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## *Robinson and Music*

by SCOTT DONALDSON

### I

MORE THAN any other American poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson's appeal is to the ear rather than the eye.<sup>1</sup> Not that his verse aims for or achieves the insistent musicality of a Lanier or a Poe: there is "very little tinkling water" in *The Torrent and the Night Before*,<sup>2</sup> and not much later either. Robinson's voice carried a subtler tune; he sought that "infinite plain-song" which—one of the Octaves proclaims—"is itself all music."<sup>3</sup> Let others blow trumpets. He'd be content "with a Jew's harp and a bass-drum."<sup>4</sup> And yet his poetry *sounds*. Refrains from nature and the music of the spheres serve throughout to embody image and convey metaphor, to abet characterization and lend structure.

The reason was mostly temperamental, though the pain of his infected ear undoubtedly played its part. So sensitive was his hearing that Robinson could ill abide the clamor of any group larger than three or four. And it was while at Harvard, where his ear was being treated and then operated on for necrosis, that he first encountered "the perfect revelation" of the symphony and grand opera.<sup>5</sup> Yet he had already conceived his passion for music while a boy in Gardiner, and after returning from the two-year sojourn in Cambridge in 1893, he basked in the glow of Arthur Blair's fiddle during evening meetings of the group called the Quadruped. Several years later in New York, the essentially indoor Robinson happily tramped the three miles from Yonkers to Riverdale to hear Fullerton Waldo weave his magic on an ancient Storioni viola.<sup>6</sup> Such enthusiasm lasted all his life, and was only intensified by the summers he subsequently spent among composers and performers at the MacDowell Colony. There he met Mabel Daniels, who discovered that

1. For commentary on his ear-mindedness, see Hermann Hagedorn, *Edwin Arlington Robinson* (New York: Macmillan, 1938), p. 300, and Emery Neff, *Edwin Arlington Robinson* (New York: Sloane, 1948), p. 71.

2. Robinson made this remark in a letter to Arthur Gledhill. Quoted in Neff, p. 73.

3. "Octave XIX," *Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson* (New York: Macmillan, 1937), p. 106.

4. Hagedorn, p. 170.

5. For discussion of his ear troubles, see Neff, pp. 7, 20, 23, 25, 33, 57; for the remark about symphonies and operas, Hagedorn, p. 76.

6. Hagedorn, pp. 93, 177.

though she could not lure the notoriously reticent E.A.R. to a dinner party for six in Boston, she could easily produce him for the after-dinner piano performance of Heinrich Gebhard, whom she coached in advance to be prepared to play Beethoven's *Waldstein Sonata*, since Robinson might ask for it. He did.<sup>7</sup>

At such moments—or in the concert halls of New York and Boston—the poet listened with rapt attention, totally absorbed in the music. Indeed, Hermann Hagedorn suggests in his biography that what began as enjoyment ended in virtual addiction. So in later years Robinson came to rely on concerts in the Peterborough woods to—as he put it—shake “the dust of approaching senility” out of his brain and, more important, to soothe his unquiet nerves.<sup>8</sup> He could only feel sorry for those who, like his Tasker Norcross, took no pleasure from their “infrequent forced endurance” of music; for his part, it was one of those things he would not do without. Why, Lewis Isaacs asked him, did he object so violently to Prohibition? “Well,” Robinson replied angrily, “you know what it would be like if you were suddenly told you could never hear another note of music.”<sup>9</sup>

Knowing how much it had meant to him, Robinson proposed in one of his last letters to his favorite niece, Ruth Nivison, that she interest her young boys in music.<sup>10</sup> He himself had begun tootling on brother Dean's clarinet before his 'teens, but later abandoned clarinet for fiddle, either because a) the sound exacerbated his own tender ears, or b) it annoyed the neighbors, or c) he had measured his competence on the instrument by the effect his playing had on the cat, which showed an encouraging increase in tolerance until he found, “on a woeful day, that the long-suffering brute was stone-deaf.” He did progress as a clarinetist to the stage, he wrote Daniel Gregory Mason, where he “could do *The Flying Trapeze* and *Abide With Me* pretty well,” but the march in *The Prophet* was beyond him, not because he couldn't finger it, but because he “couldn't get time through” his head. In 1897, when he packed up for New York, he took both fiddle and clarinet with him. He probably gave them away in the city; at any rate, they never came back to Gardiner.<sup>11</sup>

Robinson also made early attempts at composition of music. Languishing in Gardiner in the winter of 1895, he wrote tunes to accompany several poems of James Whitcomb Riley, including the sentimental one which begins, “There! little girl; don't cry!” Six months later, he wrote

7. Mabel Daniels, “Edwin Arlington Robinson: A Musical Memoir,” *Colby Library Quarterly*, Series VI, No. 6 (June 1963), 224.

8. Hagedorn, pp. 269–270, 299, 333, 370–371.

9. “Tasker Norcross,” *Collected Poems*, p. 174.

10. Autograph letter from Carty Ranck to Ruth Nivison, 14 November 1935 (Colby College Library).

11. Hagedorn, p. 115; *Edwin Arlington Robinson's Letters to Edith Brower*, ed. Richard Cary (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1968), p. 3; *Untriangulated Stars: Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson to Harry de Forest Smith, 1890–1905*, ed. Denham Sutcliffe (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1947), p. 239; Daniel Gregory Mason, *Music in My Time* (New York: Macmillan, 1938), pp. 82–83; Laura E. Richards, *E.A.R.* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1936), p. 58.

Harry Smith that he was once again composing, this time “a sort of Funeral March with two themes” and “a ballad which, I trust, will some day be a Tavern Song.” Writing music without knowing how was “a harmless amusement,” he maintained, “if one doesn’t do too much of it.” His method was eccentric, to say the least. He’d manufacture tunes on the black keys of the piano only (the white ones mystified him), then reproduce them with the aid of his wheezing clarinet, and finally get them down on paper, a note or two at a time. Smith need not worry that he was serving two masters, Robinson assured his friend; it was just that he’d “dabbled with notes” all his life and probably always would. But that habit he abandoned with his instrumental career. “Sometimes I make a sonnet in an hour,” he wrote Edith Brower in the spring of ’97, “but I don’t make any more songs.”<sup>12</sup>

These ventures faded away, but not the predilection that stimulated them. Then as always, Robinson was “primarily ear-minded, not eye-minded.” What, he asked Parker Fillmore, did he get from looking at paintings? Was it possible that pictures could mean as much to him as music?<sup>13</sup> In his box of a room on Irving Place in New York, he sweated away at his poetry. On the wall, he stuck up a fifty-cent photograph of Beethoven “for the sake of having the presence of a fellow who did things without ears.”<sup>14</sup>

It was not solely Beethoven who inspired Robinson. His taste in music was catholic, ranging from Brahms to Gilbert and Sullivan (he saw *Rud-digore* seven times one winter), from Mendelssohn to brass bands, from Verdi to ballads, and the bawdier the better. One evening at the MacDowell, Margaret Widdemer was scheduled to present an assortment of these ballads, only to find her place at the piano pre-empted by Elinor Wylie, who began to sing a series of childhood airs. The company was generally enchanted, but Wylie’s wistfulness and charm bounced off Robinson “as Cleopatra’s would have equally.” He wanted his musical roast beef and potatoes, and summoned up his status as king of Peterborough to that end. “That’s enough, Elinor,” he told Mrs. Benet as pleasantly as if she had been ten. “We came here to hear Margaret.” And then, so Widdemer recalled, “Somehow—I do not know how—she was not there.”<sup>15</sup>

Not only did Robinson know what he liked, he knew a great deal generally about music—enough to discourse with Daniels and Isaacs and Brower, all accomplished musically, and to joke with Mason about a particularly heavy-handed critic named Henry Theophilus Finck. But Mason’s bent was classical, Robinson’s romantic. Thus E.A.R. loved

12. *Stars*, pp. 200, 233; Brower, pp. 39, 41.

13. Hagedorn, p. 300.

14. “Edwin Arlington Robinson: A Group of Letters,” ed. Daniel Gregory Mason, *Yale Review*, XXV (June 1936), 862.

15. Neff, p. 37; Hagedorn, pp. 319, 331; autograph letter from Margaret Widdemer to C. P. Smith, 26 January 1962 (Yale Univ. Library).

Wagner, while Bach's meticulous exercises left him cold. It was remarkable, he wrote Brower, how Brahms could mean so much to him and Schumann so little. Debussy might be "all right," but there was nothing in it for him.<sup>16</sup> Long hours in the top gallery of opera houses taught him every note, every word, and the right tempo for all of Gilbert and Sullivan. There, too, he developed what Daniels called "an almost uncanny knowledge of the individual characteristics of orchestral instruments," so that when they sound "in his pages it is always with exactly the right timbre." Isaacs made the same point, comparing Robinson favorably with Coleridge, Tennyson, and even Lanier for his felicity in rendering instrumental tone color into verse.<sup>17</sup> His knowledge of music, Robinson said of himself, was "merely the natural outgrowth of an enthusiasm," and included "practically nothing of the real science."<sup>18</sup> Perhaps not, but the enthusiasm and the knowledge served his poetry well.

## II

NOWHERE does the power of Robinson's auditory imagination demonstrate itself more plainly than in his two long poems about apparent failures—*Captain Craig* (1902) and *The Man Who Died Twice* (1924). The derelict Craig exhibits his high spirits by threatening to "squeak . . . the tunes of yesterday" on his fiddle, "or what's left of it." And he insists that he be accompanied to his grave by a brass band playing "Handel, not Chopin; assuredly not Chopin." The last word he utters is a reminder: "Trombones." That night his young friends repair to their tavern, "The Chrysalis," where the "consummate Morgan" plays his own unsqueaking fiddle:

and of all times  
That he has ever played, that one somehow—  
That evening of the day the Captain died—  
Stands out like one great verse of a good song,  
One strain that sings itself beyond the rest  
For magic and a glamour that it has.

Their celebration represents a kind of tribute to the Captain's *joie de vivre*, which was never more evident than in his passing. So the memory of that evening returns, and with it "The storm, the warm restraint, the fellowship, / The friendship and the firelight, and the fiddle." Another memory too will not die: of a windy, dreary day that soon followed, when men stopped to stare and children tagged along behind the funeral procession as "the Tilbury Band / Blared indiscreetly the Dead March in Saul."

16. "Early Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson," ed. Daniel Gregory Mason, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, XIII (1937), 229-230; Neff, p. 100; Brower, p. 107; Hagedorn, p. 299.

17. Daniels, pp. 227-228; Lewis M. Isaacs, "E. A. Robinson Speaks of Music," *New England Quarterly*, XXII (December 1949), 499-501.

18. *Stars*, p. 131.

There is a delicious irony in that raucous finale, for the good burghers of Tilbury have never understood the broken-down old pauper philosopher who saw life as an occasion for laughter and regarded “God’s humor” as “the music of the spheres.” What did Captain Craig *do*, they wonder, to be “Blown through like this by cornets and trombones”? Robinson characterizes the townspeople’s earlier lack of charity with yet another musical figure:

. . . there were no men to blame:  
 There was just a false note in the Tilbury tune—  
 A note that able-bodied men might sound  
 Hosannas on while Captain Craig lay quiet.  
 They might have made him sing by feeding him  
 Till he should march again, but probably  
 Such yielding would have jeopardized the rhythm;  
 They found it more melodious to shout  
 Right on, with unmolested adoration,  
 To keep the tune as it had always been,  
 To trust in God, and let the Captain starve.

Nor would they have grasped the point of the Captain’s story about a man who heard, in a dream, a magically triumphant theme which he could neither forget nor reproduce. It is good, Craig asserts, that the man died young, for otherwise

That measure would have chased him all his days,  
 Defeated him, deposed him, wasted him,  
 And shrewdly ruined him—though in that ruin  
 There would have lived, as always it has lived,  
 In ruin as in failure, the supreme  
 Fulfillment unexpressed, the rhythm of God  
 That beats unheard through songs of shattered men  
 Who dream but cannot sound it.

But how could Robinson’s “dear friends” from Tilbury Town, uncritically worshipping the bitch goddess, be expected to assent to the dubious notion that one might catch an aural intimation of the “rhythm of God” itself through failure rather than success?

In the story of Fernando Nash, Robinson lamented the fate of one artist who listened too closely to the voices of conventional wisdom, and so succumbed to doubt, drink, and the loss of his musical genius. “I had it once!” Nash repeatedly declares in *The Man Who Died Twice*; then he berates himself, at length, for not writing the great symphony he knew himself capable of.<sup>19</sup> On his deathbed, however, inspiration finally comes as in his mind’s ear he hears the “choral gold” of the unwritten masterpiece. In a *tour de force*, the last section of the poem presents the entire symphony in verse, duly divided into four movements. Robinson even marked them out on Mabel Daniels’s copy. “But there’s the

19. Surely here the poet contemplates what might have been, had he given way to doubt during the long years when his work went largely unrecognized.

scherzo and there's the finale," he explained. Hadn't she seen? Hadn't she heard?

The musical motifs of *Captain Craig* and *The Man Who Died Twice* have been remarked upon by Daniels, Isaacs, Hagedorn, Emery Neff, and Richard Crowder, among others.<sup>20</sup> What has not been observed is the way that music functions in books as widely spaced in time as, for example, *The Children of the Night* (1897) and *Tristram* (1927). In his discussion of Robinson's imagery Charles T. Davis perceptively notes how often harmonious sound accompanies the famous metaphor of light to convey intimations of the spiritual and mystical in Robinson's poetry.<sup>21</sup> This metaphorical synesthesia pervades *The Children of the Night*, where it works in opposition to the dead leaves whose wind-blown chattering conveys a more mundane and lugubrious refrain. In terms of imagery, the celestial harp and the fallen leaf divide up a good deal of the volume between them.

Nature might offer to all, as in the boom and flash of "The Torrent," a magic symphony of her own. But heavenly strains which bespeak "the timeless hymns of Love" are vouchsafed only to those with ears properly attuned, and then only fleetingly. At such mystical moments, as in the poet's "L'Envoi,"

Now in a thought, now in a shadowed word,  
Now in a voice that thrills eternity,  
Ever there comes an onward phrase to me  
Of some transcendent music I have heard;  
No piteous thing by soft hands dulcimered,  
No trumpet crash of blood-sick victory,  
But a glad strain of some vast harmony  
That no brief mortal touch has ever stirred.

There is no music in the world like this,  
No character wherewith to set it down,  
No kind of instrument to make it sing.  
No kind of instrument? Ah, yes, there is;  
And after time and place are overthrown,  
God's touch will keep its one chord quivering.

Yet for that transcendental epiphany, one must wait 'til eternity. Perhaps there was once a time, as the poet speculates in "The Dead Village," when little children played the strings of the harp stretching down from above, and kept it in tune, but then the music failed and God frowned. The best one may hope for, at the present, is a hint of a whisper so far away that it may be made out

. . . only as a bar  
Of lost, imperial music, played when fair

20. Richard Crowder, "E. A. Robinson's Symphony: 'The Man Who Died Twice,'" *College English*, IX (1949), 141-144; Daniels, p. 225.

21. Charles T. Davis, "Image Patterns in the Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson," *Appreciation of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, ed. Richard Cary (Waterville, Me.: Colby College Press, 1969), p. 192.

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And angel fingers wove, and unaware,  
Dead leaves to garlands where no roses are<sup>22</sup>

However they may be used by angels, fallen leaves plague Robinson's lonely old man who is reminded of a more companionable past and his imminent passing by "The brown, thin leaves that on the stones outside / Skipped with a freezing whisper." To Luke Havergal, crimson leaves speak a riddle in dead words calling him to the western gate where he is to await the siren song of his dead lover. And to the prideful, they emphasize the impermanence of worldly accomplishment:

We cannot crown ourselves with everything,  
Nor can we coax the Fates for us to quarrel:  
No matter what we are, or what we sing,  
Time finds a withered leaf in every laurel.<sup>23</sup>

So often did the poet strike this mournful note in his early verse that Emma Robinson told him there weren't enough blankets in the house to keep her warm while reading *The Torrent and the Night Before* (1896). Win must have written it, his sister-in-law concluded, while sitting on the tombstones in the cemetery above their house. As was invariably to be the case later, Robinson objected that he had been misread, that his basic stance was optimistic. How else account for the music of the spheres? But that heavenly music lay beyond the reach of human perception, while the death and decay of the leaves unquestionably belonged to the here and now, and Emma found the minor key depressing.<sup>24</sup>

*The Torrent and the Night Before* and *The Children of the Night*, into which Robinson put whatever he thought worth saving from the appropriately blue-backed *Torrent*, constituted, between them, a young man's oldest book. Significantly, he deleted from the latter collection the Octave where he defined the mission of the poet as to "touch to life the one right chord / Wherein God's music slumbers": too much hubris there. Though he still hoped to put the "little sonnet-men" to flight, he knew he'd have to do so with the broken flutes of Arcady, not the perfectly tuned celestial instrument.<sup>25</sup>

Thirty years later, in *Tristram*, Robinson put his musical apparatus to work on a subject—love and death—that might have pleased Emma more. Certainly it pleased the Literary Guild, which sold 57,475 copies in 1927 alone.<sup>26</sup> His own fondness for music, E. A. was frank to admit,

22. *Collected Poems*, "The Torrent," p. 108, "Octave VI," p. 102, "L'Envoi," pp. 108-109, "Supremacy," p. 97, "The Dead Village," p. 88, "Credo," p. 94.

23. *Collected Poems*, "The Pity of the Leaves," pp. 85-86, "Luke Havergal," pp. 74-75, "Three Quatrains," pp. 75-76.

24. Emma Robinson, fragment of biographical sketch of E.A.R., 1 p., undated (Colby College Library).

25. "Octave 1," *The Torrent and the Night Before*, quoted in *Early Reception of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, ed. Richard Cary (Waterville, Me.: Colby College Press, 1973), p. 80; *Collected Poems*, "Sonnet," p. 93, and "Ballade of Broken Flutes," pp. 77-78.

26. Neff, p. 227.



was "wholly of an emotional kind." So when a band visiting Gardiner in 1895 closed their concert with a standing rendition of "Auld Lang Syne," Robinson felt "seven distinct kinds of crinkles" run up his spine and through his hair.<sup>27</sup> Perhaps it was to be expected, then, that when he had the opportunity—in New York in 1900—to hear the tempestuous *Tristan und Isolde*, he managed despite his impecuniousness to go twice and wrote Mason afterwards that Wagner's was for him "the only opera . . . ever written." Though stricken with wanderlust in those days, he gave up pipe dreams of imaginary voyages upon reflecting that in Madagascar he would find neither the apples he loved nor *Tristan und Isolde*. Enchantment prevailed over practicality, however, when Robinson, near the nadir of that New York period Hagedorn calls "the Valley of the Shadow," spent the money he'd seen saving for a second pair of trousers on a Metropolitan Opera performance of his favorite opera. Nor did Wagner's romanticism ever pall for him. He took Mabel Daniels to the Met on March 27, 1927 (the same month in which *Tristram* was published) for yet another *Tristan*. Throughout the long evening, throughout the intermissions, even after the final curtain and on the walk home, he remained absolutely silent. Finally as they were parting Daniels ventured to ask if the performance had fulfilled his expectations. The answer came in an emphatic hiss: "Yes!"<sup>28</sup>

When he wrote his long poem on this same theme, Robinson disposed of the traditional love potion on the grounds that men and women could "make trouble enough for themselves in this world without being drugged into permanent imbecility."<sup>29</sup> But he tried to carry over to the printed page whatever could be salvaged of Wagner's musical effects. He persuasively rendered into language, for example, the mental torture the lovers suffer from the wedding music celebrating Isolt of Ireland's marriage to King Mark. That "doom-begotten music," that "clamor of infernal joy," whips Tristram like a lash and drives him out into the misty moonlight. There the bride, who was later to wonder how she could have returned to "that music and those voices" without going mad, comes for a final tryst. Together they embrace high above the Cornish sea—and then with Andred's intrusion they are parted, to be left with the mocking memory of music from the walls of Tintagel above, and, in unholy counterpoint, the sound of "the waves foaming on the cold rocks below."

Waves lend symbolic structure to the poem throughout, undergoing a series of sea changes to betoken the shifting fortunes of the principal characters. In enforced separation from his Isolt of the violet eyes, Tristram cannot put out of his mind the cacophony of

27. *Stars*, pp. 131, 227–228.

28. Mason, "Early Letters," p. 61; Hagedorn, pp. 162, 199–200; Daniels, pp. 226–227.

29. Isaacs, p. 502.

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. . . music shrieking always in the moonlight  
 Above him, and below him the long sound  
 Of Cornish waves that would be sounding always,  
 Foaming on those cold rocks.

Those eternal waves sound but one word to him: "Isolt." Even in Brittany, where Tristram as troubadour plucks his harp and sings the old songs to that other Isolt, he can pluck and sing only "the shadow of himself." He is made whole again at Joyous Gard when, miraculously, the "blended gold / And velvet" of Isolt of Ireland's voice speaks to him once more. Then Tristram temporarily forgets the "moan of Cornish water. . . ." Indeed, in their rapture the lovers seem to bring time to a stop:

. . . their forgotten ears  
 Knew only as a murmur not remembered  
 A measured sea that always on the sand  
 Unseen below them, where time's only word  
 Was told in foam along a lonely shore,  
 Poured slowly its unceasing sound of doom . . .

All nature conspires to accompany Tristram as he sings joyfully, with "the white music" of the waves joining grass, sun, and even the gay voice of leaves wind-blown but not yet fallen in perfect harmony. But the song ends as the idyll ends and Isolt is spirited back to Cornwall, now content to waste away. She and Tristram have been together, and it is enough. "The sea was never so still as this before," she tells King Mark, and the stillness complements her own peace. "Perhaps the sea is like ourselves," her suddenly-wise husband responds,

"And has as much to say of storms and calms  
 That shake or make it still, as we have power  
 To shake or be still. I do not know."

Confronted with a wife who willingly courts death, Mark will no longer deprive her of her lover. So Tristram comes to be with Isolt as she lies dying and the sea lies still. Once more the hateful Andred quickens the course of fate; he kills Tristram in hopes of currying favor with King Mark and Isolt chooses that same moment to die. They are at peace, finally, while it is left to Mark to fling Andred's knife

Over the parapet and into the sea;  
 And where it fell, the faint sound of a splash  
 Far down was the one sound the sea had made  
 That afternoon.

"No sea was ever as still as this before," the faithful Gouvernail says at last. "Nothing was ever so still as this before," Mark replies. When word is carried to Isolt of Brittany, she too makes no sound, but listens instead to the cold waves that roll along the sand and repeat Tristram's name to her as unceasingly as they had once spoken of another to him.

Finally Isolt is reconciled to her grief as to the waves and foam and the "white birds flying" and "the white sunlight on the sea." The storm is spent and peace descends, in Robinson's poem as in Wagner's opera.

In individual poems as in entire volumes, music was rarely far from Robinson's thoughts. He used melody, for example, to make personal, philosophical, and political comments. Companions sing a song of fellowship at Shannon's, while Eben Flood and the poor relation sing more poignantly alone. Obdurate optimists insist that they hear music all day long, "like flutes in Paradise"; persistent pessimists detect instead "hell's eternal undersong." The armies of ignorance march off to war, "ever led resourcelessly along / To brainless carnage by drunk trumpeters"—unaware that they will one day be serenaded in their final rest by the golden horns of sunset.<sup>30</sup> Such examples could easily be multiplied tenfold, for Robinson's metaphors are as much a matter of "music, discords, and silences" as of lights and shadows.<sup>31</sup>

Silences certainly, for few men can have listened harder nor spoken less than Robinson. He knew always of "a music yet unheard / By the creature of the word"—and he suspected that it was glorious.<sup>32</sup> In "The Burning Book," he told of a literary protagonist who burned his manuscript and so discovered the glory:

He has come to the end of his words  
And alone he rejoices  
In the choiring the silence affords  
Of ineffable voices.<sup>33</sup>

Luckily for aftercomers, Robinson let his own words stand. He was correcting proofs on *King Jasper* until the week he died. But finally, as Winfield Townley Scott wrote in his elegy for Robinson, the face hardened to stone and

There was no voice at all; then gradually  
The room filled with voices. They were all one.  
They were all like light. They kept speaking on.  
They were music and light together.<sup>34</sup>

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30. *Collected Poems*, "A Song at Shannon's," p. 509, "Mr. Flood's Party," p. 573, "The Poor Relation," p. 45, and "Dark Hills," p. 165; *Early Reception*, p. 267; Neff, p. 86.

31. Babette Deutsch, *Poetry in Our Time* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor, 1963), p. 60.

32. "The Dark House," *Collected Poems*, pp. 43-45.

33. "The Burning Book, Or the Contented Metaphysician," *Collected Poems*, pp. 47-48.

34. Winfield Townley Scott, *Elegy for Robinson—A Poem* (New York: The Bachrach Press, 1936), unpaginated, closing lines.