Dover Beach, 1867

Alan Stringer

Matthew Arnold

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The sea is calm to-night

The moon shines upon the bivouac of the camping-fires of the men -

Alan Stringer
The moon lies fair upon the straits.

On the French coast the light gleams.

And is gone.
The cliffs of England stand glimmering and vast

out on the tranquil bay.

A Tempo

Come to the window. sweet is the night air.
only, from the long line of spray where the sea meets

the moon-blanchéd sand. Listen.

you hear the grat- ing
roar of pebbles which the waves draw
back and fling, at their return, up the high strand. Begin, and cease:
Slightly faster

and then again begin, with tremulous cadence slow

and bring the eternal note of sadness

in. So pho cles, long a go,
heard it on the Aegean, and it brought into his mind the turbid ebb and flow of human misery: we find also in the sound a thought.
hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith was once, too.

at the full, and round earth's shore lay like the
folds of a bright girtle furled: but

now I only hear its melancholy roar,

re-treating.
breath of the night wind, down the vast edges

drear and naked shingles

of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true.

true to one another! for the world, which seems to

lie before us, ah. like a land of dreams, so various.

- 11 -
so beautiful, so new, hath really
neither joy, nor love, nor light, nor

certainty, nor peace, nor help for
S

pains;

Pno.

and we are here as on a dark-ling plain,

S

swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight.

Pno.
where ignorant armies, ignorant armies clash by night.

Ah, love.
let us be true, true to one another, Ah, love!

Ah, love!