

HAROLD

A DRAMA

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON

[AUTHOR'S EDITION, FROM ADVANCE SHEETS]



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A

To His Excellency
THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,
VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

—♦—

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,

After old-world records, — such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou, — Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his "Harold" to my father's brother ; allow me to dedicate my "Harold" to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A GARDEN here — May breath and bloom of spring —
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying “with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest:” and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm:
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander’d king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good —
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.