

# DOWNLOAD PDF TENNYSONS LANCELOT AND ELAINE AND THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

## Chapter 1 : Lancelot and Elaine by: Alfred, Lord Tennyson by Samantha Trevino on Prezi

*Tennyson's The Coming Of Arthur: Gareth And Lynette, Lancelot And Elaine, Quest Of The Holy Grail, Passing Of Arthur [Baron Alfred Tennyson Tennyson] on blog.quintoapp.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers.*

He is assisted in his evil designs by Vivien. Together, they take advantage of every opportunity to arouse discord and treason at the court. One night, while the king is away, Modred is able to trap Lancelot and the queen in her chamber. Here she is given sanctuary by the nuns even though they are not aware of her real identity. For the next few weeks, Guinevere lives at the abbey, suffers from a serious depression, and speaks with no one except the young novice who serves as her maid. One night they receive startling news: Arthur, who believed Lancelot a traitor, has been waging war on him in France. Meanwhile, he left Modred as regent in his place. Arthur is now returning to England with his army. When Guinevere learns this development and realizes that the awful state of the kingdom is in large part due to her own behavior, she moans: In order to distract her, the nun repeats all the old stories and prophecies about Arthur, the great achievements of his reign, and the eventual decay of his Round Table. She attributes the moral downfall to the sin first committed by the queen and Lancelot. She orders the nun to leave her chamber. Alone, Guinevere muses about herself and remembers some happy episodes of her life with Arthur. Her thoughts ramble on and she indulges in self-pity. Suddenly an armed knight rides into the courtyard, and a whisper runs through the abbey: He is, however, a majestic figure as he stands before her. Arthur speaks to his wife at great length, saying in part: I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere. Lo, I forgive thee. Let no man dream but that I love thee still. Hereafter in that world where all are pure We two may meet before high God, and thou wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know I am thine husband. Leave me that, I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.. And thou remaining here wilt learn the event; But hither shall I never come again, Never lie by thy side, see thee no more” Farewell! In the years that follow, she remains at the abbey and devotes her life to penance and good works. After a while, in virtue of her good deeds and pure life, she is made abbess. She dies there, beloved by the nuns and all the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

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## Chapter 2 : BEAST OF EDEN: TENNYSON'S "LANCELOT AND ELAINE" | Dennis Grunes

*Tennyson's Gareth and Lynette, Lancelot and Elaine, The passing of Arthur; [Alfred Tennyson Tennyson, Katharine Lee Bates] on blog.quintoapp.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This book was originally published prior to , and represents a reproduction of an important historical work.*

King, duke, earl, Count, baron--whom he smote, he overthrew. I do not mean the force alone-- The grace and versatility of the man! Is it not Lancelot? Not such his wont, as we, that know him, know. They couched their spears and pricked their steeds, and thus, Their plumes driven backward by the wind they made In moving, all together down upon him Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea, Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies, Down on a bark, and overbears the bark, And him that helms it, so they overbore Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear Pricked sharply his own cuirass, and the head Pierced through his side, and there snapt, and remained. Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully; He bore a knight of old repute to the earth, And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay. He up the side, sweating with agony, got, But thought to do while he might yet endure, And being lustily holpen by the rest, His party--though it seemed half-miracle To those he fought with,--drave his kith and kin, And all the Table Round that held the lists, Back to the barrier; then the trumpets blew Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the knights, His party, cried "Advance and take thy prize The diamond;" but he answered, "Diamond me No diamonds! Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death! Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not. There from his charger down he slid, and sat, Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the lance-head: But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists, His party, knights of utmost North and West, Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles, Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him, "Lo, Sire, our knight, through whom we won the day, Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize Untaken, crying that his prize is death. Wherefore, rise, O Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight. Wounded and wearied needs must he be near. I charge you that you get at once to horse. And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given: His prowess was too wondrous. We will do him No customary honour: Rise and take This diamond, and deliver it, and return, And bring us where he is, and how he fares, And cease not from your quest until ye find. So all in wrath he got to horse and went; While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood, Past, thinking "Is it Lancelot who hath come Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain Of glory, and hath added wound to wound, And ridden away to die? Then when he saw the Queen, embracing asked, "Love, are you yet so sick? Surely his King and most familiar friend Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed, Albeit I know my knights fantastical, So fine a fear in our large Lancelot Must needs have moved my laughter: Yet good news too: Gawain the while through all the region round Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest, Touched at all points, except the poplar grove, And came at last, though late, to Astolat: Whom glittering in enamelled arms the maid Glanced at, and cried, "What news from Camelot, lord? What of the knight with the red sleeve? And, while he gazed wonderingly at her, came The Lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince Reported who he was, and on what quest Sent, that he bore the prize and could not find The victor, but had ridden a random round To seek him, and had wearied of the search. Here was the knight, and here he left a shield; This will he send or come for: Where could be found face daintier? Why slight your King, And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove No surer than our falcon yesterday, Who lost the hern we slipt her at, and went To all the winds? My brethren have been all my fellowship; And I, when often they have talked of love, Wished it had been my mother, for they talked, Meseemed, of what they knew not; so myself-- I know not if I know what true love is, But if I know, then, if I love not him, I know there is none other I can love. But he pursued her, calling, "Stay a little! Would he break faith with one I may not name? Must our true man change like a leaf at last? And, damsel, for I deem you know full well Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave My quest with you; the diamond also: For if you love, it will be sweet to give it; And if he love, it will be

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sweet to have it From your own hand; and whether he love or not, A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well A thousand times! Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two May meet at court hereafter: Wroth, but all in awe, For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word, Lingered that other, staring after him; Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzzed abroad About the maid of Astolat, and her love. All ears were pricked at once, all tongues were loosed: One old dame Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news. Till even the knights at banquet twice or thrice Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen, And pledging Lancelot and the lily maid Smiled at each other, while the Queen, who sat With lips severely placid, felt the knot Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen Crushed the wild passion out against the floor Beneath the banquet, where the meats became As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged. But far away the maid in Astolat, Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart, Crept to her father, while he mused alone, Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face and said, "Father, you call me wilful, and the fault Is yours who let me have my will, and now, Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits? The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound, My father, to be sweet and serviceable To noble knights in sickness, as ye know When these have worn their tokens: And when they gained the cell wherein he slept, His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a dream Of dragging down his enemy made them move. Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn, Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself, Uttered a little tender dolorous cry. The sound not wonted in a place so still Woke the sick knight, and while he rolled his eyes Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying, "Your prize the diamond sent you by the King: That does the task assigned, he kissed her face. At once she slipt like water to the floor. Rest must you have. Then rose Elaine and glided through the fields, And past beneath the weirdly-sculptured gates Far up the dim rich city to her kin; There bode the night: And the sick man forgot her simple blush, Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine, Would listen for her coming and regret Her parting step, and held her tenderly, And loved her with all love except the love Of man and woman when they love their best, Closest and sweetest, and had died the death In any knightly fashion for her sake. And peradventure had he seen her first She might have made this and that other world Another world for the sick man; but now The shackles of an old love straitened him, His honour rooted in dishonour stood, And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true. Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made Full many a holy vow and pure resolve. These, as but born of sickness, could not live: For when the blood ran lustier in him again, Full often the bright image of one face, Making a treacherous quiet in his heart, Dispersed his resolution like a cloud. Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace Beamed on his fancy, spoke, he answered not, Or short and coldly, and she knew right well What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant She knew not, and the sorrow dimmed her sight, And drave her ere her time across the fields Far into the rich city, where alone She murmured, "Vain, in vain: He will not love me: And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish, And bode among them yet a little space Till he should learn it; and one morn it chanced He found her in among the garden yews, And said, "Delay no longer, speak your wish, Seeing I go today: And I must die for want of one bold word. But now there never will be wife of mine.

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## Chapter 3 : Lancelot and Elaine | Robbins Library Digital Projects

*Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable, Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, High in her chamber up a tower to the east Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;*

What have we to do with him? This implication that Arthurian literature is escapist and irrelevant is a familiar criticism. In contrast and perhaps response, Tennyson called the Arthurian legend "the greatest of all poetical subjects," which partly explains why this tradition so heavily influenced his writing. With varying degrees of intensity, Tennyson drafted and revised his Arthurian epic -- *Idylls of the King* -- from his early twenties until a few months before his death, popularizing what became an avid Victorian interest in Arthuriana. Tennyson was born on the fifth of August in and grew up in a small village of Somersby, Lincolnshire. Throughout his childhood his father, George Clayton Tennyson, suffered from deteriorating mental health, epileptic fits, and alcoholism. Alfred and his siblings were known to play in a brook at the bottom of the Rectory garden, and it was the scene of castle-building and mock-tournaments. Alfred memorized much seventeenth- and eighteenth-century poetry, including the works of Milton, William Collins, and Alfred memorized much seventeenth- and eighteenth-century poetry, including the works of Milton, William Collins, and Thomson, from which he derived many of his early techniques in writing loco-descriptive poetry. Elizabeth encouraged Alfred to write, while George viewed creative writing as a needless diversion from reading the classics. Alfred had a knack for story-telling. His sister Cecilia recalls that friends and family would listen "open-eared and open-mouthed to legends of knights and heroes" qtd. As early as the s, he began to consider a serial Arthurian poem, and two different schemes developed: *Poems*, published when Tennyson was only twenty-three years old, includes two Arthurian references, a stanza in *The Palace of Art* describing Arthur in the Vale of Avalon, and "The Lady of Shalott. During this time, Tennyson envisioned a series of allegorical poems with Arthur as religious faith, Merlin as science, Excalibur as war, Mordred as sceptical understanding, and the Round Table representing liberal institutions. As John Rosenberg notes, Hallam was "dead too young to have shaped a life in public" so he "lived posthumously as a prince of friends, a king of intellects. For Tennyson, Arthur had both personal and literary implications. In "The Lady of Shalott," Arthuriana is "introduced as a valid setting for the study of the artist and the dangers of personal isolation" Ormond Despite references to a variety of medieval sources, it is clear that Tennyson intended *Idylls* to reflect his contemporary times and concerns. And, indeed, Arthurian legends seem to have had particular appeal to the Victorians. Matthew Arnold suggested with a hint of irony that "the peculiar charm" of *Idylls* is that it does not have the "aroma of the Middle Ages" qtd. *Idylls* is in part a hypothetical portrait of Victorian England with its high idealism, strict morality, and warring extremism. Hallam Tennyson wrote that his father hoped to combat "the cynical indifference, the intellectual selfishness, the sloth of will, the utilitarian materialism of a transition age" qtd. In many ways, Arthur can be read as representative of this tension as he embodies both admirably heroic qualities as well as impossible ideals. She is among the false in *The True and the False* series ; still, she occupies a strong, central role in *Idylls*. Though the depth of that criticism is relative, her perspective articulates important critiques of idealism that is removed from everyday life. Perhaps it was the success of his first long poem, *The Princess*, that encouraged him to return to Arthurian subjects. In addition to reading Arthurian material extensively, he was at Glastonbury in August, and in Wales for two months in, visiting places associated with Arthur and his knights. Despite these signs of preparation, in December Tennyson wrote to an American publisher, "I wish that you would disabuse your own minds and those of others, as far as you can, of the fancy that I am about an Epic of King Arthur. I should be crazed to attempt such a thing in the nineteenth century" *Letters* 2. Seven months later Tennyson published the first four books as *Idylls*: This strict moral dichotomy defines each of the stories. Enid unquestioningly follows and serves her husband, although he humiliates her based on his groundless belief that she is unfaithful. Elaine, "the fair, Elaine the loveable," as she is referred to in the opening line, dies of grief because of her innocent but consuming love for Lancelot. In contrast, the snake-like

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Vivien seduces Merlin and the more ambiguous Guinevere betrays her husband and repents too late. Throughout the decade after the publication of the first volume of *Idylls*, Tennyson was personally encouraged by those as prestigious as Queen Victoria and Thomas Babington Macaulay to continue the series. Tennyson was apprehensive about interpreting the quest for the Holy Grail: It would be too much like playing with sacred things. The old writers believed in the Sangraal" Letters 2. Nevertheless, in he published another volume, adding to the collection: Departing from earlier attention to the dynamics of true and false love, these texts depict the rise and fall of a society, perhaps suggesting an expansive allegory about Victorian culture. The *Idylls* were generally well-received and proved extremely popular. Tennyson then published "Merlin and the Gleam" in , which was the first Arthurian poem written separately from the *Idylls* since the volume. Other Arthurian-inspired works from the Victorian period include plates, paintings, tapestries, and sculpture Ormond

Fortunately, Coleridge had not anticipated the national and cultural influence of Arthurian literature as Tennyson was able to revive this narrative to have relevance to the Victorians and later generations. Anne Zanzucchi bibliography Buckler, William E. *Man and His Myths*: New York University Press, *The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentleman*. Yale University Press, Ohio University Press, *The Fall of Camelot*: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, *The Arthurian Revival and Tennyson*, Wilfrid Laurier University Press,

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### Chapter 4 : Lancelot and Elaine

*Arthur decrees a splendid burial for Elaine, with the story of her love and death, her image, and Lancelot's shield to be wrought on her tomb. In private, the queen asks for Lancelot's forgiveness, citing the jealousy of love as her excuse.*

There, through the autumnal creature who in death becomes her own song, Alfred Tennyson imaginatively merges with his own art—a spiritual mirror-imaging between poet and subject. A quarter century later he no longer so willingly identifies with the lily maid of Astolat—perhaps with good reason. Or so it seems to some of us. By his insight into the solipsistic nature of her infatuation for Lancelot, Clyde de L. Ryals in *From the Great Deep* has at least made it easier to criticize Elaine without fear of reprisal for denigrating a saint. The *Growth of a Poet*, his pity for her. She gives up all sense of her identity to Lancelot—imposes it on him, as it were. Her passion is but a self-created mask thrown over the lover, and consequently her identity can only be confirmed by her beloved. Her love is an insanity because it pursues a symbol and not a reality. When he rejects this, too, death seems the only way left of moving his heart towards her. Whatever sexual feelings she may have for him remain sublimated in her pure passion for the object of art she persists in making of him. Rather than merely gaze upon his shield as she did before, now she wishes to have before her the face of Lancelot. For her, reality exists only to extend and preserve fantasy, and the final form of this fantasy of hers is death. Having converted Lancelot in her own mind into her Holy Grail, Elaine aptly confesses this in her suicide note: This helps explain the too holy nature of a love more of heaven than of earth. It also indicates the deadly fantasy into which she is in danger of absorbing Lancelot. Nevertheless, the standard idea of Elaine runs: Dwight Culler, *The Poetry of Tennyson*. On the contrary, as innocent of mean intent Elaine is, her lethal purity is a trap that might easily entice one so deeply embedded in mortal flesh and guilt as Lancelot. Denial of this results only in madness and cruelties. This mere escape images the erotic trap with which Vivien ensnares Merlin—a trap into which Lancelot has already fallen, with Guinevere. However, it may also be a psychological trial run for breaking with Guinevere. His delayed farewell to one, therefore, signals a farewell to both. In this characteristic shying away from the purgatorial complexities of reality, the King resembles Elaine herself, whose dream of ideal love [J. She, like Arthur, departs at her death on a barge; the people of Camelot believe she is the fairy queen come to take Arthur to Fairyland. Without knowing it, they reveal an ironic link between Elaine and Arthur—their fitness for an unreal world. He never spoke word of reproach to me, He never had a glimpse of mine untruth, He cares not for me. Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round, And swearing men to vows impossible, To make them like himself: For who loves me must have a touch of earth; The low sun makes the colour. In the historical frame that reverberates throughout the poem, indeed throughout the entire *Idylls of the King*, the purity that Arthur and Elaine both typify is identified with violence: Arthur, long before they crowned him King, Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse, Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn. A horror lived about the tarn, and clave Like its own mists about all the mountain side: For here two brothers, one a king, had met And fought together; but their names were lost; And each had slain his brother at a blow; And down they fell and made the glen abhorred: And there they lay till all their bones were bleached, And lichened into colour with the crags: And he, that once was king, had on a crown Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside. And Arthur came, and labouring up the pass, All in a misty moonshine, unawares Had trodden that crowned skeleton, and the skull Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown Rolled into light, and turning on its rims Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn: Ultimately, violence is what they certainly provoke. Only Lancelot should win! But is it not jealousy that always Lancelot has won before, and not any of them, that unconsciously motivates their avenging assault? If so, their suppressed violence innocently—purely—finds its apt target, as the near murder of Lancelot is committed selflessly, for Lancelot himself: By their egotism their opposite loves for Lancelot, I have said here, mirror one another. Now, by extending the color imagery that identifies the two women back into the historical frame, we find fratricidal blood presaging Guinevere, the red rose of earth, and the diamonds presaging Elaine, the lily of

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heaven. In a sense, though, she is nothing but this name, by extension, her public definition. She never expands, never matures, and in time merely substitutes a floating tomb for the protracted womb of her sheltered existence. Her worldâ€”a world of dreamsâ€”lies outside the selfconsciousness by which language in particular differentiates our names from our experiential selves. Knowing herself only through others, Elaine wants Lancelot, whom she believes to be faultlessly noble and pure, in order to center in him her own existence. Lancelot faces a similar problem but with an opposite determination: Instead, he needs to confront his own doubleness: But the disguise may also help him fight his way out of the name that the public has long since appropriated. In a sense, he is a fantasy, a folk-hero and public celebrity who must become real to himselfâ€”if you will, be reborn human. Certainly he needs to redirect his sense of self by integrating antithetical aspects of his personality: His awareness that he has betrayed Arthur is morally necessary; disengaging the center of his personality, his being, from both Arthur and Guinevere would not diminish this, but it might free his consciousness from the unproductive, possibly even self-destructive self-condemnatory routine into which it has fallenâ€”a routine that urges him to continue his affair with Guinevere past the point of love so that his debased self-image can be repeatedly reinforced and he be properly punished by it. Decadence is possible even in love. Nevertheless, it is precisely for the sake of what is human and holy in him that Lancelot must reject claiming too close an identification with either God or Arthur. Lancelot is caught up in such a total spiritual tangle, however, that right and wrong continually give way to an emotional chaos of necessity and guilt. Lancelot must save himself in spite of himself; his attachment to Arthur and to the Arthurian code is far too strong for any quick, clean break. Even his winning the joust without hiding behind his name is problematic and sorely ironic. Lancelot should not be pursuing differentials of superiority through combat in any way. Yet this also carries an element of serendipity and grace. By committing their violence against him in his own name, the other knights succeed in objectifying this name and in inadvertently exposing its bloody meaning for him. Thus he initially rejects the prize. He later accepts it, but only when Elaine, with her tempting purity, brings it to him. While guilt for having deceived and cuckolded the King may make him feel unclean for the gem that he has falsely won, it is also the case that the diamond, which so clearly now completes a crown of violence, seems itself too unclean for him to take. With what disgust does Lancelot reject the jewel after his comrades have assaulted him: Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death! Hers is the suicidal course he must reject in order to be reborn. Pray for thy soul? Ay, that will I. Farewell tooâ€”now at lastâ€”Farewell, fair lily. Dead now, Elaine has ceased to be a temptation or threat for him; in death she has finally become pure symbol, which is to say, purity itself. He is acutely introspective: For what am I? I fought for it, and have it: Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain; Now grown a part of me: To make men worse by making my sin known? Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great? I needs must break These bonds that so defame me: His groan is for the anonymity of birth, a blanking out of the name that has come to objectify for him, among other things, his twin yet single bondage to his King and Queen. This cry entails, or anticipates, an extraordinary loss of innocence, the giving up of all that has imposed order on his life. When Arthur says, for instance, that Lancelot should not have deceived him regarding the joust, he is father and brother confused, both betrayed King and wounded comrade. This conflict between fraternal union and paternal order pervades the Idylls, as in the search for the Holy Grail. By their mission the knights attempt to pursue, however separately, a common cause apart fromâ€”by implication, againstâ€”their King. Ironically, their secret fraternal vows emulate as well as parody, and ultimately destroy, the vows that Arthur himself has bound them to. Dennis Grunes, N. Thank you, thank you.

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### Chapter 5 : Elaine of Astolat - Wikipedia

*The story of Lancelot and Elaine begins with Elaine, lily maid of Astolat, admiring and protecting a shield. She recalls her memories as to how it became in her possession. Arthur sponsored an annual tournament for nine years, where the winner would receive one of nine jewels. Lancelot won every.*

She devotes all her energies to protecting this shield from rust or other harm, and has made an elaborately embroidered silk cover for it. She is with the shield so often that she is familiar with every scratch and dent in it and knows the stories behind them. In her fantasies, she relives the thrilling battles and jousts that they recall. Some time ago the shield was left in her care by its owner when he rode off to take part in a great tournament at which the king was to present a valuable diamond to the winner. Long before he was crowned, Arthur had come into possession of nine valuable jewels, which he often displayed proudly at his court. Each year he sponsored a tournament at which one of these jewels was presented to the winner. In this, the ninth year, only the largest of the diamonds remained. At each of the previous contests Lancelot had won the prize. He had saved the jewels and secretly planned to offer them as a gift to the queen, after he had the entire set. Now it was time again for the tournament, and the court was moving from London to Camelot for the great event. Guinevere had recently recovered from a severe illness and asked permission to remain behind. After the others had gone, Guinevere began to complain at Lancelot for what he had done, pointing out that he had merely provided additional material for those who delighted in slandering them. Both their reputations would suffer, she said, and for no good reason. Lancelot was annoyed at her reaction, partly from disappointment and partly because he resented having lied in vain. He inquired whether the king had expressed any suspicions about their relationship and asked sarcastically whether she was now tired of him and preferred her husband. Guinevere laughed scornfully and said: He never spake word of reproach to me, He never had a glimpse of mine untruth, He cares not for me. Only here to-day There gleamed a vague suspicion in his eyes;. For who loves me must have a touch of earth; The low sun makes the color. He was worried about the excuse he would make, but she planned that he would participate in the jousts while disguised. Then he could say that the ploy had been planned in advance so that he could prove that he still retained all his knightly prowess and was not just thriving on his reputation. Arthur, she predicted, would be delighted by this tale. Lancelot set out for the tournament, riding alone, and on the way stopped at the castle of Astolat. There he was entertained by the lord of the place, his sons Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine, and his beautiful daughter, Elaine. He did not identify himself, but it was easy enough for them to determine that he was a great knight and from the royal court. The shy and innocent young Elaine had naturally been attracted to the handsome, noble, and experienced knight. Lancelot made no advances, but because of his chivalrous nature, he was kind and attentive to her. She asked him to wear her favor on his helmet, and although he had never honored any woman in this way before, he agreed when she pointed out that it would also add to his disguise. Lancelot left for Camelot in the company of Sir Lavaine. On the way, he told his companion his real identity. Meanwhile, Elaine stayed at Astolat, watching over the shield and daydreaming about the man whom she loved. At the tournament, no one recognized Lancelot, and all were surprised at the amazing success of this unknown knight. He was outnumbered and seriously wounded. Despite his wound, he was still the obvious winner and was invited to accept the prize, but Lancelot cried out: Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death! The two knights took refuge with a hermit they knew and attempted to staunch the flow of blood from the wound. Meanwhile, Arthur assigned Sir Gawain to follow and find the unknown knight in order to award him the diamond. Much against his will, for he preferred the pleasant life at court, Gawain set out on his mission. Later on, the queen was told about the events at the tournament. She told Arthur that the mysterious knight had really been Lancelot. She tried to hide her distress at this news but soon became very morose and suffered bitter pangs of jealousy and suspicion. It is about at this point in the story that Elaine sits in her tower, guarding the shield. On his mission, Gawain eventually comes to Astolat. In conversation with Elaine, he learns about the shield and soon identifies it as

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belonging to Lancelot. He eagerly returns to Camelot, where he is chided by the king for not fully carrying out his orders. At the same time, though, Gawain derives much malicious pleasure from spreading tales about the love of Lancelot for Elaine. Guinevere is hurt by all this new gossip, which she considers an insulting blow to her pride. Accompanied by her older brother, she sets out to find him. The wound has become infected, and he is near death. With much effort and patience, Elaine is able to nurse Lancelot back to health. All through his illness, she dreams and hopes that he also loves her. He is deeply moved and admits that he regards her as a dear friend or sister, but it is impossible for him to marry her. He has no desire to cause her pain and is as gentle as the circumstances allow, but despite his considerate attitude, Elaine is heartbroken. Lancelot returns to Camelot, and after he goes she becomes seriously ill. She refuses to eat and loses all will to live. Within a few days, she dies, after having left strict instructions to her bereaved family. Several days later, Lancelot is finally granted a private audience by Guinevere. He presents her with his gift, but the queen coldly accuses him of infidelity to her. In her anger she tosses the diamonds from her window into the river below. Lancelot looks out, and he sees a barge draped in black floating on the water, bearing the body of a young maiden. Lancelot hastens to the landing place, where many other members of the court, including the king, have also gathered. Everyone is awed by the mysterious spectacle before them. Two knights bear the body into the palace, and Arthur reads aloud the letter that was clutched in her dead hand. I loved you, and my love had no return, And therefore my true love has been my death. And therefore to our Lady Guinevere, And to all other ladies, I make moan: Pray for my soul, and yield me burial. Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot, As thou art a knight peerless. Lancelot tells the whole sad story to Arthur and the assembled courtiers. Later Arthur comments to Lancelot that it is a pity he did not wed such a lovely maiden since he is so lonely. It is true that Lancelot is unhappy, but he is unable to make an answer to this remark. The queen quietly forgives him and apologizes for her suspicions, but somehow Lancelot is still not satisfied. He wanders alone, meditating about his life and the sins he has committed, and about his infidelity to his dearest friend, Arthur.

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### Chapter 6 : Tennyson's Idylls of the King

*Lancelot tells the whole sad story to Arthur and the assembled courtiers. He also arranges for Elaine's burial. Later Arthur comments to Lancelot that it is a pity he did not wed such a lovely maiden since he is so lonely.*

The besieged Leodogran, King of Cameliard, appeals to Arthur for help against the beasts and heathen hordes. Arthur vanquishes these and then the Barons who challenge his legitimacy. He is persuaded at last by a dream of Arthur crowned in heaven. Lancelot is sent to bring Guinevere, and she and Arthur wed in May. To her disappointment, he agrees. Upon his arrival incognito at Camelot, Gareth is greeted by a disguised Merlin, who tells him the city is never built at all, and therefore built forever, and warns him that Arthur will bind him by vows no man can keep. Gareth is angered by his apparent tomfoolery, but is himself rebuked for going disguised to the truthful Arthur. After Gareth has served nobly and well for a month, Bellicent repents and frees him from his vow. Gareth is secretly knighted by Arthur, who orders Lancelot to keep a discreet eye on him. Rather than Lancelot, she is given Gareth, still seemingly a kitchen servant. Indignant, she flees, and abuses Gareth sorely when he catches up. On their journey he proves himself again and again, but she continues to call him knave and scullion. Gareth remains courteous and gentle throughout. Throughout the journey to the Castle Perilous, he overthrows the soi-disant knight of the Morning Star, knight of the Noonday Sun, knight of the Evening Star, and finally the most terrible knight of Death, who is revealed as a boy coerced into his role by his older brothers. He loves his wife deeply and she responds with equal affection; her only wish is to please him. At this time, the first rumours about Lancelot and Guinevere begin to spread throughout the court, but as yet there is no proof that any romance really exists. Geraint believes the stories and begins to fear that Enid will follow the bad example of her friend, the queen. After they arrive home, Geraint is very affectionate and attentive to his wife. He totally neglects his duties as a ruler and a knight, for he is obsessed with the idea that Enid has left a lover behind at the palace. His people secretly scoff at him and jeer that his manliness is gone. Enid also is upset by his new and disgraceful way of life, but she is afraid to criticise him since she does not want to cause him any pain. One morning as they lie in bed, she muses out loud about her sad dilemma and berates herself as a bad wife for remaining silent. Geraint awakens and overhears her last few words. He jumps to the conclusion that she is confessing her infidelity and is infuriated. He angrily shouts that he is still a warrior, despite all rumours, and that he will at once go on a quest to prove his prowess. She alone is to accompany him, taking no baggage and wearing her oldest and most shabby dress. Geraint and Enid [ edit ] Geraint and Enid set out on their journey that very morning. Geraint orders Enid to ride in front of him and not to speak, whatever the provocation. Perhaps, Tennyson hints, this command is because he still loves her and is afraid that in some outburst of his brooding jealousy he will harm her. The two ride on slowly into the bandit-infested wilderness adjoining Devon. Neither speaks, and both look pale and unhappy. After a while, Enid notices three knights and overhears them planning to attack Geraint. He is riding so listlessly that he inspires no fear in them. She does not wish to disobey his order to her, but is afraid that he might be harmed. Finally she rides back and warns him. Rather than show any gratitude, Geraint criticises Enid for her disobedience and needles her about his suspicion that she really wants him to be defeated. Geraint engages the knights and is victorious. He piles the armour of the dead knights on their horses and makes Enid lead them as she rides. The same episode is repeated again with three other knights, and once more Geraint chastises Enid for her disobedience. He is triumphant in each fight. Now Enid is forced to lead six captured horses. Geraint has some sympathy for her difficulty handling them, but does not offer to help. In the afternoon, Geraint and Enid dine with some farm workers and are then guided to an inn for the night. After arranging for accommodations, Geraint continues to be sullen and nasty. Limours is a crude drunkard, and Geraint callously allows him to make all sorts of coarse jokes, much to the distress and embarrassment of Enid. Before leaving for the night, Limours informs Enid that he still loves her and plans the next morning to rescue her from her cruel husband. When day breaks, Enid warns Geraint of the plot. He, of course, suspects

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her of having encouraged the earl and is angry. They leave the inn immediately but are pursued by Limours and his followers. In a running fight, Geraint is able to drive them off. Soon the unhappy couple enters the lawless territory of Earl Doorm the Bull. Suddenly Geraint collapses from his wounds. Enid is powerless to aid him and she sits by his side, weeping while he lies unconscious. After a while, Doorm and his soldiers ride past, returning from a raid. Doorm insists that the wounded knight is dead, but Enid refuses to believe him. As they gallop off together on one horse, they meet Edyrn, son of Nudd. He informs them that he is an advance scout for an army led by Arthur to rid this province of thieves and outlaws. After Geraint is shamed by the praise Arthur gives him, he and Enid are reconciled in their tent. When Geraint is well again they all return to Caerleon. Later on, the happy couple returns to Devon. Balan offers to hunt the demon, and before he departs warns Balin against his terrible rages, which were the cause of their exile. Several times it reminds him to restrain his temper. Then, one summer morning, Balin beholds an ambiguous exchange between Lancelot and the Queen that fills him with confusion. He leaves Camelot and eventually arrives at the castle of Pellam and Garlon. When Garlon casts aspersions on the Queen, Balin kills him and flees. Ashamed of his temper, he hangs his crowned shield in a tree, where Vivien and her squire discover it, and then Balin himself. She spins lies to Balin that confirm his suspicions about Guinevere. He shrieks, tears down his shield, and tramples it. In that same wood, Balan hears the cry and believes he has found his demon. The brothers clash and only too late recognise each other. Dying, Balan assures Balin that their Queen is pure and good. She fails to seduce the King, for which she is ridiculed, and turns her attentions to Merlin. She intends to coax out of Merlin a spell that will trap him forever, believing his defeat would be her glory. She protests her love to Merlin, declaring he cannot love her if he doubts her. Merlin meets every accusation but one: Worn down, he allows himself to be seduced, and tells Vivien how to work the charm. She immediately uses it on him, and so he is imprisoned forever, as if dead to anyone but her, in a hollow, nearby oak tree. Arthur retrieved the crown and removed the diamonds. At eight annual tourneys, he awarded a diamond to the tournament winner. The winner has always been Lancelot, who plans to win once more and give all nine diamonds to his secret love Queen Guinevere. Guinevere chooses to stay back from the ninth tournament, and Lancelot then tells Arthur he too will not attend. Once they are alone, she berates Lancelot for giving grounds for slander from court and reminds Lancelot that she cannot love her too-perfect king, Arthur. Lancelot then agrees to go to the tournament, but in disguise. Elaine has thus fallen in love with Lancelot. When he tells her that their love can never be, she wishes for death. She later becomes weak and dies. As per her request, her father and brothers put her on a barge with a note to Lancelot and Guinevere. Lancelot has returned to Camelot to present the nine diamonds to Guinevere. This is fulfilling of a dream Elaine spoke of in which she held the ninth diamond, but it was too slippery to hold and fell into a body of water. The Holy Grail[ edit ] This Idyll is told in flashback by Sir Percivale , who had become a monk and died one summer before the account, to his fellow monk Ambrosius. His pious sister had beheld the Grail and named Galahad her "knight of heaven", declaring that he, too, would behold it. The hall is shaken with thunder, and a vision of the covered Grail passes the knights. Percivale swears that he will quest for it a year and a day, a vow echoed by all the knights. When Arthur returns, he hears the news with horror. Galahad, he says, will see the Grail, and perhaps Percivale and Lancelot also, but the other knights are better suited to physical service than spiritual. The Round Table disperses. Percivale travels through a surreal, allegorical landscape until he meets Galahad in a hermitage. They continue together until Percivale can no longer follow, and he watches Galahad depart to a heavenly city in a boat like a silver star. After the period of questing, only a remnant of the Round Table returns to Camelot.

### Chapter 7 : Lancelot and Elaine by Alfred Tennyson

*Idylls of the King*, published between and , is a cycle of twelve narrative poems by the English poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson (; Poet Laureate from ) which retells the legend of King Arthur, his knights, his love for Guinevere and her tragic betrayal of him, and the rise and fall of Arthur's kingdom.

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## Chapter 8 : Tennyson and King Arthur

*Elaine of Astolat (/ ˈ ɛː ˈ ɔː l ɪ ˈ ɔː t, - ɛː ˈ t /) is a figure in Arthurian legend who dies of her unrequited love for Sir Lancelot. Also referred to as Elaine the White and Elaine the Fair, she is the daughter of Bernard of Astolat.*

## Chapter 9 : Idylls of the King - Wikipedia

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