also likes entertainment, which includes brief appearances of two not very accomplished banjo and spoons players, and a singer whose dramatic delivery is more impressive than her singing. (It is in fact a very impressive parody by the late Jan North). There are various other tavern-centred extracts, all from my work *Fleeting Moments* (<https://wordsandmusic.bandcamp.com/album/fleeting-moments-3>), which was created from original sources across the centuries, so that here a modern crowd is related directly to those of previous times.

Finally the revelers stagger home.

I have used a very basic beat to create a basically unsophisticated mood. In addition to using a Dance type of approach, I have used the typical Dance structure – a build up to the breakdown and then a return to the drop. But there is no set form, though the music is given unity and interest by my setting of *Tappster*, another Medieval lyric (Appendix 12). It was created as a round, though it is not here used in that strict way. The original round is given in Appendix 12.

### 9 Night

As night falls, the mood slows and calms, with reminders of the mysteriousness of night (a famous passage from *The Tempest* (Appendix 13), the beauty of the sea (Matthew Arnold, *Dover Beach*, Appendix 14) and Milton's description of the beauty of the night (Appendix 15), under cover of which Satan will start to carry out his plan for revenge. (Genesis 3: 1-24).

The music does not have a set form, but broadly reverses the opening section with a decrescendo to darkness and silence, using computer pads and natural sounds.

### Artists:

Composition and recording: Edward Lee

Texts ( in order of appearance): James Gordon, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Frances Lee, anonymous Medieval poets, John Donne , E C Gardner, Anonymous, Chrétien de Troyes, Matthew Arnold

Live instruments:

bass guitar, banjo, Portuguese guitar, spoons: Edward Lee

harmonica: Frances Lee

Readings: Frances Lee, Edward Lee;

(extracts from earlier recordings by James Gordon, Jan North)

Songs: sung by Frances Lee

Translation: Frances Lee

### Acknowledgements:

Finally, I would like to say that the necessity which obliged me to draw on the skills of longstanding collaborators turned out not to be a limitation, but to give a particular character and strength to this work. Though I would not for a moment consider my quality as a composer to equal that of Duke Ellington, who is one of the greatest American composers, at various times I drew strength from the fact that Duke, for most of his career, used the same few musicians, each of whose playing had distinctive characteristics. Out of this he created a unique and subtle blend of inimitable timbres.

In particular I wish to thank Felix Cross and Laurence "Louie" Lee for giving so much of their time to discussion and advice about technical matters, and to them and E C Gardiner for much fruitful consideration of aesthetic questions. There is so much to learn about electronic techniques, which are in constant change and development. As the old aphorism puts it: *Ars longa vita brevis* - translated by

Geoffrey Chaucer as "The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne" (The life so short, the craft so long to learn), the first line of his *The Parlement of Foules*.

This is equally true of aesthetic development, which the current work has obliged me to think deeply about. I am very aware of the degree to which most creators of my age are content to live and work in an artistic world which they have long since mastered to great effect. But I have always been driven to look towards new horizons, new roads to follow. Not the least of the valuable inputs given by these old friends, is that they have been willing to accept my request to alert me, if in seeking, as I always have, to draw upon tradition, I am in fact only looking backwards nostalgically.

## **Appendix 1**

### **OUT BEFORE DAWN** (17/5/20)

(of our only major excursion on 24/4/20 since we self-isolated on my 75th birthday, 15/3/20)

Locked down as 'highest risk', we'd ventured out  
Well before dawn, to avoid all human kind  
Whose closeness, welcome once, now prompting doubt,  
All natural social urges undermined  
For five weeks now behind closed doors confined  
Fearing infection from the very food  
Brought us in bags by caring hands, resigned  
To follow rules the TV screen issued  
Warning of deadly danger, were they not pursued,

That morning then, in darkness, out we'd crept  
Still blinking from the much repeated tones  
That called to us, while all the world still slept,  
Not with the bells of clocks, but mobile phones,  
One trilling, bright, the other with dull moans;  
We'd quelled them, showered and dressed, quick cups of tea,  
Shaking out from our shoes the sand, and stones,  
Donned coats and scarves, shielded as we might be,  
Hand clutching hand, struck out for the gardens and the sea.

Along deserted streets, the earliest light  
Outshining now the street lamps' sullen glow,  
We reach steep steps, as the ever weakening night  
At last stands backdrop to a lacelike show,  
Trees' dancing silhouettes. We watch light grow,  
Enough to make our way safe down the stair.  
And as we pick our way, so carefully go,  
A blackbird's song-burst, like a blinding flare,  
Starts avian choirs that soon are chanting everywhere

Blackbird, thrush, robin, others' songs unknown,  
Plain preaching from the pigeons, crows, seagulls,

Thrilling us startled mammals, us alone  
With these unseen birds, whose rioting syllables  
Together welcome dawn, combining wills  
To common worship in this vault of trees.  
As at a distance this ensemble trills,  
Above our heads, as crisp as a well-planned tease  
One blackbird's solo voice sings, fresh as the morning's breeze.

And as we journey on, a man with hound  
Appears on the lower path, beside the lawn  
That Dennis, gardener, carer for this ground  
So carefully, tended once, long now forlorn,  
Where flowers now rage unchecked and laugh to scorn  
His arts; yet nature has her talents too,  
In which the dog, seen clear in the growing dawn,  
Though still well-leashed, sniffs, with no more ado  
Does all in the fragrant flowers that dogs incline to do.

His master moves to retrieve the offending waste,  
Stiffly he greets. We know we must not near  
Them closer than two meters. They are placed  
Beyond the pond, he signals not to fear,  
Another path than ours the one they'll steer.  
And then I realise, the birdsong gone,  
Other than where wood-pigeons chortle clear;  
But as I mourn such brightness in the dawn,  
Silencing melodies, quite suddenly hops on

The expanse of green, a robin, close to our feet,  
Who greets us like old friends, and then flits off,  
While on the wall beside we turning meet  
A blackbird, lighting by my coat-sleeve's cuff  
Who, when he's lingered there for long enough  
In a moment spreads his wings, as so do we,  
Through the Palladian gate. The waves ride rough,  
People still few. Grateful, for now care-free,  
We skirt the skipping tides of the sun-refracting sea.

© James Gordon

## Appendix 2

*Come unto these yellow sands*: Song by Ariel, *The Tempest* Act 1.Scene ii. Shakespeare's original text (Arden edition page 34). The lyric I have used is in italics.

*Come unto these yellow sands,*  
*And then take hands:*  
*Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd*  
*The wild waves whist:*  
*Foot it featly here and there,*

*And, sweet sprites bear  
The burthen. Hark, hark.*

Burthen dispersedly. Bow-wow.

Ariel: *The watch-dogs bark:*

.

[Burthen dispersedly.]. Bow-wow.

.

Ariel: *Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer*

Cry- [Burthen dispersedly.].Cock a diddle dow.

The spirits obviously made the song comic with animal noises

### **Appendix 3**

*Where the Bee sucks:* This is another song by Ariel from *The Tempest*, Act V Scene I

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

### **Appendix 4**

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

Spoken by Oberon, Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2, Scene 1

through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Watered the garden;

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 227-230

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall

Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
Her crystal mirroure holds, unite their streams

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 256-263

## Appendix 5

The extract I have used is indicated in italics

BREAKING COVER

We didn't see them.....but they were always there.

Now  
in lockdown,  
how quickly they've emerged  
to reclaim the spaces once so rightly theirs.

*- Goats and deer graze on grassy verges,  
- foxes and boar trot through silent streets,  
- a pride of lions stretch and slumber  
on an empty highway in the noonday heat,  
- where cruise ships berthed in Venetian harbours  
porpoise and dolphins splash and play,  
as families gasp, call out in wonder, delight  
to witness this unaccustomed sight.*

What next?  
Will they remain.....  
or will they retreat.....  
still there but hiding,  
biding their time  
till we are gone again?

© Frances Lee

The full version can be heard and read at <http://www.francesleepoems.co.uk/breaking-cover-2/>

## Appendix 6

Somer is comen with love to toune  
With blostme and with brides rounne  
The note of hasel springeth  
The dewes darkneth in the dale  
For longing of the nightegale  
Thes foweles murye singeth

(literal translation)

Summer has come with love to town  
With blossom and with birds' row (roune = noise, here song, chatter)  
The hazel nut bursts out

The dews darken in the dale  
with longing of the nightingale  
These fowls (birds) sing merrily

Anonymous , Poem 59, page 56 in *Middle English Lyrics*, edited by M S Luria and R L Hoffman, Norton  
Critical Editions, various editions from 1932 onwards)

### Appendix 7

hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair,  
That ever since in love's embraces met;

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV ,lines 321-22

Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down;

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 325-27

to their supper-fruits they fell,  
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:  
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 331-36

### Appendix 8

Love's mysteries in souls do grow,  
But yet the body is his book.

From John Donne, *The Ecstasy*, lines 75-6

Given below is the full text of *The Dream*, by John Donne. The section I have used is in italics

*Dear love, for nothing less than thee  
Would I have broke this happy dream;  
It was a theme  
For reason, much too strong for fantasy,  
Therefore thou wak'd'st me wisely; yet  
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it.  
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice  
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;  
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,  
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.*

As lightning, or a taper's light,  
Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd me;  
Yet I thought thee  
(For thou lovest truth) an angel, at first sight;  
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,

And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,  
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when  
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,  
I must confess, it could not choose but be  
Profane, to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying show'd thee, thee,  
But rising makes me doubt, that now  
    Thou art not thou.  
That love is weak where fear's as strong as he;  
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,  
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour have;  
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,  
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me;  
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; then I  
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

## Appendix 9

### *Hymn to the Fallen* --Variation on a theme by Petrarch --

The tresses of her golden hair cascade  
To frame the gentle beauty of her face;  
Pure, unadorned, no artifice, no aid  
Could lend her charm or Nature's boon increase.

For when she bows her head to me, her eyes  
Are stars that radiate and seem to fill  
This moment, and all futures, with such rays  
Of innocence that Time itself is still.

Then would I prolong the pleasures of such peace,  
This quietude, amidst the busyness  
That everyday drags in with all its woes.

But as my love unfurls, in this embrace,  
And lips and breasts and thighs meet my caress,  
My goddess now in living flesh I praise.

© E C Gardiner

The poem is available online at <https://ecgardiner.com/read-poems/>

(You will be presented with a list of all available poems by Gardiner, which includes this one)

## Appendix 10

Let the music play!  
I would dance away—

Dance till the dawn of the bright young day!  
Wild notes are sounding—swift lights are glancing,  
And I—I am mad with the rapture of dancing—  
Mad with a breathless delight.  
With thine arm to enfold me,  
Thy strong hand to hold me,  
I could dance through an endless night (*Anonymous*)

#### **Appendix 11**

Puceles carolent et dancent,  
Trestuit de joie feire tancent

(Chrétien de Troyes *Erec et Enide*)

Translation: The young girls carol, sing and dance,  
Each to express her joy in romance (Frances Lee)

#### **Appendix 12**

The lines I have used are in italics

*Tappster fille another ale*  
Anonne have I do  
God send us good sale  
Avale the stake avale  
*Here is good ale ifounde*  
*Drinke to me*  
*And I to thee*  
*And lette the coppe go round.*

Anonymous Poem 161, page 145 in *Middle English Lyrics*, edited by M S Luria and R L Hoffman, Norton Critical Editions, various editions from 1932 onwards)

The score for the original round is:

Tap - ster tap - ster fill

Tap - ster tap-ster fill a - no - ther ale here is good ale

Tap-ster tap-ster fill a - no - ther ale here is good ale i - founde drink to me

Tap - ster tap - ster fill a - no - ther ale here is good ale

a - no - ther ale here is good ale i - founde drink to me

i - founde drink to me and I to thee and

and I to thee and lette the coppe go round and

i - founde drink to me and I

and I to thee and lette the coppe go round

lette the coppe go round and lette the coppe go round

lette the coppe go round and lette the coppe go round

to thee and lette the coppe go round

### Appendix 13

The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again. And then, in dreaming,  
135The clouds methought would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
I cried to dream again.

Shakespeare *The Tempest*, Act 3, Scene 2

### Appendix 14

I have used these extracts from Matthew Arnold, *Dover Beach*

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits;        Lines 1-3

Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Lines 10-14

### Appendix 15

the sun,  
Declined, was hasting now with prone career  
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale  
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 352-54

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased: Now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

600

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 598-609