

**KING ERIK: A  
TRAGEDY. WITH AN  
INTRODUCTORY ESSAY**

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King Erik: A Tragedy. With an Introductory Essay by Edmund W. Gosse & Theodore Watts

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**EDMUND W. GOSSE & THEODORE WATTS**

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# KING ERIK

A TRAGEDY

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BY

EDMUND GOSSE

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY THEODORE WATTS




LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1893

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KING ERIK.

*A TRAGEDY.*



KING ERIK.  
BY  
EDMUND W. GOSSE.



London:  
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.  
1876.





TO ROBERT BROWNING.

*As young Greek athletes hung their votive strigils  
Within the temples of the Powers above;  
As lovers gave the lamp that lit their vigils  
Through sleepless hours of love;*

*So I this lyric symbol of my labour,  
This antique light that led my dreams so long,  
This battered hull of a barbaric tabor,  
Beaten to runic song,*

*Bear to that shrine where your dear presence lingers,  
Where stands your Muse's statue white as snow;  
I take my poor gift in my trembling fingers,  
And hang it there and go.*

*This very day one hundred years are over  
Since Landon's godlike spirit came to earth;  
Surely the winter air laughed like a lover,  
The hour that gave him birth.*

*Ah ! had he lived to hear our hearts' emotion,  
What lyric love had strewn his path to-day !  
Yourself had sung ; and Swinburne's rapt devotion  
Had cleft its sunward way ;*

*And I, too, though unknown and unregarded,  
Had thrown my violets where you threw your bays,  
Had seen my garland, also, not discarded,  
Had gloried all my days !*

*But since the world his august spirit haunted  
Detains him here no more, but mourns him dead,  
And other chaplets, in strange airs enchanted,  
Girdle his sacred head,*

*Take thou my small oblation, yea ! receive it !  
Laid at thy feet, within thy shrine it stands !  
I brought it from my heart, and here I leave it,  
The work of reverent hands.*

*January 30th 1875.*