

Rossetti's *Maude: Prose and Verse* and a reference guide to the writings on Christina Rossetti.

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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

The Complete Poems

Text by R. W. CRUMP

Notes and Introduction by BETTY S. FLOWERS

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GOBLIN MARKET.

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:

5 Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
10 Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries;—

15 All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy:

20 Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
25 Taste them and try:

Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,

30 Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy.”

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
35 Lizzie veiled her blushes:
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
40 “Lie close,” Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head:
“We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
45 Their hungry thirsty roots?”
“Come buy,” call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.
“Oh,” cried Lizzie, “Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.”
50 Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook:
“Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
55 Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
60 How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Thro’ those fruit bushes.”
“No,” said Lizzie: “No, no, no;
65 Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.”
She thrust a dimpled finger

In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
70 Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat’s face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat’s pace,
One crawled like a snail,
75 One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
80 In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
85 Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
90 “Come buy, come buy.”
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
95 Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
100 Of tendrils, leaves and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
“Come buy, come buy,” was still their cry.

105 Laura stared but did not stir,
 Longed but had no money:
 The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
 In tones as smooth as honey,
 The cat-faced purr'd,
 110 The rat-paced spoke a word
 Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
 One parrot-voiced and jolly
 Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"—
 One whistled like a bird.

115 But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
 "Good folk, I have no coin;
 To take were to purloin:
 I have no copper in my purse,
 I have no silver either,
 120 And all my gold is on the furze
 That shakes in windy weather
 Above the rusty heather."
 "You have much gold upon your head,"
 They answered all together:
 125 "Buy from us with a golden curl."
 She clipped a precious golden lock,
 She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
 Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:
 Sweeter than honey from the rock,
 130 Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
 Clearer than water flowed that juice;
 She never tasted such before,
 How should it cloy with length of use?
 She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
 135 Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
 She sucked until her lips were sore;
 Then flung the emptied rinds away
 But gathered up one kernel-stone,
 And knew not was it night or day
 140 As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
 Full of wise upbraidings:

"Dear, you should not stay so late,
 Twilight is not good for maidens;
 145 Should not loiter in the glen
 In the haunts of goblin men.
 Do you not remember Jeanie,
 How she met them in the moonlight,
 Took their gifts both choice and many,
 150 Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
 Plucked from bowers
 Where summer ripens at all hours?
 But ever in the noonlight
 She pined and pined away;
 155 Sought them by night and day,
 Found them no more but dwindled and grew grey;
 Then fell with the first snow,
 While to this day no grass will grow
 Where she lies low:
 160 I planted daisies there a year ago
 That never blow.
 You should not loiter so."
 "Nay, hush," said Laura:
 "Nay, hush, my sister:
 165 I ate and ate my fill,
 Yet my mouth waters still;
 Tomorrow night I will
 Buy more:" and kissed her:
 "Have done with sorrow;
 170 I'll bring you plums tomorrow
 Fresh on their mother twigs,
 Cherries worth getting;
 You cannot think what figs
 My teeth have met in,
 175 What melons icy-cold
 Piled on a dish of gold
 Too huge for me to hold,
 What peaches with a velvet nap,
 Pellucid grapes without one seed:
 180 Odorous indeed must be the mead
 Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink

With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap."

Golden head by golden head,
185 Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
190 Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
195 Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their rest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning
200 When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
205 Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;
Talked as modest maidens should:
210 Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

215 At length slow evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
They drew the gurgling water from its deep;

220 Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homewards said: "The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,
No wilful squirrel wags,
225 The beasts and birds are fast asleep."
But Laura loitered still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill:
230 Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
235 Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
240 In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.
Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
245 Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
250 Tho' this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us thro';
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
255 That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?

Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind?

260 Her tree of life drooped from the root:
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
265 Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
270 Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy;"—
She never spied the goblin men
275 Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and gray;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
280 Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watched for a waxing shoot,
285 But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees
290 False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,

295 Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
300 To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
305 Come buy, come buy:"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
310 Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
315 Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest Winter time,
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time.

320 Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
325 Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin
330 When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,

Flying, running, leaping,
 Puffing and blowing,
 Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
 335 Clucking and gobbling,
 Mopping and mowing,
 Full of airs and graces,
 Pulling wry faces,
 Demure grimaces,
 340 Cat-like and rat-like,
 Ratel- and wombat-like,
 Snail-paced in a hurry,
 Parrot-voiced and whistler,
 Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
 345 Chattering like magpies,
 Fluttering like pigeons,
 Gliding like fishes,—
 Hugged her and kissed her,
 Squeezed and caressed her:
 350 Stretched up their dishes,
 Panniers, and plates:
 "Look at our apples
 Russet and dun,
 Bob at our cherries,
 355 Bite at our peaches,
 Citrons and dates,
 Grapes for the asking,
 Pears red with basking
 Out in the sun,
 360 Plums on their twigs;
 Pluck them and suck them,
 Pomegranates, figs."—
 "Good folk," said Lizzie,
 Mindful of Jeanie:
 365 "Give me much and many:"—
 Held out her apron,
 Tossed them her penny.
 "Nay, take a seat with us,
 Honour and eat with us,"

370 They answered grinning:
 "Our feast is but beginning.
 Night yet is early,
 Warm and dew-pearly,
 Wakeful and starry:
 375 Such fruits as these
 No man can carry;
 Half their bloom would fly,
 Half their dew would dry,
 Half their flavour would pass by.
 380 Sit down and feast with us,
 Be welcome guest with us,
 Cheer you and rest with us."—
 "Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits
 At home alone for me:
 385 So without further parleying,
 If you will not sell me any
 Of your fruits tho' much and many,
 Give me back my silver penny
 I tossed you for a fee."—
 390 They began to scratch their pates,
 No longer wagging, purring,
 But visibly demurring,
 Grunting and snarling.
 One called her proud,
 395 Cross-grained, uncivil;
 Their tones waxed loud,
 Their looks were evil.
 Lashing their tails
 They trod and hustled her,
 400 Elbowed and jostled her,
 Clawed with their nails,
 Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,
 Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
 Twitched her hair out by the roots,
 405 Stamped upon her tender feet,
 Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
 Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
 Like a lily in a flood,—
 410 Like a rock of blue-veined stone
 Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
 Like a beacon left alone
 In a hoary roaring sea,
 Sending up a golden fire,—
 415 Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
 White with blossoms honey-sweet
 Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
 Like a royal virgin town
 Topped with gilded dome and spire
 420 Close beleaguered by a fleet
 Mad to tug her standard down.

 One may lead a horse to water,
 Twenty cannot make him drink.
 Tho' the goblins cuffed and caught her,
 425 Coaxed and fought her,
 Bullied and besought her,
 Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,
 Kicked and knocked her,
 Mauled and mocked her,
 430 Lizzie uttered not a word;
 Would not open lip from lip
 Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
 But laughed in heart to feel the drip
 Of juice that syrugged all her face,
 435 And lodged in dimples of her chin,
 And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.
 At last the evil people
 Worn out by her resistance
 Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
 440 Along whichever road they took,
 Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
 Some writhed into the ground,
 Some dived into the brook
 With ring and ripple,
 445 Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
 Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
 Lizzie went her way;
 Knew not was it night or day;
 450 Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
 Threaded copse and dingle,
 And heard her penny jingle
 Bouncing in her purse,
 Its bounce was music to her ear.
 455 She ran and ran
 As if she feared some goblin man
 Dogged her with gibe or curse
 Or something worse:
 But not one goblin skurried after,
 460 Nor was she pricked by fear;
 The kind heart made her windy-paced
 That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
 And inward laughter.

 She cried "Laura," up the garden,
 465 "Did you miss me?
 Come and kiss me.
 Never mind my bruises,
 Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
 Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
 470 Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
 Eat me, drink me, love me;
 Laura, make much of me:
 For your sake I have braved the glen
 And had to do with goblin merchant men."

 475 Laura started from her chair,
 Flung her arms up in the air,
 Clutched her hair:
 "Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
 For my sake the fruit forbidden?
 480 Must your light like mine be hidden,
 Your young life like mine be wasted,
 Undone in mine undoing
 And ruined in my ruin,
 Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?"—

485 She clung about her sister,
 Kissed and kissed and kissed her:
 Tears once again
 Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
 Dropping like rain
 490 After long sultry drouth;
 Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
 She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
 That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
 495 She loathed the feast:
 Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
 Rent all her robe, and wrung
 Her hands in lamentable haste,
 And beat her breast.

500 Her locks streamed like the torch
 Borne by a racer at full speed,
 Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
 Or like an eagle when she stems the light
 Straight toward the sun,
 505 Or like a caged thing freed,
 Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread thro' her veins, knocked at her heart,
 Met the fire smouldering there
 And overbore its lesser flame;
 510 She gorged on bitterness without a name:
 Ah! fool, to choose such part
 Of soul-consuming care!
 Sense failed in the mortal strife:
 Like the watch-tower of a town
 515 Which an earthquake shatters down,
 Like a lightning-stricken mast,
 Like a wind-uprooted tree
 Spun about,
 Like a foam-topped waterspout
 520 Cast down headlong in the sea,
 She fell at last;

Pleasure past and anguish past,
 Is it death or is it life?
 Life out of death.
 525 That night long Lizzie watched by her,
 Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
 Felt for her breath,
 Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
 With tears and fanning leaves:
 530 But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
 And early reapers plodded to the place
 Of golden sheaves,
 And dew-wet grass
 Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
 535 And new buds with new day
 Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
 Laura awoke as from a dream,
 Laughed in the innocent old way,
 Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
 540 Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,
 Her breath was sweet as May
 And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
 Afterwards, when both were wives
 545 With children of their own;
 Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
 Their lives bound up in tender lives;
 Laura would call the little ones
 And tell them of her early prime,
 550 Those pleasant days long gone
 Of not-returning time:
 Would talk about the haunted glen,
 The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
 Their fruits like honey to the throat
 555 But poison in the blood;
 (Men sell not such in any town:)
 Would tell them how her sister stood
 In deadly peril to do her good,

And win the fiery antidote:

560 Then joining hands to little hands
 Would bid them cling together,
 "For there is no friend like a sister
 In calm or stormy weather;
 To cheer one on the tedious way,
 565 To fetch one if one goes astray,
 To lift one if one totters down,
 To strengthen whilst one stands."

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI, JUNE 8, 1857.

A hundred, a thousand to one; even so;
 Not a hope in the world remained:
 The swarming howling wretches below
 Gained and gained and gained.

5 Skene looked at his pale young wife:—
 "Is the time come?"—"The time is come!"—
 Young, strong, and so full of life:
 The agony struck them dumb.

Close his arm about her now,
 10 Close her cheek to his,
 Close the pistol to her brow—
 God forgive them this!

"Will it hurt much?"—"No, mine own:
 I wish I could bear the pang for both."
 15 "I wish I could bear the pang alone:
 Courage, dear, I am not loth."

Kiss and kiss: "It is not pain
 Thus to kiss and die.
 One kiss more."—"And yet one again."—
 20 "Good bye."—"Good bye."

**I retain this little poem, not as historically accurate, but as written and published before I heard the supposed facts of its first verse contradicted.

DREAM-LAND.

Where sunless rivers weep
 Their waves into the deep,
 She sleeps a charmed sleep:
 Awake her not.

5 Led by a single star,
 She came from very far
 To seek where shadows are
 Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
 10 She left the fields of corn,
 For twilight cold and lorn
 And water springs.
 Thro' sleep, as thro' a veil,
 She sees the sky look pale,
 15 And hears the nightingale
 That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
 Shed over brow and breast;
 Her face is toward the west,
 20 The purple land.
 She cannot see the grain
 Ripening on hill and plain;
 She cannot feel the rain
 Upon her hand.

25 Rest, rest, for evermore
 Upon a mossy shore;
 Rest, rest at the heart's core
 Till time shall cease:
 Sleep that no pain shall wake;
 30 Night that no morn shall break,
 Till joy shall overtake
 Her perfect peace.

Rossetti's Works

Annus Domini

Commonplace

CS (for *Called to be Saints*)FD (for *The Face of the Deep*)

Maude

SF (for *Seek and Find*)TF (for *Time Flies*)

Other Works

CR Jan Marsh, *Christina Rossetti: A Literary Biography* (Cape, 1994).CR Poems *Christina Rossetti: Poems and Prose*, ed. Jan Marsh (Everyman, 1994).FL *The Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti*, ed. William Michael Rossetti (Brown, Langham, 1908).Germ *The Germ: Thoughts Towards Nature in Poetry, Literature, and Art*.Letters *The Collected Letters of Christina Rossetti*, ed. Antony H. Harrison, Vols. I–III (of IV) (University Press of Virginia, 1997–).

'Notes' WR's notes for CR's poems in 1904.

Goblin Market and Other Poems (1862)

GOBLIN MARKET

[Composed 27 April 1859. Editions: 1862, 1865, 1866a, 1875, 1876a, 1893GM, 1904. In a copy of 1893GM (at ISD), CR wrote a note dated 7 December 1893:

"Goblin Market" first published in 1862 was written (subject of course to subsequent revision) as long ago as April 27, 1859, and in M.S. was inscribed to my dear only sister Maria Francesca Rossetti herself long afterwards the author of "A Shadow of Dante." In the first instance I named it "A Peep at the Goblins" in imitation of my cousin Mrs. Bray's "A Peep at the Pixies," but my brother Dante Gabriel Rossetti substituted the greatly improved title as it now stands. And here I like to acknowledge the general indebtedness of my first and second volumes to his suggestive wit and revising hand. Christina G. Rossetti.]

Illustration: CR's own marginal water-colour sketches of the goblins, in MS (GD), WR describes as 'all very slim agile figures in a close-fitting garb of

blue; their faces, hands, and feet are sometimes human, sometimes brute-like, but of a scarcely definable type. The only exception is the "parrot-voiced" goblin who cried "Pretty goblin." He is a true parrot (such as Christina could draw one)' ('Notes' 460). Arthur Rackham was the illustrator for 1862.

CR's Florentine cousin, Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti, translated the poem, which was published in Florence in 1867 under the title *Il Mercat de Folletti*. Emanuel Aguilar composed a cantata using the words of the poem in 1872.

D. M. R. Bentley suggests that the poem was completed some time after CR had begun working with 'fallen women' at Highgate, arguing that the date of composition (27 April 1859) is in reality the date of its conception, 'chosen by Rossetti as much for its spiritual significance as for its temporal accuracy' – 27 April being the feast day of Saint Zita, the patroness of domestic servants, known for visiting the sick and those in jail ("The Meretricious and the Meritorious in *Goblin Market*: A Conjecture and an Analysis', in Kent, *Achievement* 59). 'Lizzie also typifies Christ in the Eucharist as the means of salvation, in a symbolic meal that reverses the taste of forbidden fruit. "For Christ's sake we love you, care for you, long to rescue you" were the words used by the Highgate Sisters, in an almost exact replication of rhythm' (CR 237).

Marsh notes that Mrs Bray's *A Peep at the Pixies* (1854) contains a story in which the heroine hears fairy music and later falls into a decline because of her desire to hear it again. Marsh also sees antecedents in the Revd Mr Bray's fairy-tale 'The Rural Sisters' in *Poetical Remains* (1859), which contains the theme of two sisters, and 'The Pixies' by Archibald Maclaren (1819–84) in *The Fairy Family* (1857); but she suspects 'that Christina's goblins came more directly from *Comus* [1637 – by John Milton (1608–74)], where the sorcerer's crew are "headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts but otherwise like men", and the action describes a similar contest between evil and innocence' (CR 230–31). Eliza Bray (1790–1833) was a cousin of CR's mother; her husband, the Revd Stothard Bray (1786–1854), was a Devonshire clergyman.

WR wrote: 'I have more than once heard Christina say that she did not mean anything profound by this fairy tale – it is not a moral apologue consistently carried out in detail. Still the incidents are such as to be at any rate suggestive' ('Notes' 459).

Goblin Market continues to be the most widely read and commented upon of all CR's poems. It helped to inspire Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) (CR Poems 303). Edith Sitwell thought that it was 'perhaps the most perfect poem written by a woman in the English language' (*English Women* (1942), p. 41; quoted in Packer, CR 161).

3 fruits traditionally associated with temptation, from the 'apple' of the Fall of Adam and Eve to the 'fruits that thy soul lusted after' (Rev. 18:14; verse 15 begins with 'The merchants of these things . . .'). CR would also have been familiar with the pear-stealing episode in St Augustine's *Confessions*.

4 *Come buy, come buy* 'every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price' (Isa 55:1).

10 *Swart-headed* dark-headed.

22 *bullaces* wild plums.

23 *greengages* green plums.

24 *Damsons* small black or purple plums.

bilberries small blue-black berries.

27 *barberries* oblong red berries.

29 *Citrons* acid tree fruits with pale yellow rinds thicker than that of a lemon.

34-5 *Laura* . . . *Lizzie* Bentley points out that Laura is associated with Petrarchan love and Lizzie with Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, 'whose renunciation of the world in favor of the cloister provided the subject for several artistic works' ('Meretricious and the Meritorious', in Kent, *Achievement* 72 n. 34); see headnote of 'A Portrait'. CR considered herself a descendant of Petrarch's Laura, whom she identified as the daughter of Audebert de Noves, syndic of Avignon, and the wife of Hugh, son of Paul de Sade (CR 212). Kathleen Vejvoda cites the chaste Sabrina in *Comus* as an influence on the characterization of Lizzie ('The Fruit of Charity: *Comus* and Christina Rossetti's 'Goblin Market', *Victorian Poetry* 38 no. 4 (2000)).

75 *wombat* burrowing marsupial native to South Australia, characterized by a thick, heavy body, short legs and a general resemblance to a small bear. DGR owned a wombat (as well as a ratel – see l. 76), but, as WR told Mackenzie Bell, only after the publication of *Goblin Market*: 'It was C[hristina] and I who jointly discovered the Wombat in the Zoological Gardens – From us (more especially myself) Gabriel, [Sir Edward] Burne-Jones, and other wombat enthusiasts, ensued . . .' (Bell, CR 209). See also 'O Uommibatto' and its headnote.

76 *ratel* honey badger, native to Africa and southern Asia.

83 *beck* brook, particularly one with a stony bed or rugged course.

120 *furze* spiny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers; also called gorse.

126 *clipped a precious golden lock* cf. Alexander Pope (1688–1744), *Rape of the Lock* (1714).

129 *honey from the rock* 'He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock' (Deut. 32:13).

147 *Jeanie* CR may have taken this name from DGR's poem about a young prostitute, 'Jenny', written in 1848, but 'mostly 1858–69' (note on table of contents of WR's edition of *The Works of DGR* (1911)), or perhaps also from Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), 'Rondeau' ('Jenny kiss'd me when we met') (1838).

179 *Pellucid* translucent.

220 *flags* plants with a bladed leaf, usually a kind of iris.

258 *succous* juicy.

300 *cankorous* corroding, or eating into the flesh; a canker is an insect that

destroys the buds and leaves of plants – 'As killing as the canker to the rose' (Milton, 'Lycidas' (1637), l. 45).

345-9 *Chattering like . . . caressed her* Bentley points to a parallel in the description of the attendants of Circe in *Endymion* (1818) by John Keats (1795–1821): '. . . all around her shapes, wizard and brute, / Laughing, and wailing, grovelling, serpentine, / Shewing tooth, tusk, and venom-bag, and sting! / O such deformities!' (III, 500–503). This would suggest 'a possibility that permits the perception of the goblin men as the male equivalents of Dante Gabriel's *femmes fatales* of the 1850s and later' ('Meretricious and the Meritorious', in Kent, *Achievement* 74 n. 36).

351 *Panniers* baskets for carrying provisions, usually carried in pairs, one on each side, slung across the back.

353 *Russet* variety of eating apple marked with brownish spots and having a rough skin.

401 *Clawed with their nails* CR uses similar imagery about 'the world', which, by day, 'wooes' with ripe fruits, but at night, turns into a clawing monster ('The World', l. 11).

408-10 *White and golden . . . Like a lily . . . blue-veined stone* Marsh points out that Lizzie wears the Virgin's colours of white, blue and gold (CR 236). The lily is emblematic of faith, purity, the Virgin and the Resurrection. Cf. 'Faith is like a lily lifted high and white' ('Hope is like a harebell trembling from its birth', l. 3), and 'Shining lilies tall and straight, / For royal state' ('Roses blushing red and white', ll. 7–8). See also headnote of 'Queen Rose'.

412 *Like a beacon left alone* in her entry for 'Rogation Tuesday' in *TF*, CR speaks of a missionary standing 'steadfast upon his watchtower', who will eventually be raised up to sit in heavenly places with Jesus, from which 'exceedingly high mountain' he will 'estimate and despise the world, and the things of the world' (268).

418-19 *Like a royal virgin town / Topped with gilded dome and spire* a town with a cathedral built in honour of the Virgin (as, for example, the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris).

430 *uttered not a word* cf. Jesus' trial before his crucifixion when, having been scourged and mocked, he remained silent under questioning (Matt. 27; Mark 15; Luke 23; John 19).

471 *Eat me, drink me, love me* echo of the sacrament of the Eucharist – also called 'Communion' or 'The Lord's Supper' or the 'Love Feast' – in which Jesus' body and blood are offered in the form of bread and wine (Matt. 26:26–9; Mark 14:22–5; Luke 22:17–20).

480 *Must your light like mine be hidden* 'Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven' (Matt. 5:15–16).

491 *aguish* shivering, shaky, feverish.

494 *wormwood* bitter-tasting plant, sometimes used in medicine and for making

vermouth and absinthe. It is also an emblem or type of what is grievous or bitter to the soul.

562-7 "For there is no friend like a sister . . . one stands" These lines are clearly connected with the original inscription of the poem, "To M. F. R." Christina, I have no doubt, had some particular occurrence in her mind, but what it was I know not' ('Notes' 460). CG did not set them off with quotation marks in MS.

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI, JUNE 8, 1857

[Composed Sept. 1857. Editions: 1862, 1865, 1866a, 1875, 1876a, 1904. First published (without central stanza) in *Once a Week* (1857) under the byline of 'Caroline G. Rossetti' (*Letters*, I, 162 n. 2a).]

Illustration: 'In that copy of the *Goblin Market* volume in which Christina drew a few coloured designs, she has put a head- and tail-piece to the Jhansi poem. The former is a flag displayed – pink field, with a device of two caressing doves. The latter is the same flag, drooping from its broken staff, and seen on the reverse side, besmeared with blood' ('Notes' 480).

The *Illustrated London News* (5 Sept. 1857) reported that in June, Indian mutineers had murdered all European men, women and children in Jhansi. Captain Skene, his wife and a few others managed to escape into a tower. While the men shot at the rebels, Mrs Skene loaded for them. Eventually, the rebels began taking the tower. Seeing that there was no hope left, Captain Skene 'nobly resolved to save his wife from the atrocities perpetrated by the savages upon every Englishwoman unhappy enough to fall into their hands' (p. 243, col. 1). He kissed his wife, shot her, and then himself. This account was later shown to be false – the prisoners, including Skene and his wife, had been marched to a garden, where they were all killed by the sword (*The Times*, 11 Sept. 1857, p. 7, cols. 1-2). In 1875, CR added the footnote.

DREAM-LAND

[Composed April 1849. Editions: 1862, 1865, 1866a, 1875, 1876a, 1904. First published in *Germ*, no. 1 (Jan. 1850), 20.]

Illustration: 'Christina made three coloured designs to this lyric. In the first we see the "She" of the poem journeying to her bourne. She is a rather sepulchral-looking, white-clad figure, holding a cross; the "single star" and the "water-springs" are apparent, also a steep slope of purplish hill which she is leaving behind. The second design gives the nightingale singing on a thorny rose-bough. In the third, "She" is rising and ascending winged; her pinions are golden, of butterfly-form' ('Notes' 478). See headnote of *Goblin Market*.

The title and the illustration suggest that this poem owes something to the theological doctrine of 'soul sleep' – the state of the soul between death and Judgement Day in which the soul 'sleeps' and dreams of Paradise. The Order for the Burial of the Dead in the *Book of Common Prayer* characterizes Christ as the 'First-fruits of them that slept' (1 Cor. 15:20). CR refers to 'them which sleep in Jesus (1 Thes. iv: 14)' (*SF* 319). 'We know that this mortal life is the sufficient period of our probation, we know that the life immortal is the sufficing period—If we may call eternity a period—of our reward: let us not fret our hearts by a too anxious curiosity as to that intermediate state which hides for the moment so many whom we love and whom we hope to rejoin, for even now we know that "the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them" (Wisdom iii.1)' (*SF* 154-5). Harrison suggests that 'Dream-Land' is the poem CR alludes to as 'My dreary poem' in her letter to WR [25 Aug. 1849] (*Letters*, I, 18-19 n. 6).

5-6 *Led by a single star, / She came from very far* cf. the wise men who came from the East, guided by a star, to worship the infant Jesus (Matt. 2; Luke 2).

AT HOME

[Composed 28 June 1858. Editions: 1862, 1865, 1866a, 1875, 1876a, 1904]

Illustration:

She illustrated *At Home* with two coloured designs . . . No. 1 shows the blanched form of the ghost in a sky lit with cresset flames. On one side the sky is bright blue, the flames golden; on the other side, dark twilight grey, and the flames red. No. 2 is the globe of the earth, rudely lined for latitude and longitude. The equator divides it into a green northern and a grey-purple southern hemisphere. Over the former flare sunbeams in a blue sky; below the latter the firmament is dimly dark, and the pallid moon grey towards extinction. ('Notes' 482)

See headnote of *Goblin Market*.

WR reports that the poem 'was written (as a pencil-note by the authoress says) "after a Newcastle picnic," which must no doubt have been held in company with the Bell Scotts. This, however, was a trivial title, to which my brother raised some objection. He considered this to be about the best of all Christina's poems . . .' ('Notes' 482). WR dates the composition as 29 June, saying that on the same day, CR also produced or completed 'Up-Hill' and 'To-day and To-morrow'.

William Bell Scott (1811-90) was a poet, painter, writer and close friend of the Rossettis. CR was also a friend of Bell Scott's wife, Letitia, and his lifelong friend Alice Boyd. According to Packer, Letitia – 'a garrulous, long-winded, but harmless chatterer of commonplaces' – was the original for one of the characters in CR's 'Commonplace' (Packer, *CR* 271). Packer's biography is