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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>&quot;A Valedictory. Forbidding Mourning: To the Lady of the House&quot;</th>
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<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
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<td>Donald Clifford Gallup papers</td>
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A VALEDICTORY. Forbidding Mourning: to the Lady of the House.

In springtime, when the year was new,
The morning grass was fresh with dew;
In autumn's season of regret
The morning flowers are moister yet.
When now the tardy rose appears,
it sparkles, not with dew, but tears;
Its head is bent with patient grief;
Where runs a shudder through the leaf.
The zinnia and the marigold
Shall go to join beneath the mould
The tulip and the daffodil.
But on the wall there quivers still
A tear within the lonely eye
Of Clematis Jackmanii.
The myosotis blue proclaim
With colour shrill, their English name:
And still the robin tries to sing
And cheat the winter into spring.

O long procession, happy flowers,
That passed through spring and summer hours,
Eager to blossom, and to try
To win approval, and to die.
With grateful knowledge, that they grew
To greet the eyes of one who knew
Their ways and needs in every kind,
And when to prune, and when to bind
And when to cut and when to move,
With tender skill inspired by love.

O happy flowers, that have gone
Quietly, to oblivion,
And with your beauty have repaid
The hand that trimmed, and trained, and sprayed.
O happy stems, that not resent
The winter's death imprisonment;
O happy roots, that live beneath
The long impertinence of death.
When the revolving year shall bring
The sweet deception of the spring,
Dare you put on your gaudy jerkins,
Unsupervised by Mrs. Perkins?
We often think that man alone
remembers in the singing bone.

"Green earth forgets"; but I surmise
That gardens have long memories,
Like houses, have familiar ghosts,
Remember hospitable hosts.

Laughter and happiness and grief
Revive within the budding leaf.
Houses remember: since you came
Nothing in Camden is the same;
Objects inanimate will yearn
Inaudibly, for your return.
And human wishes shall be full
Of aspirations audible,
Which, ratified from hour to hour,
Possess, we hope, magnetic power.

In conclusion, I wish to express my grateful thanks
For your patient attention, and endurance of my pranks.

Yours sincerely with

J. S. E. ...
A VALEDICTORY

FORBIDDING MOURNING, TO THE LADY OF THE HOUSE

In springtime, when the year was new,
The morning grass was fresh with dew;
In Autumn's season of regret,
The morning flowers are moister yet.
When now the tardy rose appears,
It sparkles not with dew, but tears;
Its head is bent with patient grief;
There runs a shudder through the leaf.
The violets and hollyhocks,
Have now put off their colored frocks.
The zinnia and marigold,
Shall go to join beneath the mold.
The tulip and the daffodil,
But on the wall there quivers still,
A tear within the lonely eye.
Of clematis Jackmannii.
The myosotis blue proclaim,
With color shrill, their English name;
And still the Robin tries to sing,
And cheat the Winter into Spring.
O long procession, happy flowers,
That passed through Spring and Summer hours,
Eager to blossom, and to try,
To win approval, and to die,
With grateful knowledge that they grew,
To greet the eyes of one who knew,
Their ways and needs in every kind,
And when to prune and when to bind,
And when to cut and when to move,
With tender skill inspired by love.

O happy flowers, that have gone,
Quietly to oblivion,
And with your beauty have repaid,
The hand that trimmed and trained and sprayed.
O happy stems that not resent,
The Winters long imprisonment;
O happy roots that live beneath,
The calm impertinence of death.
When the revolving year shall bring,
The sweet deception of the Spring,
Dare you put on your gaudy jerkins,
Unsupervised by Mrs. Perkins?

"Green earth forgets": but I surmise,
That gardens have long memories.
Like houses, have familiar ghosts,
of dear and hospitable hosts.

Laughter and happiness and grief,
Revive within the budding leaf.

Houses remember, since you came,
Nothing in Campden is the same.

Objects inanimate will yearn,
Inaudibly for your return,

And human wishes shall be full,
Of aspirations audible,

Which, retired from hour to hour,
Possess, we hope, magnetic power.

[In conclusion, I wish to express my grateful thanks,
For your patient attention and forbearance with my pranks.]

September 28, 1935

P.S. Dior

for Mrs. John Carroll Perkins

July 18, 1946.
A VALEDICTORY, FORBIDDING MOURNING

To the Lady of the House.

In springtime, when the year was new,
The morning grass was fresh with dew;
In autumn's season of regret
The morning flowers are moister yet.

When now the tardy rose appears,
It sparkles, not with dew but tears;
Its head is bent with patient grief;
There runs a shudder through the leaf.
The violets and hollyhocks
Have now put off their colored frocks.
The zinnia and marigold
Shall go to join beneath the mould
The tulip and the daffodil.
But on the wall there quivers still
A tear within the lonely eye
Of clematis Jackmannii.
The myosotis blue proclaim
With color shrill their English name;
And still the robin tries to sing
And cheat the winter into spring.
Oh, long procession, happy flowers,
That pass through spring and summer hours,
Eager to blossom and to try
To win approval and to die,
With grateful knowledge that they grew
To greet the eyes of one who knew
Ways and needs in every kind
And when to prune and when to bind
And when to cut and when to move
With tender skill inspired by love.

Oh, happy flowers that have gone
Quietly to oblivion
And with your beauty have repaid
The hand that trimmed and trained and sprayed,
Oh, happy stems that not resent
The winter's long imprisonment,
Oh, happy roots that live beneath
The calm impertinence of death,
When the revolving year shall bring
The sweet deception of the spring,
Dare you put on your gaudy jerkins
Unsupervised by Mrs. Perkins?

We often think that man alone
Remembers in the singing bone.
"Green earth forgets;" but I surmise
That gardens have long memories,
Like houses, have familiar ghosts
Of dear and hospitable hosts.
Laughter and happiness and grief
Revive within the budding leaf.
Houses remember; since you came
Nothing in Campden is the same;
Objects inanimate will yearn
Inaudibly for your return;
And human wishes shall be full
Of aspiration audible,
Which, ratified from hour to hour,
Possess, we hope, magnetic power.

In conclusion I wish to express my grateful thanks
For your patient attention and forbearance with my pranks.
Sep 28 1937

A valedictory. Embarking mourning:

To the race of the House

In springtime when the year was new,
The morning grass was fresh with dew;
In autumn Pleasance is quiet.
The morning flowers are mournful still.
When now the languid rose appears,
Stardust, red with dew, but tears;
Its heart is bound with patient grief,
There runs a shadow through the leaf.
The violas are lovely too-
Have now put off their colorful frock.
The quince and marigold
Should go to join beneath the mold.
The tulip also the dogrose,
But in the tale three germs still
To lead within the beauty age
Of Clematis Jackmanii:
The MaySeat's blue proclaims
With color chaste that English name,
And still the robin bides to sing
And cheat the winter into spring.
Long procession, lofty flowers,
That flame through spring and summer skies,
Eager to blossom, and to be
Their time of glory, and to die.

With grateful knowledge, they grew
To fill the eyes of one who knew
Their ways and needs in every kind
And when to prune and when to give
And when to trust and when to move
With tenderness inspired by love.

Gloomy flowers, that have gone
Dullly to oblivion
And with your beauty have requited
The pain that troubled and stained my days,
Gloomy stems that met in vain
The winter's long imprisonment;
Gloomy roots, that lie beneath
The calm unfortunes of death.
When the revolving year shall bring
The sweet deception of the spring.
Dare you put in your sandy portion
Uninfluenced by love?
"Scorn not that man alone
Remembered in the living room.

"Even earth forgets; but I remember
That gardens have long memories,
Like houses; have familiar ghosts,
Of care and comfort; hosts
Laughter and happiness; grief
Divine within the budding, 
Honor remember! since you came
Nothing we3 can do is the same.

Objects and events will return
Indelibly on your memories,
And splendid will remain the light
Which saturated them for hours,
Pure, we hope, magnetic.

In conclusion, I wish to express my
Grateful thanks
For your patient attention and
 forbearance with my pals."

Eastwood,
Not read by J.S.E., Petersham, July 18, 1946
Garden Party by T. S. Eliot,
1935

As read at Peterborough, Mass., at E. B. L. s' garden
July 15, 1946
by T. S. E.
A Valedictory

Forbidding mourning,
To the Lady of the House
E. E. B. Parkinson, Stanford House
Chipping Campden, Glos, England.

She springtime when the earth
was new,
The morning grass was fresh
with dew;
In autumn's season of regret,
The morning flowers are moist, yet,
When now the tardy rose appears,
It sparkles not with dew but tears;
Its head is bent with patient grief;
There runs a shunt ast through the leaf,
The violets and hollyhocks
have now put off their colored broods,
The gipsies and marigold
Shall go to join beneath the mold
The thistle and the daffodil,
But on the wall there quires still
A tear within the eye
Of clematis Jackmanii,
The myosotis blue proclaim
With color chill, their
English name;
And still the robin tries to sing,
And cheat the winter into Spring.
O long procession, lovely flowers,
That passed through Spring
and Summer hours,
Eager to blossom, and to try
To win approval and to die,
With grateful knowledge
that they grew
To greet the eyes of one who knew
Their ways and friends in every kind,
And when to grow and when
to bind,
And when to cut and when to move
With tender skill inspired by love.

O lovely flowers, that have gone,
Quietly to oblivion,
And with your beauty have
refused
The hand that trimmed and
trained and sprayed.
O happy stems that did present
The winter's long imprisonment;
O happy roots, that lie beneath
The calm insipidity of death.
When the revolving year
Shall bring
The sweet deception of the
Spring,
Dare you trust on your
Gardy jellies
Unsupervised by Mr. Perkins?

"From earth forget;" but I
Survive
That gardens have long
Memories;
Like houses, have familiar
Ghosts
Of dear and hospitable ghosts,
Laughter and merriment and grief
Revive within the budding leaf;
Houses remember; since you
Came,
Nothing in Camfield is the same.
Objects uncarnate will
Yearn
Inanibility for your return,
And kindred wishes shall
Be full
Of aspirations audible.
Which gratified your honor.
Possess we hope, magnetic
power.

In conclusion, I wish to
express my grateful thanks
for your patient attention
and forbearance with my wants.

September 28, 1835
F. S. Eliot
For
Mrs. John Carroll Parkinson

[Passed July 13, 1946]