

**COLLECTED
POEMS**

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Collected Poems by Rupert Brooke & George Edward Woodberry

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RUPERT BROOKE & GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

**COLLECTED
POEMS**

**THE COLLECTED POEMS
OF RUPERT BROOKE**

RUPERT BROOKE

Born at Rugby, August 3, 1887
Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 1913
Sub-Lieutenant, R.N. V.R., September, 1914
Antwerp Expedition, October, 1914
Sailed with British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, February 28, 1915
Died in the Aegean, April 23, 1915



THE
COLLECTED POEMS
OF
RUPERT BROOKE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE
BY MARGARET LAVINGTON

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**THIRTY-SIXTH THOUSAND
THIRTY-SEVENTH THOUSAND
THIRTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND
THIRTY-NINTH THOUSAND
FORTIETH THOUSAND
FORTY-FIRST THOUSAND
FORTY-SECOND THOUSAND
FORTY-THIRD THOUSAND
FORTY-FOURTH THOUSAND
FORTY-FIFTH THOUSAND
FORTY-SIXTH THOUSAND
FORTY-SEVENTH THOUSAND
FORTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND
FORTY-NINTH THOUSAND
FIFTIETH THOUSAND**

INTRODUCTION

I

Rupert Brooke was both fair to see and winning in his ways. There was at the first contact both bloom and charm; and most of all there was life. To use the word his friends describe him by, he was "vivid." This vitality, though manifold in expression, is felt primarily in his sensations—surprise mingled with delight—

"One after one, like tasting a sweet food."

This is life's "first fine rapture." It makes him patient to name over those myriad things (each of which seems like a fresh discovery) curious but potent, and above all common, that he "loved,"—he the "Great Lover." Lover of what, then? Why, of

"White plates and cups clean-gleaming,
Rimmed with blue lines,"—

and the like, through thirty lines of exquisite words; and he is captivated by the multiple brevity of these vignettes of sense, keen, momentary, ecstatic with the morning dip of youth in the wonderful stream. The poem is a catalogue of vital sensations and "dear names" as well. "All these have been my loves."

The spring of these emotions is the natural body, but it sends pulsations far into the spirit. The feeling rises in direct observation, but it is soon aware of the "outlets of the sky." He sees objects practically unrelated, and

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links them in strings; or he sees them pictorially; or, he sees pictures immersed as it were in an atmosphere of thought. When the process is complete, the thought suggests the picture and is its origin. Then the Great Lover revisits the bottom of the monstrous world, and imaginatively and thoughtfully recreates that strange under-sea, whose glooms and gleams and muds are well known to him as a strong and delighted swimmer; or, at the last, drifts through the dream of a South Sea lagoon, still with a philosophical question in his mouth. Yet one can hardly speak of "completion." These are real first flights. What we have in this volume is not so much a work of art as an artist in his birth trying the wings of genius.

The poet loves his new-found element. He clings to mortality; to life, not thought; or, as he puts it, to the concrete,—let the abstract "go pack!" "There's little comfort in the wise," he ends. But in the unfolding of his precocious spirit, the literary control comes uppermost; his boat, finding its keel, swings to the helm of mind. How should it be otherwise for a youth well-born, well-bred, in college air? Intellectual primacy showed itself to him in many wandering "loves," fine lover that he was; but in the end he was an intellectual lover, and the magnet seems to have been especially powerful in the ghosts of the men of "wit," Donne, Marvell—erudite lords of language, poets in another world than ours, a less "ample ether," a less "divine air," our fathers thought, but poets of "eternity." A quintessential drop of intellect is apt to be in poetic blood. How Platonism fascinates the poets, like a shining bait! Rupert Brooke will have none of it; but at a turn of the verse he is back at it,