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**AN EDITION OF D.H.LAMRENCE'S VERSE AND PROSE  
AS CONTAINED IN THE  
ADA LAMRENCE CLARKE COLLECTION.**

**VOLUME I**

**THE CLARKE COLLECTION: POETRY**

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**Submitted for Doctor of Philosophy**

**1987**

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## ABSTRACT

This thesis presents an edition of the largely unpublished Clarke Collection of holographs of D.H.Lawrence. The Ada Lawrence Clarke Collection, which is in the possession of Mr.W.H.Clarke, son of Ada and nephew of D.H.Lawrence, contains, in addition to many letters, postcards and documents, two poetry note-books and the early short stories and miscellaneous prose. This thesis concerns itself with these two poetry note-books and, in a separate shorter volume, with the early stories and miscellaneous prose. The two poetry note-books are presented in the first volume in as close a correspondence to the original as possible, with Lawrence's variants and interlineations, and each poem related to its later published version where one exists. Major differences in language, structure and form are presented in the notes to each poem. The Introduction to the volume of poetry examines the dating of the note-books, the relationship of the poems to Lawrence's other writings, their significance to Lawrence scholarship and criticism of his poetry but, more importantly, the Introduction serves to present a critico-interpretative evaluation of these early drafts in relation to their published versions. The second volume is a facsimile of the two poetry note-books photographically enlarged from a microfilm copy. The third volume, of short stories and miscellaneous prose, contains the earliest versions of two of the stories from The Prussian Officer and other Stories : "The White Stocking" and "A Fragment of Stained Glass"; the early story "A Fly in the Ointment"; the early literary criticism "Rachel Annand Taylor" and some draft chapters for Movements in European History. They are presented with Lawrence's interlineations and their value, particularly of the previously unseen versions of the stories, assessed.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am indebted to R.E.Pritchard of Keele University for his thoughtful supervision and to Ann and Amy Pocklington for the first typescript. In the final presentation, I am grateful to Peter Vincent whose knowledge of computers and word-processing and willingness to help were invaluable.

## TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION

The two note-books, designated Clarke Note-book I and Clarke Note-book II are both 7" x 4½" in size. CNB I is a student's note-book from University College, Nottingham and bears the arms and motto "Sapientia Urbs Conditor" and CNB II has a plain black cover. They are in the possession of Mr.W.H.Clarke, the son of Ada Lawrence Clarke, and I am grateful to him for permission to use them.

THE CLARKE NOTEBOOKS

INTRODUCTION

I

The following manuscript material forms the most significant part of the Clarke Collection. It consists of two note-books, each crammed from cover to cover with poems. The first note-book, C.N.B. I, as we shall now denote it, contains sixty-eight poems and a dim but fascinating page which may well be Lawrence's first brief outline for Sons and Lovers. The existence of this first note-book was known when Pinto and Roberts revised their Complete Poems of D.H.Lawrence<sup>1</sup> in 1972 but they inserted only ten of the poems from it in Appendix II and two in Appendix III of Volume II. The second note-book, hereafter C.N.B. II, contains eighty-nine poems and its existence is not referred to at all. Since it is, as I hope to establish, a later note-book than C.N.B. I and contains both more mature drafts of earlier poems as well as new poems, it is a highly important document for students of D.H.Lawrence.

When trying to date CNB I and CNB II it is useful to refer to the one other early note-book to be generally known. In 1956, the University of Nottingham acquired from Mrs. Emily King, the elder sister of D.H.Lawrence, a Nottingham University note-book containing drafts of some seventy-five poems. This is now simply known as MS 1479 and reference to it is often made in the notes to the following poems. The Note with which Lawrence prefaced his Collected Poems begins with an autobiographical passage describing the writing of his early verses:

"So when I was twenty-one, and went to Nottingham University as a day-student, I began putting them down in a little college note-

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book, which was the foundation of the poetic me. Sapientiae Urbs  
Conditur, it said on the cover. Never was anything less true.  
The city is founded on a passionate unreason."<sup>2</sup>

Jessie Chambers, in her D.H.Lawrence: A Personal Record., mentions this  
note-book twice. Speaking of Lawrence's first year at the University  
College, she says:

"He was writing poems too, in a small thick note-book with the  
college arms on the cover. He passed all his writings on to me,  
secretly, and insisted upon a criticism, or at least, I was to  
tell him what I thought of them."<sup>4</sup>

Later, describing her reception of Lawrence's first published book of  
poems,<sup>5</sup> she avers that "these were for the most part the poems that  
Lawrence had written in the thick little college note-book that I knew  
so well."<sup>6</sup>

An immediate problem with regard to dating CNB I now arises. It  
too is a thick college note-book with the University College arms on  
the cover. Whereas MS 1479 was originally Lawrence's Latin note-book,  
CNB I was his Botanical note-book. It thus appears that the  
foundation of the poetic Lawrence is in two College note-books and not  
one. They both appear to cover approximately the same period of time  
in writing. What is true of MS 1479 is also true of CNB I. V. de  
S. Pinto says of MS 1479:

"Judging from alterations in the handwriting (all of which is  
quite clearly Lawrence's autograph), and the colour of the ink,  
we may safely assume that these poems were written over a  
considerable period. Those which appear to be the earliest are  
written in the same small handwriting as the French exercises and  
must be the verses which Lawrence 'began ... putting down in a

little college note-book when he first went to the University College. Others written sometimes in ink and sometimes in pencil clearly belong to a later date. Some of these can be dated by their subject matter as they refer to his life as a schoolmaster in South London, where he taught from 1908 to 1911 and to the death of his mother. The entries in the book, therefore, seem to have begun about 1906, when he was admitted as a student to the University College and to have gone on till some time after his mother's death in the winter of 1910. Mrs. King told the present writer that, in the many days and nights that he spent by his mother's bedside, during her last illness, he was often writing verses in this note-book."<sup>7</sup>

What has been said here applies equally to CNB I and Pinto's "must be" has to become "may be". Mrs. King's observation equally applies to both. Other evidence, however, does seem to place MS 1479 as slightly earlier than CNB I. MS 1479 contains, for example, what we know from Lawrence were his first two poems: "Guelder-roses" and "Champions"<sup>8</sup> and poems which are reworked in CNB I show a greater proximity to the later published versions. There are many slight clues which would lead to a belief that while MS 1479 may cover the period from 1906 to 1910, CNB I probably begins in 1908 and goes to about 1911. One clue is the careful schoolmasterly hand of the poems which were first written in CNB I. They appear to be copper-plate copies of "Discipline", "Dreams Old and Nascent", and "Baby Movements" which were Lawrence's first professional appearance in print.<sup>9</sup> The 1909 version of "Discipline" corresponds exactly to CNB I 19b.<sup>10</sup>

CNB II, a small note-book in plain black cover, is in some ways easier to date. The poems are, in part, numbered by Lawrence and the note-book has, at the end, dated household accounts for 1st January and 3rd January, 1915.<sup>11</sup> The fact that a late page also contains practice dedications to Lady Ottoline Morrell gives a most important clue. The

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first edition of Amores in England in July 1916<sup>12</sup> is dedicated "To Ottoline Morrell", while the American edition<sup>13</sup> carries the extended "To Ottoline Morrell in Tribute to her Noble and Independent Sympathy and her Generous Understanding these poems are Gratefully Dedicated." In the English edition he crossed out everything but her name because, "people are as they are, so jeering and shallow."<sup>14</sup> His original ideas for the dedication, as the three versions on CNB II 62a and 62b show, are much more revelatory. The poems are "the pains and hopes" of his past, "records of my pain and hope" or perhaps more significantly, poems put in "her safe-keeping" that he "may be free to forget them." The poems in Amores are largely early work and CNB II contains the last thoughts on many of his previous versions. For example, "Baby Movements" (CNB II 39b), "Discipline" (CNB II 31b), "Dreams Old and Nascent" (CNB II 32b), "The Punisher" (CNB II 54b) and "Restlessness" (CNB II 42b) are very near to, or conform exactly to, the versions in Amores. For the purposes then of dating, CNB II can fairly confidently be placed as being written between 1912 and 1916. The majority of the later poems in this note-book help with a more confident assertion on dating since they appear in New Poems, published in 1918.<sup>15</sup>

## II

The style of Lawrence's poetry in the two note-books is difficult to generalise about. There are obvious statements to make. For example, with the major exception of "A Drama" (CNB I 84a), it consists of rhyming verse. Often the need to rhyme is "like a wedge driven between the object and the word," as Alvarez puts it in his enthusiastic essay on Lawrence's verse.<sup>16</sup> Rhyme is sometimes forced and uneasy, as if Lawrence felt a duty to find rhymes but had little enthusiasm for them:

"Come then, my love, come you as well  
Along this haunted road  
Be whom you will, my darling, I shall  
Keep with you the troth I trowed."<sup>17</sup>

In "Scent of Irises"<sup>18</sup>, 'is able' rhymes with 'distinguishable'. Without labouring this point of rhyme with many examples it is probably true to generalise and say that Lawrence wrote his best verse when he broke free from the influence of rhymed and stanzaed verse. Much has been made of Lawrence's own statement in Introduction to New Poems :

"But in free verse we look for the insurgent naked throb of the instant moment. To break the lovely form of metrical verse, and to dish up the fragments as a new substance, called 'vers libre', this is what most of the free-versifiers accomplish."<sup>19</sup>

Lawrence's later, and best known, poetry is often dismissed because of its apparent carelessness. He wrote only sketches for poems, nothing ever quite finished, it is said.

Far more destructive attacks than this, however, have been launched on his verse. One of the most bitter and well-argued is "D.H.Lawrence and Expressive Form" by R.P.Blackmur.<sup>20</sup> He says that Lawrence pretends that "the radical imperfection of poetry is a fundamental virtue."<sup>21</sup> It can be contended that Lawrence does not say this, but he comes near to it in both the prefaces to New Poems and Collected Poems. Lawrence's defence of Whitman also implies this attitude. Blackmur's ultimate argument is that Lawrence suffers from hysteria in which the sense of reality is rather heightened and "distorted to a terrifying and discomposing intensity."<sup>22</sup> Lawrence invites such attack by his own attitude to critics and the critical apparatus:

"The touchstone is emotion, not reason. We judge a work of art by its effect on our sincere and vital emotion, and nothing else. All the critical twiddle-twaddle about style and form, all this pseudo-scientific classifying and analysing of books in an imitation-botanical fashion is mere impertinence and mostly dull jargon."<sup>23</sup>

Lawrence argues for emotional education so that a critic may feel the impact of a work. He had himself been guilty in his younger schoolmaster days of "pseudo-scientific classifying and analysing." The very early essay "Art and the Individual"<sup>24</sup> demonstrates this. However, Blackmur goes much too far when he accuses Lawrence of "lack of interest".<sup>25</sup> in formal matters. These two note-books reveal his deep concern to try to find a close correspondence between rhyme and meaning. One only has to look at the versions of "Discipline" (CNB I 19b, CNB II 31b, V.S.P. pp.92, 943), "Dreams Old and Nascent" (V.S.P. pp.52, 173, 924, 926, CNB I 21b and CNB II 32b), "Blue" (CNB I 76b, CNB I 79a and CNB II 58b), and the many internal alterations, often with four or five changes of one word, to see the struggle to achieve fluency with form, meaning with craft. It may be, as Edward Thomas said, that "he writes of matters which cannot be subdued to conventional rhythm and rhyme."<sup>26</sup> but there can be little doubt that he tried. As Frieda Lawrence wrote in an introductory note to Fire and other poems :

"He just wrote down his verse as it came to him. But later, when he thought of putting them into a book to be printed, he would work them over with great care and infinite patience."<sup>27</sup>

This is amply borne out by these note-books. He practised the beat of lines, as in the Latin model "Integer Vitae" (CNB I 19b), and, most noticeably, he concerned himself with syntax, with the placing of a word where it would make the most impact. Blackmur cites a specific



example:

"In other poems such as "Discord in Childhood" the exigencies of rhyme misunderstood dictate actually inconsistent images and tropes."<sup>28</sup>

An examination of the poem on CNB II 48b reveals no such weaknesses but a powerful series of images which lay bare the young Lawrence's misery. Blackmur's attack is, if anything, hysterical. This edition is no attempt to make of these poems a series of masterpieces but reading through from the beginning of CNB I to the final poems of CNB II shows a poet, who, over nine years, worked to find the speed, the stress, the rhyme to express the immediate, inward pressure. He is not always successful; the poems are uneven in technique, but nearly all contain something fresh, some feeling which we have come to think of as Lawrentian and is striking in its intensity: the opening of "Liaison" (CNB II 52b) with its "big bud of moon" which "hangs out of the twilight" :

"Star-spiders, spinning their thread  
Hang high-suspended";

the flow of the final stanza of "Under the Oak" (CNB II 59a) :

"You, if you were sensible  
When I tell you the stars flash signals each one dreadful  
You would not smile so gently, and answer me  
The night is wonderful."

Many critics of his early verse tend to be partly apologetic, to have reservations. Ezra Pound thought Lawrence's verse "better than what we call 'contemporary' verse" despite his "offensive manners of rhyming and of inverting and of choosing half of his words."<sup>29</sup> Draper sums up

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the attitude well :

"Lawrence was seen as a poet of strength and individuality - for better or for worse, a force to be reckoned with, and distinctively modern."<sup>30</sup>

There are halting, mawkish verses but Lawrence seems to have been aware of this by the number of changes he made. Too much has been said of Lawrence's enthusiasm for Whitman. Too little has been made of his love of Keats, Wordsworth, Non-Conformist hymns and his spiritual kinship with Blake. "Baby Movements" (CNB I 27b), "A Baby Running Barefoot" (CNB II 39b) have a "Songs of Innocence" quality in them. There is a Blake-like tone in the "Eastwood" fragment (CNB II 7b):

"The chime of bells, and the church-clock striking eight  
Solemnly and distinctly cries down the babel of  
children still playing in the hay."

Pinto in his essay on MS 1479, says :

"Some of Lawrence's best early poems did not spring ready made from his pen but were the result of an evolution which took place over a number of years."<sup>31</sup>

He cites the example of "Last Words to Miriam," a "famous and poignant poem,"<sup>32</sup> of which a version can be found in MS 1479. Lawrence, even when writing a poem charged with the deepest and most intimate feeling, remained an extremely conscientious and careful craftsman.<sup>33</sup> When Lawrence worked on the poem again later he was still applying that craftsmanship. A comparison of MS 1479 and the version here in CNB II illustrates this:

"It is you who have borne the shame and sorrow  
 But the disgrace is mine;  
 Your love was innocent and thorough,  
 Mine was the love of the sun for the flower  
 Loved to life in sunshine."

(MS 1479 No.5)

"Yours is the shame and sorrow  
 But the disgrace is mine;  
 Your love was dark and thorough,  
 Mine was the love of the sun for the flower  
 He created with his shine."

(CNB II 5b)

There is a greater tightness and economy in the latter, but, more significantly, "innocent" is replaced by "dark". Lawrence was moving towards that concern with unconscious motivation and impulse which is so penetratingly examined in R.E.Pritchard's D.H.Lawrence: Body of Darkness.<sup>34</sup>

Pinto makes much of MS 1479 containing a further version of the best known and frequently anthologised of Lawrence's early poems : "Piano". In CNB II are two further versions of this fine poem and the second arrives, after a struggle, very near to the final version first printed in New Poems. It is most instructive to place all four versions with the final masterpiece which appeared in New Poems in 1918 and was reprinted without further alteration in Collected Poems in 1928. From the first version in MS 1479 (VSP p.958), through CNB II 8a, CNB II 45a to the finished version (VSP p.148) is a fascinating study of how Lawrence finally wrote out the nostalgic, sentimental and detailed description of the first stanza, started with the musical

opening line of the second stanza, only changing "shadows" to "dusk", perhaps to avoid too much of an alliterative effect:

"Softly in the dusk a woman is singing to me."

The second line shows that Lawrence achieves a far more subtle image of the woman carrying him back:

"Quietly, through the years I have crept  
back to see."

(MS 1479 and CNB II 8a)

"Tossing Slipping me/ Taking me/illeg/Throwing me  
back/backward down  
slopes/vistas/of years  
to see"

(CNB II 45a)

"Taking me down the vista of years, till I see"

(VSP p.148)

In CNB II 45a one can feel the refining process at work. Pinto says, "It is, however, the second stanza of the final version that transforms the work from the graceful expression of a nostalgic mood to a memorable poem."<sup>35</sup> It is, as Pritchard says, a poem "not so much nostalgic as about nostalgia."<sup>36</sup> and Lawrence's versions suggest that this was his intent. The sister and the children of this second stanza are finally removed. It is interesting to note one particular change from CNB II 45a to the final version in this stanza. In CNB II "the insidious treachery" of song betrays him back and, in the final version, it is "the insidious mastery of song." "Betrays" already conveys "treachery"; "mastery" is more subtle. In MS 1479 the last stanza conveys nothing of this betrayal of manhood which "is cast away in remembrance" (CNB II) and finally "cast Down in the flood of remembrance". (Published version). The "betrayal" of the second stanza has carried through to the end.

There are many poems here which reveal this refining process and

the study of it is one of the important qualities of these note-books.

### III

The most interesting revelations of these holographs lie in the evidence they give of Lawrence's characteristic, or idiosyncratic, ways of amendment, addition or rejection of words, lines, stanzas or whole poems but, even more, in their relationship with the first published versions. The first appearance in print of most of these poems is to be found in Amores, Love Poems and Others and New Poems. The conclusion one comes to on close examination of this relationship is of a loss of poetic power between these rough-hewn drafts worked on at white-heat and the cool, more polished, published versions.

An example of one of the changes to be felt between the holographs and the published version occurs early, in "Drunk" (CNB I 6a). From "Dear God" to the end, - twenty lines, there is no corresponding published version. Instead of the poem closing, as it does in Amores, with:

"Keep with you the troth I trowed"

this rejected material represents a heightening of passion, a greeting to a love who meets him. The "red hawthorn tree" and her lips mingle in a physical climax. The published version, as is so often the case, removes the personal and deeply felt emotion of the time of writing. Similarly, in the poem "Hands" (CNB I 9a) the omission of the final stanza makes less effective the ending and completely changes the tone. The stanza gives a bitterness and honesty to the poem which is absent in the idea of the betrothed young lady who takes care of his "good name". Once more Lawrence has removed, for publication, the intensity of the initial emotion, either to conceal that or to make the poem's tone more detached. There is no doubting the strength of utterance in this rejected stanza:

"Her bearing is English, modest and reserved,  
 False as Hell; God, what have I deserved  
 Thus to be tortured, thus to be consumed  
 Like a covered fire, choked, and bitter fumed."

This poem shows also many more significant textual alterations as can be seen in the notes. There are more than twenty and, interestingly, for it is not common to find further change, other alterations between Amores and Collected Poems. What here is simply "old modesty" becomes "ancient modesty" in Amores and "long-time prudery" in Collected Poems. The impact of CNB I 9a compared to the artificially resolved version in Collected Poems shows us the loss. In "Her Birthday" (CNB I 11a) another small but significant change of words shows Lawrence softening the reality of the drafts. The words "cemetery's bright grave" becomes "your bright place" so weakening the concreteness of the image. The final stanza, with its struggle for expression, has no equivalent in the final version. This latter is again more detached and we have lost the Lawrence here who is full of regret, not only for her loss but also for his own poverty "of will and substance". In "A love Song" (CNB I 13a) the Amores version ends not only clumsily but at odds with the original inspiration. Amores has:

"The sleep that no dream or derangement can  
 undermine."

while here:

"Stirring our limbs shall closer, closer entwine."

The more passionate image follows from the first stanza where CNB I has:

"Grove till they find my nectar, and then rejoice."



equivalent published version. Both the Amores and Collected Poems versions end with :

" ...do you call it evil, and always evil?"

The remaining four stanzas here, with their intensity of personal statement, add much to our understanding of Lawrence's frustration, the lack of love's fulfilment. The removal of "you" from "The Street Lamps" (CNB I 41b) and a change of tone to a reflection of greater misery again gives a more generalised expression of lack of meaning and reason for existence. This earlier version contains more spontaneous joy in a relationship as against the more conventional and impersonal of the published poem. Again in "Spring in the City" (CNB I 48b), though Lawrence is struggling to resolve the poem after the first two stanzas, there is a change of mood. The image of "the sinister flower" remains in the final published version but the delirious magic of this draft gives way to a more ominous tone. "Scent of Irises" (CNB I 49b) shows differences even more marked. In the published version he makes a significant change. In this draft "she" is "in the hair of the night, Invisible" and her "scent" is that of the "irises in the grove". This makes a closer sensuous link with the opening image of the poem than:

"You with your face all silk, like the sheen on a dove!"

There is greater immediacy in this draft. It is written closer to the event. In the later version he speaks of "last year's fire," so distancing the poem from the experience. That later version evokes a happy memory where Lawrence thanks God that the healing days can close a gulf between them. This early draft is more bitter with no "healing days", only "the malice of irises poisoning my blood." In "Sigh No More" (CNB I 50b) there is similarly a sense of immediacy of



experience. The "sorrowing woman" near his bed, the more frequent use of "I" and the passion implied in the final stanza have more life than the "black Bacchae of Midnight" and the artificiality of the published version.

"Liaison" (CNB I 52b), as I have already suggested earlier in this Introduction, is a fresh and intense poem. The holograph shows a working method which denies the often expressed view that Lawrence wrote too hurriedly and effortlessly. This is demonstrated in Edward Garnett's article in Dial:

"...his technique is hasty.....imagery springs direct from his sensations and is born of his momentary emotional vision, not of his cultivated, imaginative reflections."<sup>37</sup>

The struggle with syntax and the sharpening of the vocabulary, at least at the time of composition, are contrary to this view. His effects are not in the nature of lucky shots though, as I agree, he is generally less capable of retaining the effect at a distance from the initial composing process. The poem which follows, "Ophelia" (CNB I 53b) along with the further version of the same on CNB I 67a, goes a long way also to showing the struggle Lawrence had to create a poem. It is "one of Lawrence's supreme imaginative triumphs....Analysis of this ballad in terms of sound and rhythm will not explain how the words came as they did, or how they combine with imagery to create the right psychological effect."<sup>38</sup> Two of the poems to Helen, "The Reproach" (CNB I 58a) and "Nils Lykke Dead" (CNB I 59a), illustrate once more the change in attitude to the subject by later alteration and exclusion. In "The Reproach" this early draft more consciously acts out the rift between the lovers, the lack of understanding she shows for his feelings and stresses her superior amusement when confronted with his thoughts. The final version leaves out the first three stanzas

completely. Similarly, in "Nils Lykke Dead", the first five stanzas correspond in imagery and theme to the final version with the minor difference of the removal of the epithets "sweet" and "rich red" to describe "mouth" in Stanza 3 but thereafter the versions differ considerably. The final version takes the imagery of "metal-cold", "steel-stern man" and "trammelled heart" to become the significant ideas. In "Coldness in Love"(CNB I 63b) the extended image of coinage and "that clinking counterfeit of gaiety" which stems from "words that rang with a brassy counter's chime" emphasises the treachery and deception of the relationship rather than simply the coldness of the final version. Again and again there is this softening of the first version. In "Reminder" (CNB I 61b) "my mother" in Stanza 3 becomes "my beloved"; the present tense of the opening changes to the past tense; "that suffering crape of darkness" in Stanza 5 becomes "her whiteness" and, most significantly, the ending with the sense of waste and "profitless" spending of his seed abroad "ever and again" is weakened to "spent myself in anger". Andor Gomme's comment that later changes had made "something with pretty fuzzy edges" lose "whatever substance it had"<sup>39</sup> is applicable to very many poems. The final version of a poem like "Blue" (CNB I 76b) can regrettably be seen as an example of "the lure of imagery" being "a bore"<sup>40</sup> Verse can lose some distinctness of outline through too much metaphorical distraction but Lawrence can be seen, in these early drafts searching for and often achieving a greater clarity of image.

Throughout CNB II there is further support for this critical, interpretative view of these drafts. In "Evening of a Week-day" (CNB II 7a) there is a struggling attempt at a final stanza with strong images of darkness ("where blind men make perpetual holiday") which has no equivalent in the later version, "Palimpsest of Twilight" (CNB II 45b). There are later, too, no references to "my soul" or "I".

If we look at "Brother and Sister" (CNB II 22b) which is an early version of "To Lettice, my Sister" (as in CNB I 64b) and which is accused by Pinion as showing a "poeticising proclivity"<sup>41</sup> we will see how much pain Lawrence has taken to attach the right rhetorical tone to it.

As is apparent, examples abound of poems where the final Collected Poems versions do not remain true to the feeling of the first versions. When Gomme was comparing the Amores text of "Virgin Youth" (CNB II 40b) he noted that the poem's later version turns it "into a noisy and doctrinally loaded exercise. It is therefore important that earlier versions of these poems have been put back into circulation."<sup>42</sup> The shy adolescence of this early version is nearer to Lawrence's youthful feelings and more psychologically interesting. What Gomme says of a few versions from Amores makes even more justifiable and rewarding this close examination of the CNB notebooks. The change at the end of "The Interim" (CNB II 59b) to its published version as "Debacle" in Amores shows the advantage of having the holograph over even the earliest published version. As he "all the time" aches "to issue forth unfolded" in this first version, in Amores he is:

"Bitter to fold the issue, and make no sally."

He unsatisfactorily resolves the initial idea.

#### IV

For those, like Blackmur, who find Lawrence's poetry weak but whose admiration for the novels is unbounded, and there are many such, these note-books afford many other insights. The imagery of the poetry is very often a preparation for a novel to come. The working-out of an emotion is done through poetry first. There are many examples but here we will confine ourselves to just a few to illustrate

the point. The poem "Discord in Childhood" appears first as part of "A Life History in Harmonies and Discords" (CNB I 37a) and again in CNB II 48b. The earlier version, with its "ash-tree hung" with "terrible whips" outside the window which "shrieked and slashed the wind", leads to an anguished statement of the "two same voices" below in the house, then "ominous silence and the spell of blood". This was written before the passage in Sons and Lovers:

"In front of the house was a huge old ash-tree.....This terror came from the shrieking of the tree and the anguish of home discord....Then he heard the booming shouts of his father, come home nearly drunk, then the sharp replies of his mother, then the bang, bang of his father's fist on the table, and the nasty snarling as the man's voice got higher. And then the whole was drowned in a piercing medley of shrieks and cries from the great wind-swept ash-tree.....And then came the horror of the sudden silence, silence everywhere, outside and downstairs. What was it? Was it a silence of blood?"<sup>43</sup>

The poems which relate to the death of his mother are another obvious source of comparison with Sons and Lovers. In CNB II 21b, "Sorrow," he uses the poignant image of discovering grey hairs on his coat after he has carried his mother downstairs:

".....a few long grey hairs  
On the breast of my coat, and one by one  
I let them float up the dark chimney."

In the poem it conveys part of the release of his mother. In the novel this incident is placed immediately after the discovery that Paul's mother's tumour is inoperable and her heart is risky :

"He looked again. It was one of his mother's grey hairs. It was

so long! He held it up, and it drifted into the chimney. He let it go. The long grey hair floated and was gone into the blackness of the chimney."<sup>44</sup>

In the poem, Lawrence has a feeling which he does not give Paul Morel : the hairs act as "a reprimand" to his gaiety. In CNB I 69a, 69b, and 70a the three poems "To My Mother Dead", "The Dead Mother" and "My Love, My Mother" relate to Sons and Lovers:

"My love looks like a girl tonight..

....

She sleeps like a maiden and dreams her dream."

(CNB I 69b)

"She lay like a girl asleep and dreaming of her love."<sup>45</sup>

The description of her hair in the poem is "grey with filigree silver," in the novel "filigree of silver and brown." So many correspondences between poems and novels are to be found and poetry is the medium through which Lawrence still worked on an emotion. Since CNB II is probably partly contemporary with or later than Sons and Lovers it is interesting to read, for example, "Last Words to Miriam" (CNB II 4b) in which the view expressed in the novel is amended. Lawrence is still striving, through poetry, to right the impression. The Trespasser was begun in March 1910 and finished in three months but, although Heinemann accepted it, Lawrence, on Hueffer's advice, withdrew it. Encouraged to take it up again, he rewrote it in January and February 1912 and it was published later that year. It is not surprising that many ideas and images from the novel are to be found in these poems. It was originally written as The Saga of Siegmund and "Do not hate me, Siegmund" (CNB I 1a) and a second version of this poem, "A Love Passage : A Rift in the Lute" (CNB I 47b) clearly relate overtly to the novel:

"Do not hold me Siegmund.

Siegmund, the strong beating of your heart against me hurts me

Siegmund, with arms and your heart you are choking me

You are crushing me - let me go, let me go.

.....

I do not love this Siegmund - he hurts me in his arms

He hurts me with his heart and his throat so near to

my eyes

Frightens me, frightens me"

"She did not want his brute embrace.....The secret thud, thud of his heart, the very self of that animal in him she feared and hated.....'Let me go!' she cried. 'Let me go! Let me go!"<sup>46</sup>

Often the relationship between poem and novel are less obvious, more deeply buried in the fabric of the imagery. The "star-spiders dropping their threads...spying on us overhead" in "Liaison" (CNB I 53b) is "overhead, the luminous star-spider began to run" in The Trespasser.<sup>47</sup>

In CNB II it is obvious that by the later poems we have reached the world of the composition of The Rainbow and Women in Love. Here the similarities lie in the choice of images : birds, light, electric, darkness, but one striking example is the close correspondence between "From a College Window" (CNB II 46a) and Ursula at College in The Rainbow. In the poem "the glimmer of the lime-trees, sun-heavy," "the daisy-froth" on the lawn, the sense of being "Away here out of a world I would never join", are mirrored in the novel's "the lawns were frothed with daisies, the lime-trees hung tender and sunlit" and "To what warehouse of dead unreality was she herself confined?"<sup>48</sup> The descriptive images of "The Town" poems in CNB I and the "London Night" poems in CNB II (34a onwards) are to be found in Chapter XV of The Rainbow and Chapters V and VI of Women in Love. Lawrence's own excitement at the trams crossing Waterloo Bridge becomes Ursula's or

Skrebensky's. More than this, in CNB II 37a, and for nine subsequent pages, it is not perhaps too fanciful to feel that the very style which Lawrence was developing to write The Rainbow has permeated the poems. In particular the repetition of images - "the song of electric speed" of the tramcar; "the pallor of only two faces"; "Two terrible, naked places of luminous sleep"; "the whiteness of only two faces"; "out of the pallor of only two faces"; "great warm floating lanterns of light"; "midge after luminous midge". These "London 1910" poems really move us to a feeling that poetry for Lawrence is not merely an expression in itself but also a working-out of images, phrases, syntactical arrangements that become knitted into the fabric of his prose. Lawrence said that "it is the hidden emotional pattern that makes poetry, not the obvious form...it is the lapse of the feeling, something as indefinite as expression in the voice carrying emotion".<sup>49</sup> He knew that his verse was often "strained and malformed".<sup>50</sup> These note-books reveal Lawrence "trying to get an emotion out on its own course."<sup>51</sup> It needs "the finest instinct imaginable, much finer than the skill of the craftsman."<sup>52</sup>

#### IV

Most of Lawrence's poetry is intimately related to his life and thought. In his Preface to Collected Poems he says that "in their fragmentary fashion" they constitute "a biography of an emotional and inner life."<sup>53</sup> Many of his early poems are entirely rewritten, some recast. In the notes to the following poems the differences between the early and the published versions are pointed to and vast they often are. Lawrence claimed, in the same Preface, that the poems in their final collected form are "the same; the same me; the same one experience. Only now perhaps I can give it more complete expression." F.B.Pinion, however, in a recent book, voices the worries of many critics :

"The question often arises whether the revised version represents the youthful Lawrence or the Lawrence of 1928."<sup>54</sup>

In these note-books lies the answer, complete, to Pinion and others who worry over this. The imagery's exhilaration, the rhythm, the vigour of the early versions, and above all, their intimacy make them revelatory as does the method of composition. Lawrence wanted to remove "the demon fuming in them sulkily".<sup>55</sup> But, as we know from an unpublished letter to Ada in the Clarke Collection, he regarded the little ms. of poems as "too intimate" to sell or give away. He not only wanted to subdue "the demon" but to make the poems less subjective. In that sense he destroyed what was often vital in these poems. In what follows lies a long-awaited revelation of the youthful Lawrence and the maturing Lawrence. They join, with their intimate images, the writer of The White Peacock, with the writer of The Rainbow.

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## NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

1. The Complete Poems of D.H.Lawrence : Collected and Edited with an Introduction and Notes by V. de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts. Two Volumes. Heinemann. London. 1964
2. There are two versions of this Note. The passages used in this Introduction are from the longer version published in Phoenix. The Posthumous Papers of D.H.Lawrence. Heinemann. London. 1936
3. Phoenix op.cit p.251 "Sapientiae" is an error: it should be "Sapientia".
4. D.H.Lawrence : A Personal Record. by E.T. (Jessie Chambers) Jonathan Cape. London. 1935 p.81
5. Love Poems and Others. Duckworth. London. 1913
6. op.cit. p.219
7. Pinto, Vivian de Sola. "D.H.Lawrence, Letter-Writer and Craftsman in Verse" in Renaissance and Modern Studies Vol.1 (1957) University of Nottingham. p.12
8. Phoenix op.cit p.251
9. The English Review ed. Ford Madox Hueffer. November 1909
10. Complete Poems op.cit Appendix III p.943 from The English Review November, 1909
11. CNB II 65b
12. Amores Poems by D.H.Lawrence. Duckworth. London. 1916
13. op.cit Huebsch. New York. September 1916
14. Letter to Ottoline Morrell 24th May 1916
15. New Poems Martin Secker. London. 1918
16. A. Alvarez "D.H.Lawrence. The Single State of Man" in The Shaping Spirit. Chatto and Windus. London. 1961. p.141
17. "Drunk". CNB I 4a
18. CNB I 49b
19. ed. Beal Selected Literary Criticism D.H.Lawrence. Heinemann. London. 1956 p.88
20. R.P.Blackmur "Language as Gesture" from Essays in Poetry. Allen & Unwin. London. 1954 p.286
21. Blackmur op.cit p.287
22. op.cit p.295
23. "John Galworthy" Phoenix op.cit p.539

24. In Phoenix II Collected and Edited by Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore. Heinemann. London. 1968 p.221
25. Blackmur op.cit p.288
26. Edward Thomas "Love poems and Others" in Bookman April 1913 quoted from R.P.Draper D.H.Lawrence : The Critical Heritage Routledge and Kegan Paul. London. 1970 p.51
27. Fire and Other Poems Book Club of California, San Francisco 1940
28. Blackmur op.cit p.292
29. Ezra Pound in New Freewoman 1st September 1913 from R.P.Draper op.cit p.53
30. Op.cit p.5
31. Pinto Op.cit p.19
32. Op.cit p.19
33. Op.cit p.19
34. R.E.Pritchard D.H.Lawrence : Body of Darkness Hutchinson. London. 1971
35. Pinto. Op.cit p.28
36. Pritchard Op.cit p.30
37. quoted in R.P.Draper Op.cit p.116
38. F.B.Pinion A D.H.Lawrence Companion. Macmillan. London. 1978. p.100
39. A.Gomme : "Lawrence the Poet : Achievement and Irrelevance" Times Literary Supplement 26th August 1965
40. Pinion: Op.cit p.99
41. Pinion: Op.cit p.99
42. Gomme: Op.cit
43. Sons and Lovers Penguin. London. 1948 Chapter IV p.78
44. Op.cit Chapter XIII p.453
45. Op.cit Chapter XIV p.485
46. The Trespasser Penguin. London. 1960. Chapter XV pp.100-101
47. Op.cit Chapter XXI p.143
48. The Rainbow Penguin. London. 1949. Chapter XV p.435
49. Letter to Edward Marsh. 19th November 1913
50. Letter to Edward Marsh. 14th October 1913
51. Letter to Edward Marsh. 18th August 1913

52. Letter to Edward Marsh. 18th August 1913
53. Phoenix Op.cit p.251
54. F.B.Pinion. Op.cit p.93
55. Phoenix Op.cit p.252



THE CLARKE NOTEBOOK I

## C.N.B.I

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C.N.B.1 1a

Do not hold me Siegmund.<sup>1</sup>

Siegmund, the strong beating of your heart against me hurts me  
 Siegmund, with your arms and your heart you are choking me  
 You are crushing me - let me go, let me go.

Oh Siegmund, Oh my Siegmund, where are you?

No, no! do not touch me, leave me on the grey turf

Where is my Siegmund, my love, the one I have loved.

Oh you aren't my/It is not you,/ Siegmund, I know, by  
 the beating of your heart

By the touch of your coat, by your throat, and  
 your strange eyes.

Siegmund, Oh my Siegmund, you are not to be found

You are never, never to be found my Siegmund. I made you  
 With the breath of my soul I fashioned you

I breathed into you, and you lived, and I loved you

And I have lost you, and this is another Siegmund.

I do not love this Siegmund - he hurts me in his arms

He hurts me with his heart and his throat so near to my eyes

Frightens me, frightens me. He is not my Siegmund

He breathed/has breathed on the Siegmund of my soul, and  
 the Siegmund of my soul is lost.

I have lost him, my love, lost him.

Oh my dear, no, take the sobs out of your voice.

Oh Siegmund of the arms and the heart, do not sound  
 so dreadfully.

Oh more than your heavy-beating heart your sobs are  
 painful to me

Siegmund, Siegmund - there. Poor Siegmund, What have I done!

- 1. V.S.P. p.885 as "A Love Passage". See also later C.N.B.1 47b "A Love Passage. A Rift in the Lute".

The version in V.S.P. is taken from a collection of holograph manuscript poems and seems to be a fair copy. Dates have been inserted by another hand and show that the group of poems was written between 1909 and 1912.

This poem and the poem "Red" (V.S.P. 898), which is here "Passion and Death" (C.N.B.1 78a) are clearly related to "The Trespasser". Helen Corke, to whom manuscripts of the two poems were sent by Pinto in 1962 said: "Both 'Red' and 'A Love Passage' were the outcome of D.H.L's effort to interpret in his own terms the mind of 'Siegmund', whom he saw only in the mirror I held up to him - a cracked mirror at that. The two men never met." (V.S.P. p.1053).

The difference between this version and the published poem is that the latter contains more vivid pictorial imagery: "the sea and the morning sky;" "the sound of the birds and the water:" "like steam from glass." The latter extends the scenic elements and brings it nearer to the events at the end of Chapter 15 of The Trespasser:

"He lay down flat on the ground, pressing his face into the wiry turf, trying to hide." (Penguin p.101)

It is reasonable to see the published version as later than this, particularly when bearing in mind Helen Corke's comment:

"My impression is that the photostats represent, not the original writing, but a revision which is possibly made in the spring of 1912, when he was finally revising "The Trespasser." (V.S.P. p.1053)

C.N.B.1 2b

Meeting<sup>1</sup>

I wonder if with you as it is with me,  
 If under your slipping words that easily flow  
 About you as a garment, painfully/chokingly,  
 Your choking heart swings to and fro.<sup>2</sup>

Long have I waited, never once confessed  
How bitter was the parting/E'en to myself how bitter the separation,  
 And being come again, I am distressed  
That You will make me no reparation.<sup>3</sup>

If I could cast this clothing off from me  
 If I could lift my naked self to you  
 If you would only strike me/only you would strike me/ a wound it would  
 [ be  
 Relieving, somewhere my/a gap for the/ache to flow through.<sup>4</sup>

But that you hold me still so kindly cold  
 Aloof, my flaming heart will not believe;<sup>5</sup>  
 Ah, lest the flame go out, and I grow old  
 Deceive me/again/with love, deceive.<sup>6</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.122 First published in A. In V.S.P. the title given is "After Many Days".

There are two significant changes between this and the published version. In the second stanza it is she who will make "no reparation" and the final request to "deceive" with love shows a much different attitude from the rather weak "Yea, but I loathe you that you should withhold your greeting now!" of the published poem.

2. A has "Your violent heart bends to and fro!" (p.116)
3. A has "Now, being come again, how make the best Reparation?" (p.116)
4. A has "Or if only you would repulse me, a wound would be Good, it would let the ache come through." (p.116)
5. A has "allow" for "believe." (p.117)
6. A has "Yea, but I loathe you that you should withhold Your greeting now." (p.117)

C.N.B.1 6a

Drunk<sup>1</sup>

Too far, Oh Love, you are, I know  
 Too far away Oh Love, I know,  
 To save me from this haunted road,  
 Whose lofty roses break and blow  
 On the night-sky bending to this/bent with a/ load

Of lights: Each solitary rose,  
 Each arch lamp golden does expose  
 Ghost beyond ghost of blossom, shows  
 Night blenched with a thousand snows,

Of hawthorn and of lilac trees,  
 White lilac; shows discoloured Night  
 Dripping with many a/all the/golden flame/lees/  
Of Laburnum glimmering/gives/back the to light;

And shows the red of the hawthorn set  
 On high to the purple heaven of night  
 Like flags in blenched blood newly wet;  
     Blood shed in the soundless<sup>2</sup> fight,

Of life for love, and love for life  
 Of hunger/ache<sup>3</sup>/for a little food,  
Heartsearching<sup>4</sup> blood for the want of a wife  
 Long ago, long ago wooed.

C.N.B.1 5a

Too far away you are, my love,  
 To steady my brain in this phantom (illeg.)/show/  
 That passes the nightly road above  
 And returns again below.

The enormous cliff of horse-chestnut tree  
 Has poised on each of its ledges  
 An erect small girl looking<sup>5</sup> down at me;  
 White night-gowned the chits (illeg.) I see,  
 And they chreep<sup>6</sup> each one to the edges  
 Of the leaves as though they would leap, should I call  
 Them down to my arms;  
 But the smiles are too small for me, too small;  
Their little charms.  
 /I remember your splendid charms/<sup>7</sup>

(Illeg.) White little sheaves of night-gowned maids  
What thresher/Some other/will thresh your grain(?)/you out/!  
And/For<sup>8</sup>/I see leaning from the shades  
 A lilac like a lady who braids  
 Her white mantilla about  
 Her face, and/forward/ leans (illeg,)/her forward/to catch/(illeg.)/  
 [ sight  
 Of a man's<sup>9</sup>/dark/face  
In the road Gracefully peering/sighing/sighs she<sup>10</sup>/through the white  
 Lilac<sup>11</sup> mantilla of lace.

C.N.B.1 4a

And another lilac in purple veiled

Discreetly, all recklessly calls

In a low shocking perfume, to know who has hailed

Her forth from/her/(illeg.) fair halls?

Her forth from the night; My breath<sup>12</sup> has failed

In her breath, my strong sick heart falls:<sup>13</sup>

See,<sup>14</sup> and see the laburnum shimmering

Her silken draperies down

As if she would slip the silk/gold/and stand/to/and/glimmering

White, and/stand/naked of gown.

The pageant of flowery trees above

The street pale-passionate goes,

And up/down/back again down/the pavement back again, Love/Love/

In a lesser pageant flows

Two and two are the folk that walk

They pass in a half embrace

Of charmed<sup>15</sup> bodies, and they talk

With dark face leaning to face

Come then, my love, come you as well

Along this haunted road

Be whom you will, my darling, I shall

Love you and Keep with you the troth I trowed.

C.N.B.1 3a

Dear<sup>16</sup> God, thou hast/hast thou/sent my love to me?

She has glanced at me under the lamp;  
Full strange she looks, but her face I see  
Is stamped with the womanly stamp

So she is my love for whom I wait

And serve and wearily save  
And she has/has she/come to give me thus/so/late  
The boon I wearily crave?

"You came to meet me here, my dear  
Under this red hawthorn tree;  
You are very pale, what is it you fear,  
Surely, ah surely, not me!

My dear, I am glad you fear me not,  
I am glad that you are shy  
Yet fear me not; your hand is hot  
And your dark looks furtive fly ...

One moment, my dear, and let me reach -  
- There, you see, your lips  
Are just the hawthorn's red; I beseech  
You lay your hand on my hips.

As we walk



1. From here to 17a the poems are written with the book reversed. In consequence, this poem reads 6a, 5a, 4a, 3a. V.S.P. p.104. First published in A
2. A has "noiseless." (p.69)
3. A returns to "hunger" for "ache." (p.69)
4. A has "Of kissing." (p.70)
5. A has "looking down." (p.70)
6. A has "peep." (p.70)
7. A has "'But, child, you're too small for me, too small  
Your little charms." (p.70)
8. A returns to "And" instead of "For" (p.70)
9. A has "Of a lover's face." (p.70)
10. A returns to "Sighing through." (p.70)
11. A has "Flowery." (p.70)
12. A has "strength." (p.71)
13. A has "In her voice, my weak heart fails." (p.71)
14. A has "Oh." (p.71)
15. A has "linked." (p.71)
16. From here to the end is not published in A

C.N.B.1 9a

Your Hands<sup>1</sup>

Her tawny eyes are onyx of thoughtlessness,  
 Hardened they are like gems in old modesty,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yea, and her mouth's prudent and crude caress  
 Even, means more<sup>3</sup> than her many words to me.

Yet/Yet/Though/her kiss betrays to me but this, this only  
 That in her lips her blood at climax lifts clips  
(Illeg.)A/With/a wild creature's lifts/up/two wild paws for the lonely  
 Fruit of my heart that/whose/soft/red/overripeness sifts/desire down  
 [ drips.<sup>4</sup>/

I know from her full red<sup>5</sup> lips that hungry her heart is  
 For me, whom yet if I place my hand on her breast  
 She thrusts aside<sup>6</sup> as a (illeg.)/saleswoman in/ the mart is  
(Illeg.)/Wrath with/the pilferer who starves, yet is no one's guest.<sup>7</sup>

But her hands her large strong generous/are still the woman, her large  
 [ strong/hands,

Heavier than mine, yet like leverets caught in steel  
At my/when/I grasp;<sup>8</sup> my baffled/tortured/spirit<sup>9</sup> understands  
Their (illeg.)/ Her hands'/confession of what her soul does feel.

For never her hands come nigh me but they lift  
 Like partridges<sup>10</sup> towards the morning stubble, & settle  
 Timid as these birds on me, timidly shift  
 Inch by inch across me, melting my mettle.<sup>11</sup>

C.B.N.1 8a

How furtively<sup>12</sup> she lays her hand on my knee,  
 How hard<sup>13</sup> she tries to disown it, the timid, craving  
 Gluttonous bird that stirs on my thigh (illeg.)/softly/(illeg.)  
(Illeg.)/(Illeg.)Stirs for the pulse of my flesh, sensations worth  
 [ having.<sup>14/</sup>

And often time she clenches her fingers tight  
 Oft-times she thrusts her fists in the folds of her skirt,  
 And sometimes, how she grasps her arms with her bright  
 Big hands, as if her arms did surely hurt.

And I have seen her stand all unaware  
 Pressing her spread hands over her breasts, as she  
 Would their mounds (illeg.)/crush their mounds/on her heart, and/to/  
 [ kill in/there

The anguish, the ache that is the ache for me.

Her strong/She makes her/hands play my part, the part of the man  
 For her; she crushes with them/into/her bosom her heart deep/  
 Where I should lie, and and with her own strong span  
 Enfolds herself,<sup>15</sup> that should fold me to sleep.

Ah, and she puts her hands upon the wall  
 Presses them there, and kisses her white<sup>16</sup> hands,  
 Then lets the black hair loose, the black coils<sup>17</sup> fall,  
 And the for herself from its/shakes a night of her own from her  
 [own/thick (illeg.) bands.<sup>18</sup>

C.N.B.1 7a

And sits in her own black night of her bitter hair  
Dreaming Ah God knows<sup>19</sup> what, for<sup>20</sup> her speech is the  
same

Current loose cash she handles everywhere,  
And her eyes are like onyx, her lips are tame,

Her bearing is English, modest and reserved,  
False as Hell; God, what have I deserved  
Thus to be tortured, thus to be consumed  
Like a covered fire, choked, and bitter fumed.<sup>21</sup>

1. Published version V.S.P. p.127 as "The Hands of the Betrothed". A p.97
2. A has "ancient modesty" (p.97) CP has "long-time prudery." (p.127)
3. A has "Means even less." (p.97)
4. A has the three final lines of this stanza:-  
"Consolation, that in her lips her blood at climax  
clips  
Two wild, dumb paws in anguish on the lonely  
Fruit of my heart, ere down, rebuked, it slips." (p.97)  
CP has "hard" for "wild"; "hunger" for "anguish" and "Flesh" for "Fruit." (V.S.P. p.127)
5. A has "hardened." (p.97)
6. A has "She puts me away." (p.97)
7. A has "Endangered by the pilferer on his quest." (p.97)
8. A has "hold them." (p.98)
9. A has "keen soul." (p.98). CP has "spent soul." (V.S.P. p.128)
10. A has "heavy birds." (p.98)
11. A has "Upon me like sleeping birds, like birds that shift  
Uneasily in their sleep, disturbing my mettle." (p.98)
12. A has "caressingly." (p.98)
13. A has "strangely." (p.98)
14. A has " as it sinks  
In my flesh and bone and forages into me,  
How it stirs like a subtle stoat, whatever She  
thinks!" (p.98)
15. A has "Closes her arms." (p.99)
16. A has "big, bright." (p.100)
17. A has "darkness." (p.100)
18. A has "About her from her maiden-folded hands." (p.100)
19. A includes "of." (p.100)
20. A has from here:-  
" for to me she's  
the same  
Betrothed young lady who loves me, and takes care  
Of her womanly virtue and of my good name." (p.100)
21. This last stanza has no corresponding one in either A or CP.

C.N.B.1 11a

Her Birthday<sup>1</sup>

If I were well-to-do

I would put roses on roses, and cover your grave

With/In/multitude of white roses with/and/with/ just a few

Red ones, a bloody white flag over you.

So people, passing under

The ash-trees of the valley road, should raise

Their eyes to the cemetery<sup>2</sup> (illeg.)/'s bright grave/in wonder

Should climb the hill, and put the flowers asunder,

And see it is your birthday!

Then would they seeing each white rose mouth/mouth of white-rose/

praise

You in legion/highly, each blood-drop red rose dipping

blood (illeg.)

blood-drop rose display

Like/As/A triumph of anguish above you, turn and say:



1. V.S.P. p.958 Text taken from Poetry January 1914 as "Birthday."



C.N.B.1 13a

A Love-Song<sup>1</sup>

Reject me not if I should say to you  
 I do forget the sounding of your voice,  
 I do forget your eyes that search me through  
That grope/Grope till they find (illeg.)for my nectar, and/then/  
 rejoice.<sup>2</sup>

Ah/Yea<sup>3</sup>, when the apple-blossom opens wide  
 Under the pallid moonlight's fingering  
 I see your blanched face on<sup>4</sup> my breast,  
and/then/hide  
 My eyes, forget my work, malingering<sup>5</sup>

Ah then upon my bedroom I do draw  
 The blind to hide the garden, where the moon  
 Enjoys the open blossoms that/as they/do straw  
 Their beauty for his clasping<sup>6</sup> boon for boon.

And I do lift my hurting<sup>7</sup> arms to you  
 And I do lift my anguished, avid breast,  
 And I do weep in<sup>8</sup> very pain for you  
Till I/And/ fling myself at the sleepy doors/doors of sleep/  
of/for/rest.

C.N.B.1 12a

And I do toss through the troubled  
night for you,

Dreaming that your great/full/mouth is  
reached to mine

Feeling your great/strong full/life/breaths/lift me through  
and through

As your/great/breath lifts my body fallen  
on thine

And (illeg.) Till my (illeg.)/beat/swings with yours, our lives  
combine .

Swinging

Striving our limbs shall closer, closer entwine.<sup>9</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.129 First Published in A.
2. In the published version these two lines become:-  
 "I do not forget your eyes, that searching through  
 The days perceive our marriage, and rejoice." (A p.111)
3. A has "But." (p.111)
4. A has "on." (p.111)
5. A has " and hide  
 My eyes from devious work, malingering." (p.111)
6. A has "taking." (p.111)
7. A has "aching." (p.112)
8. A has "for." (p.112)
9. A has:-  
 "And I do toss through the troubled night for you,  
 Dreaming your yielded mouth is given to mine,  
 Feeling your strong breast carry me into  
 The sleep that no dream or derangement can  
 undermine." (p.112)  
CP has "doubt" for "derangement." (V.S.P. p.129)

C.N.B.1 15a

Troth with the Dead<sup>1</sup>

The moon is broken in twain, and half a moon  
 Before me lies on the floor of a still pale sky;  
 The other half, the broken coin of troth,  
 I have in my pocket, I press against my thigh

I buried her half in the grave when I buried her;<sup>2</sup>  
 I pushed it in among<sup>3</sup> the thick of her hair  
 Where it gathered toward the plait, over her ear,<sup>4</sup>  
 Like a moon in the dark I hid it secretly there.<sup>5</sup>

And<sup>6</sup> it has risen again, to recall to me  
 The troth with her is ever, is ever to keep  
 No need, ah Moon-in-twain, to remind me this  
 Memory lies in my heart still (illeg.)/like the still dark of/sleep.

Still in my heart inviolate sleep lies shut  
 In a dreary/leaden/-lidded dream which trespasses o'er  
 The wonder-faint world of my wakeful thought/(illeg.) soul,  
 So I/Am lost in a world/mid the things/ I knew so well before.

- 52
1. V.S.P. p.114 First published in A.
  2. A has "They have buried her." (p.90)
  3. A has "Pushed away gently into." (p.90)
  4. A has " on that very  
last day." (p.90)
  5. A has "And like a moon in secret it is shining there." (p.90)  
CP has "unshowing" for "secret." (V.S.P. p.114)
  6. Considerable changes take place in the final two stanzas from this, to A and CP.

A has:-

"Here half lies on the sky, for a general sign  
Of the troth with the dead that I am pledged to keep;  
Turning its broken edge to the dark, it lies  
Like a broken lover who turns to the dark of sleep.

Against my heart the inviolate sleep breaks still  
In darkened waves whose drift beats more and more  
Through the world of my wakeful day, till I am lost  
In the midst of the places I knew so well before."  
(pp.90-91)

CP has:-

"So half lies on the sky, for a general sign  
Of the troth with the dead that we are pledged to keep;  
Turning its broken edge to the dark, its shine  
Ends like a broken love, that turns to the dark of  
[sleep.

And half lies there in the dark where the dead all lie  
Lost and yet still connected; and between the two  
Strange beams must travel still, for I feel that I  
Am lit beneath my heart with a half-moon, weird and  
[blue."  
(V.S.P. pp.114-115)

C.N.B.1 14a

This spring that from/as it/comes bursts up in bonfires green<sup>1</sup>  
 Of wild, of puffing emerald trees like fires<sup>2</sup>/and bushes;/  
 Pear<sup>3</sup>-blossom lifts in wreaths/clouds/ of smoke between,  
And pointed flames lick out from the  
/And/where/fire of musical birds outquivers and gushes./

I am amazed at this spring, this conflagration  
 Of green inflaming the soil of the earth, this blaze  
 Of blossom, and/this/these puffing of sparks in wild gyration,  
As the Faces of people flash/ing/ across my gaze.

And I myself am changed/where am I myself/? ah I have lost  
 My old acquaintance with the throng of things;  
 Tossed in the leaping combustion of spring, tossed  
 Like a leaping flame/flame that leaps/for the dark, my spirit swings;<sup>4</sup>

Ah love, I leap to the dark to overtake  
 You who have leapt before me into the/dark/blur;  
 Ah broken moon, till the years at last shall break  
 My spirit/flame/ from off this candle, I am true to her.

Many years have I still to burn, enchained<sup>5</sup>  
 Like a candle flame on this body, but I enshrine  
 A dark within me where/your/her/ troth I keep/is/unstained  
 By life, your/her/spirit dreams in the core of mine.<sup>6</sup>

C.N.B.1 13b

And though for long I blaze (illeg.)/from/the fuel of life  
 What matter the stuff I lick upon/on/my living flame,  
 Since I keep (illeg.)/(illeg.)/an empty/heart-core free from strife/  
 Wherein you/she/dreams my dreams for me, ever  
 the same.

1. This poem in the final published versions becomes two poems. Stanzas 1 - 3 become "The Enkindled Spring" (V.S.P. p.116) and at 2 "Many years have I still to burn" becomes "At a Loose End" (V.S.P. p.115). A further version of this second poem is taken from A and printed by V.S.P. p.948. V.S.P has missed this point in his notes.
2. A has "flame-filled." (p.94)
3. A has "thorn." (p.94)
4. A has:-
 

"And I, what fountain of fire am I among  
This leaping combustion of spring? My spirit is  
tossed  
About like a shadow buffeted in the throng  
Of flames, a shadow that's gone astray, and is lost."  
(p.94)

CP has:-

"And I, what sort of fire am I among  
This conflagration of spring? The gap in it all - !  
Not even palish smoke like the rest of the throng  
Less than the wind that runs to the flamy call!"  
(V.S.P. p.116)
5. A has "detained." (p.92)
6. A has " a presence which sleeps contained  
In my flame of living, a shadow within a shine."  
(p.92)



C.N.B.1 16b

Separated<sup>1</sup>

Ah, (illeg.)/ I know how you have sought me  
The books that you have touched cleave close to me,  
The withering flowers (illeg.)/that/ days ago you brought me  
Speak in half-bitter scent your dream of me.

And ever, ere I come, you have departed  
And it must be so ever, we must not meet,  
And ever I see your traces, and broken hearted  
Listen/Hear/ re-echo your /slow/ reluctant/departing/departed feet.

1. V.S.P. p.895. Dated in the Berg collection copy 1910. V.S.P. points to the earlier version in C.N.B.1 but it shows only one word different from the 1910 holograph. In the last line "departed" becomes "reluctant".

C.N.B.1. 16a

Return<sup>1</sup>

Now I am come again, you who have so much desired  
My coming, why do you look away from me?  
Why does your cheek burn 'gainst me, have I inspired  
Such anger as hardens<sup>2</sup> your mouth unwontedly?

Ah, here I sit, while you break the music beneath  
Your bow; and broken it is, broken<sup>3</sup> to hear.  
Cease then from music: does anguish of absence bequeath  
Us/Me/ only aloofness in our drawing/when I would/ draw near.

1. Published version in V.S.P. p.85

This is a companion poem to 'Separated'. First published in L.P. It seems then that Lawrence intended only publication of this one of the pair.

2. L.P. has "sets." (p.28)
3. L.P. has "hurting." (p.28)

C.N.B.1 17a

Mating<sup>1</sup>

Round clouds roll in the arms of the wind,  
 The round earth rolls in the clasp/clasp of blue sky,  
 And look, where the budding hazels are thinned  
 The wild anemones (illeg.)/lie/  
 In undulating shivers beneath the wind.

Over the blue of the waters ply  
 White ducks, a white gay/a living/flotilla of gay (illeg.)/(illeg.)/  
 | (illeg.)/cloud

And look, flaunting<sup>2</sup> just thereby  
 The blue-gleamed drake, (is)/stems/ proud  
Stems light with satisfaction  
 /To think he should so richly multiply./  
 That he should of his seed so richly multiply.<sup>3</sup>

In the lustrous gloom of the water there  
 Clamber<sup>4</sup> seven toads across the silk obscure leaves  
 Seven toads that meet in the dusk to share  
 The sweetness<sup>5</sup> that interweaves  
 Blue sky-water, earth, and live things everywhere.

Ah Look now! through the woods where the beech green spurts  
 Like a storm of emerald snow, look, see  
 A great bay stallion dances, skirts  
 The bushes sumptuously  
 On his way to the red-roofed farm, to his high deserts.<sup>7</sup>

C.N.B.1 17b

Ah love, with your rich warm face aglow  
 What subtle expectation opens you  
 So wide, as you watch the catkins blow  
 Their dust from the birch on the blue  
 Lift of the pulsing wind; and yet too wish to go/do you wish to know?<sup>8</sup>

Ah whither!<sup>9</sup> Ah sure from the golden sun  
 A quickening masculine dust<sup>10</sup> floats in to all,  
 Flowers, us creatures, (illeg.)/us/all/are/undone,  
 Lying/Open under his thrall  
 As, he begets on us - what? may do not (illeg.)/Ah what (illeg.)shun/  
 | would/do/you shun/?

Why, I should think from the earth there fly  
 Fine thrills to the neighbour stars, fine yellow beams  
 Thrown lustily off from our too-full, high  
 Bursting globe of dreams  
 To quicken the (illeg.)/virgin/moon, and the maiden stars  
 near by.<sup>11</sup>

Do you not hear each morsel thrill  
 With joy at having planted itself within  
 The deep of its neighbour morsel,<sup>12</sup> to instil  
A/New/rapture, a new shape/to/win,  
 From the thick of life to wake up another will.

C.N.B.1. 2a

Surely, and if that I would spill  
 The vivid, ah the (illeg.)/fiery/surplus of life  
 From off my brimming measure to fill  
 Your yearning full, oh wife,  
 Is it evil you call it and call it, do you call it evil.<sup>13</sup>

Ah the commonest little bird  
 Can find/afford/enough for a home, but you and I  
 Who may not mate where the leaves are stirred  
 Gently in sympathy  
 We are held apart, and are/in an/ anguish/that/is not heard

And wait, Ah what do we wait, my love,  
 A nest/house/, or is it a cage/a box, a cage/little house/? - Why even  
 [ then

Even a cage for you, my dove,  
 I can buy I know not when,  
 Not till this spring is drabbed, this sky soiled above.

And we wait, we wait till fortune shall hand us/lend/lend/  
 The straw to make us a common walled-in nest  
 Wherein to hide from folk, and from friend,  
 The love I would attest.  
 My love from this to the world's other end.

And/We wait, though I see you shudder for me  
 Though my blood is heaving and hurts in all my veins  
 We wait, till the fire vindictively  
 Revenges itself on our pains  
 Until our loves fulfilling need not lie.

1. V.S.P. p.126 as "Come Spring, Come Sorrow".  
First published in A as "Mating". (p.108)  
Note that this poem is completed on C.N.B.1 2a.
2. A has "floating." (p.108)
3. A has "As Abraham, whose seed should multiply." (p.108)
4. A has "scramble." (p.108)
5. A has "darkness." (p.108)
6. A has "The sky and " (p.108)
7. A has "Going outward now in the spring to his blind deserts."  
(p.109)
8. A has "\_\_ ah, tell me you know!" (p.109)
9. A has "surely." (p.109)
10. A has "gleam." (p.109)
11. A has "To quicken the spheres that are virgin still  
in the sky." (p.110)
12. A has "the expectant one." (p.110)
13. Both A and CP versions end here with A having:-  
"You, and flush you rife  
with increase, do you call it evil, and always evil?"  
(p.110)



C.N.B.1 18b<sup>1</sup>

Discipline

It is stormy, and rain drops cling  
like silver bees to the pane.

The thin sycamore in the playground  
is swinging with flattened leaves;  
The heads of my boys move dimly  
through the yellow gloom that stains  
The class; over them all the dark  
net of my discipline weaves.

It is no good, dear, meekness and  
forbearance I endured too long:  
Now my hands are pushed in the darkness under my soul/  
I have pushed by hands in the dark  
/Into the deep raw earth, and I feel where the roots are strong  
loam under the flowers of my soul,  
/Grappling down in the night, for the deep soil's little(?) control/  
Under the caressing leaves, and felt  
where the roots were strong  
/It is cold, my love, and my heart is cold and dark in the ground/  
Fixed in the darkness, grappling  
/where/and/its roots all travel blindly, not knowing friend nor foe/  
for the deep soil's little control.  
/But seeking ever their way with eyes all shut, and sound  
All dead, and fingers cold, and life unto death brought low.

Comfort me, my darling, for everything is gone  
Except what never goes, the cold roots slow in the dark  
Without a friend or foe, and yea, my darling, one  
Small tiny bud drawn out from the extinct earth, like a spark

C.N.B.1 19a

I came to the lads with love, my dear, but they beat me down/turned on  
[me:/

I came with gentleness, with my heart twixt my hand like a bowl  
of wine/love,/ like a loving cup; and they spat in it mockery,  
And dashed it away and burst with a yell from/ out of my hands and  
[ burst/broke/ out of my control.

And then, my dear, when I thought to hold them with

loving hands

They tore my hands that would touch them, they were savage

when I was soft

They filled me with hurt and with wounds till I died;

and now in the lands

Of darkness where love is cold my heart lies still, like a bird/and is  
[ scoffed./

And I know, my dear, that deep down, my roots do not know  
you, nor know

Any communication/faces whatever, but out of/into/the darkness (illeg),  
bind themselevs onto the dark/

Twilight that grows like a (illeg.),I like a bud to waken and go

/And draw the darkness together intense (?) to a spark of twilight, a  
[ pearl,/

A bud that will (illeg.)/rise/to a flower at last, that will kindle a  
[ spark.

And what have I to do with the boys, deep down in my soul, my love

I throw from out of the darkness my love like a flower into sight

Like a fire from out of the nighttime I lift my face, and those

Who will may warm their hands at me, and comfort their night.

19a contd/

But whosoever would pluck apart my fire shall burn his hands  
But my flowers are tender folk, and my roots can only hide  
But I am a fire as well as a flower, and the/scarlet/brands  
Of my love are roses to look at, but flames to chide.

But comfort me, my love, now the fires are low  
Now I am only a flowering plant broken down and all  
Myself but a knowledge of roots in the dark that throw  
A net upon the under soil, that struggles beneath  
their thrall.

C.N.B.1 19b

/And now the boys are grappled beneath my roots/  
 Far and wide run the easy roots that  
 /And darkness and barrenness like winter is cold on the earth/  
 bear the leaves of pity.  
 /Comfort me, my darling, be a sunshine on the shoots/  
 I'd have torn them up had they borne  
 /Of my broken love, and bring my flowers again to birth/  
 away the patient bulbs of my hopes:  
 Oh I tore them up though the wistful  
 /Make me again in blossom, make me like an almond tree/  
 leaves were fragrant, and soft, and  
 /A flower in spring, with silver and delicate fire, when all/  
 pretty,  
 /Folk waken their hearts as they pass. My love you must comfort me/  
 And I twisted them over the broken  
 /And blow my deadness alight/me again/to fire, fan me  
 to flower/  
 leaves into unbreakable ropes.

---

Ah, my Darling, when over the purple  
 horizon shall loom  
 The shrouded mother of a new idea,  
 men hide their faces,  
 Cry out, and fend her off, as she  
 seeks her procreant groom,  
 Wounding themselves against her,  
 denying her great embraces.

---

19b cont/

And do I not seek to mate my grown,  
desirous soul  
With the lusty souls of my boys ?-  
yet they hide their faces,



C.N.B.1 20b

And strike with a blindness of fury  
against me; can I cajole  
The hate of terror? or deny the  
fecund soul her embraces?

---

The flower of forgiveness is plucked from  
off the offender's plot  
To wither on the bosom of the merciful:  
so many seeds the less,  
So much more room for riot! The  
great God spareth not,  
He waters our faces with tears, our  
young fruits fills with bitterness.

---

1. V.S.P. p.92 has the version from C.P. and V.S.P. p.943 the early version first published in The English Review November, 1909

The latter version is the first poem in the book and between the lines is written a second version which moves nearer to the final version.

This second version starts after the fifth full line, eight lines of writing equally for lines of verse. The first version ends with the final stanza on 21b. A version closer to the interlined version here is in C.N.B.11 29b.



C.N.B.1 21b (22a blank)

A Still Afternoon  
Dreams old and Nascent<sup>1</sup>

1. Old

1

I have opened the window to warm  
my hands on the sill  
Where the sunlight soaks in the  
stone: the afternoon  
Is full of dreams, my love, the boys  
are all still  
In a wishful dream of Lorna Doone.

The clink of the shunting engines is  
sharp and fine  
Like savage music striking far off;  
and away  
On the uplifted blue Palace, light  
pools<sup>2</sup> stir and shine  
Where the glass is domed up the  
blue soft day.<sup>3</sup>

C.N.B.1 22b (22a blank)

2

There lies the world, my Darling, full of  
wonder and wistfulness, and strange  
Recognitions and greetings of half  
acquaint things, as I greet the cloud  
Of blue Palace aloft there, among the  
misty indefinite dreams that range  
At the back of my life's horizon, where  
the dreams from past lives crowd.

Over the nearness of Norwood Hill through  
the mellow veil  
Of the afternoon, glows only the old ro-  
mance of David and Dora,  
With the old, sweet, soothing tears,  
and laughter that shakes the sail  
Of the ship of the soul over seas where  
dreamed dreams lure the unocaned  
explorer.

Over<sup>4</sup> the by-gone hushed years  
Streaming back where the mist distils  
Into forgetfulness: soft sailing waters,  
where fears

C.N.B 1 23b (23a blank)

No longer shake; where the silk sail fills  
 With the unfelt breeze that ebbs over  
 the seas, when the storm  
 Of living has passed, on and on  
 Through the coloured iridescence that  
 swims in the warm  
 Wake of the hushed<sup>5</sup> tumult now spent  
 and gone  
 Drifts my boat, wistfully lapsing after  
 The mists of receding<sup>6</sup> y/t/ears and the echo  
 of laughter.

3

My<sup>7</sup> world is a painted fresco, where  
 coloured shapes  
 Of old ineffectual lives linger blurred  
 and warm:  
 - An endless tapestry the past has  
 woven, drapes  
 The halls of my life, and compels  
 my soul to conform.

---

C.N.B.1 24b (24a blank)

Nascent

4.

Through the wakened afternoon, riding  
down my dreams  
Fluent, active figures of men pass along  
the railway.

There is Something stirs in me from  
the flow of their limbs as they move  
O/o/ut/of the distance, nearer.

Here in the subtle, rounded flesh  
Beats the active ecstasy; suddenly  
lifting my eyes

Into quick response.

The fascination of the restless Creator,  
through the mesh of men

Moving, vibrating endlessly in the  
rounded flesh

Challenges me, and is answered.

5.

Oh my boys, bending over your books  
In you is trembling and fusing  
The creation of a new-patterned dream,  
dream of a generation.

C.N.B.1 25b (25a blank)

6

The old dreams are beloved, beautiful,  
Soft toned, and sure  
But the dream stuff is molten and  
moving mysteriously.

This is no wistful allure  
For am I not also dream-stuff, dif-  
fusing myself in the pattern,  
Flowing I know not how, yet seriously  
Going into my place.

Here have I found an answer for my  
hollow yearning:  
Eyes where I can watch the swim of  
old dreams reflected on the molten  
(illeg.) metal of dreams,  
Watch the stir whose rhythm is secret,  
whose secret is sure and safe:  
The great activity swelling through  
the round flesh pulsing,  
Impelling, shaping the coming dream;  
Visible under the changing eyes,  
Under the mobile features.

C.N.B.1 26b (26a blank)

The flush of the great mystery  
The radiance of the Unseen Shaper,  
Is in me a trembling gladness.  
As the subtle heat  
Quickens the hastening, white hot metal,  
The power of the melting, fusing force  
The great mysterious One, is swelling  
and shaping the dreams in the flesh  
Is swelling and shaping a bud  
into blossom,  
The whole teeming flesh of mankind.  
The gigantic flesh of the world is  
swelling with wide-spread, labour-  
ing concentration  
Into one bud on the stalk of eternity,  
Rounded and swelling towards  
the fruit of a dream.

---

1. V.S.P. p.52 has the "Old" of "Dreams Old and Nascent".  
V.S.P. p.925 has "Nascent" from the A text. The original version here was part of a group of poems sent by Jessie Chambers to Hueffer. This was published in The English Review, November 1909. V.S.P., in a note on p.992, talks of "an early version" in C.N.B. He did not compare too closely as this version is the one in The English Review.

See Introduction for further comment and C.N.B.11 32b and 34b for further versions.

2. A has "lights" instead of "light pools." (p.23)
3. A has "air." (p.23)
4. A has "All." (p.24)
5. A omits "hushed." (p.25)
6. A has "vanishing." (p.25)
7. "Nascent" begins here in A (p.26)

C.N.B.1 27b (27a blank)

Baby Movements.<sup>1</sup>

1. Running Barefoot

When the white feet of the Baby beat  
across the grass  
White flowers in the wind bob up  
and down  
And ripples poise and run, lapping  
across the water.  
The sight of their white play among  
the grass,  
Is like a little linnet song, winsome,  
Is like when two white butterflies settle  
in the arms of one flower  
For a moment, then away with a  
flutter of wings.  
I wait for the Baby to wander  
hither to me,  
Like a wind-shadow wandering  
over the water,  
So she may stand on my knee  
With her two bare feet on my  
hands  
Cool as syringa buds  
Cool and firm and silken as  
pink young peony flowers.



C.N.B.1 28b (28a blank)

2. "Trailing Clouds"

As a drenched drowned bee  
Hangs numb and heavy from the  
bending flower,  
So clings to me,  
My baby, her brown hair brushed  
with wet tears  
And laid laughter-less on her cheek,  
Her soft white legs hanging heavily  
over my arm  
Swinging to my lullaby.  
My sleeping baby hangs upon my life  
As a silent bee at the end of a shower  
Draws down the burdened flower.  
She who has always seemed so light  
Sways on my arm like sorrowful,  
storm-heavy boughs.  
Even her floating hair sinks like  
storm-bruised young leaves  
Reaching downwards:  
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee  
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

1. V.S.P. p.64 has a later version of only the first part of the poem. This is one of a group of poems inspired apparently by Hilda Mary, the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J.W.Jones, at whose house Lawrence lodged when teaching in Croydon.

V.S.P. p.930 has the version published in The English Review November, 1909, and again, as with "Discipline" V.S.P., in a note on p.994 refers to an earlier version in C.N.B. without realising that it is the exact version published in The English Review. The briefer version in C.N.B.11 39b is very close to the A version printed on V.S.P. p.931.

The neatness of the handwriting and the total correspondence of the poem to The English Review publication suggest that this is fair copy as were the previous two poems.

C.N.B.1 29b (29a blank)

Restlessness<sup>1</sup>

The door blows open to the night, the  
 curtains sweep into flight  
 Striving and fluttering for the darkness:  
 a shut black night  
 Of clouds and winds and fitful  
 writing of glittering raindrops on  
 velvet-black panes.  
 -I went in the kitchen a moment  
 ago: in the corner, a white  
 Blotch bent over a crouching white  
 form, and a spluttering recite  
 Of a child's whispered prayer drove  
 me back again.

At the open door of the room I stand  
 to look at the night,  
 Hold out my hand to the rain-drops  
 that slant into sight  
 Arriving grey and sudden out of  
 the darkness into the light of the  
 room:-

I will leave the little hollow room,  
 the box of light,

C.N.B.1 30b (30a blank)

And be out in the deep-spread darkness,  
Which ought to be fecund, which might  
Draw my errant soul into a germ of  
its womb.

I<sup>2</sup> have seen, in the unopened morning,  
a man go down to the shore  
To draw his net through the surf's thin line, before  
The red flowers opened on the sea<sup>3</sup>,  
Little and lonely, sifting the sobbing tide.  
I will sift the surf that ceaselessly  
Dims the edge of the dark, with my net, the foam  
Strands of my lips and my eyes, in life's  
flotsam and jetsam store,  
Till that restless fisher, my soul, is  
satisfied.

I will catch in my eyes quick net  
The faces of all the women as they flow past  
Bent earnestly over them, touching with  
unknown fingers, the wet  
Brown hair hanging over their ears  
Looking under their dark umbrellas, held fast  
Against the wind. The rain that bears  
The window fronts/lights of the lamps, and smears  
The window fronts, will fold us.

C.N.B.1 31b (31a blank)

In a dropping grey mouth together  
When we have met,  
And my straining spirit, loosed  
from the tether  
Will leap and lick round her throat &  
her lips  
Till her throat and her lips are wet -  
When we have met.

Moving along the mysterious night/current/  
that intertwines/interweaves/ beneath the night  
Pass the men, whose eyes are hid like shut  
anemones in a dark pool,  
But whose mouths & cheeks are modelled  
by love with a softly curving caressing tool  
So they hold my/curious/attention covetous, long  
after they pass out of sight.

I can always catch in my creel the  
huddled books on the stalls  
Always gladden my amorous fingers  
with the touch of printed(?) leaves  
Always kneel to my little wise wives, books,  
shelved low in the doors of old shops

C.N.B.1 32a

Crouching at home among them, till  
sudden the cold night calls  
Me imperious away, and bereaves  
Me of all my little thought-women, who  
sweetly retire when my desire drops.

It is something I want to feel in my running blood  
Something to touch, to feel on my flesh: I must  
hold my face to the rain  
Coming unseen like darkness distilled out  
of nights still flood:  
I must hold my face to the wind, that it  
may drain  
Me its life as it hurries in secret: & through  
the wet  
Cold leaves I will trail my hands  
Till my hands are full of the chill touch  
of leaves  
And the night commands and half deceives  
My blood to be satisfied & to forget.

1. V.S.P. p.179. First published in A in a version nearer to C.N.B.11 41b.
2. The handwriting changes here indicating a different time of writing. The poem from this point on forms the basis of the published poem. The first section ("The door blows open... and back again") which links the restlessness of the poem with earlier childhood memory is nowhere hinted at.
3. Here is an interesting simplification of expression. The published poem has "The sun warms the sea" instead of "the red flowers opened on the sea".

C.N.B.1 32b

A Beloved<sup>1</sup>

The loth sun, swimming with tears,  
 Is drawn inexorably into the fiery room  
 Beyond, and the listening honeysuckle hears  
 The doors of twilight closing across the gloom.

The woodbine steals abroad  
 Calling in soft/low-/strung rapture for her lover.  
 The sun-lit flirt, who all the day  
 Has bee poised above her lips in play  
 And stolen kisses, shallow and gay  
 Of pollen, at last is driven away -  
 She woos the moth with her low wild word:  
 And when above her his broad wings hover  
 Her passionate soul she will discover  
 And yield her (illeg.) /honey drop/ to her lover.

Into the yellow evening glow  
 Saunters my love from the house below,  
 Leans and looks in at the low built shed  
 Where hides the swallow/has hung her/crowded bed.



C.N.B.1 33a

The bird lay warm against the wall:  
She glances/quick/her bright black, startled eyes  
Toward him, then she turns away  
Her small head, making warm display  
Of red upon the throat: his terrors sway  
Her out of the nest's soft-stirring ball  
Whose plaintive call wakes up as she flies  
In one blue stoop beyond the skies  
Into the evening's safety/shadowed/spacious/ hall.

Oh water-hen besides the rushes  
Hide your quaint unfading blushes  
Still your quick tail, and lie as dead  
Till the distance folds over his ominous tread

The rabbit presses back his ears  
Turns back his liquid anguished eyes  
And crouches low: then with wild fling  
Spurts from the terror of his/His oncoming  
To be choked back, the wire ring  
His pitiful/panting/ effort throttling:  
Piteous brown ball of quivering fears

C.N.B.1 33b

I hear his hand on the latch, and I rise from  
the chair

Watching the door open: I put my hand/There is no escape/  
To my throat which is strangled like a rabbit in  
its snare

The noose of love is round my throat like a snare.

The Punisher<sup>2</sup>

I have fetched up the tears from out of their little wells,  
Scooped them up with small, iron words  
Dripping over the runnels.

The harsh cold wind of my words drove on, and still  
The fruited/I watched/the cheeks/tears/ on the fruited  
cheeks of the boys  
Glitter and spill.

Cringing Pity, and my Self, white handed came  
Hovering about the Judgement which stood in my eyes  
Whirling a flame

---

The tears are dry, and the cheek's young fruits  
are fresh  
For laughter, and glad the exonerated eyes, for the feud(?)  
Has broken its leash.<sup>3</sup>

C.N.B.1 34a

The Cherubim of Judgement have returned to the

Nearness:

Desolate am I as a church whose candles are blown out

As night sweeps in with/enters in/ dreariness.

---

The fire rose up in the bush and blazed apace,

The thorn leaves crackled and twisted and sweated

in anguish

Then the Lord left the place

---

Like a flower that the frost has hugged & let go

my head<sup>5</sup>

Is heavy, and my heart within me mutters

brokenly

Through its prostrate drowsihed.<sup>6</sup>



C.N.B.1 34b

An Epistle from Thelma.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, Little heart

When you reach your baby love-fingers out  
 Towards the nut-smelling hair and the kernel-white/sweet/throat  
 When you put up your lips in a scarlet pout  
 To the full-blown mouth and the white cool neck where floats  
 A whole flotilla of brown silk-sailed boats  
 Of curls that stand on a cool white sea:  
 Why, little Heart, so soon, so cruelly  
 Turn aside your face, and forget, and depart,  
 And forget, forget utterly?

An Epistle from Arthur<sup>2</sup>

You know, little dear,

Those cool-coloured passion flowers that live till afternoon,  
 How they blossom and blossom endlessly? They leave on the rounding  
 [ twin-moon  
 Of your bosom a freshness and a glimpse of the iridescence of flower  
 And a scent of a night after/of/showers, if you twine them clear  
 Of the secret bubbling source of your life at the foot of the mound,  
Of love Clear of the holy ground of your life-springs, dear.

C.N.B.1 35a

Always, sweetheart

Carry into your rooms the blossoming boughs of cherry  
 Almond and apple and pear diffuse with light, that very  
 Soon strews itself about/on/the floor; and keep the radiance of  
 spring

Freshly quivering: keep the sunny swift March days waiting  
 In a little throng at your door, and admit the one that is plaiting  
 Her hair for womanhood, and play with her awhile, and/then/bid her  
 [ depart.

A come and go of March day loves  
 Through the trailing flower vine/flower-vine trailing/screen:  
 A fluttering-in of doves  
 Then a launch abroad of shrinking doves  
 Over the waters where no hope is seen  
 Of open hands:

Dance in and out

Small-bosomed girls of the spring of love  
 With a bubble of laughter and a shrilling shout  
 Of mirth - and a drip of tears on my glove.

1. V.S.P. p.864      Text from C.N.B.1
2. V.S.P. p.865      Text from C.N.B.1

C.N.B.1 35b

Epilogue from Thelma<sup>1</sup>  
Patience, little Heart

One day, unawares, a heavy-bosomed June day woman  
Will enter and shut the door to stay:

A - And when at last your stifled weariness cries out/calls/to  
summon

Cool lonely night, her round nipples/breasts/will keep the  
night at bay,

Sitting in your room like two tiger lilies

Flaming on after sunset

Destroying the cool lonely<sup>2</sup> night with the glow of their  
hot twilight.

There still in the morning, when the fierce strange scent  
comes yet

Stronger, hot and red: till your thirst for the daffodillies  
With an anguished husky thirst that you cannot  
assuage.

When the daffodillies are gone, and a woman of the  
dog-days holds you in gage<sup>3</sup>

Patience, little Heart.



1. V.S.P. p.865      Text from C.N.B.1
2. V.S.P. has 'lovely'.      The ms. reads 'lonely'.
3. V.S.P. has 'gaze'.      The ms. reads 'gage'.

Both indicate errors of transcription in V.S.P.

C.N.B.1 36a

Sickness<sup>1</sup>

Waving slowly before me, pushed deep into the  
place peace of the dark  
 Unseen my hands explore the silence and draw  
 the bark  
 Of Me stumbling slowly behind.<sup>2</sup>

Nothing to meet my fingers but the thickly-falling  
 fleece of night  
 And my face blinded with black threads: What  
 if in their baffled flight  
 My hands should touch the door ----!

What if I stumble on and on and push the door  
 Open ? And the strange grey dawn swirls me off  
 the threshold before  
 I can lift my hand and (illeg,) withdraw.

Catch my hands, beloved, and keep them  
 between your breasts -  
Where are you/Come to me, / my beloved, before the dawn-wind  
 rises and wrests  
 The movement out of my hands.

C.N.B.1 36b

Take hold of my wringing hands lest they find  
the door on the latch.

I am heavy to fall, my darling, and falling those  
Others will catch

The gift of from out of my hands.

A Day in November<sup>2</sup>

How have I wandered here to this ancient room  
In the House of Autumn ? - the chamber was ruffled with gold  
On the floor, and yellow glimmers forsook their hold  
Falling like sun-drops/flecks/(?) from the blue, full-bending  
bloom

Of the ceiling - yesterday: and now the gloom  
Of every dusty, fog/mist/ -besprinkled mould  
Deadens the day, grey-dropping arras-fold,  
And cloud festooned like cloths from a spider's loom

Sa

Sag down from the sky: what is this that floats  
Dim in the mirrors ancient under-mist  
Toward the ashy grate: pale-blurred with turf/round/black deeps  
Hungriily drawing in the rare warm notes  
The grains of fragrance from the few daring souls that list (?)  
Still To distil the life essence warm (?)

1. V.S.P. p.147 First published in N.P.  
The whole poem is crossed through in the ms. In the published version the fourth stanza in which "the door" of stanza 3 becomes "the door of eternity" has no equivalent here. Stanza 5 here has no similar one in the published version.
2. V.S.P. p.141 as "Next Morning". There is a further version in C.N.B.11 51a, which moves much closer to the final version in V.S.P. The theme of the last version with its ending:-  
"Why am I in hell?"  
is not to be found here though he was seen to be groping somewhat clumsily, towards squaring the shade with the being, the image in the mirror of the morning with the reality of the man.

C.N.B.1 37a

A life History  
 In Harmonies and Discords<sup>1</sup>  
 First Harmony

Folded there deep hidden in the inter-quivering flesh  
Shall the (illeg.) speck/The secret speck in a dim grey (illeg.)/drear  
 [ flushing

(illeg.)

The (illeg.)/glow of/ life burn in the blood.

Hastening always urgent to the (illeg.) of life/(illeg.) dark  
 Cherubim/

Came the scalding blood gladly to the service of the  
 Dim One and drowned it  
 In a passionate scarlet flood.

The dim imperious Grey-Star (illeg.) drew round itself like a  
 [ (illeg.)/glory/  
 The sparkling life/threads/of the blood, and hid in brightness Itself  
 Then it loosed the residue back.

Discord

A sullen red (illeg.)/moon/ held back/away/the blood  
 /red tide/ from the  
 clamouring Maker (?) :  
 The (illeg.)/tide/ relaxed and (illeg.) swept up/ (illeg.)/ and  
 stunned the young/strange/ elf (?),  
 And waited, threaded with black

C.N.B.1 37b

Till the pitiful(illeg.)/trammelled/ Maker awoke and wildly netted  
 the life  
 And with the life (illeg.)/some of the/ scalded death and/in/ the  
 [ flashes/threads/  
Of kindled agony and hate  
 And kept them all and laid them down in their tissued  
 beds,  
 Ruddy joy with death, and beastly/black anger/ with Love for mate.

Second Harmony

"Once in the dusky mirror  
 There only could I find  
 Eyes to answer/balance/ my sorrow,  
 Lips to my bitterness lined.

Once on the misty mirror  
 I laid my yearning/aching/ cheek  
 And warmed my tear-dimmed mirror  
 Till my shadow's warmth could/ I felt that my shadow could/ speak.

Now open at my bosom  
 Two eyes that are blue like mine,  
 Eyes like the outer twilight  
 Where the sun's (illeg.) sufferings still/(illeg.)/last suffering/  
 [ shine.



C.N.B.1 38b

[ 4 illegible lines precede this ]

Third Harmony

Round the house were lilacs and strawberries  
And foalfoots spangling the paths  
And far away on the sand-hills the dewberries  
Caught the dust from the sea's long swaths.

Up the wolds the woods were walking  
And nuts fell out of their hair:  
At the gates the nets hung ba lking  
The starlit rush of the hare.

In the autumn fields the stubble  
Tinkled the music of gleaning:  
Lost Between a mother's knees, a trouble  
Lost/all/its little meaning.

[ 4 illegible lines follow ]



C.N.B.1 39a

The young white terrier barked like laughter

Outside the (illeg.) at noon

A terrible [ 5½ illegible lines follow ]

Discord<sup>2</sup>

Outside the house an ash-tree hung its terrible

whips

And at night the wind rose and the lash of the tree

Shrieked and slashed the wind, as a phantom ship's

Weird rigging in a storm of (illeg.) shrieks hideously

In the house the two same voices woke when the ash

Was still like a swift thin lash

Whistling, and a thick lash sweeping with a booming

dreadful sound

And climbing/uproaring/ till the thin voice was drowned

In a dread fearful ominous silence and (illeg.)the spill/

of blood

Held the night fast bound.

C.N.B.1 39b

One by one the frail thin voices  
 Thonged themselves for fight  
 Hoarser roared the heavy anger  
Sharper(illeg.)/Hoarser/ after each hiss and bite  
 Frayed and fraught with lessening danger  
 Untwisted and (illeg.) and unable to requite.

Fourth Harmony

Shadows upon the pavement following/lying/ real  
 Like a shadow in ink on a gold-grey carton  
 From the strange dark eyes of a painter of Japan:  
 -The shadow awakes and dances with fear:  
 -An eclipse comes over the moon -  
 The leaf lies over the shadow like a lap-wing tinted  
 fan.

Birds with level wings droop down from the night  
 -The plane-leaves are falling in the violet dusk  
 Noiselessly crossing the lamp's gold space  
 As a dark fish sinks through the watery light  
 - A narwhals ivory tusk!  
 I have caught the leaf for luck in my hands white  
 interlace.

C.N.B.1 40a

Swinging like sails in a dim regatta at night

In and out of the dark, the faces

Pass over my soul, and the nimble light

Paints pale daubs for my soul's delight.

-The (illeg.)

Little friends for my (illeg.)

#### Baiser

Hush, do you see my house mate calm like a shadow?

Casts (?) (illeg.)/ The warm lamp casts/ at the door of the dark:

A red flower falls to its dim reflection

Hastening down to a quivering shadow/ladder/

-A kiss or a mist-blurred spark! -

The red (illeg.)/(illeg.)/ blots out/ its shade in an intimate  
joyous connection.

#### Discord

[ 8 illegible lines follow ]

C.N.B.1 40b

[ 14 illegible lines precede this ]

**Last Harmony**

Every/ Watch each/ pair of stepping feet trace a strange design

All the lines are/ With broken curves and / faltering lines

(illeg.) I trace a pattern, mine on (?) [or (?)] thine

Patiently, and over-line (?).

C.N.B.1 41a

Ah the blindly stepping kindly feet  
 Watch them tracing their design  
Which/The curves/ waver and meet and intertwine  
 Twisting &/ Tangling mine and thine.

With (illeg.) pain did I carefully overline  
 What part of my graph was plainly plotted  
Where/ Where the curves were knotted I must define  
 Pains were/that were/ clotted over mine.

I have come

Kiss<sup>3</sup>

A red flower falls to its dim reflection  
 Hush then, never a word!  
 A red flower falls to its red reflection  
 The shadow dances up in affection  
 And two are one in sweet connection  
 -Never a sound was heard.

Something has gone down the silent river  
 What does the Robin say?  
 Silver slow goes by the river  
 Far off in gold the willows quiver  
 And further still 'neath the sunset gather  
 Red flowers that have floated away.

1. As can be seen from the ms. this is a very difficult text to transcribe. There are many crossings out. In the unpublished "Foreword to Collected Poems", Lawrence wrote: "The fragment 'Discord in Childhood' was a long poem, probably was good but I destroyed it." (Phoenix I ed. McDonald. Heinemann 1936 p.252)  
This seems to be a draft of this long poem.
2. 'Discord' develops into 'Discord in Childhood' (V.S.P. p.36) which is in C.N.B.11 48b.  
See Introduction for Sons and Lovers parallels.
3. "Kiss" is in V.S.P. p.902 and is a reworking of "Baiser" (C.N.B.1 40a)

C.N.B.1 41b

The Street Lamps<sup>1</sup>

The great gold apples of night  
 Hang from the street's long bough  
 Dripping the (illeg.) of their light  
 On the faces which drift below  
 Carelessly, as dandelion-angels go  
Drifting across/Over/the grass in the wind's sough.

---

The pluméd seeds from the day-crown  
 Go roving down /along/the street  
 Like balls of thistle down,  
 Gold, with an innermost speck  
 Of silver/brilliance/ , rolling slowly without check  
Below/Against/Beneath/ the night's lowhanging purple  
 /spread/sheet

---

Large, luminous insects of night  
Go Wing slowly towards their aim,  
 With the golden blur of their flight  
 Dazing the purple distance  
 With gold-dust, clustering with  
 strange insistence  
 At the end of the street, in a golden  
 game.<sup>2</sup>

C.N.B.1 42b (42a blank)

The ripeness of these apples of night  
 Distilling over me,  
 Sets me longing for the white  
 Apples as-glisten on your breast  
 And my thoughts, like leaves, stretch  
                   out to arrest  
 You where you wander, and enthicked(?)  
                   you for me.

These round day-seeds, in their flight  
 Repeat each one the pull  
 Of the gold-strung tail of a kite  
 Pursuing a steady desire:  
 My kite, with the wind at its breast,  
                   rising higher  
 Away from my past's old prudence-  
                   logged hull.

They have found you, the night's gold flies;  
 They are hovering with luminous notes  
 Down the purple-grey haze. - I arise  
 And haste along the Street ...  
 I shall know you by the hovering of  
                   your eyes when we meet  
 By your lips where the luminous thistledown  
                   floats  
 By your pale cheek-apples, for me to eat.



- 112
1. V.S.P. p.252 as a short two-stanza poem called "People."  
It was printed in Poetry, July 1918.
  2. The poem "Street Lamps" which follows it (V.S.P. p.253) has the note (V.S.P. p.1011) "An early draft of this poem appears in C.N.B.". Pinto has taken only the title. Arguably "People" and "Street Lamps" were originally this single poem. The first and fourth stanzas become "People" and the second stanza has the same image of thistledown which begins the published version of "Street Lamps".

C.N.B.1 43a

The Complaint of the Soul of a Worker<sup>1</sup>

Outside the house they move on silent feet  
 The Angels, faint rays from the morning star  
     Blenching a moment past the window;  
 While they are, untrammelled by any heat  
 Naked of colour, and fair of outline they are,

    I have seen them, times past, through the window:

Full is the house of people, and I am weary of the tasks  
 Of the menial offices they endlessly impose on me;

    Gladly would I leave the house,  
 For the steam of labour and grief on the window masks  
 From me my beloved angels, since the morning rose on me  
     My morning star to douse.

Tired I am of the house, of its toiling and noise  
 Like a landlady, who drudges for her house, lest  
     she may wander

Houseless, such am I/ I am/

Only when night has called my too-many employers  
 To rest, may one of my friends who has gone out yonder

    Send me an angel, by from Aram.

C.N.B.1 43b

Once a woman came to me at my toil  
And I saw the gleam of an angel in her eyes  
    But she would not let me draw near,  
Not near enough to commune with it in the coil  
Of her words and her gestures, and now her footstep dies  
    In the distance, and death/the destroyer/ darkness/ is here.

Surely the angels even that my friends would send  
To me at nightfall, falter outside the gate,  
Like guests arriving unbidden,  
And sleep comes heavy-handed to make an end  
Of angels and hope and (illeg.)/weariness/ as I sit and wait  
    In loneliness, labour-ridden.<sup>2</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.874 has this text and only one small point of dispute in transcription arises. He has a full stop at the end of the penultimate line which is not apparent in the holograph.
2. Both 43a and 43b are crossed out in the ms.

C.N.B.1 44a

Monologue of a Mother<sup>1</sup>

This is the last of all, this is the last!

I must fold my hands, and turn my face to the fire

I must watch my dead days fusing together in dross

Fusing to one dead mass in the soul

Shape after shape, and scene after scene from my past

Fusing to one dead mass in the sinking fire,

Where the ashes are gathering as hoar frost/like a hoary/

gathers on the grass/gathering/growth/of moss./

Strange, he is, my son whom I have

awaited like a lover,

Strange to me like a captive in a foreign country

haunting

The shore and gazing out on the level sea;

White and gaunt, with wistful eyes that hover

Always on the distance, as if his soul were

chanting

The monotonous weird of departure/that (illeg.)/haunts him/ from his

[ youth

and from me.

Like a great white bird blown out of the frozen seas

Like a bird from the far north blown with a broken wing

Into our sooty garden, he silently drags and beats

From place to place perpetually, seeking release

From me, and the hound of my love which creeps up fawning (?)

For/his/mastership, (illeg.)/while/he in displeasure

[ (illeg.)/fearfully/retreats.



C.N.B.1 45a

Death in whose service there is nothing of gladness, takes  
me.

For the lips and the eyes of God are behind a veil  
And the thought of the lipless voice of the Father shakes me  
With fear and fills my eyes with/pitiful/tears of desire  
/And my heart with an ache of desire/  
And my heart is lonely as a child's forsaken as death/night/  
draws nigher.

School<sup>1</sup> Morning<sup>2</sup>

/The Waste Lands./

The sun is bleeding its fire upon the mist  
That is huddled like a grey crowd silently fleeing  
the attack  
Of the red soldiers of the sun. Like cliffs in  
shadow abutting  
The grey space of the sea, the<sup>3</sup> street ends thrust  
forward their stack  
On the misty waste land. Beyond on the flushing  
grey  
Of the morning the elms are loftily dimmed with black.  
The Street.  
The desultory pageant of children dawdling to school  
White of the girls, lingering clusters of boys,  
Callings of children disturbing the morning's still pool.

C.N.B.1 45b

Scripture<sup>4</sup>

The hum and whisper of the class, like a little wind  
In a wood has arisen: the boys are muttering the

Proverbs. Psalms

Furtively muttering also, and glancing with stealthy looks,  
Forbidden things, and passing treasures under their palms.

Now am I on the strand of the turbulent sea;  
The tossing sea of turbulent forgetfulness, where now  
I stand reluctant to enter, to take the waters  
Of life under my arms, to dream no more, but to bow  
Myself and gather the waters of life beneath me and lose  
Myself in the roar of life, and swim in the boisterous ooze.

But the sun is pouring like yellow wine outside,  
The mist is a cup of wine, and the new and the old  
Wood-stacks beside/ by the side of/the railway glisten and glow  
Like ivory and golden marble; two black crows hold  
Sentry on the wet dead oak; another one flaps below  
Up out of the playground as the great trains steaming  
south  
With/Send/ great plumes streaming behind them, to flow  
High up where they/and/melt in the sunshine: the  
windows in turn



C.N.B.1 46a

Flash back to the sun, and the men uplifted on the new  
White woodstack stand still in the sun to watch, and I

discern

Dark waving of their arms against the sky, ere they bend  
anew

To the hoisting of the next white plank.

The noise of life,

The surge of the tide of life in the turbulent class  
Comes over the softness and sweetness of the morning; and  
the strife I pass

Into the restless extravagant turmoil of living,  
and the blindness of strife.

Afternoon<sup>5</sup>

When will the bell ring, and end this  
weariness?

How long have they strained/tugged/the leash, and  
strained apart

How long have I held them back, or urged them on  
My pack of unruly hounds: I cannot start  
Them again on the quarry of knowledge they  
hate to hunt.

I can haul them and urge them no more.

C.N.B.1 46b

Hardly<sup>6</sup> can I endure to bear the brunt  
 Of their books which lie open<sup>7</sup> on the desks, a  
     full two<sup>8</sup> score

Of<sup>9</sup> insults insulting me with blots and  
     half-fulfilled

Scrawl of obedience, /and/ reckless scrawl of  
     defiance.

I am sick, the wine of my life they  
     have spilled

To the last drop out of the glass/measure/of the day.

    Shall I take

The last dear fuel and heap it on my soul  
 Till I burn with/rouse/ again with wrath,<sup>10</sup> and consume  
 The dross of their indifference, and burn the scroll  
 Of their insults in punishment?

    I will not!

I will not burn<sup>11</sup> myself out to embers for them,  
 Not all for them shall the fires of my life be hot;  
 For myself a dreary<sup>12</sup> heap of drea ashes,<sup>13</sup> till  
     sleep

Shall/have/raked the embers clear; I will keep  
 Some of my life<sup>14</sup> for myself - if I should sell  
 It all for them, how<sup>15</sup> I should hate them.

I will sit and a/wait for the bell.

1. V.S.P. p.47 First published in Poetry (January, 1914)
  2. V.S.P. p.869 More drafts of poems arising out of Lawrence's experiences as a teacher at the Davidson Road School. The versions in V.S.P. are from this holograph.
  3. V.S.P. omits 'the'.
  4. 'Scripture' is crossed out in the holograph.
  5. 'Afternoon' appears to be part of the 'School' sequence but V.S.P. on pp.912 and 921 uses the texts from The Westminster Gazette of June, 1912 and L.P. V.S.P. p.74 has the final version from CP.
  6. LP has "No more." (p.63)
  7. LP has "out." (p.63)
  8. LP has "three." (p.63)
  9. LP has "Of several insults of blotted pages and scrawl  
Of slovenly work that they have offered me.  
I am sick, and tired more than any thrall  
Upon the woodstocks working wearily." (p.63)
- CP has for the last two lines:-  
"I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?  
What good to them or me, I cannot see!" (V.S.P. p.74)
10. LP has "rouse my will like a fire to consume." (p.63)
  11. LP has "waste." (p.63)
  12. LP omits "dreamy." (p.64)
  13. LP has "ashes of weariness." (p.64)
  14. LP has "strength." (p.64)
  15. LP omits "how." (p.64)



C.N.B.1 47b

small and lonely/weary/, suspended in such vast blueness. Then they swoop down upon the glad lake, wearily. There ships are

[ suspended/hang/

from the sky by an amber cloud, reaching for the sea, and all

their speed is but as the morn on a cloudless night/a small

beautiful tortoise creeping over the blue,/

/the creeping of a small white tortoise across the blue/ so wide is the bay of the sea.

Ah, to drink the golden liquor of sunshine! - to put my mouth to the infinite wine in which the white-bubble stars are suspended

[ floating.

A Love Passage.<sup>6</sup>

A Rift in the lute

Do not hold me, Siegmund.

Siegmund, your heart is beating so strongly it/the strong beating of

[your heart/hurts me -

Siegmund, with your arms and your heart you are choking me,

You are crushing me, let me go - let me go!

(Oh Siegmund, Oh Siegmund what has happened to you?)

No, do not touch me, leave me on the grey sea turf!

Siegmund, you were here/only/this morning/you were/shining for me -

You were all the morning to me, all the sea and the morning sky

Were your eyes, and what were the downs but your breast to me

And what was the Sound of the birds and the water but Siegmund

Siegmund, my Siegmund. Where are you now?

Oh what were you, what were you but the stuff of my soul!

I breathed my dreams upon you, I laid my mouth on your mouth

And breathed the illeg. breath of my dreams and my soul's desire

And made you real - but you were all of me - -

C.N.B.1 47b contd:

And now with the knocking of his heart against my soul  
I run in the house of my soul and find it empty  
The breath of my dreams is faded from off the mirror

C.N.B.1 48a

And the house is empty, the house is empty, I am alone.  
 I am alone, alone, and there is no Siegmund for me -  
 No meaning in the sky, the meaning has vanished from the morning  
 Gone, - I am alone, alone - - )

Poor Siegmund - take the sobs from out of your voice  
 You sound so dreadfully, you do/so cruel/, my poor dear  
 There, I cannot bear to see the sobs tearing/in/your throat  
 Siegmund dear, kiss me then, kiss me.

(-Oh with his heart

How he hurts me with his heart, his throat so near to my eyes  
 Frightens me, frightens me. He is not the Siegmund of my soul  
 His coat and his arms and his labouring heart are strange,  
 And terribly strange is the throat that is working with sobs,  
 And terribly strange are his tears, that are wetting my face.  
 I dare not look at his eyes - -. Oh my other Siegmund  
 That are dead, oh you have left me cruelly - Siegmund - )

Why dear

Are you letting me go, and hiding your face to the ground!  
 Siegmund, my dear, what are you doing, lying with your face in the  
 [ grass  
 Lying rigid and silent with your face in the salt/short/sea turf?  
 Siegmund, Siegmund get up and look at me, oh Siegmund, listen  
 Siegmund, lift up your face again out of the turf - - .





C.N.B.1 48b

Spring in the City<sup>1</sup>

The town has opened to the sun  
 Like a flat red lily with a million petals  
 The town has opened to the sun.

The blue sky brushes upon  
 The myriad rosy tips of the town:  
 The black bud of life is undone.

The aroma/An invisible/a subtle/aroma has begun  
 To stir in the gloom of the sinister flower  
 Where the city's/dark/small insects run  
Distracted/Mad/for the nectar keen and sour.  
 The city's flower's small denizens run  
 Delirious in the shadowy heart of the flower  
 Seeking where the magic is spun.

We are drunken/demented - frenzied - froward - bursted - crazed  
 -doctored/ every one

With the thrill/breath/of the nectar keen and sour  
 That the city distils/breathes/exhales/ to the sun.

Out of its Exulting

Invisibly burning us with her power Silently  
 out of her shadows exhaling (?) her power

1. V.S.P. p.166 under the title "Bombardment".  
See C.N.B.11 56a for further version.

C.N.B.1 49a

Infidelity<sup>1</sup>

I have many prayers to say.  
If I string the planets and the beadyed stars  
Into a glistening rosary  
'Twill not be too many prayers to say.

For I have injured you.  
Under the moon's sharp scimitar's  
Flashing of delicate wrath  
I did you an injury.

When I come home, promise me  
Promise you will not watch the scar's  
Red stroke across my lips  
When I stand in the doorway, shamefully.

1. V.S.P. p.735. The poem was published under the title "Ah, Muriel" in The English Review, October 1914, from which V.S.P.'s text is taken. He says (p.1039), "the original manuscript is in the Library of the University of Texas". This may be, and probably is, the "original" manuscript but since 'Muriel' is Jessie Chambers and Lawrence has called this version 'Infidelity' it is possible to speculate that this C.N.B.1 version is later.



C.N.B.1 50a

You amid the bog-end's yellow

incantation,

You sitting in the cowslips of the meadow

above,

Me, your shadow on the bog-flame marigold,<sup>6</sup>

Me full length in the cowslips,

muttering you love;

You upon the dry, dead beech leaves,

in the hair of the night

Invisible - but the scent of you - scent

of irises/night irises/in the grove!<sup>7</sup>

You are always asking - 'Do I remember,

remember?'<sup>8</sup>

-Across the counties from the midlands

to the South holds good

Your invocation "Remember!" But

cease to ask of me!

-All morning an iris-fragrance

where I have stood.

All afternoon an a subtle, iris expectation,

All night, all night the malice of

irises poisoning my blood.

1. V.S.P. p.90 First published in Some Imagist Poets (1915) and collected in A.
2. A has "Persists all morning." (p.38)
3. A replaces "gold, aglow" with "fire." (p.38)
4. A has "dark." (p.39)
5. A has "Dissolved on the golden sorcery you should not outlast." (p.39)  
CP has "And the kingcups' glisten, that shall long outlast you." (V.S.P. p.90.)
6. A has "flowery may-blobs." (p.39)
7. A has "You, your soul like a lady-smock, lost, evanescent,  
You with your face all rich, like the sheen of a  
[dove." (p.39)
8. After this point A has three stanzas less this line which diverge completely. See **Introduction** for comment.

C.N.B.1 50b

Faithless Sigh no More<sup>1</sup>

The cuckoo and the coo-dove's have been/ceaseless/calling

Calling

Of a meaningless monotony, is palling

All my morning's pleasure of the

the sun-scattered wood.

May-blossom and blue birds-eyes have been falling

Falling

On the parched dust and the dark elm shadows/shade/

are scrawling

Messages cream and blue from my true love

by/down on/the road.

On/Up/the common, a spider has been weaving

Weaving

Purple webs across a rabbit hole, believing

She could keep at home the rabbit from his

dark-night/hour/revelry/truantry.

-----

Must I tell her, and set her heart grieving,

Grieving!

Does the coo-dove and the flower know I'm

deceiving

Her who never yet in speech or in silence

lied to me.



C.N.B.1 51a

I will tell her; though it set her heart Grieving  
Grieving!

Better that, than as I am, bereaving  
/For better is bereaving than deceiving/  
/Deceiving/

Her of faith in me, who have been her great believing.

Late at Night along the Home Road.<sup>2</sup>

Late at night, along the home road  
White/Wan/ blossoms and pale red hawthorn  
Hang faded cloths to the arc-lamps  
Hangs under each high-arched lanthorn  
White and the blanched red hawthorn.

Between the lamps, in the darkness  
Lilacs and bending lime-trees  
Perfume the star-pointed silence  
With shudder of tears and of crime, these  
Lilacs and bending lime-trees.

Last night, along the dream road  
Scarlet lips and such pale lips  
Met mine in touches of anguish.  
Again/Sudden/ I shudder<sup>3</sup> for /suddenly/the veil rips  
And again I see scarlet and pale lips!  
/And scarlet I see again and pale lips./

C.N.B.1 51b

Between my bleached dream-memories  
 Perfume of blood, and tear-scents  
 Bow down the darkness within me  
 As With /sacrifice/smoke and hot incense  
 Of passion, and pungent tear-scents.

New Wine<sup>4</sup>

Rigid sleeps the house in darkness: I alone  
 Like a thing unnatural cross the hall  
 And climb upstairs to front the group of doors  
 Standing angel-stern, and tall.

Welcome is/I seek/ my room's shelter. But what is this  
 Throng of shadows startled in my own  
 Room swooping about as I enter - Ah, outside, the tree's  
 Long boughs before the street-lamps blown!

Is that all? - the trees/boughs/ are waving wildly in the night  
 Yet - Oh the long shadow of a woman sweeping  
 Across the wall, across the play of/wildering/shadows!  
 Oh the sound of a woman weeping!

The room is mocking me: there sweeps the curtain  
 Across the pane, and there again, the blind  
 Breaks into shuddering sobs upon the wind.  
 These shadows mock shadows in my mind.

C.N.B.1 52a

For surely a sorrowing woman haunts my soul,  
Surely I hear her sobbing near by the bed -  
    Heavy is my heart within me because of her, and heavy  
    With far-off listening, my head.

The tree-tops' large, black fingers on the  
    blanched night  
Are pointing terribly northward, beckoning  
All my unwilling travel toward the northward place  
Whither she calls to the reckoning.

I will close the window, and silence the conscience  
    in of the wind.

I will draw the blind on the trees' black fingers  
And see no more shadows, receive no more the  
    fluttering/suffering/  
Dark doves, her message bringers.

My pillow reminds me my face is alive with kisses  
Which actively swarm through my blood, distilling  
A winy warmth down my limbs: surely God is  
    willing  
For this my new joy's fulfilling.

1. V.S.P. p.65. First published in The English Review, October 1910. The third stanza here with the colloquial "Up the common" and the "rabbit-hole" are removed from the published version as is the "I'm deceiving" in stanza four.
2. V.S.P. p.875. Text from C.N.B.1. All but the first stanza on 51a is crossed out.
3. V.S.P. has "and" which is a mistranscription.
4. V.S.P. p.140 under the title "Late at Night". In NP it appears from the version in C.N.B.11 47a as "Phantasmagoria".

C.N.B.1 52b

Liaison<sup>1</sup>

A big bud of moon hangs out of the twilight,  
heavy Star-spiders spin down/dropping<sup>2</sup>/ their threads  
And/Heavy,high suspended, withouten respite  
Swing watchful over head/Spying on watching us over head/.

Come then under the trees, where the leaf-cloths  
Curtain us in so dark  
That illeg. the prying/there cannot the/ we're safe illeg. from  
[ even/ermine moths

Cannot scribble illeg.,illeg. illeg.

Cannot scribble down, illeg. illeg.

Scribbling illeg./illeg/ remark

Here then in that swarthy secrecy secret of the tent

Whose black boughs flap to the ground,

You shall draw a thorn from my discontent

Pluck out the core of my wound/illeg./

/Make a miracle. heal a wound/

Kiss me and/illeg./ Surgeon me!/ make me sound.

For the cords of dear love cut into my flesh,

/For the old red wound where the thorn of desire/

They work deep and deeper, in old

/Has lain in my flesh so long/

You shall illeg./ever held/illeg. shall touch, and its fire

/illeg. and/

Unwholesome wounds of tonight with fresh

Will run sweet and I was flowing/the sick one was strong

Illeg. fire they've begun to smould.<sup>3</sup>

C.N.B.1 52b

This rare, beautiful/rich/night! but/Oh/ in here

Under the black tree-tent

The darkness is loveliest for/illeg./illeg. where/I could sear

You like frankincense into scent,

C.N.B.1 53a

And Fill/full/this vaulted hole with the odour(?)

Of you, as the night primroses

Flagged loose and lovely filling your road

Aflush with a fragranc<sup>y</sup> that disposes<sup>3</sup>

Me still to think that/still/the moon is a primrose yearning,

That you/are/a soft moon-lit moth

That my hands like antennae aquiver are learning

/the quiver of my hands illeg./are/aquiver like antennae/for

[ the/learning/

You are not loth

/You will not be wrath/cannot be wrath/

You - and you will not be wrath.<sup>3</sup>

I put my mouth to the primroses/while/waiting

For you, and soon/still/ my moustache

Is full of flower-dust, finely baiting

My kisses,

Whilst waiting for you I put my mouth

To the loose languishing<sup>d</sup> primroses;

And illeg./Illeg./illeg. So my/ moustache, is/still/filled with flower

[ dust and illeg./that/when/fresh/

On my dusty lips imposes.<sup>3</sup>

Kiss but the dust then off my lips

But draw from the gathered hurt

Of/From/my breast with your bosom: the great/big/night slips

Unawares illeg./illeg. round the/us dark-girt.

C.N.B.1 53a continued:

/illeg./ Not even the stars can spy us  
Not even the moths can write  
Like fingers illeg. on the wall of night  
Let anything come, but try us.<sup>3</sup>

The fire that will burst when I kiss you  
The fire that is raging my tissue  
To ash(?)

Waste me not then, I beg you waste  
Not the night's grand country taste  
But the flower dust off my moustache.



1. V.S.P. p.947. Text taken from A. That text is near to the one in C.N.B.11 52b. The imagery is very reminiscent of The Trespasser (XXXI). See Introduction and the version on C.N.B.1 55a. There is also a version of the poem in V.S.P. p.113 under the title "The Yew Tree on the Downs". The first three stanzas of this holograph (to "make me sound"), ("This rare rich night") and the two make up, in essence, the published poem in V.S.P p.947.
2. A has "spinning." (p.88)
3. A has no equivalent of these stanzas.

C.N.B.1 53b

Ophelia<sup>1</sup>

O the green glimmer of apples in the orchard,

Lamps in a wash of rain!

O the dim gold/yellow/ bright/yellow/extinguished in/ wet walk of the a

brown hen through/the stackyard

Oh tears on the window pane!

Nothing now will mellow the bright green apples

Full of disappointment and with rain

Brackish they will taste of tears, when the yellow/flashing/illeg./

[ illeg./illeg./illeg./the lacy those small dapples

/Of yellow leaves/

In among the leaves show plain.

All over the yard it is "cluck" say/the/brown hen!

"Cluck! said/ and my cosy warm/the illeg./rain-wet/wings!"

My marigold bird, they will never come/do you illeg. call and call

[ again

Still To Your yellow darlings.

The grey rat found the gold thirteen

Huddled in the dark;

Flutter in the dark/night/and the rat's long teeth are keen,

Extinct illeg. one golden/yellow/spark.

/And/ Oh the thirteen little things, one by one diminished

Oh the thirteen silent slithering journeys!

Oh the/red/rat-larder, so well replenished

And oh, illeg. the And one morning,/mother rat,/ when your turn is

-But wait mother/- Comes morning, mother rat, and then your turn is.

C.N.B.1 54a

So we found the dead clutch, side by side

Stored in the illeg./grey/rat's nest:

The white dog slayed/nipped/ the mother rat, the rat-brood died.

How, the brown dog knows best.

Rattle the rain-drops, ripen the apples

Cluck and call for the chickens:

Up comes the grey rat, the gold-floss chicken grapples,

Then home her running/the hen is/ haste she quickens

Up with life/illeg./wrath/ the red-eyed morning quickens.

Last year/Once/I had a lover bright illeg./like/running water

Once I had/knew/ a summer that sparkled

With the golden chicks of grief and little/clouds and sky's

[ running/laughter/

Oh sky that with clouds like dirt(?) embarked

/what yearns this with clouds, like dirt-crust barked/

That never with a cloud dirt crust embarked/.

Who has stole from out you/this sky/ the golden hen of sunshine

Who has robbed a/the/little fluffy stars

Who has drowned the apples in a watery green wine

When will rain-drops wear the window into scars?

Is it still my heart that is clucking, clucking, calling

Calling home my broods of love?

Is it true they're stolen lost my thirteen charms, they're falling

Under illeg./Some/ grey rats illeg. remove.

C.N.B.1 54b

What have I lost them that I /my heart should/ cluck vainly?

Do not my kisses still warm and dim

The mirror: does not the mirror show me plainly

Fair as I was once fair for him?

What is this grey rat of change,/is this/that has stolen

All my thirteen ecstasies of love

Was the apple brackish that do/then with tears or/swollen

With sour thin juice of unhappiness.

Sl Surely he would lap me in his warmth

till he could ripen

Tears into wine mellowness.

1. V.S.P. p.950. His text is from a holograph ms. in the Berg collection, New York. He prints it under the title "Another Ophelia". See C.N.B.1 60a for the version nearer to this published one.

C.N.B.1 55a

Liaison

A big bud of moon leans out of the twilight  
Star-spiders, dropping their threads  
Hang small suspended, withouten respite  
Spying on us/Watching from/overhead.

Come then under the trees, where the last leaf cloths  
Curtain us in, so dark  
That here we're safe from even the ermine moth's  
Scribbling/Prying/ suspicious remark.

Here then in this secret, swarthy tent  
Whose black boughs flap the ground  
You shall draw the thorn from my discontent,  
Surgeon me, make me sound -

This rare, rich night! and/for/in here  
Under the yew-tree tent  
Darkness is loveliest; for/wherein I could sear  
You like frankincense into scent.

Fill full the vaulted hole with the odour  
Of you, as the sulphur primroses  
Flagged loose and lovely and filled your road  
Aflush with a fragrance that disposes

C.N.B.1 55b

Me to think that yet the moon is a primrose yearning  
You/are/ a wing-folded moth,  
That my quivering hands are like/my/antennae learning  
You - but do not be wrath -!

Whilst waiting at your road-end I put my mouth  
Among the loose languorous primroses,  
And illeg./ And illeg. flower/ -dust filling my moustache a fine drowth  
Keenly on my lips imposes.

Kiss but the dust then off my lips:  
But draw the gathered hurt  
From my breast with a stress of your bosom, slips  
The hour away hastily-girt.

Here not even the stars can spy us,  
Not even the white moths can write  
With/Their little white hands on the wall to try us;  
With doubt, here/We are hid/in the/a/pocket of night.

But/For/a drowth of fire consumes my tissue;  
Waste me not, I beg you, waste  
Not the grand, sweet-mouthed night: but/if I/kiss you,  
Come illeg./ If you'll/ Take/ my mouth and taste  
The flower dust thick in my moustache  
Kiss not/You will kiss not to wholesome flame from/ the fire  
That, smouldering wears me down to ash  
Kiss illeg. flame illeg./from the/ coke of my desire -!

1. See note to C.N.B.1 52b



162  
C.N.B.1 56a

Dolor of Autumn<sup>1</sup>

The acrid scent of autumn,  
Reminiscent of slinking beasts makes me fear  
Everything, tear-trembling stars of autumn  
And the snore of the night in my ear. - - ,

For suddenly have s flush-fallen  
All my rosy leaves of endeavour/ self-sufficiency like petals/;  
They lie, my labours, in a heap on the floor,  
Beautiful, but shed for ever.

I/like on the bush of the globe  
Like/As/ a newly-naked berry gasp and shrink.  
But where/And gasp/am gasping/ - but am I here, or/where am I/ in the  
[ fallen  
Life-labour's broken links?

Or in this naked berry  
Of flesh that stands dismayed on the bush,  
Or even in the lost perfume  
Of my delicious, lush

Yearning, ever-dissatisfied soul  
That has wandered away to rummage/through/the night  
And/Till/, hither and thither disseminated  
It is lost from/has vanished in/the shore's open wide/light.

C.N.B.1 56b

The night, with a great breath indrawn  
Has sucked out my spirit into the void

And I, reeling with disseminated consciousness,  
Am/O'erwhelmed and terrified.

Unconscious<sup>2</sup>

Unwitting

The trees in trouble because of autumn  
And vaunt of berries lost unto the bush,  
And all the disconsolate, vagrant seeds  
Moved on in the wind's insistent push -

I have known since the soured nights of autumn  
Have cast me forth like a fruit to travel,  
Bushed in an uncouth ardour, coiled  
At the core with a knot of travail -

Emotions in internecine conflict, /contest/ are/locked  
By their strength's vivid struggle in quiescence.  
Would they might burst as an arc-lamp bursts/leaps/  
With stress of self-conflict into lovely incandescence.

1. V.S.P. p.107 under 'Dolour of Autumn'  
In second version C.N.B.11 54b
  
2. V.S.P. p.160 has a poem "Reality of Peace, 1916" which uses  
the same imagery.  
V.S.P. p.876 publishes this version.

C.N.B.1 57a

Nocturne<sup>1</sup>

The last, silk floating thought has gone from the dandelion  
stem

And the flesh of the stalk holds up for nothing a blank diadem.

The night flood winds have lifted my lost desire from off me  
Bereft, hollow and senseless flesh, the living black bats  
scoff me

I stand on the hill-top, with the whitening cave of  
the city beyond,

Like a stalk

Nocturne.....<sup>1</sup>

When the last, silk-floating thought has gone from the  
dandelion stem,

When the flesh of stalk holds up for nothing its dreary  
head,

When bereft, the hollow, senseless flesh rears this  
scar of a diadem,

When Meaningless, but not dead -

Surely that is like me, Helene, as I stand at your  
side tonight

Like a stalk that is done with, whose crown is departed,

Is desolate.

Before the whitening gush of the city's nostril-light

Shrinking/I shrink/fragile as from fate.

C.N.B.1 57b

Overhead the autumn/nightly/heavens, like an open/a nightly/  
[ open/immense eye

Like a cat's distended pupil sparkles with sudden stars,  
As with thoughts that flash and crackle in uncouth  
malignancy:

I fear/dread/the fierce snapping of the thought-stars.

Beyond me, up the darkness, rises the gush of the  
lights of the/two/towns

As breath which rushes upwards from the nostrils  
of an immense

Life crouched across the globe, ready if need be  
to pounce

Upon the illeg./ Into heaven's/hostile eminence/eminence/

All round me, but far away, the night's  
multiple consciousness roars

With sounds that endlessly swell and sink like  
the storm of thought in the brain,

Lifting and falling like a slow breaths taken, pulsing like  
oars

That beat on the blood down the vein.

This night is immense and awful, Helene, and I an insect

In the fur of this hill, clinging/small,<sup>2</sup> fearfully/ to the  
black, shaggy heather.

I am afraid I a small palpitant speck in the fur of the night,  
am afraid of all

These things roaring doom together.

1. V.S.P. p.876 version from this notebook V.S.P. says "Nocturne" is "perhaps the best poem in the group." (V.S.P. p.1051)
2. V.S.P. transcribes it as "small, clinging fearfully into".

C.N.B.1 58a

The Appeal

Helen , if you were kind  
you illeg./When I tell/ you the stars flash signals each one dreadful  
You would/not/smile so gently, and answer me  
"The night is wonderful."

If you knew, Helena,  
How this darkness soaks me through and infuses  
My essence of life in its liquor, you would not then  
Find my quaintness a word that amuses.

You would not lie, Helena,  
And softly caress the night, while my soul's sweet fluid  
Oozes as the life of a victim steams up the star-berried bush  
Of the Mistletoe, (illeg.) be loved(?) then/Druid.

You, Helen, who see the stars  
As mistletoe berries burning in the black-bushed sky  
You surely should drink the ooze of my life in kisses  
Be my priestess high.

Helen, you let me steam wasteful  
Into the night's black nostrils. Drink me up, I pray,  
You who are the lovely night's Bacchante, I  
Your wine of play.

1. V.S.P. p.86 is an eight line poem consisting of only stanzas 4 and 5 of this draft.



C.N.B.1 58b

Reproach.<sup>1</sup>

Had I but known yesterday  
 Helen, you could discharge the ache  
     Out of the cloud:  
 Had I known yesterday you could take  
 The turgid electric weight away,  
     Drink it off with your proud  
 White body, as lovely white lightning  
 Is drunk from an agonised sky by the earth  
     I might have hated you, Helen.

You, in whom I know is no dearth  
 Of kindness, when you perceived me whitening  
     Did not your felon  
 Heart reproach you. I had brooded  
 Long enough the dormant anguish  
 Of love/passion/unwotted.  
 Yet day by day you let me languish  
 In a horror swarthy-mooded  
And you lifted not/Till my eyes were clotted./

Blind I was to you, Helena  
 Blind you were not though to me.  
     Yet you would not  
 Even lay your hand upon me  
 Even, by a sweet demeanour  
     Tell me, God wot

C.N.B.1 59a

Modestly enough, to kiss you  
Would not lift a hand to touch me  
Liberate the lightning so.

But since fortune has been such we  
Stumbled/both/and you must clutch/touch/me

And I found you so

I will tell you but your/only the/ only gladness/but I thank you/

I was locked up like a cloud with thunder

Till you broke me.

Till you loosed the white-fire wonder

Till you, sweet earth-substance, drank you

All the hurt that woke me.

Since my limbs gushed full of fire

Since from out my blood and bone

Poured a heavy flame

Upon you, earth of my atmosphere, stone

Of my flint/steel/, lovely white flint of desire

You have no name,

Earth of my swaying atmosphere

Substance of my illeg. inconstant breath

I cannot but cleave to you.

C.N.B.1 59b

Since you have drunken gladly my drear  
Painful electric storm, and death  
Is washed from the blue  
Of my eyes, I see you beautiful  
You are strong and passive and beautiful  
I come like the winds, and go  
But you below  
Are the world I hover over.

Nils Lykke Dead<sup>2</sup>

Ah, stern, cold man  
How can you lie so relentless hard  
While I wash you with weeping water?  
Ah face, like a cold carved moon<sup>3</sup>  
Can you never again discard  
Your curt pride's ban?

You masquerader  
How can you shame to act this part  
Of unswerving indifference to me?  
It is not you; why disguise yourself<sup>4</sup>  
To break my heart,  
Evader?

C.N.B.1 60a

You had a sweet mouth  
 A red rich mouth always sooner to soften  
 Even than your sudden eyes.  
 Ah cruel, to keep your mouth<sup>5</sup>  
 Relentless, however often  
 I kiss it in drouth.

You are not He.<sup>6</sup>  
 Oh/Then/who is it lies in his place on the bed?  
 Where is he hiding, from me/that other/?  
 He had a radiant lips of laughter,  
 A mouth curveding red  
In/With/gaiety from me.

His eyes would see  
 The white moon hang like a breast revealed  
 By the slipping shawl of stars,  
 Could see the small stars tremble  
 As the heart beneath (the shawl) would wield  
 Systole, diastole.

He had heavy brows  
 Set like rocks by the sea of sorrow  
 The buttressing rocks/shields/ of thought,  
For strong was my love and thoughtful  
The stoutest perchance would double  
Against that illeg.  
 For he was strong in thought,  
 And never could a morrow  
 Bear him under it prone (?)

C.N.B.1 60b

But, oh multiform

Which was you I loved,/among these/, you manifold?

The gay, the sorrowful, the seer

I loved many men/a rich race of men/in one

But not you/this/, you/this/never warm,

You/Metal-cold.

Oh masquerader

With/Your steel face white enamelled

Were you he after all, and I never

Knew/Saw/you or felt you in kissing

- Yet sometimes my heart was trammelled

With doubt, Evader?

Then was it you

After all this awful steel-stern man

My beloved? A deep/What/terror

Gushes out of the sealed past.

Oh Love, take off your ban

Prove this part untrue.

1. V.S.P. p.877 The text is from this notebook.
2. V.S.P. p.55 under "A Man who Died" an early version of this poem was published in Poetry January 1914, under the title "A Woman and her Dead Husband", a combination of the title of an earlier version and the poem "A Woman" which is a version to be found in C.N.B.11 58a. A version with the same title appeared in Some Imagist Poets (1915) and the same text appeared in N.P. under the title "Bitterness of Death" and "A Man who Died" was the title chosen for CP. There are four other manuscript versions in addition to the two in C.N.B.1 and C.N.B.11.
3. N.P. has "Do you set your face against the daughter  
of life?" (p.45)
4. N.P. has "You want at last, ah me!" (p.45)
5. N.P. has "You know your mouth  
Was always sooner to soften  
Even than your eyes  
Now shut it lies" (p.45)
6. At this point N.P. and subsequently C.P. texts differ greatly from the rest of this version. See **Introduction** for discussion.

C.N.B.1 61a

Submergence<sup>1</sup>

When along the pavement  
Palpitating flames of life,  
People flicker round me  
I forget the bereavement  
The gap in the great<sup>2</sup> constellation,  
The black space where a star used to be.

Nay, though the pole star  
Is blown out like a candle, and all  
The heavens are wandering in disarray  
Yet when pleiades of people are  
Deployed around me, and I see  
The streets illeg./illeg./outstretched/ Milky Way -

When people flicker down the pavement  
I forget my bereavement.

1. V.S.P. p.115
2. "great" becomes "my life's" in the C.P. version which otherwise shows no significant difference. This is very much the exception to find a poem published in A and CP which has a text largely unchanged from its first appearance in C.N.B.1. A however has "great". (p.93)



C.N.B.1 61b

Reminder<sup>1</sup>.

Do you remember

How night upon night sweeps level and low  
Overhead, at home, and has not one star,  
Nor one narrow gate for the moon to go

Forth in the field of November.

Do you remember

How towards the north a red blemish in the sky  
Burns like like a blotch of anxiety  
Over the iron-works, and small flames ply  
In Reflected like shadows /Quivering like the shadow on/ the embers.

Do you mind the time/days/

When it was unlit autumn for me,

When only there glowed for me on the illeg./ on the gloom of the

[ sky

The red reflection of her agony

My mother smelting down in the blaze

Of death - I tell you,

Twice, after great kisses, I saw

The rim of the moon divinely rise

The illeg. moon detach herself from / strive to detach from the raw

Edge of /the/ darkness, dispelling

C.N.B.1 62a

That muffling crape  
Of darkness, revealing here my night-sunk world  
Uplifted/Tall/ and loftily shadowed. But the moon  
Never like a magnolia unfurled  
Its white, its lamp-like shape:

For you told me 'No'  
And cried to me not to ask you for/the/dour  
Communion: you would give me something better/a better thing/.  
So I lay on your breast for an obscure hour  
Feeling your fingers go

Like a rhythmic breeze  
Over my hair, tracing my brows, -  
Till I knew you not from a little wind.  
I wonder, now, if God allows  
Us only one moment his keys.

If only then  
You could have unlocked the moon on the night,  
I could have bathed in you like light,  
We, both, baptised each other in the white  
Pure passion, and never again,

C.N.B.1 62b

The chance might come./ If you'd taken me then/  
 I wonder, if it would it have been different  
 Would you not have mourned your loneliness  
 I not abroad have wasted and spent  
 My seed illeg./illeg./ profitless ever and again./

To my illeg. Love /A Wise man./<sup>2</sup>

I will give you all my keys  
 You shall be my chatelaine,  
 You shall enter as you please  
 When you choose shall go again

As/when/ I later/hear/you jingling through  
 All the chambers of my soul  
 Then I sit and smile at you  
illeg./oh illeg. your illeg./ In your illeg./housekeeping role  
Proud in your housekeeping role  
As ever to explore my whole  
 In your proud housekeeping role  
 Jealous of the smallest cover,  
 Angry at the simplest door,  
 Well, you anxious, inquisite lover  
What would you more?  
/Are you pleased with your store?/

C.N.B.1 63a

Have you not fingered all my treasures  
 Have you not most curiously  
 Handled all my tools and measures,  
Tried my whole/My masculine machinery!

Have you not singled out each beauty,  
Blessed it with your little rapture  
 Over every single beauty  
 You have had your little rapture  
 You have slain, as was your duty  
 Every sin-mouse you could capture.

Still you are not satisfied,  
 Still you tremble faint reproach;  
Will/Do/you challenge/Challenge me/that I have beside/ keep aside/  
A key to the rooms/Secrets that/you may not broach.

Maybe yes and maybe no  
 Maybe there are secret places  
Maybe heathen altars/Altars barbarous/below  
Maybe/Elsewhere/ halls of high disgraces.

Maybe yes and maybe no  
 You shall have it as you please:  
 Since I choose to keep you so,  
A supplicant on illeg.  
/Suppliant on your curious/knees

1. V.S.P. p.103
2. V.S.P. p.95 under the title "Tease". The text here is similar to A where the last two lines are:  
"Since I choose to keep you so,  
Suppliant on your curious knees."  
while CP has:-  
"Since you are so keen to know  
Everything, Miss Ill-at-ease".

C.N.B.1 63b

A Plaintive Confession.

And you remember in the afternoon  
 The sea and sky went grey, as if there had settled  
 A flocculent dust on the floor, and the sagging festoons  
 Of the sky like an awning of spider tissue hung dusty,  
 And coldness clogged the sea till it ceased to croon.

A dank, sickening scent came up from the grime  
 Of weed that blackened the shore, so that I recoiled/I shrank  
with disgust/  
 Feeling the raw cold dun me; yet all the time  
 You leapt about on the rocks, and threw  
 Me words that rang with a brassy counter's<sup>2</sup> chime.

All the day, that raw, ancient cold  
 Deadened me through, till the<sup>3</sup> downs darkened for sleep./until darkened  
 [ the downs for sleep./  
 Then memories stirred around me as if in a fold  
 Obscure sheep crowded me warm with companionship,  
Dark/Like/ ghosts whose clustered round me whose forms I  
 could not behold.<sup>4</sup>

/Then/I slept till dawn at/through/the window blowing/in/like dust  
 /Like/ A linty raw-cold dust disturbed from the floor, floating  
 Floated in sky breathing/the air I breathed, /and pale light-like must  
 Settled on my face and hands, till it seemed to grow  
 There, as pale mould blooms on a crust.

C.N.B.1. 64a

Then I rose in fear, needing you fearfully,  
 For I thought that you were warm as a/a sudden/jet of blood,  
 I thought I could plunge in your spurting hotness, and be  
 Clean of the cold and the must. - With my hand on the (illeg.)  
 I heard you in your sleep moan restlessly.

And I dared not enter, feeling suddenly afraid  
 Even of you, so I washed in the tingling sea  
 And came back clean but worn with cold like a shell/moon shell/  
 Substanceless; yet you knew not even then,  
 But with counters of gaiety my charge defrayed.

Too much you mint me that clinking counterfeit  
 Of gaiety, too often to pay me thus  
 Barrenly; you are winsome & fair, but you cheat  
 Me with smiles/tinkling/ and glinting jests of my proper dues -  
 /Oh/ Coin me words in your heart's full furnace heat!

Mint me beautiful medals and hand them me hot  
 From the fiery hammering of your heart; I cast  
 My all in your molten flux, you smelting pot  
 Of all the worn old metal of meanings, you fiery  
 Fierce core where all new blossoming shapes/blown new shapes/  
 the blossoms of shape from new stuff/illeg./are begot.

1. V.S.P. p.98 under the title "Coldness in Love". First published in L.P.  
There is no equivalent of the fourth stanza in V.S.P. in this version, but more importantly, the last two stanzas have no counterpart in the final version.
2. LP has "shallow" (p.xi)
3. LP has "grey downs." (p.xi)
4. This stanza becomes expanded to two in LP (p.xi)







1. V.S.P. p.131 and V.S.P. p.955. The published version "Brother and Sister" is on V.S.P. p.131 while the same version is from Y.L. (pp.209-10)
2. V.S.P. p.955 has 'faces' but the ms. appears to have 'fares'. 'Lettice' is Lawrence's sister, Ada, who would have transcribed the text for Y.L.
3. V.S.P. p.955 has "Down the sky's steep stairs charting no track for her" instead of:-  
"Charting no track for her down the sky's steep stairs"  
as in the holograph. It naturally follows that, since in every other stanza Lawrence rhymes the fourth and sixth lines he should do so here. That would confirm also the reading of "fares" in **Note 2** above.
4. V.S.P. p.956 omits 'a'.
5. V.S.P. p.956 has no hyphen in "soul-space".

C.N.B.1 65b

Anxiety<sup>1</sup>

The hoar frost crumbles in the sun,  
The crisping steam of the train  
Melts in the air, while two black birds  
Swoop past the window again.

Along the vacant road, a red  
Bicycle approaches; I wait  
In a thaw of anxiety, for the boy  
To leap down with a message<sup>2</sup> at our gate.

He has passed us by, but is it relief  
That starts to sob in my breast,  
Or what is it/ a new bruise/ pulsing oin my grief  
That yearns for the ultimate test  
/Not yet she has no rest/<sup>3</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.100 as "Endless Anxiety". First published in A. For what is substantially that version see C.N.B.11 25b. This experience seems obviously to refer to Lawrence in Croydon awaiting news of his mother and would date the poem as Autumn 1910.
2. A has simply "To leap down at our gate." (p.57)
3. A resolves the problems of this stanza:-  
"He has passed us by; but is it  
Relief that starts in my breast?  
Or a deeper bruise of knowing that still  
She has no rest." (p.57)

C.N.B.1 66a

Patience<sup>1</sup>

The wind comes from the north,  
 Blowing little flocks of birds  
 Like spray across the town:  
 The clouds in/like/ jostling herds  
Come crowding/In stampede hasten/down,  
And great trains/grand trains/ issue forth  
 And now and again a train roars forth.

Out of/From/the laborious north,  
 Whither I, like a needle turn and set  
 Trembling in anxiety  
 Touching the wind with question,  
 Watching the birds, to get  
 News, illeg./illeg./illeg./ train shakes fear in me.  
 /- for the trains shake fear in me./

Winter<sup>2</sup>

The frost has settled on the trees  
 and flushed them ruthlessly/ ruthlessly strangled the fantasies/  
 Of leaves, that have dropped like old  
Forgotten/Romantic/imaginations crumbled into mould

C.N.B.1 66b

Winter<sup>2</sup>

The frost has settled down upon the trees  
 And ruthlessly strangled off the fantasies  
 Of leaves, that have dropped unnoticed, like old  
 Romantic imaginations no longer illeg./re/told.

The trees down the boulevard stand  
                   naked in thought,  
 Their little tales of murmuring leaflets caught  
 In the grim undertow: naked the trees confront  
 The winter's implacable cross-questioning brunt.

Has some hand balanced more leaves within  
                   trees' frail depths?  
 Some dim little efforts placed there doubtfully?  
 It is only the sparrows, like large black leaves,  
                   in the birch  
 Sitting huddled against the crystalline blue  
                   one flesh with their perch.

The clear, keen sky coldly bethinks itself,  
 Like vivid thought the air spins bright, and all  
 Trees, birds and I<sup>3</sup> are arrested in after-thought  
As the/Like the/ dead are arraigned to answer, by the  
                   great Mind brought

C.N.B.1 67a

Before the terrible court of Justice, what they have done  
 To extend one word the wisdom of the ever increasing Law  
 Which, cold and implacable, establishes harmony  
That long shall/To Shall/outlive the heat of discord, of  
 misery and revelry.

Another Ophelia<sup>4</sup>

Oh the green glimmer of apples in the orchard  
 Lamps in a wash of rain,  
 Oh the wet walk of my brown hen through  
 the stackyard  
 Oh tears on the window pane.

Nothing now will mellow the bright green apples  
 Full of disappointment & of rain,  
 Brackish they will taste, of tears, when the little  
 dapples  
 Of wash(?) frail/ autumn in/ yellow leaves show plain.

All over the yard it is cluck my brown hen  
 Cluck, and the rain-wet wings.  
 Cluck, my marigold bird, and again  
 Cluck to your yellow darlings.



C.N.B.1 67b

For the grey rat found the gold thirteen  
Huddled away in the dark;  
Flutter for a moment, and the rat's long teeth are keen  
Extinct one yellow bloody spark.

Thirteen times the teeth flashed in a fire of blood,  
Thirteen times the slithering silent journey,  
Thirteen lay the yellow chicks beneath the  
joist of wood,  
Restless was each whimpering rat-bairnie.

So we found the dead clutch side by side  
Plenishing the grey rat's nest;  
The white dog nipped the mother rat, the rat brood  
died  
How, the brown dog knows best.

Rattle the raindrops, ruin the apples,  
But bonnie and bright are the chickens:  
Oh up comes a grey rat, a gold floss chicken  
grapples,  
Then up with wrath the red-eyed  
morning quickens.

184  
C.N.B.1 68a

Once I had a lover bright like running water  
Once I knew a summer that sparkled  
With golden chicks of cloud and a sky of  
running laughter  
A sky that not like this with cloud was barkled.

Then the days ran round me in a golden brood,  
Then, like chickens mounted in my hand/ Then the gold/  
All eyes pecked pleasure from me, and children  
found their food  
In gazing on my sparkling hours of sand.

But where out now has wandered the golden  
hen of the sun/sunshine/.  
Is it that the great wet haystack mars  
My sight, but then who has stole the golden  
hen of the moon  
And what has become of the little fluffy stars?

What grey rat of change is this that  
has stolen  
All the lovely golden things from me?  
Was the apple brackish then with tears, or  
swollen  
With thin, sour juice the fruits of me?

786  
C.N.B.1 68b

But I was rosy, for him I flushed mellow,  
Ripeness melted through me at his kiss:  
-Oh his mouth was red, and mine its fellow!  
Where is the that he does not miss.

My mouth from his mouth, me from him?  
Like a flag dishonoured, torn  
I droop and drip in the morning dim,  
A flag of disgrace, forlorn.

1. V.S.P. p.99 as "Suspense". This is linked with the previous poem by the writing "to get news" and in the published version he makes this clearer by his reference to "news that she is free".
2. V.S.P. p.141 under the title "Winter in the Boulevard".
3. At this point this holograph and the final version part. "I" becomes "earth" and the published version ends quickly with a generalised reference to "awaiting the sentence". Here there is greater questioning of the "great Mind", "the terrible court of Justice" and the "Law".
4. See note for C.N.B.1 53b.

C.N.B.1 69a

To my Mother - Dead

If I could have put you in my heart  
If but I could have wrapped you in myself  
How glad I should have been! And now  
the chart  
Of faces unrolls/unrolls/ itself to my memory  
Your faces, my loves<sup>2</sup>, one for each several  
part.

Oh that you had never, never been  
Some of your selves, my love, that some  
Of your several faces I had never seen! -  
And still, still in the night they come  
and go  
One after each, and I f travel the  
spaces between.

And Oh, my love, as I rock for you  
tonight  
And have not any longer any hope  
Of sweeping out old sorrows with the  
bright  
Sweet beams the sun still sheds for some of us<sup>3</sup> -  
I own that some of me is dead tonight.

1. V.S.P. p.100 as "The End". This and the following two poems all refer to his mother's last illness and death in the winter of 1910. See Introduction for comment on relation to Sons and Lovers. A copy of this draft, along with "The Bride" and "The Virgin Mother" (C.N.B.1 69b,70a) was given to Jessie Chambers. In this he is thinking of the tribulations of a mother's life.
2. The reference to "Your faces, my loves" does not appear in the published version.
3. In the final version there is only suffering. The "Sweet beams" of the sun have gone.

C.N.B.1 69b

The Dead Mother<sup>1</sup>

My love looks like a girl tonight

But she is old.

The plaits that lie along her pillow

are not gold

But grey with filigree silver, and

uncanny cold.

My love<sup>2</sup> looks like a maiden, since

her brow

Is smooth and fair,

Her cheeks are very smooth, and her

eyes are closed,

She sleeps a rare

Still winsome sleep that breathes no

bitter air.<sup>3</sup>

Nay but she sleeps like a maiden,<sup>4</sup> and

dreams her dream

Of charming things

There she lies, the darling in the shape of her

dream,

And her dead mouth sings

By its shape, songs like the thrush, in clear

evenings.

1. V.S.P. p.101 as "The Bride".
2. "My Love" becomes simply "She".
3. The reference to "bitter air" is removed from the published version.
4. "Maiden" becomes "bride", the title of the printed version.



C.N.B.1 70a

My Love, My Mother

My little love, my darling  
You were a doorway to me,  
You let me out of the confine  
Into a vast countrie,  
Where people are crowded like thistles  
Yet are shapely and lovable to see.

My little love, my dearest  
Twice you have borne me,  
Once from the womb, sweet mother,  
Once from myself to be  
Free of the hearts of people  
Of each heart's home-life free.

You sweet love, my mother  
Twice you have blooded me,  
Once with your blood at birth-time  
Once with your misery.  
And twice you have washed me  
clean,  
Twice-wonderful things to see.

C.N.B.1 70b

And so, my love, Oh mother

I shall always be true to thee.

Twice I am born, my mother

As Christ said it should be,

And who can bear me a third time?

- None love - I am true to thee.

1. V.S.P. p.101 as 'The Virgin Mother'. This version appears in V.S.P. p.944.

At the side of the poem in pencil in Frieda Lawrence's hand the following remarks are written:

Against the first 12 lines "I hate it. You love it, you say!! I hate it."

After the poem's completion she writes:

"Yes, worse luck - what a poem to write!

Yes you are free, poor devil, from the heart's home life free, lonely you shall be, you have chosen it, you chose freely, now go your way - misery, a sad old woman's misery you have chosen, you poor man, and you cling to it, with all your power. I have tried, I have fought, I have nearly killed myself and other people, sadly I proved to myself that I can love but never you - Now I will leave you for some days, and I will see if being alone will help you to see me as I am, I will heal again by myself, you cannot help me, You are a sad thing, I know your secret and your despair, I have seen, you are ashamed - I have made you better, that is my reward - "

Frieda later wrote in "Not I. But the Wind" (New York, Viking, 1934) p.54 :- "I think a man is born twice: first his mother bears him, then he has to be reborn from the woman he loves." A letter, contemporary roughly with her sight of this poem, contains the comment: "He really loved his mother more than anybody, even with his other women, real love, sort of Oedipus". (Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence Ed. Tedlock, Heinemann, London 1961)

C.N.B.1 71a

Transformations.

The Town

1. Evening<sup>1</sup>

The houses fade in a melt of mist  
 Darkening the thick soiled air,  
 As an unclean Sodom that shall resist  
 God's cleansing fiery flare/care/

The weary wintry twilight fades,  
 The city corrodes in despair  
 As the soul corrodes when death invades  
 Like verdigris' slow impair.

"God, give our sunsets a stain of red  
 Let us pass through the twilight blazed  
 With a crimson of anguish we pray Thee, sped  
 To the wonder of death amazed."

Yet while the verdigris slow fires/smoulderings/spread  
 Through the dying day, here and there  
The street lamps lemon evening-stars shed  
 Lemon coloured/lit/evening street lamps shed  
 Small stars of faith here and there/in the air./

C.N.B.1 71b

2. Morning<sup>2</sup>

The little houses spring like plants'

Close clustering undergrowth

Of townly foliage that slants

To the sun and the shadow both.

The bushy houses show one side bright

As if leaves were sipping the sun,

And one side cunning with shade where/whose/delight

Mysterious creatures to run

/Is in deeds mysteriously/deliriously/done/

And bare/the/stems of the street-lamps stand

At random, meaningless twigs;

For today in the shade and the sunlight bland

Of the houses, ripen our figs.

C.N.B.1 72a

## Transformations (continued)

3. Men in the morning.<sup>3</sup>

A gang of laborers on the piled wet timber  
 That shines blood-red/to the sun/by the railway siding  
 Seem to be making out of the stuff of the morning  
 Something fay/faery/and fine, the shuttles sliding.

The red-gold globes globes of their hands and  
 faces shuttling  
 Hither and thither across the morn's crystalline  
 frame  
 Of blue, like/as if/ trolls in ringing cerulean  
 caves  
 /Were/Working for sport, winning their wage in  
 a game.

C.N.B.1 72b

## Transformations (contd)

4. The Inanimate that Changes Not in Shape<sup>4</sup>

Oh stiffly shapen houses that change not  
 What conjuror's cloth was thrown across you  
 and, raised,

Revealed you changed, all changed?

How can you be conjured thus, and we/while we look on and yet/and see

[ it/

and are not amazed.

And we, why are not/we/amazed.

You of the resolute shape, O Earth

How is it, Someone can conjure thus with you,

Whose are the fingers that touched you

Whose the mouth that breathed thus into

you?

The Town<sup>5</sup>

Oh you stiff shapes/swift/transformation seethes

Throughout your substance, last night

you were

A Sodom smouldering in a slow despair,

Today/you're o'er/ a thicket of sunshine your/with/your/fair

sun she fair

wreathes.

C.N.B.1 73a

Tomorrow swimming in a vague dim vapour  
 As fabulous weeded cities sway beneath/in/the sea  
 The morn shall show you: at evening you will be  
 A group of toadstools awaiting the moon's white  
 taper.

And when I wake some morning after rain  
 To find the new houses a cluster of lilies glittering  
 In scarlet, and I hear/voiced with/the bird's bright twittering  
 I'll say the bond of ugliness is vain.

The Earth<sup>6</sup>

Oh Earth, you spinning clod of Earth earth  
 And then, you lamp, you lemon coloured  
 beauty;

Oh earth, you rotten apple rolling downwards,  
 Then brilliant earth from the burr of the  
 night in beauty

As a jewel-brown horse-chestnut  
 newly issued

Is not this all true, and is it not my duty  
 To accept you thus, sordid or radiant tissued.



C.N.B.1 73b

5. The Changeful Animate.<sup>7</sup>

Men, whose shape is Multiform  
 Oh laborers, O shuttles across the  
     blue frame of morning,  
 You feet of the rainbow balancing  
     the sky!

Oh you who flash your arms like  
     rockets to heaven  
 Who/in/lassitude lean as yachts on  
     the sea-wind lie;  
 You who in crowds are rhododendrons  
     of blossom,  
 Who stand alone in pride like waiting  
     lamps;

Who grappling down with hate/work/or  
     pride hate or passion

Take strange lithe form of a beast that  
     sweats and champs,  
 You who are twisted in grief like  
     crumpled beech leaves

Who curl in sleep like kittens, who  
     kiss as a swarm  
 Of clustered, vibrating bees, who fall  
     to earth

At last like a bean-pod, what are you,  
     oh multiform.

C.N.B.1 74a

6. Corot<sup>8</sup>

The music of music is stillness, you birds,  
 Cease your shrilling/then/a moment/in reverence  
 And listen, Oh Everything listen, for words  
 Foil the delicate/inner/sense.

The trees rise tall and taller, lifted  
 On the subtle rush of the cool grey flame  
 That issuing out of the morn<sup>9</sup> has sifted  
 The spirit from each leaf's frame.

For the trailing, leisurely rapture of life  
 Drifts dimly forward and is/easily/hidden  
 By noise of small silver/birds/singing: Oh fife  
 Of noisy birds, be you chidden.

The grey phosphorescent, pellucid advance  
 Of the luminous Purpose of God shines out  
 Where the lofty trees interruption of/athwart stream per/chance  
 To illeg. its meaning/Shake flakes of meaning/about.

C.N.B.1 74b

The subtle, steady rush of the whole  
 Grey foam-fringe of advancing God  
 As he silently sweeps to his home here, his goal,  
 Is heard in the grass of the sod.

Is heard in the windless whisper of leaves,  
 In the far-off labour of men in the field  
 In the down-ward drooping flimsy sheaves  
 Of cloud, the morn-skies yield.

In the tapping haste of a fallen leaf  
 In the flapping of red-roof smoke, and the small  
 Footstepping tap of men beneath  
 These trees so huge and tall.

For what can illeg. all sharp-rimmed substances but catch  
 In a backward ripple God's progress, reveal  
 For a moment his His great direction so<sup>10</sup> cscratch  
 A spark beneath his wheel.

Since God sweeps onward dim and vast  
 Down every channelled vein of man  
 Or leaf, and his passing shadow is cast  
 On each face for us to scan:



C.N.B.1 75b

God/He/ took a handful of light and  
rolled in a ball

Compressed it till its light/beam/grew wondrous  
dark

And/And/then He gave /illeg./ thee thine eyes, Oh  
Man, that all

Thou seest should be kindled at  
His spark.

God put His mouth to thine in a kiss  
of Creation.

He kissed thee, Oh Man, in a passion of  
love, and left

The vivid life of his love in thy mouth  
and thy nostrils.

O guard thy soul from corruption  
and from theft

/So keep his kiss from the adulterer's theft./

And with h His blessing bright on thy mouth  
and thy brow

Travel thine exile(?)/education/here below/ here/, and learn

In distance how the illeg. of life must illeg./from His far off sun

[ illeg./to/turn

Earth-clods and clouds to flowers that praise  
and burn.

C.N.B.1 76a

Do thou, oh travelling apprentice, likewise  
Shapen the formless things, and gently touch  
The souls of men into the lovely curve  
Of harmony, then, having done so much

Return where all in beauty stand erect  
Where shape and spirit in superb degree  
Married make perfect beauty, no defect  
Of form or movement or soul/of/harmony.

All matter and all spirit standing upright  
With/In/exquisite shapeliness, with linked hands  
Shall sing of heaven achieved where every bright  
Shape shines alone like melody and where  
Shape answers shape in chorus of delight/to the sight/

Where throngs of angels free of all  
command hastening upon  
Their several errands here and there shall  
make

Concord of movement/movement of multitudes surpassing rhythm/  
And all their looks, like daisies that  
awake,  
Shall shine to Morn as never daisies shone.

1. A series of poems called "Transformations": 1 The Town. 11 The Earth. 111 The Men, appears on V.S.P. p.72. The first poem there is V.S.P. p.142 as "Parliament Hill in the Evening".
2. V.S.P. p.879
3. V.S.P. p.72 as "Morning Work". V.S.P. fails to note the presence in his note on the "Transformations" sequence. (p.996).
4. V.S.P. p.53 as "Suburbs on a Hazy Day". See Note to C.N.B.11 61a, 61b.
5. V.S.P. p.72 as Part 1 of LP version of "Transformations".
6. V.S.P. p.73 as Part 11 of LP version of "Transformations"
7. V.S.P. p.73 as "Men" - Part 111 of LP version of "Transformations"
8. V.S.P. p.931. Text from YL.
9. V.S.P. has 'moon'.
10. V.S.P. has 'scratch'.
11. V.S.P. p.932 has "Michael-Angelo". Lawrence thinking of the Sistine Chapel, presumably made an error of artist. The V.S.P. title is from LP (p.xli)





C.N.B.1 77a

The clouds go glancing down the sky with a  
 wealthy ease  
 And cast me a shadow of storm for my share  
 in death. Yet I  
 Love the Death that takes the place of my love, and  
 fear not  
 Fortune, knowing another gladness than life can  
 come by.

Yea, though the very clouds have vantage over  
 me,  
 Enjoying their glancing flight, /al/though my love is dead.  
 I have in her place a joy, a tent of darkness  
 by day,  
 A place in the tabernacle of night, and love for dread.

Knowing the host, the minute sparkling of darkness which  
 Vibrates untouched and virile during/the/grandeur of night  
But/And/which when day crows challenge, and scattering  
 the vivid black notes  
 Of living darkness, bursts by/my/fretfulness into light.

C.N.B.1 77b

Illeg./Bursts/like a fretted arc-lamp into light  
 Stirred by conflict to shining, which else  
 Were dark and whole with the night

Runs to a fret of speed like a racing wheel  
 Which else were aslumber along with the mass  
                   of the dark  
 Swinging rhythmic instead of a-reel.

Is chafed to anger, bursts into rage like thunder  
 Which else were a silent grasp that held the  
                   heavens  
 Arrested, beating thick with wonder.

Breaks into beauty like lightning thrust/on/white  
 Against what dark opponent we cannot know  
 Being that moment bereft of sight

Leaps like a fountain of blue sparks leaping  
 In a jet from out of obscurity  
Whereich/ere/was Darkness sleeping

Runs into streams of bright blue drops  
 Water and stones and stars and myriads  
 Of twin-blue eyes, and crops  
 Of bright blue flowers, caused by the dark  
 Fretting the lovely hosts of ripples  
 of darkness into play.

1. V.S.P. p.132 as "The Shadow of Death".  
See C.N.B.1 79a and C.N.B.11 58b and note.

C.N.B.1 78a

II Red

Passion and Death

Red

Then he laid down the bow of his violin  
 And, turning in chagrin from the music he  
 Had fashioned and played for me, he said in grief,  
 Lifting/his/haunted eyes "Make me some songs,  
 Make my songs for me Helen, I have none,  
 Being too mirthless to move the measure of music  
 Meshed too much, and tangled too much in guilt,  
 Caught, when my heart would be glad, in a trap of lives,  
 Lapped captive in the web of love I have spun  
 From out of my loins and heart, choked and broke  
 In the bonds of my own veins, musickless/musick-less/, Helen,  
 Who ache with an anguish of music to make for you."

And I was songless as he was, and looked at him  
 Through a pain of rising tears and did not answer.  
 But laying for ever our effort at music by  
 Together we trod the evening where the red sun  
 Streamed redness in the air, shone red on his eyes  
 And all the sorrel-spears in the lush long  
 grass

As if thrust into/withdrawn from/ wounds dripped and  
 ran rank with blood,

C.N.B.1 78b

Fell, as we walked through the snowfields  
down the hill

In showers of minute ruddy drops from/down/the  
sorrel blades,

And the moony daisies under the pink pale/illeg./misty/cloud  
Of dancing(?) grass-heads, daisies like/to/the stars  
that dawn

From under the showy(?)/coloured/fading off/of/the sky  
Frightened me with their/the/steadfastness and  
of their looking

Upward as we passed.

And now, and now

That evening ever more hangs red for me  
Red on the calendar, red from my wound,  
and red

Upon him who backward departed, and ere  
the stain

Had dried upon him/Of my breaking had died/dried/upon him, ere/  
yet the cloud,

The crimson sheaf of the west, the deep fetched sigh  
That masses the west with death, when the breath  
of the day

Is torn/out/with a gush of blood and away/cast/into night,  
was growing cold, he tore his breath away

And cast it into the darkness sighing on dark

And his children stirred in their sleep, and when  
they awoke

A shadow was deep in their eyes.

C.N.B.1 79a

Blue<sup>2</sup>

The world again like a ship steams out of the dark sea over  
 The edge of the blue, and the blazing pilot sun stands out (to lead)  
 To lead another day down the harbour: the night mists melt,  
 The dew of dreams dries up, hosts of the morning shout

But/And/I from the night emerged, dripping from the waters of the dark  
 Am astounded/to/find myself all naked and nesh, having stripped  
 Myself f/to /drown/ lave/in the/illeg. langourous/sanctuary sea of the  
 [ illeg.dark/night/  
 In the dark/darkness/unfathomable, whereon the days are shipped.

And like a drowned man called/brought/again to tread the deck  
 Of life, I watch the blue sky clash with light, and the blue  
 Eyes of the world awaken, myself undawning, a darkness  
 Dwelling intact within me, a dark illeg./darkness/day cannot  
 pierce through.

And I taste the night on my lips, I illeg./sigh/with  
death in my heart/the silence of death/,

And/I/watch the crowds of things in the morning sunlight  
jostle jostle

And/Till/it seems the simple stones scoff at me as unreal  
 It seems I hear derision in the ringing notes of the throstle.

C.N.B.1 79b

But what do I care though the very clouds, the very  
clouds

Should shine in conceit of substance upon me, what though  
the clouds

Go glancing down the sky with a wealthy ease and  
cast

Its scar(?)/Suspicion/upon me for a haunted/shadowy/thing in the crowds

Of morning people: although the clouds have vantage over

Me, and enjoy their glancing flight while I am dark

With a ghost, although my love is dead, I have in her place/wear in my

[heart/

like a crown/The shadow she has left/as/a holy thing illeg./for

[our/ark.

And, feeling/knowing/myself undawning, a /this/darkness intact

within me

Is my strong tower of joy, my tent of shadow by day

My tabernacle by night where I worship and join

in the worship

Of all the wandering hosts of dreams, dark notes that pray

In a minute sparkling of darkness, vibrating together

by night

Virile swinging in one great prayer death and life to

Together praying itself into dream, dreaming in prayer

Till the day crows challenge and all the vivid black/black

notes illeg./illeg. light/of care

Called from the /Living darkness, fretted/burst by fretfulness

into light

blown into blue bright sparks by the fretting of separate strife

C.N.B.1 80a

Bursts the dark like a fretted arc lamp into light  
 Stirred by conflict to /illeg./shining, a blue core bursting bright  
 Which else were dark and whole with the dark of the night,

Runs the dark to a fret of speed in the wheel  
 Racing as if in a dream, with the blue of steel  
 Showing, which else here was rocking instead of a-reel(?)/the rocking  
 [ darkness, now a-reel/

And the darkness chafed to anger bursts into wrath of thunder  
 Which else were a silent grasp that held the heavens  
 under  
 Arrested, beating thick with wonder:

Breaks into beauty of lightning the darkness/midnight/  
 thrusting white  
 Against what dark opponent we cannot know, from  
 sight  
 Is blazed into blindness a moment for the blue white  
 light

Leaps sometimes the darkness fretted with leaping  
 Jets of blue sparks, fountains blue from out of the sleeping  
 Night, revealing a secret, secrets numberless keeping.



C.N.B.1 80b

And out of the darkness suddenly streams of  
bright blue drops

Rain of the dropping heavens, the best blue flowery crops  
Of the fields, and blue when the kingfisher drops

And endless drifting drops of bright blue eyes  
And glancing insects, dancing of blue bright butterflies  
And all the new life/sparks/of wonder opening in surprise

Are frett/caused/by the fretting of lovely hosts of  
ripples on the sea

Of the dark that is slumbering with life, which  
shaken mysteriously

Breaks into dazzle of living as dolphins like/ripple(?)  
night/that leap from the sea

Of midnight and are/shake/it to fire, so the  
riddle of death we see

1. V.S.P. p.898 See notes to C.N.B.1 1a and C.N.B.1 47b.
2. See note C.N.B.11 77b and C.N.B.11 58b

C.N.B.1 81a

Silence<sup>1</sup>

Since I lost you I am silence haunted  
 Sounds wave their little wings  
 A moment and then in weariness settle  
 Sink in f the flood of silence.

Whether the people in the street  
 Like pattering ripples go by  
 Whether the theatre sighs and sighs,  
And the/With a / hoarse loud sigh

Whether the wind shakes stripes of light  
 Over the dead-black river  
 Whether the morning breaks with song/noise/  
 Till the poised sunbeams/pale sky does/quiver

Shall I listen for the sound of you  
 My dear, and your silence haunts me/among it all/  
 I feel it/your silence/touch my words as I talk  
They illeg. and my own speech haunts me  
 /And I feel your silence fall/.

My words fly brightly off a forge  
 The flight/length/ of a illeg./veering/spark  
 I see the silence easily sip them  
 And it is dark

C.N.B.1 81b

And though the lark sings heavenly glad  
I feel the silence waiting  
To take the song and the bird in its lap  
Again, and fold them both.

And though the trains race roaring south  
The steam flag flowing  
I see the stealthy shadow of silence  
Alongside going.

And so while from the forge of the world  
Whirling on the breath of life  
Fly the sparks of people gushing  
Ruddy and rife.

Yet never they/though/they ruddy  
Ruddying the neighbour darkness  
Yet they never change it  
They never can pale the darkness  
Blench it with noise as they will  
The darkness drinks them up  
The fecund silence receives them back.

1. V.S.P. p.109. See C.N.B.11 19b  
The final version consists of only four four-line stanzas. V.S.P., while noting that an early draft appears in this notebook fails to notice that the following poem in his edition, "Listening", is based on the second half of this draft beginning at the fourth stanza.

C.N.B.1 82a

The Inheritance

Since you did depart  
Out of my reach, my darling,  
Into the hidden,  
I see each shadow start  
With recognition, my darling,  
And I am wonder-ridden.

Dazed I am still with farewell,  
Yet I scarcely feel your loss,  
You left me a gift  
Of tongues, and/so/the shadows tell  
Me of illeg. things, the world's sighs toss  
Me their drift.

You have sent me a cloven fire  
Pain-lit, that waves in the draught  
Of the breathing hosts,  
Sets/light/the mournful pyre  
Light/Of folk/, its brands awaft  
Like candid ghosts.

221  
C.N.B.1 82b

Each folk/form/along the streets  
Waves like a ghost along,  
A flame like me;  
The star bove the house-tops greets  
Me every eve with a long  
Song fierily.

The sound of a lost lark flickers<sup>2</sup>/  
And all day long the town/  
Overhead, and I answer 'Yes'./  
Roars like a beast in a cave/  
The coltsfoots raise  
That is wounded there/  
Their little gold stars, and quicker's/  
And like to drown/  
My heart than the sun to caress/  
While the days rush wave after wave/  
To augment their blaze/  
To its lair./

So I am not lonely nor sad/And all I can do, my love  
Although bereaved of you/Since they put us asunder/  
Of you, my love,/Is to hark and to see the days/  
For I am/Having/found a great kinsfolk, clad/Crash through the night  
[like thunder  
But/d/Differently, for illeg./when I look/through/Flying illeg. when I/  
that is/with white with  
wonder

The vesture there move/Wan with amaze.

C.N.B.1 82b cont/

Naked wistfulnesses beneath

Like mine, my love

And shadow of kindness, and wreath/

Of the arms of love

Like yours, my love.



1. V.S.P. p.108. See C.N.B.11 15b and note.
2. The last two stanzas have alternative versions.

C.N.B.1 83a

A Drama<sup>1</sup>

The Man speaks.

Though you move with a quiet grace, like a cloud  
 Emerging and crossing the clear sky unperceived,  
 Though white you are, cool-drooping, and rich  
 As a wild white hyacinth drooping with fulness,  
 Because your eyes look up at me and the shock  
 Is as when the dark blue water between the hills  
 Looks unexpected to the sky, and sudden  
 I see the strong sound earth betrayed as a floating  
 Flimsy down-ball through whose illeg. rifts there looks  
 The engulfing sky:

So as you look up at me  
 From out of illeg./your face's/fair, forgetful contours of your  
 You startle me with reminiscence of the great  
 Faint unfashioned wonder wherein we spin  
 And I am dazed:

You always loose me to drift  
 For whether I see you set the daffodils  
 Along the table at noon, or when you bring  
 The lighted lamp into my room at night,  
 Or softly tapping at my study door  
 Set down the tray before me as I work,  
 Always, before you go, the heavy blue  
 Of your eyes does open the mystery doors to the vast  
 Spaces within whose glare we float/melt/ as motes,

C.N.B.1 83b

And suddenly I am clashed with pang upon pang  
Of faintness and irresolution, lost

In the midst of such a moving immensity  
As this Eternal Life:

And though we two

In love illeg. have met like very death for stress,  
Pleasure so heavy-intense it hurt too much,  
Though we have lain together through the nights,  
Still I will leave you, still forsake you too,  
For you set wide the door of my venturesome ark  
And all my doves are launched abroad and lost  
And I am drifting like a shell discarded  
Yea I would shut my eyes, I would draw the blinds  
On the awful waters of Death, on the sky of Life,  
And in my fragile, awkward boat, between  
Two terrors float unwitting, gay, and laughing  
Aye busy with a few hard tasks, and wrath  
With a few swift passions, would I drift away  
Unmindful, full of zest across the vast  
That loses me when I look out:

And so

I shall leave you while I play my game at living  
While I play a reckless game to win my point  
And having won, I will lie down to sleep  
Without once having looked without the ark  
And I will leave you who would make me turn  
Aside to lose myself for very smallness - I  
Will leave you, for I must forget myself,  
I will not sink from self-comparison  
Into an awful/a terror of/ insignificance

C.N.B.1 84a

Into a daze all ineffectual.

So I must leave you and forget. I go

To play within the walls of human will

To hide among my fellows as I might

Hide from the night in a thick forest-dark.

So much, so rare a game, so quick a heart-beating

I would not miss it for your ache of knowledge

Oh Eve, your heavy anguish of embrace,

That drinks me up, as if I were a speck

Of seed to lose myself in the body of this dark,

And losing mingle in the procreant womb

- I leave you so, I must -.

The Woman Speaks.

And shall I see him never, nor will he turn

Ever again and laughing look at me

His reckless red mouth laughing cruelly

Even while in his blue innermost eyes there burn

Dark/illeg./Blue/ darknesses of wonder that hold of all

The wonder/mystery/that/which/I strive toward, however

Though I beat my wings toward it, never

To come to it, to breathe it in, this dark

Life-wonder, death images that there is in mind

/Wonder I crave for that burns strong in him./

C.N.B.1 84b

I know the sweet red hutch of his mouth where warm  
 Live things caress me and entreat my fondling,  
 But there within the blue sky-rims that cope  
 The loop-holes of that innermost Night of him,  
But Within his eyes sincerest pupils, there,  
 Ah there, within that blue coped well, ah there  
 I wish and drown/to dip/myself, within  
The illeg. eyes.

He leaves for all that,  
 Me for another lesser, sorrier love,  
 Tomorrow marries, tomorrow binds himself  
 Upon a rock from whence, ah charlatan,  
 He strikes the gush of hatred passion easily,  
 And after revels us the fiery stream,  
 And soaks himself, like a gorged creature, dull  
 Ay, suffocated with a drunk surfeit  
 And all the wonder lost from out his eyes,  
 From out his fingers, from his supple string  
 His body that does shake like the wire of a harp.

He leaves me, goes into another land,  
 Further, into another rank, beyond  
 All hope of my attainment. Thence in pride  
 He will look round and see/note/me not, no more  
 Than he will see/note/the carters in the street  
 Drive on their menial way

C.N.B.1 85a

Yet Still

This one night still he lieth here to hand  
 Here in this house where I have served so long  
 To find at last my life/at/lilt like a song  
 Along the rhythm of his life. I served him so,  
 In all things, to the last, like a rhapsody  
 Filling the/his/ single measure with music full;  
 Setting the flowers along the midday meal  
 As if for him alone of all the men  
 They should flutter and turn his way: saving  
                   the fresh

Linen within my sweet, herb-scented press  
 As if the southern would/wood/ should soothe his dreams  
 Alone, and set him longing for me to come  
 To him, who am cold as a Christmas rose  
 To all the rest of men: and the southern wood  
 Did set him longing for me, ah months ago....

And once again, as many a time before  
 I steal across the hushed corridor  
 To his guest chamber, knowing each sinew  
                   and vein  
 Of this shell of a/old/house by strangers habited.

C.N.B.1 85b

He sleeps, as ever, generously unlocked.

Ah, well I know to open silently,

Ah! - and well I know the shadows that the tree

Shakes o'er his walls when the wind disturbs the night

And the boughs of the lime are shaken before the lamp

In the street below.

And well I know he sleeps

To wake no more after tonight. "For see",

I said to him, "tonight, this last night, we

Will dream into the future:" Did he know?

Yet he has drunk the morsels white of sleep,

Reckless about the bitterness of the draught<sup>2</sup>,

Which melted in the nightly cup of milk,

Because I stood and looked at him in doubt,

Whether that he should drink such bitterness.

He drank:- and now he sleeps with head

thrown back

With mouth half, whose lips curving/illeg./ close/hair

Curves thickly to the red. - - But ah, ah, me,

He breathes a deep breath but from space to space

From space to longer space lifts a great breath,

And I can see the pulse within his throat

Shake and sink down to rest, then shake again

As still his life shakes at the door/latch/of sleep

To open ere the thief have done his work

C.N.B.1 86a

And stolen the treasure of waking-up away.

- So, he will wake no more.

Ah ever and again the great breaths come

As underground the awful/fearful/ waters gasp

At sickening/dreaded/ intervals,<sup>3</sup> within the throe

Of the great/a big/pump: and the still room is illeg. afright

With these wide-spaced, torn enormous breaths

That lift up high and drop his strange

deep breast

In terrible rhythm like blows, till the

shadowy leaves

Bristle and fly across the dim-lit walls.

But I have come to die with him.

Since never now shall spring with/in/my flesh

His leaping seed, since no more is to hope

Of life, so we will face together into

Death; dying, I absorb his soul in mine,

Draw it within the hungry vacancy

That is my soul, that is my flesh for him

Then, one wondrous pregnant thing, him

Absorbed in quickening me, we drift away,

We, one, drift down the fields of darkened death

Roll like a thistle-down across the plain

Of silence till some wind shall catch us up



C.N.B.1 86b

And bear us, One, down the drifting lanes of life/death/  
To plant us once again in common soil  
And we shall grow again, we One, one plant,  
And it shall be another man, wizard  
As he and wondrous, wise also as  
To save where he has wasted, wasted all  
For him and me.

And oh, Oh beautiful  
Before the life shall seek to urge and strike  
Through that white strait of thy thick, shaken throat,  
I sure must dip myself within the stream  
Bathe out my chill of fear, scald out my grief  
Within the fiery mixture of thy life  
Let all thy red blood loose upon me leap  
Upon my face and shoulders and my breast  
From out thy fountained throat; and I again  
Must pour upon thee from my opened wounds  
My bitter aching blood that thirsts to know  
The mysteries thou leadest to: my life must drench  
Must drown, must soak thee up, must claim thee, own thee,  
Yea, writhing my flesh wedded to thy close flesh  
With keen hand sunk within thee, I must press  
Raise us together till like one red flame  
We shall extinguish all this bitterness

C.N.B.1 87a

Of slowly burning on the fire of life,  
 Shall leap like two clasped flames from off the fire  
 Of living, leap into the sweet, the balmy  
 Dark, and there waver in sweet extinguishment.

So those that find us shall not know us, red  
 All red, moltened together in a flame.  
Of dying: and And who shall tell which was  
                   my blood, which his?

And who can separate us, any more  
 Than who can separate two lithe rich flames  
 Which leap and meet together in the mouth  
 Of the dark shaft that issues to the night  
 From the lit room of living; the dark shaft  
 That shall eject us both into the Night  
 Into the dark/Night/ where all things palpitate,  
 The obscure palpitation of the Dark  
 The a After-Death, the/Dusk/ womb Womb within the flesh  
 Of tissue torment which is this our life --

For what is death for us but a begetting?  
 What are we but as seed ripened within  
 The loins of this our tissue of travail,  
 Our life. And what is death for me, ah what is it  
 But the utter-anguished springing forth of me  
 Like seeds from out the ripened loins of life

C.N.B.1 87b

Into the passive unknown monstrous womb  
Into the fertile darkness after death  
Where he and I as one all interfused  
Shall grow again, shall nourish in the dark  
Shall issue forth in a new splendid One,  
A he-and-I in one, at new birth-time.

1. V.S.P. p.889. This impressive poem is unusual in being in blank verse and of such length.
2. Considerable correspondence here with 'The Release' in Sons and Lovers :- "O, it is bitter, Paul". (Penguin, London, 1948 p.479)
3. "She breathed with great hoarse breaths, like snoring, and there were long intervals between." (op.cit. p.481)

By its position in the notebook near to other poems connected with The Trespasser it is not too fanciful to suppose that the man is Siegmund, the woman, Helene. The sexual union is in images of darkness and the blue waters of the sea are all around. The woman's conclusion is full of the 'Liebestod' imagery from Wagner.

1.1

1. Introduction - he pushes her out of the house before the birth of their son.
11. Illeg. without cause - Watching the engine(?) fair - young [sister/Aunt Ada/
111. Sent to school - playing / illeg. Breach/ long leave/young [brother/Sunday school - Cullen Miss Wright-visit to Cullens/Newcombe live [there t Home
- IV. Move from Breach Miss Limb father hospital/Miss Wright/ [illeg. coffee in evening.
- V. Return of Father - Walks with Mabel - filling straws - visit [to Aunt Ada
- VI. Band of Hope - Fred strikes Father - father blacks eye - Miss [Wright Fred in office - horse manuring - Mabel - painting
- VII. Fred dancing - quarrels with father - Gertie teacher - Wm. learns from her - Flossie friends - Mabel jealous - Wm with at Mr Bates' school - painting - visit Aunt Ada
- VIII. Death of Fred Death of Fred - Wm ill - Mabel - death of Walter Morel - Aunt Ada superintends

11

1. Fred Wm begins at Haywoods
11. Goes to Miss Wright for painting - meets Flossie much & Miriam - reads and learns - neglects Mabel - she becomes [engaged
111. Advance at Haywoods - Miss Haywood and painting (red-haired Pauline) Newcome very jealous

C.N.B.1 88a cont/

- 1V. Flossie passes high - revived attention of Wm - great  
friendship - often painting in Castle - death of Miss Wright
- V. Flossie in College - death of Miss Wright

1. This nearly illegible fragment appears to be a few early thoughts about a novel called 'Paul Morel', later to become 'Sons and Lovers'.

**THE CLARKE NOTEBOOK II**



C.N.B.II

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63b

C.N.B.II 1b

Martyr<sup>1</sup>

Ah God, Life, Law--so many names you keep  
 You great, you patient effort, you the sleep  
 That does inform this various dream of living.  
 You sleep stretched out for ever, in whom we  
 Are bidden up like dreams; you august sleep  
 Coursed round by rhythmic movement of the light,  
 The constellations; you great heart and sun  
 Of sleep forever pulsing into dreams,  
 Unable to refrain, since you permit  
 Of no beyond; ah you, whose troubled dreams  
 We are, in body and soul,/ soul body and being/let it not be said  
That ever I was poltroon/ I quailed at my appointed function, turned  
 [poltroon.

And when at night from out the charged soul  
 Of my/a/day's experience, sleep does slowly draw  
 The surcharge of spent action to itself,  
 And leaves me lightened to begin again;  
 At night, I say, when I am lost in sleep,  
 Does my red heart rebel, do my still hands  
 Complain of that which they have had to do?

Never let it be said I was poltroon  
 At this my task of living, this my dream,  
 This one which rises from the depths of sleep  
 In white flesh robed to drape another's dream

C.N.B.II 2a

As lightning comes all white and trembling  
 From out the cloud of sleep, looks round about  
 One moment, sees, and swift its dream is over,  
 In one/swift strike/rich drip/ it sinks to another sleep,  
 And sleep, ah God, is one more dream enrichment.

And if the Vast, the sleep that still grows richer  
 Have said that I, this mote in the body of sleep  
 Must in my transiency pass all through pain,  
 Must be a dream of grief, must like a crude  
 Dull meteorite flash only into light  
 When falling/tearing/through the anguish of this life,  
 Still in full flight extinct: shall I then turn  
 Poltroon, and cry th/it/to the vast, spread, silent God  
 To alter my one speck of doom, when round these flames  
 The whole great conflagration of all life  
 Lapped like a body white upon a sleep  
 And red within, and deeper in, the sleep.<sup>2</sup>

Shall I, a racing dust-speck kindled hot  
 Within the immense and toilsome body heaved  
 With dreams that do enrich the eternal sleep,  
 Shall I, less than the least red, half-dark grain  
 Of flesh within the body of sleep, the sleep  
 That slowly labours in its toil of dreams,  
 Cry out to halt the heart, divert the stream  
 That carries stars along, cry out to spare  
 The stress that crushes me to an atom of fire,  
And/Consumes me in a flash? When pain and grief

C.N.B.II 2a cont/

Are illeg. of/but/the same great wonder, the one sleep  
Rising to dream in one sudden keen small dream  
Of sudden anguish dreamed within the night.<sup>3</sup>

1. This version is unpublished. A version of the poem is in V.S.P. p.879 under the title "Two Fragments on Sleep".

V.S.P. is from Lawrence's holograph manuscripts among Louie Burrows papers, now in the University of Nottingham Library. V.S.P. date the Louie Burrows version as between 1908-1911. This version appears to be written certainly around 1911-1912 and is therefore later than the one in V.S.P.

2. To this point the fragments follow a similar pattern of thought and imagery, but the last section is not at all like Fragment 11 on p.880 of V.S.P.
3. The whole poem is crossed out.



C.N.B.II 2b

In Trouble and Shame<sup>1</sup>

I look at the sweeling sunset  
And wish I could go also  
Through the red doors beyond the black purple bar.

I wish that I could go  
Through the red doorway/doors/where I could put off  
My<sup>2</sup> shame like shoes in the porch  
My pain like garments  
And leave my flesh discarded lying  
Like luggage of some departed traveller  
Gone one knows not where.<sup>3</sup>

Then I would turn round  
And seeing my cast-off body lying like lumber  
I would laugh with joy.

1. Published version in V.S.P. p.134 under same title.
2. Lines are inset by Lawrence and he brackets them to stress this.
3. "where" - "whither" in published version is the only difference from this.

C.N.B.II 3a

Brooding Grief<sup>1</sup>

A yellow leaf from the darkness  
Hops like a frog before me -  
- Why should I start and stand still?

I was watching the woman that bore me  
Stretched in the brindled darkness  
Rigid with will to die, and she would not  
/Of the sick-room, rigid with will/  
To die - and she could not die  
And the/and the /quick leaf tore me  
Back to this rainy swill  
Of leaves and lamps and traffic<sup>2</sup> mingled before me.

1. "Brooding Grief" was first published in Some Imagist Poets (1915). It was reprinted in A (London: Duckworth 1916) and with a slight alteration in CP (London: Secker, 1928). There is another early draft in MS 1479, a notebook of poems now in University of Nottingham Library. Evidence of other poems suggests that notebook is earlier than C.N.B.11. V.S.P. again makes no reference to this version.
2. "city street" for "Traffic" in V.S.P.

C.N.B.II 3b

Lotus hurt by the Cold<sup>1</sup>

How many times, like lotus lilies risen  
 Upon the surface of a river, there  
 Have risen floating on my blood the rare  
 Soft glimpses of my soul/hope/<sup>2</sup> escaped from prison.

So I am clothed all over with the light  
 And sensitive beautiful<sup>3</sup> blossoming of passion,  
And/Till/ naked for her in the finest fashion  
 The flowers of all my mind swim into sight.

And then I offer all myself unto  
This woman who likes to love me; so she turns  
A look of hate upon the love/bitter look upon the blood/that  
[blooms/years]  
In soft voluptuous offering.

And then I offer all myself unto  
 This woman who likes to love me: but she turns  
An ugly hate, look/A look of hate/upon the tide/flower/that  
[yearns/burns/  
To pour its weight upon her/  
/To break and pour illeg./her out/<sup>4</sup> its precious dew/

And slowly all the blossom shuts in pain  
 And all the lotus buds of love sink over  
 To die unopened:/when/my moon-faced lover  
 Kind on/the/weight of suffering smiles again.

1. The published version is "Lotus and Frost" (V.S.P. p.113).
2. The published version has "desire". The rest of the first stanza is the same.
3. "bud-like" in V.S.P.
4. The final version here is as in V.S.P.

C.N.B.II 4a

Mystery<sup>1</sup>

Now I am all  
One bowl of kisses  
Such as the tall  
Devine/And slim/rare/priestesses  
Held up in the nights  
Of lost excesses.

I lift my bowl  
Of kisses to you.  
Ah catch the dole  
That is bubbling through,  
Drink up the soul  
Poured out for you.

Ah put your lips  
To my lips' red brim,  
And taste in sips  
The soul that slips  
On the moistened rim.

Then drink me up  
That I may live  
Within your cup

1. This is crossed through completely.  
The version published is in V.S.P. (p.96).



C.N.B.II 4b

Mystery<sup>1</sup>

Now I am all  
 One bowl of kisses  
 Such as the tall  
Egyptian misses(?)/  
 Slim votaresses  
Held up at the call  
/Poured out at the full/  
of a night of blisses<sup>2</sup>

Now I am all  
 One bowl of kisses  
 Such as the tall  
 Slim votaresses  
 Of Egypt filled  
 For a God's<sup>3</sup> excesses.

I lift to you  
 My bowl of kisses  
 And through the temple's  
 Blue recesses  
 Cry out to you  
 In wild caresses

C.N.B.II 5a

And from/to/my lips'  
(illeg.)/Bright/crimson rim  
 The passion stops,/ slips,  
 And down my slim  
 White body drips  
 The shining<sup>4</sup> hymn.

And still before  
 The altar I  
 Exalt the bowl  
 Brimful, and cry  
 To you to stoop  
You/And/drink, Most High.

Oh drink me up  
 That I may be  
 Within your cup  
 Like a mystery,  
 Like wine that is still  
 In ecstasy.

Glimmering still  
 In ecstasy,  
 Commingled wines  
 Of you and me  
Brightly/In one/fulfil  
 The mystery.<sup>5</sup>

1. Poem numbered 5 by D.H.L.
2. The first stanza is crossed out.
3. In V.S.P. 'divine'.
4. 'moving' (V.S.P. p.96)
5. The published version is as here.

C.N.B.II 5b

Last Words to Miriam<sup>1</sup>.

Yours is the shame and sorrow  
 But the disgrace is mine;  
 Your love was dark and thorough,  
 Mine was the love of the sun for a flower  
 He created with his shine.

I was diligent to explore you  
 Blossom you stalk by stalk  
 Till my fire of creation bore you  
 Shrivelling down in the final dour  
 Anguish - then I suffered a balk.

I know your pain, and it broke  
 My fine craftsman's nerve;  
 Your body quailed at my stroke,  
 And my spirit/courage/ failed to give you the last  
 Fine torture you did deserve.

You are shapely, you are adorned,  
 But opaque and dull in the flesh  
 Who, had I but threshed you/pierced/with the thorned  
 Fire-threshing anguish, had were fused and cast  
 In a lovely illumined mesh

C.N.B.II 6a

Like a painted window: the best

Suffering (illeg.)/ burnt through your flesh,  
Undressed it, and left it blest

With a quivering (illeg.)/sweet/wisdom of grace: but now

Who shall take you afresh?

Set your body free

From its terrors and weight of dross?

Nowh

Now who will burn your body/ you free/

From the weight of/your body's/ terrors and dross;

Now/Since/ the fire has failed in me?

Who/What man/will stoop him down to/in/your flesh

to plough

The living/shrieking/Cross?

A mute, nearly beautiful thing

Is your face, that fills/me/with grief/shame/

Those that/Who/As I/ see it wakening(?)/suffering/hardening/

Destroying/(illeg.)/Warping/ the beauty/perfect/image of God,

In its lack of belief/.

(illeg.)/ Darkening my (illeg.)/eternal/fame.

1. V.S.P. p.945. Text from A.

The text is as finally arrived at here.

C.N.B.II 6b

Study<sup>1</sup>

Somewhere the long mellow notes of the blackbird  
 Quickens the unclasping hands of hazel,  
 Somewhere the wind-flowers toss/fling/ their heads back  
 Stirred by the impetuous wind Some ways  
Will/'ll/ all be sweet with white and blue violets.

(Hush now, hush - Where am I? - Biuret--)<sup>2</sup>

On the green wood's edge a shy girl hovers  
 From out of the hazel-screen on to the grass,  
 Where wheeling and screaming the petulant plovers  
 Wave frightened. Who comes? A laborer, alas!  
 On the sunset swims in her eyes' swift pool.

(Work, work, you fool --!)

Somewhere the lamp hanging low from the ceiling  
 Lights the soft hair of a girl as she reads,  
Somewhere/Whilst/ Still/ and the /red firelight ruddily/steadily/

[wheeling

Weaves the hard hands of my friends in sleep.

/But they/

And the white dog snuffs the warmth, appealing

For the man to heed lest the girl shall weep.

(Tears and dreams for them; for me

Bitter science - the exams are near.<sup>3</sup>

I wish I bore it more patiently

I only/wish/you did not grieve/wait/, my dear

For me to come: for/since work I must

Though its all the same when we are dead -

Don't I wish I was only a bust

All head.

1. V.S.P. p.40. First published in A. Lawrence numbers the poem 7.
2. The bracketed lines are so by Lawrence and are underlined by him.
3. The speaker obviously a student. This was the first poem, that Lawrence tried to have published. It was submitted to The Gong, the student magazine of University College, Nottingham and rejected. This text varies from the 'A' text notably in the inclusion of Line 11.



C.N.B.II 7a

Evening of a Week-day<sup>1</sup>

The darkness comes up from the earth,  
 And swallows dip into the pallor of the west,  
 From the hay comes the clamour of children's mirth;  
 But on me the finger of tomorrow is heavily pressed.

The woodbine oozes scent,  
 And a moonlit moth goes flittering by,  
 But the wings of my soul are spent  
 By today - and tomorrow is all too/draws/ nigh.

The children are forsaking their play  
 And a star approaches far off with the/far off coming nearer  
from far away/with its/ light  
Brings a message from the (illeg.) where was  
/Stands sentinel on the edge of the outer day/  
No day forever, but darkness and delight./  
 Guarding us from the inroads of the night./in the day/

The star is a man with a lantern, and I go  
/illeg. It is / good to know/see/the outposts of the day/  
Following his lead into the blindfold/outer/dark  
/Now I can pass into the outer/further/dark/  
Till he is lost, and I can only know  
/where blind men make perpetual holiday/,  
The better bliss beyond the dog's sad bark  
/Beyond the watch-dog's hollow, warning bark/2

1. V.S.P. p.41. 'Twilight'. See C.N.B.11 54b 'Palimpsest of Twilight' for further version. Under the later title it was first published in N.P. The published text is much nearer to C.N.B.11 45b which has only three stanzas and no references to "my soul" or "I".
2. The last stanza with its imagery of darkness has no equivalent in either C.N.B.11 45b or the published version.

C.N.B.II 7b

Eastwood<sup>1</sup>

The chime of the bells, and the church clock striking eight  
Solemnly and distinctly cries down the babel of  
                  children still playing in the hay  
The crowded houses softly creep away

1. The final version of this fragment appears as "The Little Town at Evening" in V.S.P. p.48. An early draft entitled "Eastwood Evening" appears in MS 1479, No.13



C.N.B.II 8b

Or is it my sister alone in the cold  
front room  
Singing her love's young vanity into/out to/the  
gloom?  
She will stop when she hears me laughing  
outside the door,  
And then go on, again/more/defiantly than before.

The woman is singing a wild, Hungarian air,  
And her arms, and her bosom, and all her  
desire laid bare,  
And the black piano is clamouring as my  
mother's never could clamour;  
And I hate the past, oh I hate the past's  
dead glamour.

1. The third version of this poem. The fourth version appears on C.N.B.11 45a. The second version is from MS 1479 and is published in V.S.P. p.948 and the final version known as 'Piano' is in V.S.P. p.148. Lawrence numbers the poem '8'.

C.N.B.II 9a

Married in June.<sup>1</sup>

In the white morning, where is the enchanted  
room of the night before?

This is meaningless<sup>2</sup> and lovely, with cushions

and those silk covers on the floor,

And dishevelled<sup>3</sup>, tawdry wrappings that

last night's poetry wore.<sup>4</sup>



1. A further version, from MS 1479, No.16 appears in V.S.P. p.857.
2. MS 1479 has 'comfortless'.
3. MS 1479 has 'strewn'.
4. The whole fragment is crossed out in C.N.B.11.

C.N.B.II 9b

In a Boat<sup>1</sup>

See the stars, love,  
 In the water much clearer and whiter/brighter/  
 Than those above us, and whiter  
 Like nenuphars.

Star shadows shine, love  
 How many stars in your illeg./bowl/?  
 How many shadows in your soul,  
 Only mine love, mine?

When I move the oars, love  
 See how the stars are tossed,  
 Distorted, the brightest lost  
 - So that bright one of yours, love.

The poor waters spill  
 The stars, waters broken, forsaken.  
 - The heavens are not shaken, you say, love  
 Its stars stand still

There, did you see  
 That spark fly up at us; even  
 Stars are not fast in heaven:  
 - What of yours, then, and me?

C.N.B.II 10a

What then, love, if soon  
Your light soul be tossed over a wave?  
Will you count the darkness a grave  
Love, and swoon, /love/ swoon.

1. V.S.P. p.48. First published in The English Review as "Tired of the Boat" in October, 1910.

An early draft also appears in MS 1479.

2. Between the final "swoon, swoon" he has added in pencil a further "love".

C.N.B.II 10b

A Winters Tale<sup>1</sup>

Yesterday the fields were only grey with  
scattered snow,

And now the longest grass leaves hardly emerge:  
Yet her deep foot prints mark the snow, and go  
On towards the pines at the hill's white verge.

I cannot see her, since the mist's white  
scarf

Obscures the dark wood and the dull orange  
sky,

But she's waiting, I know and cold, half  
Sobs struggling with her frosty sigh.

Why does she come so promptly, when she  
must know

That she's only the nearer to the inevitable  
farewell.

The hill is steep, on the snow my steps  
are slow -

Why does she come, when she knows what  
I have to tell?

1. V.S.P. p.85. First published in The Egoist April, 1914. Lawrence numbers the poem 10. Pinion sees this poem as "a complementary dramatic lyric" to "Return" (op.cit.p.67). This may be indicated by the putting of the two poems together in V.S.P. but not by the notebooks. "Return" (C.N.B.1 16a) had its own counterbalance in "Separated" (C.N.B.1 16b)

C.N.B.II 11a

A Baby asleep/Asleep/after Pain.<sup>1</sup>

As a drenched, drowned bee  
Hangs numb and heavy from a bending flower  
So clings to me  
My baby, her brown hair brushed with wet  
tears  
And laid against her cheek;  
Her soft white legs hanging heavily over my own  
Swing heavily to my movement as I walk.  
My sleeping baby hangs upon my life  
/Like/like a burden she hangs on me.  
She has always seemed so light,  
And now she is wet with tears and  
numb with pain  
Even her floating hair sinks heavily  
Reaching downwards;  
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee  
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

1. V.S.P. p.73 is from CP. V.S.P. p.930 is the first publication from The English Review, November, 1909.

See also C.N.B.1 28b for version "Trailing Clouds".





C.N.B.II 12a

(illeg) A/hastening car swept shameful past,  
 I saw her hid in the shadow,  
 I saw her step to the curb, and fast  
 Run to the silent door, where last  
 I had stood with my hand uplifted  
 She clung to the door in her haste to enter,  
 Entered, and quickly cast  
 It shut behind her, leaving the street  
 aghast.<sup>6</sup>

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1. V.S.P. p.121 under the title "Turned Down" Numbered 12.  
First published under the title "Fooled" in The Egoist, 1 April, 1914.  
"Perfidy", the title here, is used for its appearance in Some Imagist Poets (1915) and A. An early draft entitled "Lost" is in MS 1479.
  2. In the final version it is "a rhythm of tapping, coming feet".  
A has this line. (p.104)
  3. "The low-hung night" becomes "the waking smile". A has this version (p.104)
  4. "Golden" becomes "tired". A has this. (p.104)
  5. A (p.105) and the final version have "dim".
  6. This last stanza with its change of length seems to convey the rush of quick, furtive movement.

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C.N.B.II 12b

Amour.<sup>1</sup>

The sun sets wide the yellow crocuses  
To fill them up this/a brimming/measure,  
And deep in the /golden/ wine of their brimming/chalices  
Sways the wild pearl of pleasure.

The breeze stirs up a music in the shallow  
Around its golden blooming notes,  
And germs of gold across the procreant fallow<sup>2</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.177. Final version called "Autumn Sunshine" though V.S.P. p.872 carries a version called, as here, 'Amour' from MS 1479, and V.S.P. p.959 the text from The Equist 1 April, 1914. For further comment see C.N.B.11 28a.
2. Here he breaks off and the whole fragment is crossed out.

C.N.B.II 13a

The End<sup>1</sup>

If I could have put you in my heart,  
 If but I could have wrapped you in myself  
 How glad I should have been!

And is/And now/ the chart

From/Unrolls/itself to my memory

Of our/the /journey here, and how we came/ before we had to part.<sup>2</sup>

Oh that you had never, never been  
 Some of your selves, my love, that some  
 Of your several faces I had never seen  
 And still they come before me, and they go,  
 And I cry aloud in the moments that intervene.

And oh, my love, as I rock for you tonight,

And have not any longer any hope

Of healing/To heal/ the bitterness<sup>3</sup> of making right/ or make requite

The lifelong fight and torture/For your life of failure and struggling  
 [of despair

I own that some of me is dead tonight.

1. V.S.P. p.100. Lawrence numbers this poem '13'. First published as "Memories" in Poetry (December, 1914), collected in A as 'The End'. See also C.N.B.1 69a for earlier version. This draft may well be the one he gave to Jessie Chambers with 'The Bride' and 'The Virgin Mother' after his mother's death at the end of 1910.
2. A resolves these lines:-  
"And now the chart  
Of memory unrolls again to me  
The course of our journey here, here where we  
part." (p.60)
3. A has "suffering." (p.61)

C.N.B.II 13b

The Bride<sup>1</sup>

My love looks like a girl tonight

But she is old.

The plaits that lie along her pillow

Are not gold

But threaded with filigree silver

And uncanny cold.

She looks like a young maiden, since her brow

Is smooth and fair,

Her cheeks are very smooth, her eyes are closed,

She sleeps a rare

Still winsome sleep, so still, and so composed.

Nay but she sleeps like a bride, and dreams

her dreams

Of perfect things

She lies at last, the darling, in the shape of

her dream

And her dead mouth sings

By its shape, Oh God, of the agony the

bridegroom brings/like the thrush in/

/the twilight sings./



1. V.S.P. p.101. Numbered '14' in Lawrence's hand.  
See also C.N.B.1 69b for earlier version "The Dead Mother".

C.N.B.II 14a

The Virgin/Mother/.<sup>1</sup>

My little love, my darling  
You were a doorway to me,  
You let me out of the confines  
Into the mystery  
Where people are tall as thistles  
Yet are shapely and lovely to see

My little love, my dearest  
Twice you have issued me,  
Once from your womb, my darling,  
Once from myself, to be  
Free of all hearts, my darling,  
Of the inner darkness, free.

My sweet love, oh, my mother  
Twice you have blooded me;  
Once with your blood, at birth-time  
Once with your agony  
And twice you have washed me clean  
Twice wonderful things to see.

C.N.B.II 14b

And so, my love, my mother  
 I shall always be true to you;  
 Twice I am borne born, my dearest;  
 To life , and to death, in you;  
 Now I seek the life hereafter  
 wherein to be true.

I kiss you goodbye, my darling,  
 Our ways are different now;  
 You are a seed in the night time,  
 I am a man to plough  
 The difficult glebe of the future  
For the years to/For which God will/to endow.

I kiss you goodbye, my darling,  
 It is finished between us here;  
 Oh, if I were calm as you are,  
 Sweet and still on your bier!  
 Oh God, if I need/had/not/to/leave you  
 My dear!

Will the last word never be spoken/uttered/  
 The farewell never said?

Oh/Spare me the strength to leave you  
 Since you are dead;  
 I love you, so much, I am helpless/chained/  
 Beside your bed.

1. V.S.P. p.101. Numbered '15'. See also C.N.B.1 70a. "My Love, My Mother" for earlier version printed in V.S.P. p.944 with comment in Frieda Lawrence's hand.

C.N.B.II 15a

Silence<sup>1</sup>

Since I lost you I am silence haunted.

Sounds wave their little wings

A moment, then in weariness settle

Down on the flood of silence.<sup>2</sup>

Whether the people in the street

Like pattering/ripples go pattering by,

Or whether the theatre heaves<sup>3</sup> and sighs

With a loud, hoarse sigh.

Whether the wind shakes tumult of

lights

Over the strange black river

Or whether the morning breaks with

noise

Till the shadows quiver

Still I listen for your immanence

And among it all

Your silence touches my words as I talk

Till they shrink and fall.<sup>4</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.109. First published in A. See C.N.B.1 81a for earlier version and comment. The whole poem is crossed out by Lawrence.
2. A has "On the flood that soundless swings." (p.79)
3. A has "sighs." (p.79)
4. A has for the last two stanzas:-

"Or the wind shakes the ravel of light  
Over the dead-black river,  
Or night's last echoing  
Makes the daybreak shiver:

I feel the silence waiting  
To take them all up again  
In its last completeness, swathing  
The noise of men." (pp.79-80)

C.N.B.II 15b

The Inheritance<sup>1</sup>

16

Since you did depart  
 Out of my reach, my darling,  
 Into the hidden,  
 I see each shadow start  
 With recognition, and I  
 Am for wonder/ridden.

I am dazed with the farewell  
 Yet I scarcely feel your loss;  
 You left me a gift  
 Of tongues, and the shadows tell  
 Me things, and silences toss  
 Me their drift.

You have sent me a cloven fire  
 From death, that waves in the draught  
 Of the breathing hosts,  
 Kindles the darkening pyre  
 Of people, till its stray bands brands waft  
 Like candid ghosts.

Each form along the streets  
 Waves like a ghost along  
 Kindled for me;  
 The star above the house-top greets  
 Me every eve with a long  
 Song (?) fierily

C.N.B.II 16a

And all day long, the town

Is stealthy/illeg./ glimmers with kindled/wondering ghosts

Wafting/Going/up and down,

Wearing darkness/In a vision/like a dress,

But all their/and/ But/their daunted/looking flickers

To me, and/that/ and/ I answer 'yes'.

So I am not lonely nor sad

Although bereaved of you

My love.

I live with/am here among/ a kinsfolk clad

In darkness, but hovering/fluttering/through/In illeg. but when the

[silence comes

through

Comes/(illeg.)/the light of the stove/ With the pulse and

of your speech my love.



1. V.S.P. p.108. The earlier draft is in C.N.B.1 82a.

C.N.B. II 16b

Troth with the Dead<sup>1</sup>

The moon is broken in twain, and half a moon  
 Before me lies on the still, pale floor of the sky;  
 The other half, the broken coin of troth  
 Is lost in the dark where her slumbering  
     features lie.<sup>2</sup>

They buried her half in the grave when they buried her  
 Pushed gently in among the thick of her hair  
 Where it gathered towards the plait above her ear;<sup>3</sup>  
 Like a moon in the dark I hid it secretly there.<sup>4</sup>

My half is in the sky for a general sign  
 Of the troth with the dead I am bound<sup>5</sup>  
     to keep;

Turning its broken half to the dark, lying  
     indeed

Like a lover next to (illeg.) her/half of/in/the dark of sleep.<sup>6</sup>

Next to my heart the inviolate sleep lies still

In the (illeg.)/potent/ its perfect/dark, (illeg.) darkness  
     for evermore/illeg. whose/ power dominates o'er/

The wonder-faint world of my wakefulness

till I'm lost

Amid/In/the midst of the /world I knew so well before

1. V.S.P. p.114. See C.N.B.1 15a for earlier draft.  
First published in A. It is numbered '17'.
2. A has "Is buried away in the dark, where all the dead lie."  
(p.90)
3. A replaces "above her ear" with "on that very last day."  
(p.90)
4. A has "And like a moon in secret it is shining there." (p.90)
5. A has "pledged." (p.90)
6. A resolves the line as:-  
"Like a broken lover who turns to the dark of sleep."  
(p.90)



1. V.S.P. p.116. "The Enkindled Spring". First published in A.  
Numbered '18'.

2. A has "flame-filled." (p.94)

3. A has "growing." (p.94)

4. A has a different final stanza:-

"And I, what fountain of fire am I among  
This leaping combustion of spring? My spirit is  
tossed  
About like a shadow buffeted in the throng  
Of flames, a shadow that's gone astray, and is lost."  
(p.94)

C.N.B. II 18b

Bitterness.<sup>1</sup>

Many years have I still to burn, detained  
Like a candle-flame on this body, but I  
          enshrine

A darkness within me, her darkness/a presence/ which  
          lies contained

In my ark/flame/of living, her spirit/soul/at the core of mine.<sup>2</sup>

And though/as/for years I flame with/burn from/the fuel of life  
What matter the stuff I lick up in my living flame,  
Seeing I keep in the fire-core, inviolate  
A darkness/night/where she dreams/my dream/for me  
          ever the same.<sup>3</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.115. It is numbered here '19'. "At a Loose End". The poem is published also as "Dissolute". (V.S.P. p.948) again from A. This version is nearer to the A edition, so confirming further the likelihood discussed in the **Introduction** that many of the numbered poems here were being prepared for A.
2. A has "a shadow within the shine." (p.92)
3. A has "A darkness that dreams my dreams for me, ever the same." (p.92)

C.N.B. II 19b

Silence<sup>1</sup>

Since I lost you I am silence-haunted

Sounds wave their little wings

Since I lost you I am silence-haunted

Sounds wave their little wings

A moment, then in weariness settle

On the darkness where silence sings

Sink in the flood of silence

On the noiseless/soundless/flood of things.

Whether the people in the street

Like pattering ripples go by,

Or the theatre sighs and sighs

With a loud, hoarse sigh:

Or the wind shakes a ravel of light

Over the dead-black river,

Or the mornings noisy sounds/echoing cries/

At/Make the/daybreak quiver/shiver/:

I feel the silence waiting

To take them all up in its lap

And fold them forever in sleep/in stillness/

Beyond mishap.



1. V.S.P. p.109. It is numbered '20' by Lawrence. First published in A. Earlier version in C.N.B.1 81a.

C.N.B. II 20b

Listening/Listening.<sup>1</sup>

I listen for the silence<sup>2</sup> of you

My dear among it all:

I feel your silence/silence/ touch my words

as I talk

And they/quiver and/fall

A As As I talk, and they fall.<sup>3</sup>

My words fly off a forge

The length of a spark;

I see the silence easily sip them

up/

Up, and it is/up in the/dark<sup>4</sup>

The lark sings heavenly glad,<sup>5</sup>

Yet I am not loth

That the silence should take the song

and the bird

Again, and enfold<sup>6</sup> them both.

The trains race roaring south

The steam-flag flowing,

I see the stealthy shadow of silence

Alongside going.

And off the forge of the world

Whirling in the breath<sup>7</sup> of life

The sparks of people, gushing

Ruddy with strife.<sup>8</sup>

C.N.B. II 20a

Yet they never can blanch(?)/blench/ the darkness

Or blench(?)/change/it with noise

They illeg./fail/alone in the silence

The stars are buoys.

- 361
1. V.S.P. p.110. First published in A. It is numbered '21'.  
20a has the last stanza of this poem at the bottom of the page and is therefore printed next.
  2. A has "stillness." (p.81)
  3. In the final version this line becomes:-  
"And hold them in thrall".  
This, like the lark there and nightingales elsewhere, suggests Keatsian overtones.
  4. A has:-  
"I see the night-sky easily sip them  
Into the dark." (p.81)
  5. A has "loud and glad." (p.81)
  6. A has "lose." (p.81)
  7. A has "draught." (p.82)
  8. A has:-  
"Go sparks of myriad purple, filling  
The night with strife." (p.82)

C.N.B. II 21b

Sorrow.<sup>1</sup>

Why does the thin grey strand  
Floating up from the forgotten  
Cigarette between my fingers,  
Why does it trouble me?

Ah you will understand,  
When I carried my mother downstairs,  
A few times only, at the beginning  
Of her soft-foot malady,

I should find, for a reprimand  
To my gaiety, a few long grey hairs  
On the breast of my coat,<sup>2</sup> and one by one  
As/I let<sup>3</sup> them float up the dark chimney.

1. V.S.P. p.106. First published in Poetry (December 1914) as "Weariness" and collected in A under the present title. It is numbered '22' by Lawrence.

2. The image is in Sons and Lovers (Penguin, London, 1948, xiii p.457):-

"Then he tried to brush some grey ash off his coat. He looked again. It was one of his mother's grey hairs. It was so long! He held it up, and it drifted up the chimney. He let go. The long grey hair floated and was gone in the blackness of the chimney."

3. A has "watched." (p.73)

C.N.B. II 22b

To my Sister

Brother & Sister<sup>1</sup>

The shorn moon trembling indistinct on her path  
 Frail as a scar upon the pale blue sky  
 Draws towards the downward slope; some  
                   bereavement<sup>2</sup> hath  
 Shorn her down to the quick, so she faintly fares  
 Along her (illeg.)/foot-/searched way, not knowingly  
 She creeps persistent down the sky's long stairs.

Some say they see, though I have never seen  
 The dead moon heaped within the young/new/  
                   moon's arms,<sup>3</sup>  
 For surely the fragile, fine young thing  
                   had been  
 Too heavily burdened to mount the  
                   heavens so!  
 But my heart stands still, in the/ and a / new, deep  
                   f dread illeg. alarms  
 We lest a young girl be heaped with  
                   such shadow of woe.

C.N.B. II 23b

Since/Death/ from the mother/moon/ has pared us/her/ us/ down to the  
quick

And cast her/us/ forth like shorn thin moons to  
travel

An uncharted way amid the myriad thick  
Strewn stars of pallid people, /and/ through  
luminous litter

Of lives which sorrows like mischievous  
Strange mice chavel  
To nought, diminishing each fall/ star's  
glitter,

Since Death has delivered us naked<sup>4</sup> and  
shorn and white,  
Since the month of children is over and  
we go/stand/ alone,  
Since the beloved, faded moon<sup>5</sup> that set us  
alight

Is delivered from us passed beyond/ and pays no heed/  
though we/ the moan  
Of our/In/sorrow, and/since/ we stand in bewilderment  
strange

And fearful to sally forth down the sky's  
long range;



C.N.B. II 24b

Let us lay down our sorrow upon the dark/night/  
We must not moan/cry to her shadow for guidance/

her still to sustain us here,

Let us lay the old moon shadow to rest/  
We must not detain/ hold/ her shadow back/

from the dark

And set forth bravely to travel along/

Let us leave her lying here while we

the white/take the/ bright

Strange road of success/Road further onwards/, knowing that  
the ark

Of the covenant rests upon/ within us

and trying/ urgent/ to find

The unknown which at her (?) unknown/she bequeathed to us/ which

[One (?) way/

we leave behind

We must/ may/ not cry to her still to sustain us

here,

We must/shall/ may/ not hold her shadow back

from the dark.

Oh, let us/here/ forget, her/, and without tear/ let us take the sheer  
(illeg.) unknown towards us/ that lies before us,/bearing only the ark

Of the covenant onwards where she cannot go,

Let us turn away from her now/ rise and leave her now, she

would/will/

have it so/ never know.

1. V.S.P. p.131. First published in A. Early version "To Lettice, my Sister" V.S.P. p.955. from C.N.B.1 64b. The poem is numbered '23' by Lawrence. The first six lines are cancelled in the manuscript.
2. A has "sorrow." (p.113)
3. Here Lawrence appears to have changed from "man's" to "moon's", the "man" being himself.
4. A has "utterly." (p.114)
5. A has "mother." (p.114)

C.N.B. II 23a (a fragment, very faint, of three stanzas, untitled  
with a second finished version of the same on 24a)

And swear within the cup the god's giant oath  
By heaven and earth and bitter stream/bitter/ (illeg.)/stream

Illeg/ The soul and body both

Illeg/ to break the spell

To mark the bonds(?)

To burst the limits(?)

Illeg/

Swear, as the spring wine pours on the cups of the queen  
Of hell, the oath of liberty  
Nor wait no more for eternity  
Not what will be, nor what has been.

But daily (?) and swear like me to make  
A great today  
To make the here and now, to say  
Like sun awake

1. A further fragment of "Spring Fire". See C.N.B.11 28a.  
This is a particularly difficult fragment as it appears to have been erased in the notebook.

C.N.B. II 24a ( a fragment of three stanzas not apparently  
written at the same time as 24b. See 23a)

And swear within the wine the God's giant oath  
By heaven and earth and bitter stream  
To make an end of this bad dream  
We live in and so much loathe.

Swear, as the spring wine pours in the cups of the queen  
Of hell, the oath of liberty.  
Swear to shake off the spell of eternity  
The will-be the old has-been.

And wake the men who at morning wake  
With a day before them, a day to live  
With a world to make/ the? a word to give  
A day to fashion,  
And the world to make.

1. Again a fragment of C.N.B.11 28a "Spring Fire".

C.N.B. II 25b

Anxiety<sup>1</sup>

The hoar frost crumbles in the sun,  
The crisping steam of the train  
Melts in the air, while two black  
    birds  
Sweep past the window again.

Along the vacant road a red<sup>2</sup>  
Bicycle approaches;     I wait  
In a thaw of anxiety, for the boy  
To jump down at our gate.

He has passed us by;     but is it  
Relief that starts in my breast?  
Or a deeper bruise,     that still  
She has no rest.

1. V.S.P. p.100. First published in A.  
An earlier version appears in C.N.B.1 65b.
2. The last published version adds, significantly, "telegram" between "red" and "bicycle". The telegram, to the working class, was nearly always the bringer of bad news. Here the news would be "bad" and yet good in the sense that it would bring relief for his mother from her suffering. A has the version as here except for "leap" instead of "jump" and "knowing" before "that" in the penultimate line (p.57).



C.N.B. II 26b (26a blank)

Patience<sup>1</sup>

The wind comes from the north  
 Blowing little flocks of birds  
 Like spray across the town,  
And/ a/ A train comes roaring forth  
With/ In/ terror, raging/ stampeding/ down  
 With shrieks/cries/ and with flying curds  
 Of steam, from darkening north.

Whither I turn and set  
 Like a needle, steadfastly,  
 Waiting ever to get  
 The news that she is free,<sup>2</sup>  
 And ever fixed as yet  
 To the lode of her agony.

1. V.S.P. p.99 under the title "Suspense". See C.N.B.11 67a for earlier version.
2. As in the previous poem, Lawrence shows his concern, while at Croydon, with his mother's suffering and waits for the news that "she is free".

C.N.B. II 27b (27a has three very faint, nearly erased, stanzas  
unconnected with the present poem.)

Passing Bell 1

26

Mournfully to and fro, to and fro  
the trees are waving

What did you say my dear

The

Mournfully to and fro, to and fro the trees are waving

What did you say, my dear?

The rain-bruised leaves are suddenly shaken  
as a child

Asleep still shakes in the clutch of a sob.

Yes, my love, I hear.

One lonely bell, one only, the storm-tossed  
afternoon is braving

Why not let it ring?

The roses lean down when they hear it, the  
little mild

Flowers of the bleeding-heart fall to the throb.

It is such a little thing.<sup>3</sup>

C.N.B. II 28b<sup>2</sup>

A wet bird walks on the lawn, let us/ call to/  
call the boy to come and look.

Yes, it is over now.

Let us call/Call to/ him out of the silence, let us/(illeg.)/  
call him to see/ let him see/ call him to see  
 The bird in the grass/ starling shaking its/head as it walks  
 in the grass;  
 Ah, who knows how

He cannot see it, I cannot show it him,  
 how it shook

Don't disturb him, darling.

Its head as it walked. I cannot call him to me,

He is dead,<sup>4</sup> he is dead/ not/ whatever/shall/ come to pass  
 Look at the starling.

1. V.S.P. p.136. First published in A. Early version in MS 1479.
2. From C.N.B.11 28a to C.N.B.11 61a is a different series of poems written with the Notebook reversed. They will therefore be dealt with after the conclusion of the 'b' side poems, otherwise continuity of both sets of poems will be broken.
3. A has "'Tis a little thing!" (p.130)
4. A has:-  
"Never, he is not, whatever shall come to pass.  
No, look at the wet starling." (p.131)

C.N.B. II 29b

Discipline<sup>1</sup>

It It is stormy, and raindrops cling like silver bees to the pane,  
 The thin sycamores in the garden/playground/ are swinging with  
s flattened leaves;

The heads of the boys move dimly through a yellow  
 gloom that stains  
 The class; over them all the dark net of my  
 discipline weaves.

It is no good, dear, gentleness and forbearance,  
 endured too long,  
 I have pushed my hands in the dark soil, under  
 the flowers of my soul  
 And the gentle leaves, and have felt where the  
 roots are strong  
 Fixed in the darkness, grappling for the deep  
 soil's little control.

And there in the dark, my darling, where the  
 roots are entangled and fight  
 Each one for its hold on the oblivious darkness, I knew  
 that there

In the night where we first have being, before we  
 rise on the light

We are not brothers, my darling, we fight and we  
 do not spare.

C.N.B. II 30b

And in the original dark the roots cannot  
     keep, cannot know  
 Any communion whatever, but they bind themselves  
     on to the dark.

And drawing the darkness together, crush from it  
     a twilight, a slow

Fire/Burning/ that will breaks at last into leaves and a  
     flower's heavenly/bright/ spark.

I came to the boys with love, my dear, but they  
     turned on me,

I came with gentleness, with my heart twixt my  
     hands like a bowl

Like a loving cup, like a grail but they spilt it utterly/triumphantly/  
 And tried to break the vessel and to violate  
     my soul.

But what have I to do with the boys, deep down in  
     my soul, my love?

I throw from out the darkness my self like a flower  
     into sight,

Like a flower from out of the night-time I lift my  
     face, and those

Who will may warm their hands at me, comfort  
     their night

C.N.B. II 31b

But whosoever would pluck apart my flowering  
                   shall burn their hands,  
 Though flowers are tender folk, and roots can only  
                   hide,

Yet my blossom(?)/flowerings/ of love are a fire, and the  
                   scarlet brands  
 Of my love are roses to look at, but flames  
                   to chide.

But comfort me, my love, now the fires are low  
 Now I'm broken to earth like winter destroyed  
                   and all

Myself but a knowledge of roots in the dark,  
                   that throw  
 A net on the under soil, which lies passive  
                   beneath their thrall.

But comfort me, for henceforth my love is yours  
                   alone,

To you alone I/will/ offer the bowl, to you I/will/give  
 My essence only, but love me, and I will atone  
 To you for my general loving, atone as long  
                   as I live.



1. V.S.P. p.92. For early version published in The English Review (November 1909). See V.S.P. p.943. Early drafts appear in MS 1479 and C.N.B.1 19b. See the note to C.N.B.1 19b.  
The version here is as in A. (pp.34-37)

C.N.B. II 32b

Dreams Old and Nascent.<sup>1</sup>

Old

I have opened the window to warm my hands  
     on the sill  
 Where the sunlight soaks in the stone: the  
     afternoon  
 Is full of dreams, my love, the boys are all still  
 In a wistful dream of Lorna Doone.

The clink of the shunting engine is sharp  
     and fine  
 Like savage music striking far off, and  
     there  
 On the great uplifted blue palace, lights  
     stir and shine  
 Where the glass is domed in the blue  
     soft air.

There lies the world, my darling, full of  
     wonder and wistfulness and strange  
 Recognition and greetings of half-acquaint  
     things, as I greet the cloud  
 Of blue Palace aloft there, among misty  
     indefinite dreams that range  
 At the back of my life's horizon, where the dreamings  
     of past lives crowd.

C.N.B.II 33b (Dreams Old and Nascent continued)

Over the nearness of Norwood Hill, through the

mellow veil

Of the afternoon glows only/ to me/ the old romance,  
of David and Dora,

With the old, sweet, soothing tears, and

laughter that shakes the sail

Of the ship of the soul over seas where dreamed

dreams/lure/ the unocaned explorer.

All the bygone, hushed years

Streaming back where the mist distils

Its Into forgetfulness: soft-sailing waters where fears

No longer shake, where the silk sail fills

With an unfelt breeze that ebbs over the

seas, where the storm

Of living has passed, on and on

Through the coloured iridescence that swims

in the warm

Wake of the tumult now spent and gone

Drifts my boat, wistfully lapsing

after

The mists of vanishing tears, and

the calm(?) of laughter.

C.N.B. II 34b

Dreams Old and Nascent

29

Nascent

My world is a painted fresco, where colored  
shapes

Of old, ineffectual lives linger blurred  
and warm,

An endless tapestry the past has woven,  
drapes

The halls of my life compelling my  
soul to conform

The surface of dreams is broken  
The picture of the past is shaken and  
scattered.

Fluent, active figures of men pass along  
the railway, and I am woken  
From the dreams that the distance flattered.

Fluent active figures of men pass  
along

C.N.B. II 35b (Dreams Old and Nascent - continued)

Along the railway, the (illeg.)/active figures of men!  
They have a secret that stirs in their limbs  
as they move nearer,<sup>2</sup>  
Out of the distance, commanding my  
dreamy world.

It  
Here in the subtle, rounded flesh  
Beats the active ecstasy.  
And In the sudden lifting my eyes,  
it is clearer,  
The fascination of the quick, restless  
Creator moving through the mesh  
Of men, vibrating in ecstasy through  
the rounded flesh.

Oh my boys, bending over your books  
In you is trembling and fusing  
The creation of a new-patterned dream,  
dream of a generation:  
And I watch to see the creator, the  
power that patterns the dream.

## C.N.B. II 36b (Dreams Old and Nascent - continued)

The old dreams are beautiful, beloved, soft-  
toned and sure,

But the dream-stuff is molten and moving  
mysteriously

Alluring my eyes : for I, am I not also  
dream-stuff,

Am I not quickening, diffusing myself in  
the pattern, shaping and shapen?

Here in my class is the answer for the great  
yearning,

Eyes where I can watch the swim of odd  
dreams reflected on the molten metal of dreams

Watch the stir which is rhythmic, whose/ and moves/  
hearts beats moves/ them all as/ a heart-beat moves the blood,

Here in the swelling flesh the great activity  
working,

Visible there in the change of eyes  
and the mobile features.

C.N.B. II 37b (Dreams Old and Nascent - continued)

Oh the great mystery and fascination of  
the unseen shaper.

The power of the melting, fusing force - heat  
light, all in one,

Everything great and mysterious in one,  
swelling and shaping the dreams in  
the flesh

Impelling, changing, seen in the change/

As it swells and shapes a bud into/

Of the eyes (illeg.) the jealous(?)

blossom.

Oh the terrible ecstasy of the consciousness  
that I am life

Oh the miracle of the whole, the wide-spread  
labouring concentration

Swelling mankind like one bud to bring  
forth the fruit of a dream,

Oh the terror of lifting the innermost

Swelling the gigantic flesh of the world

Into one bud, rounded and swelling

with the fruit of a dream

/(over)

C.N.B. II 38b (Dreams Old and Nascent - continued)

Oh the terror of lifting the innermost I  
    out of the sweep of the impulse of life  
And watching the great Thing labouring  
    through the whole round flesh of the world  
And striving to catch a glimpse of the  
    shape of the coming dream  
That / As it / quickens within the laboring white-hot metal/  
And Catch the scent and the colour of the  
    coming dream,  
Then to fall back exhausted into the  
    unconscious, molten life.



1. V.S.P., "Old" (p.52), "Nascent" (p.173). From The English Review, (November, 1909) (V.S.P. pp.924-925) and the text from A (V.S.P. p.924). Early versions appear in MS 1479 and C.N.B.1 21b - 26b.  
See note to C.N.B.1 21b-26b.
2. A places "nearer" after "out of the distance." (p.26). Apart from this the A text is as here.

C.N.B. II 39b

A Baby Running Barefoot <sup>1</sup>

30

When the bare feet of the baby beat across the grass  
Those(?) The little round feet nod like white flowers  
                   in the grass wind,  
 They poise and run like ripples lapping across  
                   the water  
 And the sight of their white play among  
                   the grass  
 Is like a little robin's song, winsome,  
 Like when two white butterflies settle in  
                   the joy/depths/ of one flower  
 For a moment, then away with a flutter  
                   of wings.

I long for the baby to wander hither to me  
 Like a wind shadow wandering over the water  
 So that she can stand on my knee  
 With her little bare feet on my hands  
 Cool like syringa buds  
 Firm and silken like pink young  
                   peony flowers.

1. V.S.P. p.64. Early version printed in The English Review (November, 1909) V.S.P. p.930.  
See also former version C.N.B.1 27b in part of the original sequence "Baby Movements".  
The poem is crossed through in the manuscript.

C.N.B. II 40b

The Body Awake/ Virgin Youth.<sup>1</sup>

31

Now and again

All my body springs alive,  
 And the life that is polarised in my eyes  
 That quivers between my eyes and my mouth  
 Flies like a wild thing across my body,  
 Leaving my eyes half empty, and clamorous,  
 Filling my still breath with a flush and a flame,  
 Gathering the soft ripples below my breasts  
 Into urgent, passionate waves  
 And my soft, slumbering belly  
 Quivering awake with one impulse of desire,  
 Gathers itself fiercely together,  
 And my docile fluent arms  
 Knotting themselves with wild strength  
 To clasp - what they have never clasped,

Then

Then I tremble, and go trembling  
 Under the wild, strange tyranny of my body  
 Till it has spent itself,  
 And the relentless nodality of my eyes reasserts  
                   itself  
 Till the bursten flood of life ebbs back to my  
                   eyes  
 Back from gay/my beautiful lonely body  
 Tired and unsatisfied

1. V.S.P. p.38. An earlier draft in MS 1479 under the title "The Body Awake", crossed out here. The text from A appears on V.S.P. p.909 and exactly corresponds to the text here.

C.N.B. II 41b

Restlessness

At the open door of the room I stand and look at the  
night,

Hold my hand to catch the raindrops that slant into sight  
Arriving grey from the darkness above suddenly  
into the light of the room.

I will escape from the hollow room, the box  
of light

And be out in/the/the bewildering darkness which  
might be/is always/ fecund, which might

Mate my hungry soul with a germ of its womb.

I will go into/ out to/ the night, as a man goes  
down to the shore

To draw his net through the surf's thin line,  
Neath At/the dawn before

The sun has warmed the sea, little, lonely and sad  
sifting the sobbing tide.

I will sift the surf that edges the night  
with my net, the four

Strands of my eyes and my lips and my  
hands and my feet sifting the store

Of flotsam till/ until/ my soul, /that restless fish/is tired or

[satisfied.

C.N.B. II 42b (Restlessness - continued)

I will catch with in my eyes' quick net  
 The faces of all the women as they go past,  
 Bend over them with my soul, to cherish the wet  
 Cheeks and the loose wet hair a moment, saying,  
 "Is it you"?

Looking earnestly under the dark umbrellas, held  
 fast

Against the wind, and/if/ where the lamplight blew  
 Its rainy swell about us, /(illeg.)/ she would answer/ she answered/ me  
 With a laugh and a merry wildness that is was/ was/ she  
 Who had found me at last; found me to set me free/  
 was seeking me, and had found me at last to free  
From the stunting, impious/ Me now from the stunting/ bonds of my  
 [chastity,

How glad I should be.

Moving along in the mysterious ebb of the night

Pass the men whose eyes are hid(?)/ shut/ like anemones  
 in a dark pool,

Why don't they open to see me/ with vision/ and speak to me,

Who/what have they no sight/ in sight/?

Why do I wander aimless among them, an  
errant/desirous/ fool?

I can always linger over the huddled books  
 on the stalls,

Always gladden my amorous fingers with  
 the touch of their leaves

Always kneel in courtship to the shelves in the  
 doorways, low down where falls

/The shadow, /Always offer myself to one mistress, who always receives,

C.N.B. II 43b (Restlessness - continued)

But oh, it is not enough, it is all no good.

There is something I want to feel in my  
running blood,

Something I want to touch; I must hold my  
face to the rain,

I must hold my face to the wind, that these/ and let it/  
may explain

Me thou/its/ life as they/ it/hurryies in secret

I will trail my hands against/again through/ the drenched,  
cold leaves

Till my hands are heavy/full/with of the chilliness  
and touch of leaves

Until/ Till/ at length they induce me to sleep  
and/to/forget.



1. V.S.P. p.179. V.S.P. version is from A and an early version appears in MS 1479.  
See, for other version, C.N.B.1 29b.
2. A has "warms" (p.53). The poem is otherwise as here.

C.N.B. II 44b

The Punisher 1

I have fetched the tears up out of little wells  
Scooped them up with small, iron words  
Dripping over the runnels.

The harsh, cold wind of my words drove on, and still  
I watched the tears on the guilty (illeg.) cheek  
of the boys  
Glitter and spill.

Cringing Pity, and my 1 Love, white handed, came  
Cringing/Hovering/ about the Judgment arraigned in my soul/  
[which stood in my (illeg.) eyes/  
Whirling a flame

The tears are dry, and the cheek's young fruition<sup>2</sup>  
fresh

With laughter, and clear the exonerated eyes  
since no/illeg./lash/ judgement/ pain  
Made pure/swept/ Beat through/ the flesh.

The Angel of Judgment has returned/ departed again/ to the Nearness  
Desolate I am as a church whose lights are put out  
And night enters in drear/<sup>i3</sup>/ness.

C.N.B. II 45b

The fire rose up in the bush and blazed apace,  
The thornleaves crackled and twisted and sweated  
in A anguish,  
Then                    Then God left the place.

Like a flower that the frost has hugged and let  
go, my head  
Is heavy, and my heart beats slowly,  
laboriously,  
My strength<sup>4</sup> is shed.

1. V.S.P. p.94. as part of "The Schoolmaster" sequence V.S.P. p.914. A further version appears in C.N.B.1 33b. Published in A.
2. A has "fruits." (p.58)
3. A returns to "dreariness." (p.59)
4. A has "spirit." (p.59)

C.N.B. II 46b<sup>1</sup>

Irony

Alw                      Always, Sweetheart  
 Carry into your rooms the blossoming boughs of cherry  
 Almond and apple and pear diffuse with light  
                                          that very  
 Soon strews itself on the floor, and keep the  
                                          radiance of spring  
 Fresh quivering; keep the sunny-swift March-days  
                                          waiting  
 In a little throng at your door, and admit the one  
                                          who is plaiting  
 Her hair for woman-hood, and play awhile with  
                                          her, then bid her depart.

A come and go of March-day loves  
 Through the flower-vine, trailing screen,  
 A fluttering in of doves  
 Then a launch abroad of shrinking doves  
 Over the waste where no hope is seen  
 Of open hands:  
                                          Dance in and out  
 Small-bosomed girls of the spring of love,  
 With a bubble of laughter, and shrilly shout  
 Of mirth; then the dripping of tears  
                                          on your glove.

1. V.S.P. p.179. as "Disagreeable Advice".  
Published first in A as "Disagreeable Advice." (pp.21-22)  
Text as here.

C.N.B. II 47b

Epilogue<sup>1</sup>

35

Patience, little h/Heart

One day a heavy June-(illeg.)/hot woman

Will enter and shut the door to stay.

And when your stifling (illeg.) heart would summon

Cool lonely night, her roused breasts will

keep the night at bay,

Sitting in your room like two tiger lilies

Flaming on after sunset

Destroying the cool, lonely night with the

glow of their hot twilight;

There in the morning, still, while the fierce strange

scent comes yet

Stronger, hot and red, till you thirst for the

daffodillies

With an anguished, husky thirst that

you cannot assuage

When the daffodillies are dead, and a

woman of the dog-days holds you in guage

Patience, little Heart.

1. V.S.P. p.91 under the title 'Forecast'. It appears in the C.N.B.1 version on V.S.P. p.865 as "An Epilogue from Thelma". (C.N.B.1 35b). This would again support C.N.B.11 as a preparation, in the main, for A as the version is here, in text and title as in A. (pp.31-32)



C.N.B. II 48b

Discord in Childhood<sup>1</sup>

36

Outside the house an ash tree hung its  
 terrible whips,  
 And at night when the wind arose, the  
 lash of the tree  
 Shrieked and slashed the wind, as a ship's  
 weird rigging in a storm shrieks hideously.

Within the house two voices arose in (illeg.)/anger  
sound of the ash/ wind/ a slender lash  
(illeg.) lash whistling in screams/ Whistling in/ delirious rage, and  
 the dreadful sound  
 Of a thick lash booming and bruising,  
 until it drowned  
 The other Voi(illeg.)ce, in/ a silence of blood,  
 'neath beneath/ the noise of the ash.

1. V.S.P. p.36. First published in A. See also 'A life History in Harmonies and Discords' in C.N.B.1 37a - 41a. See note to C.N.B.1 38a.  
See **Introduction** for reference to Sons and Lovers.  
The text in A is as here. (p.9)

C.N.B. II 49b

Monologue of a Mother<sup>1</sup>

37

This is the last of all - this is the last!  
 I must fold my hands and turn my face to the fire,  
 I must watch my dead days fusing together in dross  
 Shape after shape, and scene after scene from my past  
 Fusing to one dead mass in the sinking fire  
 When the ash on the dying coals grows swiftly  
 like hoary<sup>2</sup> moss.

Strange, he is, my son, whom I have awaited like a lover  
 Strange to me like a captive in a foreign country, haunting  
 The prison bounds<sup>3</sup> and gazing out where the winds are free;  
 White and gaunt, with wistful eyes that hover  
 Always upon the distance as if his soul were chanting  
 The monotonous weird of departure away from me.

Like a strange white bird blown out of the frozen seas,  
 Like a bird from the far north blown with a broken wing  
 Into our sooty garden, he drags and beats  
 From place to place perpetually, seeking release  
 From me, from the hand of my love, which creeps up  
 pleading.<sup>4</sup>

For (illeg.) his (illeg.) His happiness, while he in displeasure  
 [ retreats.

I must look away from him for my fading eyes  
 Like a cringing dog at his heels offend him now  
 Like a toothless hound pursuing him with my will  
 Till he chafes at my crouching persistence, and a sharp spark  
 flies

C.N.B. II 49b contd/

In my soul under the sudden frown of his brow,  
As he blenches and draws away, so my soul falls ill.<sup>5</sup>

C.N.B. II 50b

This is the last, it will not be any more.  
 All my life I have borne the burden of myself,  
 All the lone years of sitting in my husband's house,  
 Never have I said to myself as he closed the door:  
 "Now I am caught! You are hopelessly lost, O Self,  
 You are frightened with joy, my heart, like a  
 pattering<sup>6</sup> mouse."

Three times I have offered myself - three times  
 rejected.

It will not be any more. - No more, my son, my son!  
 Never to know the glad freedom of obedience, since long ago  
 The angel of childhood kissed me and went  
 I expected

Another must take me - and now, my son, oh my son,  
 I must sit awhile and wait, and never know  
 The loss of myself, till Death comes, who cannot fail.

Death in whose service is nothing of gladness  
 takes me,  
 For the lips and the eyes of God are behind a veil  
 And the thought of the lipless voice of Father shakes  
 me  
 And fills my eyes with pitiful<sup>7</sup> tears of desire,  
 And my heart rebels with anguish as night  
 draws nigher.

1. V.S.P. p.47. First published in Poetry, January 1914 under the title "A Mother of Sons". A revised version appeared in A. See also further version and note in C.N.B.1 44a.
2. A has "heavy." (p.12)
3. A has "confines" and not "prison bounds." (p.12)
4. A has "needing." (p.13)
5. A has "and my heart stands still." (p.13)
6. A has "frightened." (p.14)
7. A omits "pitiful." (p.15)

C.N.B. II 51b

Malade<sup>1</sup>

The sick grapes on the chair by the bed lie prone. At the window, the tassel of the blind swings gently, tapping the pane, as a little air comes in.

The room is a hollow rind of a fruit, a gourd, scraped<sup>2</sup> out and dry where a spider folded in its legs as in a bed lies on the dust, watching where there is nothing to see but twilight and walls.

And if the day outside were mine? What is the day but a grey cave, with great grey spider-cloths hanging low from the roof, and the wet dust falling softly from them over the wet dark rocks, the houses, and over the spiders with white faces that scuttle on the floor of the cave. I am choking with creeping, grey confinedness.

But<sup>3</sup> somewhere, birds, beside a lake of light spread wings larger than the largest fans, and rise in a stream upwards and upwards on the sunlight raining/ that rains invisible so that the upborne birds are like one wafted feather, small and ecstatic, suspended over such vast country.

1. V.S.P. p.112. First published in A. See also earlier version in C.N.B.1 47a.  
The published version ends here with:-  
"Ah, but I am ill, and it is still raining, coldly raining."
2. A has "scooped." (p.86)
3. A does not have the remaining seven lines. (p.87)



C.N.B. II 52b

Liaison.<sup>1</sup>

39

A big bud of moon hangs out of the twilight,  
 Star-spiders, spinning their thread  
 Hang high suspended, withouten respite  
 Watching us overhead.

Come then under the trees, where the leaf-cloths  
 Curtain us in so dark  
 That here we're safe from even the ermine-moth's  
 Flitting<sup>2</sup> remark.

Here in this swarthy, secret tent  
 Whose black boughs flap the ground  
 You shall draw the thorn from my discontent,  
And/ Surgeon me sound.

This rare, rich night! - for in here  
 Under the yew-tree tent  
Is a temple of darkness/ The darkness is loveliest where I could sear  
 You like frankincense into scent.

Here not even the stars can spy us  
 Not even the small/ white moths write  
 With their little white hands/ pale signs on the will<sup>3</sup> to try us  
And give us despite/ set us affright.

C.N.B. II 53b (Liaison - continued)

Kiss but then the dust from off my lips,  
 But draw the heavy heart/ turgid pain  
 From my breast to your bosom, eclipse  
The (illeg.) behind your skirts/ night/  
 my soul again

Waste/me/not, I beg you, waste  
 Not this perfect/ the inner night  
Come/ t / Taste, oh taste and let me taste  
 The core / Of delight.<sup>4</sup>

1. V.S.P. Appendix III p.947 where the text is from A . An earlier version from CP is printed on V.S.P. p.113 under the title "The Yew Tree on the Downs". V.S.P. failed to notice a further early version under the title "Liaison" in C.N.B.1 55a.  
The connection between this poem and The Trespasser is pointed out in the **Introduction**.
2. A has "suspicious." (p.88)
3. A has "wall." (p.89)
4. A has "Of joy in the fight." (p.89)

C.N.B. II 54b

Dolor of Autumn<sup>1</sup>

40

The acrid scents of autumn  
 Reminiscent of slinking beasts, make me fear  
 Everything, tear-trembling stars of autumn  
 And the snore of the night in my ear.

For suddenly, flush-fallen  
 All my life, in a little/rush  
 Has slid away,<sup>2</sup> and left me  
Naked on/Exposed upon /the bush.<sup>3</sup>

I, on the bush of the globe  
 Like a newly-naked berry shrink  
 Exposed<sup>4</sup> but am I here (?)/ it may (illeg.)/ yet I am prowling  
Or in the/ As well/ In these acrid scents that slink.

Around one/ Broadcast I/ Am I this naked berry  
 Of flesh that stands dismayed on the bush  
 Or in the stealthy, terrible perfumes/ powerful odours  
 That prowl through/ about in the bush

And avid/ acrid night of autumn?  
 My soul has wandered out/ is prowling about  
And/ Is hither and thither (illeg.)/slinking  
Roaming about/ Disseminated out

C.N.B. II 55b (Dolor of Autumn - continued)

And/ The night, with a great breath indrawn  
Has taken/ caught my spirit (illeg.) outside  
And fro/ Me, till I reel with disseminated  
Consciousness  
And am too afraid(?)/ Like one who has died.

Yet here (illeg.) I stand exposed  
On the bush of the globe  
Like a newly-naked berry  
That the winds disrobe.

- 1. V.S.P. p.107 under 'Dolour of Autumn'. First published in A with the present spelling "Dolor". See earlier draft in C.N.B.1 56a.
- 2. A has "Of shedding away." (p.74)
- 3. A has "Naked, exposed on the bush." (p.74)
- 4. A has for the remainder of the poem:-  
 "Disclosed: but 'tis I who am prowling  
 As well in the scents that slink

Abroad: I am this naked berry  
 Of flesh that stands dismayed on the bush;  
 And I in the stealthy, brindled odours  
 Prowling about the lush

And acrid night of autumn;  
 My soul, along with the rout,  
 Rank and treacherous, prowling,  
 Disseminated out.

For the night, with a great breath taken,  
 Has drawn my spirit outside  
 Me, till I reel with disseminated consciousness,  
 Like a man who has died.

At the same time stand exposed  
 Here on the bush of the globe,  
 A newly-naked berry of flesh  
 For the stars to probe." (pp.74-75)

C.N.B. II 56b

Reproach<sup>1</sup>

Had I known yesterday  
 Helen, you could discharge the ache  
     Out of the cloud:  
 Had I known yesterday you could take  
 The turgid electric ache away  
     Drink it up with your proud  
 White body, as lovely white lightning  
 Is drunk from an agonised sky by  
     the earth,  
 I might<sup>2</sup> have hated you, Helen.

But since my limbs gushed full of fire,  
 Since from out of my blood and bone  
     Poured a heavy flame  
 To you, earth of my atmosphere, stone  
 Of my steel, lovely white flint of desire  
     You have no name  
 Earth of my swaying atmosphere  
 Substance of my inconstant breath  
     I cannot but cleave to you

C.N.B. II 57b

Since you have drunken up my drear

Painful electric storm, and death

Is washed from the blue

Of my eyes, I see you beautiful

You are strong and passive and beautiful

I come (illeg.) like the winds,<sup>3</sup> and go/ like the winds I hover

Over you but/ and you

Are the earth I hover over.



1. V.S.P. Appendix II p.877 one of the published C.N.B. poems, (C.N.B.1 58b). Published in A.
2. A has "should" (p.95)
3. A has "winds uncertain." (p.96)

C.N.B. II 58b

Blue<sup>1</sup>

The world again like a ship steams out of the  
dark sea over

The edge of the blue, and the sun stands up  
to see us glide

Slowly into another day, the night-mist  
fading/melting

Off us, the dew distilled from a night of  
dreaming dried.

But I, still dark, am startled by the bright of  
the morn confronting

Me who am issued exposed with drowned  
eyes from the night/ from the utter  
night am stripped

(Illeg.)/ For death, but death as dust(?) become sweet  
to the senses, death the unfathomable haunting  
Darkness wheron these floating days  
are shipped

Feeling myself undawning

1. V.S.P. p.132 as "The Shadow of Death." It is a further version of "Blue" which appears twice in C.N.B.1 76b and 79a. V.S.P., in a note on p.1054, refers to 'an early version called "Red Passion and Death." Significantly, the next poem in C.N.B.1 is "Blue". Was it Lawrence's original intention to see "Red" and "Blue" as the two parts of "Passion and Death"? The equating of "Red" with "Passion" and "Blue" with "Death" would be an obvious assumption. The final and supreme expression is the "smoking blueness of Pluto's gloom" in "Bavarian Gentians", (V.S.P. p.697)

(Here the notebook "b" side poems, with the leaves the right way up,  
are complete. The notebook is now reversed and begins with 61a and 61b  
and goes through the notebook to 28a)

C.N.B. II 61a

Apprehension<sup>1</sup>

All this time, the town  
Roars like a beast in a cave  
That is wounded there  
And like to drown;  
While days rush, wave after wave,  
On its lair/Of/ On despair.

And all that it(illeg.)/ the beast can do  
Now, as the tide rises  
Is to listen and have/ see the grim  
Waves crash like thunder through  
The foaming houses, while/ hear(?) noises  
Roll hollow in the interim.<sup>2</sup>

Uprising(?) now beyond/(illeg.)/ the flood of years/invisible dark/  
An invisible foe/ woe/ The flood (illeg.)/ unseats and passes beyond  
The tide-line! The grand(?) great old city  
Recumbent roars as it feels  
The foamy paw of the pond (?)  
Clutch/(illeg.)/creep/ Reach from immensity.

Ever recurrent, the days  
Crash through the night like thunder  
To foam on us; and then whereas(?)  
They have fallen, we are/ worm(?) with/ in amaze  
To see(?) In (illeg.)/ We watch them confronting our wonder  
With horrid menace.<sup>3</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.159 as "Noise of Battle". First published as "Apprehension" in NP. The text is the same in both. It is noteworthy that the poems so far edited, made, for the most part, their first published appearance in A. but the remaining poems appear in NP and Bay. There is a significant change of handwriting here.
2. NP has this stanza as the third. The third stanza here becomes the second in NP. (p.7)
3. The last stanza does not exist in NP.

C.N.B. II 61b

Town/Suburb in the Morning<sup>1</sup>

The new small houses spring like plants  
 In thick and close/ & serried undergrowth  
 Of herbage, reddish new, that/ reddish herbage, that bristles and  
 [slants  
 To the sun and the shadow both.<sup>2</sup>

The pink-herb<sup>3</sup> houses show one side bright  
 As if leaves were sipping the sun,  
 And one side cunning with shade, where quite/ delight  
Numerous(?) Unthinkable creatures to run.<sup>4</sup>

The base stems of the street lamps stand  
 At random, meaningless<sup>5</sup> twigs.  
 But later they'll flower, and then/ when band by band  
 Small creatures(?) will dance/ people/ figures go round in jigs.<sup>6</sup>

Suburb in the Evening<sup>7</sup>

The houses fade in a melt of mist  
 Blotching the thick soiled air  
 With discoloured<sup>8</sup> places that still resist  
 The night's/ dark's despair.

The hopeless, wintry twilight fades  
 The city corrodes into night<sup>9</sup>  
 As the body corrodes when death invades  
 That citadel of delight.

C.N.B. II 61b contd/

Now verdigris smoulderings slowly/ softly spread  
Through the corpse<sup>10</sup> of the town, as slow  
Slum-lights rise and these shed  
Their yellow yellowish glow/ afterglow.<sup>11</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.50 as "Flat Suburbs, S.W. In the Morning".  
Published in NP. The version here is substantially different.
2. NP has "Its square shadows." (p.13)
3. NP has "young." (p.13)
4. NP has:- "Flatly assuming the sun,  
And one side shadow, half in sight,  
Half-hiding the pavement-run;" (p.13)  
The third stanza in NP has no equivalent here.
5. NP has "desolate." (p.13)
6. NP has for its final two lines:-  
"To testify to a blight on the land  
That has stripped their sprigs." (p.13)
7. V.S.P. p.142 as "Parliament Hill in the Evening". First  
published in NP. V.S.P. misses the point that "Flat  
Suburbs, S.W. In the Morning" is, in earlier form, "Morning"  
in C.N.B.1 71b, and, though he notes that an earlier version  
of "Parliament Hill in the Evening" appeared in C.N.B.1 he  
does not connect his note on p.1004 with the note on  
"Transformations" on p.996, of which these two poems were  
originally Parts I and II.
8. NP has "reddish." (p.25)
9. NP has "out of sight." (p.25)
10. NP has "shroud." (p.25)
11. NP has for the final two lines:-  
"Night-lights hither and thither shed  
Their ghastly glow."(p.25)



C.N.B. II 60a

Premonition 1

Woman/You, if you were (illeg.)/ sensible

When I tell you the stars flash signals each one dreadful

You would not smile so gently,<sup>2</sup> and answer me

"The night is wonderful".

If you knew, (illeg.) oh you,

How this darkness soaks me through and through, and infuses/infusing/

[and infuses

(Illeg.)/(Illeg.) / you would with them/Me out in its liquor, still

[would you simper like one

Like/Illeg./ Whom my presence amuses.<sup>3</sup>

You would not lean/

Would you lean

Against me caressing the night, while my soul's pure/

Against me, sipping the air, while my soul's dark fluid

Oozes as the life of a victim steams to the star-berried

Bush of the Druid.

You, you (illeg.) woman, you bird

You are like a sparrow in the steam of the sacrifice

smoke

Twittering amiably



C.N.B. II 60b

Spectral/Suburbs on their Hills<sup>1</sup>

O stiffly shapen houses that change not  
 What conjurer's cloth was thrown across you, and raised  
 To reveal you so/ thus transfigured, changed,  
 Your stuff all gone, the menace in you blazed.<sup>2</sup>

Such resolute shapes, so thickly<sup>3</sup> set  
 In hollow blocks and cubes deformed, and heaped  
 In void and null (illeg.)/profusion, how now?  
 In what reducing acid<sup>4</sup> now are you steeped?

That you lose your substance<sup>5</sup> out of you  
 And hang in the air like smoke dissolving,<sup>6</sup> to faint  
 And be gone, the suburbs dissolved and gone,  
Leaving/Remaining only the faintest heaving(?)shadowy/transient<sup>7</sup> taint.

Winter in the Boulevard<sup>8</sup>

The frost has settled down upon the trees  
 And ruthlessly strangled off the fantasies  
 Of leaves that have gone/passed unnoticed, swept up like old  
 Romantic dangerous<sup>9</sup> stories no longer told

The trees down the boulevard stand naked in thought  
 Their abundant summery wordage silenced, caught  
 In the grim undertow: - naked the trees confront  
 The winter's implacable, cross-questioning brunt

C.N.B. II 60b contd/

But h/ Has some hand balanced more leaves in the  
depths of the twigs?

Some dim little efforts placed on the shadowy sprigs?

- It is only the sparrows, like dead black leaves in the birch<sup>10</sup>  
Sitting huddled against the cerulean, one flesh with their perch.

The clear, cold/keen sky coldly bethinks itself

Like vivid thought the air spins bright, and the welkin

Assumes the world; (illeg.) / arrested in the after-thought

Everything waits, before the last judgment<sup>11</sup> brought.



C.N.B. II 59a

Under the Oak<sup>1</sup>

You, if you were sensible  
 When I tell you the stars flash signals each one dreadful  
 You would not smile so gently, and answer me  
 "The night is wonderful".

Even you, if you knew  
 How this darkness soaks me through and through, and infuses  
Me/me/ Out in its vapour, you might/ would pause just once to  
 distinguish

How it/ What amuses you.<sup>2</sup>

For I tell you,

(Illeg.)/ Beneath this terrible/horrible<sup>3</sup> tree, my whole soul's fluid  
 Oozes from me as sacrifice vapours steam up/  
To the star-studded back(?)/In the oaks stars of the Druid.<sup>4</sup>

Again I tell you

I am bound with withies, my missing(?) life steams<sup>5</sup> out  
 On the sacrilegious floor beneath the tree  
 But you look/ turn about.<sup>6</sup>

Like a bird among the mistletoe  
 Looking down as the victim bends in the sacrifice smoke  
 Twittering easily to and fro  
 In the boughs of the oak,

Like a bird about me you are.

What have you to do with the mysteries  
 Of this ancient place, of my ancient (illeg.) curse?  
 What place have you in my histories?<sup>7</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.130. See C.N.B.11 60a  
This version shows a move nearer to the one in CP. C.N.B.11  
60a had none of the final questioning.
2. See C.N.B.11 60a note 3.
3. NP has "powerful." (p.21)
4. NP has "At the knife of the Druid." (p.21)
5. NP has "runs." (p.21)
6. NP has:- "I tell you my blood runs out on the floor of this  
Gout upon gout." (p.21) [oak,
7. NP has for the last two stanzas:-  
"Above me springs the blood-born mistletoe  
In the shady smoke.  
But who are you, twittering to and fro  
Beneath the oak?  
  
What thing better are you, what worse?  
What have you to do with the mysteries  
Of this ancient place, of my ancient curse?  
What place have you in my histories?" (p.21)

C.N.B. II 59b

The Interim<sup>1</sup>

The trees in trouble because of autumn,  
 And vaunted berries falling from the bush,  
 And all the myriad houseless seeds  
 Mould on in the wind's resistless push

Express one since the sourish(?) night of/a bitter mothering/ of  
 [autumn<sup>2</sup>

Dropped me forth like an obscure fruit, to travel  
Bound/ Shut in an uncouth ardour, coiled

At the core with a knot that only life can/may or may not/God alone<sup>3</sup>  
 [unravel.

What (illeg.) is it internecine that is locked  
 By very fierceness into a quiescence  
 Within my usoul/life? When will/ Will the mystery burst  
 Into life/ being, into incandescence(?)/will it break to florescence?

For my body is hard as a frightful seed<sup>4</sup>  
 With fire beginning inside it, but no way out.  
 A fearful ferocious seed I fall through the winter/ weather  
 Coiled up and/ intense, wrapped horribly round-about.

And dreadful it is, to be, but to have no being/ issue.

To hold/have the mystery, and not put forth.

To bind myself/ it ever fiercer, fiercer protecting

The spark, as a seed protects itself from/armoured as a

[ illeg./seed to the north.



C.N.B. II 59b contd/

To bind myself harder, harder,harder about

The involved mystery/ quick, and yet/ and all the time to ache

To issue forth in exposee/ For issuing forth unfolded, as a seed

breaks/ comes forth

Leading all the (illeg.)/ a foliated sea in its wake.

1. V.S.P. p.160 under the title "Reality of Peace 1916" and in the C.N.B.1 version 57b, on V.S.P. p.876 as "Unwitting". In NP under the title "Debacle".
2. NP has "autumnal parturition." (p.60)
3. NP has:-  
"Poor, obscure fruits extruded out of light  
Into the world of shadow, carried down  
Between the bitter knees of the after-night." (p.60)
4. From here to the end there is no real correspondence with the NP/CP versions. See **Introduction**.

C.N.B. II 58a

(illeg.)/Chorus/ Ode of a/ One Woman/ Chorus/Voice of one/ A

Woman

Strophe

Ah stern cold man

How can you lie so relentless hard

While I wash you with weeping water?

Have?/Do/Will(?) Do you set your face against the daughter

Of man;<sup>2</sup> can you never discard

This foolish ban?<sup>3</sup>

You masquerader!

How can you shame to act this part

Of unswerving indifference to me?

You want at last, ah cowardly/ so foolishly/I see

To break my heart

Evader?

You (illeg.)/You know your mouth

Was always sooner to soften

Even than your sudden/eyes.

Now shut it lies

Relentless, however often

I kiss its drouth.

It has no breath

Nor warmth/(?)/power to open. Ah where

Have you hidden yourself from me/(illeg.) the best/

Where are you, what have you done?

Is this what you want to be? What is this stone you've become?<sup>4</sup>

(illeg.)/(illeg.) how do you dare/ Ah then, how did you dare

Assume this/Return(?)/ Take (?)<sup>5</sup> in death

C.N.B. II 58a (continued)

How could you scheme

To die a death like this/assume/ take this last resource

And lie so/ To turn null against me?

Illeg. line

Illeg. line

Illeg. line

How could you shame

To take this last resource

To turn null against me

Here must I stand, and see

Your empty corse,

Yet keep your name<sup>6</sup>

C.N.B. II 57b

Antistrophe

Once you could see  
 The white moon rest/ show like a breast revealed  
 By the slipping shawl of stars.  
 Could see the small stars tremble  
 As the heart beneath did wield  
 Systole, diastole.

All the lovely macrocosm  
 Was woman once to you  
 And you (illeg.)/ the (illeg.) happy(illeg.)/groom  
 No tree (illeg.)/ in bloom  
 But it leaned to you  
 A white bosom.

And always and ever  
I f/Flowered as a flowering tree<sup>7</sup>  
 Flowers from the sky, (illeg.) for your presence/ good,  
I/Unfolded for you, in (?)/ my womanhood  
Of flowering tree, as a (?) for you, as an apple/given to you, as a  
 [tree  
 Sheds its flowers on a river.

I see/Seeing your brows  
 Set like rocks by a sea of gloom  
And/I shed myself into/down (illeg.) on your thought,  
 Like flowers that/ fall to be caught  
 In the/ comforted pool, like bloom  
That is died/ As it falls from the boughs.<sup>8</sup>

C.N.B. II 57a

Epode

Oh Masquerader

With a hard face white enamelled

What is this that you are?

Don't you care

However my heart is trammelled

With shame,<sup>9</sup> you evader?

Is this you

After all, this obdurate

Nullified void? cold thing?

Did I bring/ Have I carried

Myself to this gate?

And (illeg.)/you knew?<sup>10</sup>

And y/ You multiform

That I loved, you wonderful

Where are you gone?/That changed and shone!

I loved many men in one

But never this void, this null

This never-warm.

Is this the end of you?

Sun of my/ a universe

Have you gone cold?

Is it all told?

Is there no worse

News still to send of you?<sup>11</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.55 under "A Man who Died".  
An early version nearer to this was published in Poetry, (January 1914) under the title "A Woman and her Dead Husband" and with the same title in Some Imagist Poets (1915). The earliest probable version is "Nils Lykke Dead". For this see C.N.B.1 59b. The poem obviously absorbed Lawrence for manuscript versions exist in the University of Mexico Library ("The Man who Died"), in Columbia University Library ("A Woman and her Dead Husband"), and in the Berg Collection in New York ("Nils Lykke Dead"), and among the Louie Burrows papers in the University of Nottingham Library. The NP version is entitled "Bitterness of Death."
2. NP has "life." (p.45)
3. NP has "Your curt pride's ban." (p.45)
4. NP has "What is this mouth of stone?" (p.45)
5. NP has "cover." (p.45)
6. There is no version of this unresolved stanza.
7. NP has "Soft as a summering tree." (p.46)
8. NP resolves this stanza as:-  
     "I saw your brows  
     Set like rocks beside a sea of gloom,  
     And I shed my very soul down into your thought;  
     Like flowers I fell, to be caught  
     On the comforted pool, like bloom  
     That leaves the boughs." (p.46)
9. NP removes "with shame." (p.47)
10. NP has:-  
     "Is this you, after all,  
     Metallic, obdurate  
     With bowels of steel?  
     Did you never feel? -  
     Cold, insensate,  
     Mechanical!" (p.47)
11. NP has the final stanza:-  
     "Is this the sum of you?  
     Is it all nought?  
     Cold, metal-cold?  
     Are you all told  
     Here, iron-wrought?  
     Is this what's become of you?" (p.47)

C.N.B. II 56a

Reading a Letter<sup>1</sup>

She sits in the recreation ground  
 Under an oak whose yellow buds dot the pale blue sky  
 The young grass twinkles in the wind, and the sound  
 Of the wind hangs round the knotted buds like a canopy.

And sitting under the knotted canopy  
 Of the wind, she rises and passes along/ beyond as in a balloon  
 On the invisible air, till she floats on high  
 Over a sandy desert, a sun-helmetted platoon.<sup>2</sup>

Now to the recreation ground  
 She returns/descends a foreigner, wondering, shrinking<sup>3</sup> from the scene;  
Is wrong that/ Suffering from children are/ running around,  
Wrong to see From chalk-coloured tulips, and grass all/ so evening  
 [green.]

Ruination<sup>4</sup>

The sun is bleeding its fires upon the mist  
 That huddles in grey heaps coiling and holding back.  
 Like cliffs abutting in shadow a grey dead sea  
 Some street-ends thrust out/ their stack.

On the misty waste-lands, away from the flushing grey  
 Of the morning the elms are loftily dimmed, as tall  
 As if moving in air towards us, tall angels  
 Of darkness advancing steadily towards us all.



C.N.B. II 56a contd/

Bombardment<sup>5</sup>

The town has opened to the sun  
 Like a flat red lily with a million petals  
 She unfolds, she comes undone.

A sharp sky brushes upon  
 The myriad flashing/ shining chimney tips  
 As she waking she (?)/ gently exhales to the sun  
Small (illeg.) segments/ Hurrying creatures run  
In the labyrinthine depths of the flower/ Down the labyrinth of the  
 sinister flower

Away from the sun

What is it they shun?

That they (illeg.) so furtively

(Illeg.)

893  
C.N.B. II 55b

A dark bird falls from the sun  
It curves in a rush to the heart of the vast  
Flower. The day has begun.

1. V.S.P. p.152. An earlier draft in MS 1479 bears some resemblance to the poem. In CP Lawrence added a further stanza between the second and third expanding the image of the sandy desert beneath her. Published in NP.
2. NP has:-  
"she is lifted and carried away as in  
a balloon  
Across the insensible void, till she stoops to see  
The sandy desert beneath her, the dreary  
platoon." (p.50)  
Stanza 3 in NP has no equivalent here.
3. NP has "unused." (p.50)
4. V.S.P. p.164. This and the following were first published in Bay.
5. V.S.P. p.166. For earlier version see C.N.B.1 48b.  
Here the final version largely differs in having an opening three lines where the town is compared to the opening of a red lily. This helps in making more sense of the town as "the sinister flower" in the second stanza here.

C.N.B. II 55a

Sigh No More<sup>1</sup>

The cuckoo and the coo-dove's ceaseless calling

Calling

Of a meaningless monotony is palling

All my morning's pleasure in the sun-fleck-scattered wood.

May-blossom and blue bird's-eye flowers falling

Falling

In a (illeg.)/ litter through the elm-tree-shade are scrawling

Messages of true-love in/ down the dust of the high-road.

I do not like to hear the gentle/ she-dove's grieving

Grieving

Murmurs/ Moaning out from all the blossom,<sup>2</sup> yet believing

Love will still at last return again/soon again return to her and

[make all/ it good.

When I know that I shall still go on/ there must always/ ever be

[deceiving.

Deceiving

Of the mournful constant heart; weaves so(?)/ that while she's weaving

Her woes another weaves a song she'd ne'er have understood.<sup>3</sup>

I have the wicked/ Oh, boisterous the calling/ cuckoo chuckles,calling/

[shouts, forestalling

Stalling

In exultance(?) to the /Like a/ The laughter down those

invisible/magnificent(?)/ intricate enthralling

By-paths where the sunny-headed<sup>4</sup> flowers doff their

hood.

C.N.B. II 55a contd/

As/ So I follow where the cuckoo/ master/ as the laugher

[leads me, leaving

Leaving

The open for the secret places, heaving

A sigh that one must do the things/ there are things to do/

one should not/

A sigh that doves should moan and cuckoos laugh/ illeg./

one should not/

and one should/

against the cuckoo's merry mood.<sup>5</sup>



C.N.B. II 54a

Hyde Park, (illeg.) Years ago  
A Review of the Scots Guards<sup>1</sup>

Where the trees rise like cliffs, proud and blue-tinted in the  
[distance,  
Between the cliffs of trees, on the grey-green grass of the park  
Spreads the far line of soldiers, the long red range of guards/of  
[guards  
illeg./ Smouldering beneath the bushes, grey bayonets etched/on this  
[dark/  
and neath/ the bayonet jetting a spark/  
jetting the bayonet's spark.

Here near the path the blue/police sits still on his horse  
His hand abandoned/relaxed lying against/ left on/lying against the  
close blue thigh  
And eyelids slanting down with ageless/ineffable tedium  
And mouth relaxed as if smiling - heaven knows why.

So! So! - Gaily a general canters across the space  
With white plumes flickering fast in the evening sky.  
And suddenly, as a body/ man that stirs/ comes awake  
The red host heaves in a slow, magnetic reply.

The red mass breaks and softly sways, aha! in the  
rhythm of a march  
But softly - subtly changing and flowing like waters, again,/ going as  
[a  
weir (illeg.)/ of water

C.N.B. II 54a contd/

like/like the larch

As it sways its fume together in spring-time/ throws its cuprous

(illeg.) fires together, the moving/ ominous

murmur of trees

Red trees all gathering and swinging/lapsing at one in the

stress/press of a breeze

That lifts them, that waves/ casts them like scent of woodbine

spreading/surging/ passing at night

And suddenly ebbing upon us, on/our mouth and our

nostrils, close on our sight.

So the heart takes on/trembles the heart with/to their timbre, the

[ (illeg.) ebb and the/ red of approach

(Illeg.) (Illeg.) Invading the bosom, the reddening hue of/dawn

now will/ that breaks upon us/ (illeg.) to broach

Our singleness: dark eyes as here beneath the busbies, (illeg.)

[ (illeg.)/look

out upon us

With darkened fire inhuman, and beautiful/ a wistful (?) menace.



C.N.B. II 53b

Warm lips beneath (illeg.)/ dark moustaches and/are/set still, and yet  
They speak/ Speaking as with terrible intonations(?)/things like kisses  
[ of darkness, so/hard to forget.

The men/ So, they swing round, the eyes beneath the busbies are gone  
The blood suspends its timbre, the molten heart is one  
Blot of burning/ infernal oblivion, as we watch the ebb, the retreat  
Of (illeg.)/ the burning shoulders astir in the red, the swaying/heat  
Of the molten fire horizontal that draws away, and is gone  
Down the grey-green park, like a sunset that fades, fades and is done.

1. V.S.P. p.66. First published in Bay. There is an early draft in MS 1479 with the same title "A Review of the Scots Guards". For the first three stanzas lines 2 and 4 are rhymed and then Lawrence for the remaining three uses rhyming couplets. The alterations to the final CP version seem hurried in that they lead to a total loss of rhyme in Stanzas I and II, while retaining the pattern later.

C.N.B. II 53a

Twenty Years Ago.<sup>1</sup>

Round the house were foal fooks/lilacs and strawberries  
And foal fooks spangling the paths.  
And (illeg.) out/ far away on the sand-hills, the/ dewberries  
Caught dust from the sea's long swaths.

Up the wolds the woods were walking  
And nuts fell out of their hair.  
At the gate the nets hung, balking  
The star-lit rush of a hare.

In the autumn fields, the stubble  
Tinkled the music of gleaning.  
Between<sup>2</sup> a mother's knees, the trouble  
Lost all its meaning.

Yea, what good beginnings  
To this sad end!  
Have we had our innings?  
God forfend!

1. V.S.P. p.152. V.S.P. fails to note the first appearance of the poem in NP.
2. NP has "At" (p.51)

C.N.B. II 52a

In Extremity Far Gone/ At best/ Adventure/ Groping.<sup>1</sup>

Waving slowly before me, pushed into the dark  
Unseen my hands explore the/ a passage,<sup>2</sup> and draw  
the bark

Of my body slowly behind -

Nothing to meet my fingers but the dark invisible/ fleece  
fleece/of night

Of/ In darkness that blinds my face with its threads.<sup>3</sup> -

What if in their flight

My hands should touch the door!

What if I suddenly/stumble suddenly/ forward and push the door  
Open, and the/ a great grey sea/ dawn swirls on/ out upon<sup>4</sup> me, before  
I can draw back - !

What if I helplessly push/ unwitting I set the door of eternity/5

[everlasting

wide

And am swept away in the horrible dawn,

and gone/ gone down the tide

Of (illeg.) eternal dawn/morning/hereafter.

Catch my hands, my darling, and hold/ keep them  
between your breasts.

Take them away from their venture in darkness/ (illeg.)/

before a illeg./daybreak/ fate wrests

The movement<sup>6</sup> out of them.

1. V.S.P. p.147 under the title "Sickness" which was the title of the earlier version in C.N.B.1 36a. Published in NP. V.S.P. makes no reference to publication in NP.
2. NP has "silence." (p.40)
3. NP has "Invisible blinding my face and eyes!" (p.40)
4. NP has "over my feet." (p.40)
5. NP returns to "of eternity." (p.40)
6. NP has "meaning." (p.40)

C.N.B. II 51a

A Rainy(?) Day/ Next Morning<sup>1</sup>

How have I wandered here to this ancient<sup>2</sup> room  
 In the house of life? - the floor was ruffled with gold  
Last night/ Yestr'een<sup>3</sup> and yesterday/'s a/ soft blue bloom  
Was on the sky (?)/beautiful, and leaves forsook/leaves/ fruits  
 [forsaking their hold  
Delicately/ In delicate downward/In winged and delicate flight:  
 [and (illeg.) whereas the gloom  
 Of every dreary, dust-besprinkling<sup>4</sup> mould  
 Deadens this morning's<sup>5</sup> dropping arras-fold.

And<sup>6</sup> clouds festooned like cloths from a spider's loom  
 Sag heavy with grey and damp from the sky's low  
 ceiling.

- But/What is this that floats in the ancient under-mist  
 Of the mirror towards the dusty grate, ?(illeg.)

Again damp ghost/ damp ghost/ Slow feeling

Its way to the warmth? This/ damp ghost  
 drearily stealing

Pale-blurred, with two round black drops,  
 as if it missed

Its own substance, towards the fire; and  
 moving with a list

Forwards, as if ready to fall, as if reeling?

1. V.S.P. p.141 under the title "Next Morning". Published in NP.  
The earlier version under "A Day in November" is in C.N.B.1 36b. The version next in the Notebook (C.N.B.11 50a) takes us nearer to the final version.
2. NP has "vaulted." (p.32)
3. NP has "Last evening." (p.32)
4. NP has "must-besprinkled mould." (p.32)
5. NP has "this day's." (p.32)
6. From here to the end NP is totally different. See the next poem (C.N.B.11 50a)





1. A further version of the previous poem.  
The fifth stanza added to the previous version with its contrast of Lawrence in the morning hell with the happy state of the night before moves us nearer to the version in V.S.P. p.141. The final version stresses the change. Instead of "how can I go back to myself" there is:-  
"What is there gone against me"  
The "storm" becomes finally "rain in summer". (NP p.32)

C.N.B. II 49a

On that Day

On that Day

I shall put roses on roses, and cover your grave  
With/In/With multitude of white roses, and one broad ray/with/  
and since you were brave/ and since you were/ brave/  
of red roses,/bright/ because you were brave/  
and since you were  
a one broad/bright/red ray.

So people, passing under  
The ash-trees of the valley road, shall raise  
Their eyes and look at the grave/place/grave on the hill, in / and  
[ wonder;  
In wonder(illeg.)/ Wondering mount and put the flowers asunder.

To see whose praise  
Has blossomed so<sup>2</sup> snowily white and so bloodily red.  
Then they will say "Tis long that she is dead.  
Who has remembered her after many days?"

And/Then/And standing still  
They will remember/consider how you went your ways  
Unnoticed among them, a queen whom none obeys/ who yet are/ were  
a queen (illeg.) (illeg.)/to praise  
Could ever fulfil/ embellish(?)/ no homage did/could ever fulfil.

And yet the/ This queen, I/ they'll say  
Though illeg. sleeps (illeg.) /Has slept (illeg.) unnoticed on the  
[forgotten hill  
Sleeps on/ still unknown, unnoticed there, until  
Dawns my memorable/ insurgent day.

1. V.S.P. p.176 under this title. On p.958 he reproduces the text from Poetry (January, 1914) which was simply called "Birthday". "Her Birthday", an earlier draft is in C.N.B.1 11a. E.M.Forster quoted the poem "to illustrate some of the points I have been making". (Draper. E.M.Forster on 'Lawrence's Art and Ideas.' D.H.Lawrence : The Critical Heritage. London 1970.)
2. NP has "Is blazoned here." (p.64)

412  
C.N.B. II 48a

Tribute?/ From the Italian Lakes<sup>1</sup>

Who do you think stands watching  
The snow-tops shining rosy  
In heaven, now that the darkness  
Takes all but the tallest posy?

Who is it sees the/ One of us sees a two-winged  
(illeg.) black/Boat down there alone  
Asleep on the snowy (illeg.) shadow  
Like a moth that cannot hang(?)/(illeg.) from the (illeg.)/ on a stone?

The olive-leaves, light as gad-flies  
Have all gone dark with the night  
And far away, on the other shore  
Twinkles a little/ light.<sup>2</sup>

Yea, my little lady  
And this is Italy,  
And this is me, my darling,  
And this is me.<sup>3</sup>

So, there's an oxen wagon  
Comes darkly into sight  
A man with a lantern swinging  
Because of/ Into the night.

He'll<sup>4</sup> think I'm a ghost, such/ a stranger  
Under the olive trees.  
He says not a word, but passes  
Staring at what he sees.

C.N.B. II 48a contd/

What does he see, my darling  
Beside the darkening lake,  
In the mountains sloping shadow  
Lingering/Sad (?) for your sake?

All the things that are lovely  
I wanted to give/ bring them to/ you.  
And already the rose has vanished,  
The night is blue.

And never now, my darling  
Can I gather the mountain-tips  
From the twilight like a nose-gay  
To hold to your lips.

C.N.B. II 47a

And never the two-winged vessels  
 That sleeps along the lake  
 Can I catch them/ it between my hands, like a moth  
 For you to take.

We have lost them all, and the darkness  
 Alone is left, of all  
 The wonderful things I had for you.  
 - So the fall

Of the latch through the night rings final.  
 And on opposite sides of the door  
 We are each shut out from the other now  
 For evermore.

Phantasmagoria<sup>5</sup>

Rigid sleeps the house in darkness: I alone  
 Like a thing unwarrantable cross the hall  
 And climb the stairs to front the group of doors  
 Standing angel-stern and tall.

So to<sup>6</sup> my own room's shelter. - But what is this  
 Throng of startled shadows thrown  
 In confusion because of my entry? Is it merely the trees<sup>7</sup>  
 Outside before the street-lamp blown?

Is it<sup>8</sup> only the long boughs tossing up in the night  
 Outside? - But great shades sweeping  
 Between the wall and me are wringing their hands;  
 They seem to be weeping.

C.N.B. II 47a contd/

The night is mocking me. Strange women weep  
About me suddenly, and the wind  
Breaks into shuddering sound like sobs in the blind,  
Sobbing again in my mind.

So like a woman, or like women weeping!  
But why do they pass and re-pass/ continually do they pass the bed?  
Why does my heart contract, why does/ strains  
With far-off listening, my head?



C.N.B. II 46a

The tree-tops' large black fingers outside on the night  
 Seem to be pointing, terribly beckoning  
 My attention. Whither, do/ whither do they show/ point me, what  
 Do they show as my reckoning?

Women weeping and travelling wild in the night  
 Like tall black Bacchae of trouble. What grief  
 Have they now to assuage, what wild weird women  
Can/ Come to me/ here for relief?

Am I Iacchos of the smoky slopes  
 So northern, lord of ecstacies  
 To north-wild women? Can I teach  
 North-Bacchic mysteries?

-----

From a College Window<sup>9</sup>

The glimmer of the limes, sun-heavy, steeping  
 Goes glimmering/ trembling past me up the college wall.  
 Below, the lawn, in soft blue shade is keeping  
 The daisy-froth quiescent, softly in thrall.

Beyond the leaves that overhang the street,  
 Along the flagged bare pavement summer white  
 Passes the world with shadows at their feet  
 In and out of sight.

C.N.B. II 46a contd/

Remote, although I hear the beggar's cough,

See the woman's (illeg.)/ wrinkling<sup>10</sup> fingers drop/tend him a coin

I sit aloft and wonder if he's/(illeg.)/aloft and (illeg.) I am better

[off

Aloft/ Away here, out of a world I (illeg.)/ am doomed to/would never

[join.<sup>11</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.226 under the title "Everlasting Flowers for a Dead Mother".  
A strange positioning of a rhyming poem in "Unrhyming Poems" but Lawrence himself placed it in this position in the Look! We Have Come Through! cycle in CP. Published in NP under "Everlasting Flowers."
2. NP has:-  
"And now in the dark my soul to you  
Turns back." (p.41)
3. NP has :-  
"To you, my little darling  
To you, out of Italy.  
For what is loveliness, my love  
Save you have it with me!" (p.41)
4. From here to the end of the NP version there is considerable difference. See **Introduction**.
5. V.S.P. p.140 under "Late at Night". Published in NP under this title. C.N.B.1 50b has an earlier version under "New Wine."
6. NP has "I want." (p.31)
7. NP has "trees' large shadows." (p.31)
8. Here again this version and NP diverge. See **Introduction**.
9. V.S.P. p.35 under this title. See **Introduction** for reference to its imagery in The Rainbow.
10. NP has "twinkling." (p.9)
11. NP has:-  
"I sit absolved, assured I am better off  
Beyond a world I never want to join." (p.9)

C.N.B. II 45b

Palimpsest of Twilight<sup>1</sup>

Darkness comes from the moist(?)/ earth  
 And swallows dip with the pallor of the west;  
 From the hay comes the clamour of children's mirth  
Fadest from (Illeg.)/ Fading in/ Fades<sup>2</sup> the palimpsest.

The night-stock oozes scent,  
 And a moon-blue moth goes flittering by:  
 All that the weary<sup>3</sup> day has meant  
Hides from the eye/ Sinks/ Becomes a lie/Wastes like a lie.

The children have forsaken their play,  
One/ A single star glimmers/ in a veil of light  
Shadows are softly smoothing/ Glimmers, have/ shadows<sup>4</sup> have  
 [smoothed away.]

The/ Those scriptures the day did indite  
What the day did write/  
 The falsehood from sight.

1. V.S.P. p.41 under "Twilight". First published in NP as "Palimpsest of Twilight" as here.
2. NP has "Wanes." (p.33)
3. NP has "worldly." (p.33)
4. NP concludes the poem:-  
"           litter of day  
   Is gone from sight." (p.33)

C.N.B. II 45a

The Piano<sup>1</sup>

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me

Tossing Slipping me/Taking me/(illeg.)/ Throwing me back/ backward down  
[slopes/vistas/of years,

to see

A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of  
the shaking strings

And pressing the small, poised feet of the mother, who smiles as she  
[ sings.

In spite of myself, a mild, unintelligent/ the/ insidious/ treachery  
[of/ song

Bleeds/ Betrays/ me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong

To the old Sunday evenings at home, wintry outside,

The/ And/ Children's singing hymns in the parlour with

The piano to/ as our/ guide.<sup>2</sup>

And/So/ now it is vain for the singer to burst

into clamour

With the great black piano appassionato. The

glamour

Of old, lost/ poignant/ days is upon me, my manhood

is gone/ cast

In weak (?) (illeg.)/

Away in remembrance, I weep like a child

for the past.

1. V.S.P. p.148 under "Piano" and version from MS 1479 entitled "The Piano" V.S.P. p.958. The two versions in this Notebook (see also 8a) along with the two published versions are discussed in the **Introduction**. Published in NP as "Piano".
  
2. At this point in the manuscript appears a drawing of a male face, possibly a self-portrait of Lawrence, while below the poem tulip-like flowers surround a beautiful woman with hair high and a long neck. Somewhat more mysteriously and also below the poem is written the expression "my eye". The handwriting is somewhat difficult to identify though it appears to be written with a similar pen to the final alteration in the poem - "Taking" in line 2. However, "my eye" is usually a derogatory comment meaning "humbug" and therefore suggests that this might be an interpolation by Frieda. A comparison with her handwritten remarks on the poem "My Love, My Mother" (C.N.B.1 70b) partly supports this view. It may be taken literally and could be Lawrence's own hand since, by the side of "my eye" is a small eye-like symbol observing the flowers and the figure. I tend to the view that it is a comment on the content of the poem made by Frieda.

C.N.B. II 44a

In Church<sup>1</sup>

In the choir the boys are singing the hymn  
 The morning light on their lips  
 Moves in silver-mist flashes, small-flashing Cherubim.<sup>2</sup>

Suddenly outside the high window, one crow  
 Is seen to alight from the air<sup>3</sup>  
 And wave on the withered oak-trees high-tipping/ shafts  
 of woe.

The bird has taken its place at/ The blot of a bird sits still at the  
 [top

Of the perished tree. In the grail  
 A/Of (illeg.)/ crystalline worship of morning hangs/worship<sup>4</sup> falls this  
fall/one black drop.

Like a soft full gem it sways, it dissolves away  
 In the sacred tender wine  
 Of our Sabbath, infusing the succour/ savour of n/Night through  
 our holy/ sacred day.

Engulphed<sup>5</sup>

Far off the lily-statues stand white-ranked in the garden at home.  
 Would God they were shattered quickly, that/the cattle would tread them  
 down in the loam.

I wish the elder trees in flower would suddenly move, and  
smash(?)/ burst

The walls of the house, and nettles would/ puff out from the hearth  
 where<sup>6</sup> I was nursed.



C.N.B. II 44a contd/

It stands so still in the hush composed of impregnable  
mournful<sup>7</sup> peace

The home of my fathers, my home that has grown with our  
own long growth and increase.

And now that the last of my house must perish, trodden out  
in the fathomless dirt

I would give my soul for the homestead to fall and pass with/along with  
[me(?)

pass with my/the final/ hurt<sup>8</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.147. Published in NP.
2. NP has "in musical trim." (p.28)
3. NP has "Hangs in the air." (p.28)
4. NP has "crystal heavens." (p.28)
5. V.S.P. p.159 under the title "At the front". First published in NP under the title "Heimweh".
6. NP has "at which." (p.59)
7. NP has "inviolable peace." (p.59)
8. NP has:-  
"And now that the skies are falling, the world is  
Spouting in fountains of dirt,  
I would give my soul for the homestead to fall with  
me, go with me, both in one hurt." (p.59)

C.N.B. II 43b

Indoors and Out<sup>1</sup>

How gorgeous that shock of red lilies, and larkspur cleaving  
All with a flash of blue! When will she be leaving

Her room where the night still hangs like a half-folded bat  
And a/darkness seethes in scent ferment,/ Where the night still  
audibly seethes<sup>2</sup> like must in a vat.

1. V.S.P. p.129 under the title "Twofold". First published in NP. What seems like a fragment is, in fact, the complete poem.
2. NP has "And passion unbearable seethes in the darkness."  
(p.20)

C.N.B. II 43a

Tarantella<sup>1</sup>

Sad he sits on the white sea-stone  
 And the silent/ dark<sup>2</sup> sea chuckles, and turns to the moon  
 And the looks/ moon stares vacantly<sup>3</sup> above/ back on the cliffs  
 and the boulders:

He sits like a shade by the flood alone,  
 While I dance upo/ a tarantella on the rocks, and the croon  
 Of my trippetting<sup>4</sup> mocks at him over the wave's dark shoulders.

So must/ Truly I dance to give him pain/  
(illeg.) him good(?) taunt him and tease him to death/  
I (illeg.) a dance as a flame of his auto-da-fe  
I'd dance (illeg.) a holy (illeg.)  
Flickering a flame tipped (illeg.) again/against him flame? again and  
again  
And again/Ever again upon him/till/until my breath  
Was gone and he was ash blown down the coast  
Is gone and like ash/his presence is ?ulled and consumed away.

Truly<sup>5</sup> I dance to give him pain,  
 To tease him and taunt/mock him and hurt/laugh him to death.  
 I dance, I dance as a flame of his auto-da-fe  
 Footing forever against him, again and again,  
 Ever against him until my breath  
 Is gone, and his ghost is illeg. or withered/ in my?/  
 that I dance against withers/flutters away.

C.N.B. II 43a contd/

I wish a wild sea-fellow would come down the glittering  
shingle

A wild/ white naked neckar<sup>6</sup>, with the winking of the sea in  
his eyes

And the clutch of the waves in his arms, and the  
the scathing kiss

Of foam on his lips: my soul would tingle

Against him, I would mock till his white form flies

In whips of/ Like whipping spray upon me, (illeg.) flung in the  
final hiss.

1. V.S.P. p.130. An early draft is in MS 1479 (No.23). V.S.P. does not mention the publication in NP.
2. NP has "suave." (p.27)
3. NP has "significant smiles." (p.27)
4. NP has "mockery." (p.27)
5. From here to the end NP has a completely revised version:-
 

"What can I do but dance alone,  
 Dance to the sliding sea and the moon  
 For the moon on my breast and the air on my limbs  
   and the foam on my feet?  
 For surely this earnest man has none  
 Of the night in his soul, and none of the tune  
 Of the waters within him; only the world's old  
   wisdom to bleat.

I wish a wild sea-fellow would come down the  
   glittering shingle,  
 A soulless neckar, with winking seas in his eyes  
 And falling waves in his arms, and the lost soul's kiss  
 On his lips: I long to be soulless, I tingle  
 To touch the sea in the last surprise  
 Of fiery coldness, to be gone in a lost soul's bliss."  
(p.27)
6. See note to C.N.B.11 38a

C.N.B. II 42a

Late in Life<sup>1</sup>

I did not know that love had come to me,  
 He came so still, as a sea-gull sinks to the sea  
 Slowly dripping from uplifted wings on the shimmer  
 Of waters wavering with sunset, and with its/ in their glimmer.

So softly settling, I was unaware  
 And still, as/ the red sea faded I did not know he was there/  
without my knowing he/ and I did not know he was there;  
And/ Ever darkness crossed the deep till the end of night,  
 When my soul awoke in knowledge/wonder/, and was  
 perfect, prepared/ready/ fitted for flight.

I rose as the dawn arose/ came in, and looked in the glass  
 And very surely/ saw that surely it had come to pass  
That/ In the night the years had unfolded/ were consummated, and age  
 Was complete as a flower/perfume upon me, the/ in perfect gage.

A charm is/ upon me like twilit flowers/ plants that take  
 The sunset for their dawn, or the holy lake  
 Of the sea as it rustles warm at the end of the day  
A/Opening its petals/ scarlet for the star-blown inner/strewn in-most  
 [ display.

And all the day white/bright sea-birds that whirled in fret  
 About me, dissonant, complaining that never yet  
 Had they sunk to/ in the sleep of fulfilment, now wake on the flood  
 In joy as the sea with the/dawn shuts up into bud.



1. V.S.P. p.861 under the title "Love comes Late".  
The text in V.S.P. is from MS 1479 No.22.  
It is interesting that Lawrence reworked the poem here but it does not appear in NP as do the majority of poems in this part of C.N.B.11.

C.N.B.II 41a

Flapper<sup>1</sup>

Mischief<sup>2</sup> has crept from her seated heart  
 As a field-bee, black and amber  
 Breaks from the winter-cell, to clamber  
 Up the rough grass where the sunbeams start.

Knowledge<sup>3</sup> has come in her dawning/ wakening eyes  
 And a glint of coloured day-light/ day-break brings  
 Such as lies along the folded wings  
 Of the bee before he flies.

You know how a ruffling, careful breath  
 Will open the wings of the stumbling/slow<sup>4</sup> young sprite!  
 So we flutter her spirit in stumbling flight  
 Through her eyes, as a young bee stumbleth.

He flies delighted in her voice.  
 The hum of his glittering, drunken wings  
 Sets quivering with passion/ instant<sup>5</sup> the common things  
 That she says, till the strings of our hearts rejoice.<sup>6</sup>

In the Park<sup>7</sup>

When the wind blows her veil  
 And shows me/uncovers her laughter  
 I cease/ stop short in my sad tale.<sup>8</sup>  
 When the wind blows her veil  
From the/ As my woes I bewail  
 And I see what she's after:<sup>9</sup>  
 When the wind blows her veil  
 I cease my sad tale.

1. V.S.P. p.46. First published in The Egoist, 1 April, 1914 under the title "Song". Reprinted with same in Poetry, December, 1914. Reprinted with changes in NP.
2. NP has "Love." (p.10)
3. NP has "Mischief." (p.10)
4. NP has "wild." (p.10)
5. NP has "with wisdom." (p.10)
6. NP has "and her words rejoice." (p.10)
7. V.S.P. p.133 under the title "Birdcage Walk". This version with "And I see what she's after" is more of an experience than the final vague version. It was first published in NP and there is an early draft in MS 1479 (No.37) entitled "Triolet". NP has "Birdcage Walk" as the title.
8. NP has "I cease, I turn pale." (p.11)
9. NP has "of love and hereafter." (p.11)

C.N.B.II 40a

Sentimental Epistle/ Correspondence

I

The Almond Tree<sup>1</sup>

You promised to send me some violets, did you forget?  
 White ones and blue ones from under the orchard hedge.  
 You said you would find me the very first, as a pledge  
Of love that is no sown(?) sanctioned mignonette/ That  
 That we (illeg.) should not wait on the sanctioned mignonette.<sup>2</sup>

Here there's an almond tree such as you have never seen  
In the north, (illeg.) In northernmost(?)/ It blooms down the street;  
 [ a/Every day I stand  
 Beneath it and watch the silver-pink flowers expand  
And Their poise above me, blue bits showing between.

Under my almond tree, the happy lands  
 Provence, Japan, and Italy are spread  
 And feet that pass on the pavement make clapping (illeg.)/ hands  
 Like girls that clap acclamation around/where we/ for us who are wed.<sup>3</sup>

You, my love, are/the foremost, in a flowered gown,  
With/Have (illeg.)/ With your patient tenderness, and a glitter of  
 [ laughter  
 Startled upon your darkest/ eyes that are dark with/that are dark with  
 [ hereafter,  
 You with loose hands of abandonment hanging down.

Letter to the North<sup>4</sup>

The clouds are pushing in grey reluctance slowly northward to you.  
 But north of them all, at the farthest (illeg.)ends, stands one tall  
 [ beauty aglance

C.N.B.II 40a contd/

With fire as it guards the wild north cloud-coasts, red north seas  
[ running through  
The rocks, where ravens fly windward home to melt as a well-shot lance.

You must/should be out by the orchard, where violets secretly purple<sup>6</sup>  
[ the earth,  
Or in the woods of this/ the northern fiery/twilight, with shaken<sup>7</sup>  
[ wind-flowers around/astir.

Think of me here/ in the library (illeg.)/(illeg.)/ room(?) forging a  
[ song that is worth  
Swords to my spirit, forging my sigh/ welding my fury in words like a  
[ (illeg.)/that no fires(?) will deter.<sup>8</sup>

The lambs have come, they lie at mid-day like daisies white in the  
[grass  
Of the dark-green north; red calves are in shed; peewits turn after the  
[ plough-  
It is well for you. Here a hundred navvies work in the road where I  
[pass  
And I want to set a sigil<sup>9</sup> of blood on the rock of each waterless brow.  
Like the sough of a wind that is caught up high in the mesh of  
the northern trees

A sudden car goes sweeping past, and I strain my soul to hear  
The voice of the furtive triumphant engine as it rushes past like a  
[breeze  
And catch/Express on its mocking triumphance the unwitting deep  
(illeg.) under-tone<sup>10</sup> of fear.

1. V.S.P. p.58. First published in NP and there is an earlier draft in MS 1479, No.44.
2. NP has:- "Sweet dark purple, and white one mixed for a pledge  
Of our early love that hardly has opened yet."  
(p.12)
3. NP has "Who play around us, country girls clapping their  
hands." (p.12)
4. V.S.P. p.57. First published in NP as "Letter from Town on a  
Grey Evening in March." V.S.P. has "Letter from Town: On a  
Grey Morning in March."
5. NP has "bright bosomed." (p.15)
6. NP has "darken." (p.15)
7. NP has "northern." (p.15)
8. NP has for the final two lines of this stanza:-  
"Think of me here in the library, trying and trying  
a song that is worth  
Tears and swords to my heart, arrows no armour  
will turn or deter." (p.15)
9. "Sigil", a seal or signet or possibly an occult sign, is an  
unusual word. NP has "to smite in anger." (p.15)
10. NP has "after-echo." (p.16)



C.N.B.II 39a contd/

In the empurpled north, toiling and rich and  
all somnambulists, strong  
In their sleep-walk but/ soundlessly moaning,  
and/ knowing the time of their sleep is not long.



- 440
1. V.S.P. p.148 as "The North Country". First published in NP.
  2. NP has "scatter and wheel." (p.43)
  3. NP has "darkly." (p.43)
  4. NP has "deep, slow." (p.43)
  5. NP has "man-life." (p.43)
  6. NP has "shut in hum of the purpled steel." (p.43)
  7. NP has "drugged dense." (p.43)
  8. NP has "motion." (p.43)
  9. NP has for the rest of the poem:-  
"            asleep in the rule  
Of the strong machine that runs mesmeric, booming  
the spell of its word  
Upon them and moving them helpless, mechanic,  
their will to its will deferred.

Yet all the while comes the droning inaudible, out  
of the violet air,  
The moaning of sleep-bound beings in travail that  
toil and are will-less there  
In the spell-bound north, convulsive with a  
dream near morning, strong  
With violent achings heaving to burst the sleep  
that is now not long." (p.44)



1. V.S.P. p.75 as "School on the Outskirts".  
First published in NP. The school is the Davidson Road School, Croydon, where Lawrence taught from 1909. The building was then new and this explains the imagery.
2. NP has "shadowless." (p.39)
3. NP has "at the gates of life." (p.39)
4. NP has for the remainder:-  
"With shelter now, and with blandishment, since  
the winds have had their way  
And laid the desert horrific of silence and snow on  
the world of mankind,  
School now is the rock in this weary land the winter  
burns and makes blind." (p.39)

C.N.B.II 38a

Neckar<sup>1</sup>

Where the minnows trace

A glinting web quick hid in the gloom of the brook,

When I think of the place

And remember the young lad lying/long-while lying,<sup>2</sup> to look

Through the turned up face

At the little fish thread-threading their shadowy nook-

It seems to me

If the woman you are should be nixie, there is a pool,

If only to see

You undine-clear and pearly, soul-lessly cool,

And waterly

A pool of my soul to receive you, a minnowy pool/school.<sup>3</sup>

Narcissus

Surpassed so long ago the lily reflection.

Ilyssus

Broke the bounds and beyond! Dim recollection

Of fishes

Soundlessly moving in heaven's other direction!

Be

Undine towards the water, moving back

To me

A pool. Put off the soul you've got, unpack,<sup>4</sup>

Flee

From the human life immortal, give it the sack.



C.N.B.II 37a

London Night<sup>1</sup>

Year 1910

The night rain, dripping unseen  
Comes endlessly kissing my face and my hands.

The river, slipping between  
The/ Lamps is striped with golden bands  
Half-way down its slate-black/ darkling hidden heaving sides  
Like a panther that shows/ revealed as it hides.

Under the Waterloo Bridge  
Go singing the great bright cars  
Each with a gay/ floor light racing along side/ at its side,  
And midge after luminous midge  
Floats over the bridge/gulf, where the towers  
Faintly loom from a sky that unfolds and is wide.

Under the wide/ deep iron roof  
where/That goes/ carries the railroad crosses/overhead  
The/ Over Embankment and river  
The outcasts sleep their(?) reproof(?) on their own behoof  
Ranked together/ on the pavement bed  
With feet towards our way, who cold and shiver/, like shafts from a  
[ quiver  
At the/ They lie, a long, low, ruffled heap  
Of (illeg.) wastrel sleep.

C.N.B. II 37a contd/

As birds that hide their heads in their wings  
The wastrels have covered/ cover their faces in rags  
To hide the naked sleep.

But two are uncovered, and/ the car that sings

Its song of haste waves luminous flags./

(illeg. electric (illeg.) lags

Across the long, low ruffled heap/

Its song of electric speed, now lags

In light across the white-specked heap.

C.N.B.II 36a

Over the whiteness/pallor of only two faces  
 Out of the long, low parallel heap  
 Passes the flare of the tramcar singing its song  
 Two terrible, naked places  
 Of human sleep  
Lit.up/ Thrown out by the light of the tram as it hurries along.

A little, bearded man, pale, peaked in sleeping,  
 A face like a chickweed flower!  
 And a heavy, sullen woman, with a sleep in keeping  
 Obstinate, dour.

Over the whiteness of only two faces  
 Tossed out on the low, black, sloping/ parallel heap  
 Passes the song of the car, as it races  
 Against/Past/Across their sleep.

But/ What limbs are there to trace?  
 Suave limbs of a youth, fine-shapen thighs  
 Drawn up for warmth in unconscious grace-  
 Two thin bare ankles, whose owner sighs  
 In sleep, rubs one against the other -  
 And the balls of five red, dirty toes  
 Like naked bird-bubs, brother by brother  
 Asleep in a muddy nest. Who knows  
 How warm are the newspaper sheets wrapped round  
 The worthless limbs of the next two men.  
 And why does the woman make a mound  
 Of her knees as she sleeps in that den?

Out of the pallor of only two faces  
 Passes the (illeg.) light as it tips(?) and quickens its paces



C.N.B.II 35a

At the feet of the sleepers, watching  
 Stand men who are weary, but have no place  
 By the wall; They look at the dark rain, catching  
 The glow of the trams as they pass with their way of haste/ in the joy  
 [ of the race

Great, warm, floating lanterns of light  
 That float and pass, blown ruddily down the night.

Out upon the pavement, people slowly  
 Pass across the sight  
 Holding aloft, like flowers of shining moly  
 Umbrellas that gleam and are bright.

The dreary, weary sentinels  
 Watch heavy-eyed and owlish  
 Heedless, deader than many hells,  
 Blearily ghoulish.

They wait and guard the row of abandoned/rotten feet  
 That move as sleep disturbs, then rest again,  
 Blearily looking at nothingness out in the street  
Waiting/ They wait to find a place with the women and men.

The factories on the Surrey side  
 Are beautifully laid in black on a gold-grey sky.  
 While down the river's lead-grey tide  
 Slashed with veins of light which lie  
 Like metal in ore  
 Passes a lost invisible boat  
Passes/Through the shimmer, the swirl, the bright/ and uproar  
 Of gold(?) light? at the bridge pier, gone, a dark mote.

C.N.B.II 35a contd/

And still the golden midges fly  
 Across the gulf, and to and fro,  
 And still like a luminous butterfly  
 Creeps the flash/ gleam after gleam through the flashes below.

1. V.S.P. p.144 as "Embankment at Night, before the War" and with the sub-heading "Outcasts", V.S.P. makes no comment on these poems. NP has the same title as V.S.P. See **Introduction.**

C.N.B.II 34a

London Night<sup>1</sup>

Year 1910

The Embankment/ Charing Cross Railway Bridge

The night rain, dripping unseen  
Comes endlessly kissing my face and hands.

The river, slipping/ open between  
The world, is rayed/ here glitters with golden bands  
Half way down its heaving sides/ Astir/Though/ Astir and quivers in its  
[tides  
Like a/panther that breathes as it hides/ Like (illeg.) ore that a  
[close world/earth hides.

Under the Waterloo/Railway Bridge

Go singing the great bright cars  
Each with a light like a dog that runs at its side.  
And far off, midge after midge  
Floats gold across/ through the gulf that bars  
The way with darkness, floats with/ over the running tide.

At Charing Cross is the bridge

Where sleep in a mass the outcasts  
Closely packed, with heads against the wall.  
Their feet, in a broken ridge  
Stretch out on the pavement; the rout casts  
A look as it passes the edge of their naked stall.

C.N.B. II 34a contd/

As beasts that sleep must cover  
Their face in their flank, so these  
Have covered with rags the sacred naked sleep.  
But, as the tram-cars hover  
In flight, with the noise of a breeze  
And gleam as of sunshine crossing the low black heap

Two faces naked are seen  
Two faces bare and asleep  
Two faces uncovered and swept by the light of the cars.  
Two/ White flowers showing between  
The rags of the long broad heap  
Lie open and callous, two terrible, shameless stars.

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C.N.B.II 33a

Only the pallor of the two pale faces  
Floats on the rough, dishevelled heap.  
Only in two pale, awful places  
The quick lies bare of inviolate sleep.

A little bearded man, pale, peaked in sleeping,  
A face like a chickweed flower  
And a strong-boned woman, sullenly sleeping,  
Callous and dour.

Over the pallor of only two faces  
Tossed on the low, black parallel heap  
Passes the light of the car as it races,  
Pausing/ And pauses to peep.

All the eloquent limbs  
Sleep and turn away  
Suave, smooth limbs of a youth, and round fair thighs  
Drawn up for warmth; and rims  
Of muddy trousers/ boots that fray  
On two thin ankles restless/  
On thin bare ankles whose owner shrinks as he lies.

The balls of five red toes  
Like/Red and dirty like/ bare  
Young birds forsaken and left in a nest of mud -  
And limbs wrapped up in clothes  
Of newspaper-sheets that tear  
As the owners move and turn to the sound of the flood.

C.N.B.II 33a contd/

And one strange rising mound  
Of a woman's dreary knees  
As she thrusts them upward under the ruffled skirt.  
And hardly a single sound  
From all the mass of these  
Wastrels that sleep on the flagstones, and take no hurt.

## C.N.B.II 32a

Over the whiteness of only two faces  
Shown(?) on the low, black, villainous heap  
Passes the light as it quickens its paces  
And leaps as the great trams leap.

At the feet of the sleepers, watching,  
Stand those that have no place  
To sleep by the wall: yet still as they stand, they sleep  
Their stand face-outward, catching  
The flare of the trams on their face,  
But waiting/ blind like men who are drowned and  
who float in the deep.

Great, warm, lighted lanterns,  
Tram-cars singing in haste  
Float up, and pass, blown ruddily down the night  
And now and then a man turns  
Away, and goes down/ into the waste  
Wet dark embankment drearily out of sight.

On the outer pavement slowly  
Proper people pass  
Holding aloft their umbrellas that gleam and are bright  
Like flowers of infernal moly  
They seem to say alas  
As they make their transit also into the night.



C.N.B.II 32a contd/

And still by the rows of rotten

Sodden and shattered feet

The weary, dreary outposts stand and keep/ on guard

Everything now forgotten

They wait for fate to delete

One figure from the foul, foul-sleeping ward.

C.N.B. II 31a

The factories on the Surrey side  
 Are beautifully laid in black 'gainst a gold-grey sky  
 While the rivers lead-grey tide  
 Is slashed and veined like ore that thrills to the eye.

And great gold midges fly  
 Across the chasm in the distance to and fro  
 And golden midges ply  
 Slowly among the swirl at the piers below.

London Nights<sup>2</sup>

Year 1910

Clerks at Evening/ in the Parks

We have shut the doors behind us, and the velvet flowers of night  
 Lean about us sprinkling their pollen dust(?)of/ (illeg,)/(illeg.)  
 [their starry dusty yellow light.<sup>3</sup>

Now at last we lift our faces, and our faces come aflower  
 To the moon that takes the city/ us willing in into/ in free (illeg,)/  
 [ministry and power.<sup>4</sup>

Now at last the shame<sup>5</sup> and dudgeon passes from our weary<sup>6</sup> eyes  
 And out of the chambered weariness wanders a soul abroad on its  
 enterprise.

Not too near and not too far  
 Out of the mass<sup>7</sup> of the crowd  
 Music screams as elephants scream  
 When they lift their trunks and shout aloud  
 In the torrid nights where monkeys<sup>8</sup> are  
 Asleep and adream.

C.N.B.II 31a (continued)

And/ So here I walk<sup>9</sup> in the Shalimar  
 With a Delhi<sup>10</sup> princess slender and proud  
 Who is faint<sup>11</sup> with kisses; so/ and we seem  
 Two peacocks afloat in a perfumed<sup>12</sup> cloud  
 Flying and scattering/ shimmering star and star  
In (illeg.)/ Down a phosphorous stream.<sup>13</sup>

1. See previous poem.
2. V.S.P. p.70 as "Hyde Park at Night, Before the War". First published in The English Review, April 1910, under the title "Yesternight" as part of a sequence called "Workday Evenings". This version is in V.S.P. p.933. Once again the nearness of C.N.B.11 to the final version and the one in NP indicates a much later reworking than the 1910 version.
3. NP has "their pollen grains of golden light." (p.18)
4. NP has:-  
 "To the night that takes us willing, liberates us to the hour." (p.18)
5. NP has "ink." (p.18)
6. NP has "fervent." (p.18)
7. NP has "stress." (p.18)
8. NP has "masters." (p.18)
9. NP has "hide." (p.18)
10. NP has "wanton." (p.18)
11. NP has "And we swoon." (p.18)
12. NP has "gone in a cloud." (p.18)
13. NP finishes:-  
 " with star after star  
 On our stream." (p.18)

C.N.B. II 30a

London Nights<sup>1</sup>  
Embankment 1910

By the river

In the black dark night as the horrid rain slinks down,  
Dropping and starting from sleep  
Alone on a bench(?)/ black dark(?)/ wet seat  
A woman crouches.

I want to give her  
Some money. Her hand slips out on her sodden gown  
Asleep. My fingers creep too/  
Steathily over the sweet  
Venus(?)/ Thumb's mound, into the palms deep pouches.

God, how she starts!  
And drops her head and looks in the palm of her hand.  
Before she can look at/ lift to me  
I turn and run/ Her face, I turn and run  
Down the Embankment, fast as I can/run for my life.

Because of my heart's  
Beating like sobs, I come to myself, and stand  
In the street spilled over splendidly  
With lights on wetness. What I've done  
I don't know, I dare not (illeg.)/ all is confusion and strife.

The outcasts sleep under the bridge  
Or stand soddenly watching.  
The woman sleeps in the rain.  
I going home in the train  
Sit senseless, senselessly catching  
The drops that fly in at the window, (illeg.) midge after midge.



C.N.B.II 29a contd/

And baskets of flowers the daylight hawks are gone, and roses in

[hawkers baskets have vanished, so

now we are free

To flower in our rags, and twitter, and give the look that defies

The sun to shine, and the flowers to smell/ in the light of day to be

Tomorrow to come, or today to have been, or this circus to cease to

[ be.<sup>6</sup>

1. V.S.P. p.143 under "Embankment at Night, Before the War" with secondary title "Charity". V.S.P. again makes no comment. See **Introduction** to poems.
2. V.S.P. p.70 as "Picadilly Circus at Night" with secondary title "Street Walkers". An earlier version is on V.S.P. p.934. The version in V.S.P. which is close to C.N.B.11 was from NP.
3. NP has "All the birds." (p.26)
4. NP has "All the flowers are faded." (p.26)
5. NP has "and illusory." (p.26)
6. NP has a completely changed final stanza:-  
 "Wanton sparrows that twittered when morning  
   looked in at their eyes  
 And the Cyprian's pavement-roses are gone, and  
   now it is we  
 Flowers of illusion who shine in our gauds, make a  
   Paradise  
 On the shores of this ceaseless ocean, gay birds of  
   the town-dark sea." (p.26)



C.N.B.II 28a

Spring (illeg.)/Fire<sup>1</sup>

The sun sets out the yellow<sup>2</sup> crocuses  
And pours them in a heavy<sup>3</sup> measure  
Of warmth-producing<sup>4</sup> beams wine, which treasure  
Runs waste down their chalices

Now/ All, are all Persephone's gold/ fine cups of gold  
(illeg.)/ Are on the board and over-filled;  
The portions to the (illeg.)/ gods is/ are spilled;  
Now/ Let heroes<sup>5</sup> all, take hold

The year.is.an/ time is now, the crocus full and full  
Of rolling<sup>6</sup> heaven, a golden/yellow/ wasting<sup>7</sup> cup;  
Now little hero-men take up  
The pledge, and a long, strong pull.

Out of the hell-queen's cup, the sky's god's/bright wine -  
Drink then, the Host invisible drink.<sup>8</sup>  
Lips to the hell-cup,<sup>9</sup> never shrink  
Throats to the heavens incline.

And swear within the wine the gods' great oath  
By heaven, and earth, and by.the.(illeg.)/stream profound<sup>10</sup>  
To<sup>11</sup> have.at.one.the.life.(illeg.)  
In.body.and.spirit,.both.(?)  
And.the.life,.one.in.both/  
move as men/ free men, men unbound

C.N.B.II 28a contd/

In hell and heaven, both.

To wait no longer for the great hereafter,

To fawn no more on eternity/

Swear, as the spring wine pours in the cups of the queen

Of hell, the oath of passionate/liberty.

Swear, in the wine of the twin-eternity

The oath of the life between.

1. V.S.P. p.177 under "Autumn Sunshine". The imagery is changed in the first stanza from "warmth-producing" to "death-producing".  
V.S.P. publishes two other poems which he calls earlier versions (pp. 868, 959) but are only similar in the first stanza.  
It is more likely that they are reworkings of "Amour" (C.N.B.11 12b). Published in NP.
2. NP has "autumn." (p.63)
3. NP has "pouring." (p.63)
4. NP has "death-producing." (p.63)
5. NP has "mortals." (p.63)
6. NP has "lambent." (p.63)
7. NP has "pledging." (p.63)
8. NP has:-  
"Drink then, invisible heroes, drink." (p.63)
9. NP has "vessels." (p.63)
10. NP has "hellish stream." (p.63)
11. NP resolves the rest:-  
"To break this sick and nauseous dream  
We writhe and lust in, both.  
Swear, in the pale wine poured from the cups of the  
queen  
Of hell, to wake and be free  
From this nightmare we writhe in,  
Break out of this foul has-been." (p.63)

C.N.B.II 62a

To<sup>1</sup>

Ottoline Morrell

my friend

I dedicate these poems

Illuminations/ records

the pain and

of the days/of my/ of pain and hope  
now spent

That(?) her safe keeping

That I may be free/she

To forget them.

C.N.B.II 62b

To My Friend

The Lady Ottoline Morrell

These poems

That in her safe keeping

These e Pains and Hopes

Of my Past

To my Friend

The Lady Ottoline Morrell

These Pains and Hopes/Records

Of my Pain and Hope.

H.A.W.S

1. Dedication to Lady Ottoline Morrell  
Amores is dedicated to her.  
See **Introduction** for comment.

C.N.B.II 63b

By a fool of a man <sup>1</sup>

Yet she does what she can

Since man/For/ since men/since man in a mother began

Boom-Boom

Since man in a mother began

Tiddi- ra-ta

Man in a mother began

Ta - Boom

In a mother began

Tiddi-ra-ta- b Boom

In a mother began.

Boom! Boom

Boom, tiddi-ra-ta, Boom

Boom, tiddi-ra-ta, Boom

C.N.B.II 64b

Two, there are two words only  
Boom, tiddi-ra-ta, boom  
Don't part them or they'll be lonely  
Boom, tiddi-ra-ta, boom

Mother first

Boom! Boom!

She who nursed

Tiddi-ra-ta, Boom

The child at her breast

Tiddi-ra-ta

She is best

O - Boom!

Wife comes next

Tiddi-ra

Pained and vexed

Ta-Boom!

1. Not published. One can perhaps imagine it as a joke of a bitter kind with Frieda. Her comments on C.N.B.1 70b still seem justified. Mother is still "best" and wife is "pained and vexed."



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