

“Horny Morning Mood”: the Aubade / Alba

Defined primarily by content rather than form, the aubade presents certain difficulties of generic classification, and modern poets’ use of the term has tended to exacerbate these. The category of the dawn song or poem is vast: they are found in almost all cultures and have been composed since the earliest times. Perhaps originally religious, dawn poems are also associated in most of these cultures with secular eroticism, as demonstrated by Arthur T. Hatto’s voluminous study in comparative literary anthropology, *Eos: An Inquiry into the Theme of Lovers’ Meetings and Partings at Dawn in Poetry* (1965). Western European readers readily identify dawn poetry with courtly love and troubadour culture. The Old Occitan form known as the *alba*, in which adulterous lovers receive a warning to part from a sympathetic observer, and which takes repetition of the word “alba” (dawn) as a structuring principle – though technically distinct – is often considered synonymous with the aubade. Aubades more closely defined are meeting rather than parting poems, songs sung by lovers to wake their beloveds and gain admittance to their chambers. Since modern poets have tended to confuse and conflate the *alba* and the aubade, in this chapter I consider both, and restrict potentially huge scope by choosing to focus on twentieth-century poems in English to which their authors have given the title “Aubade” or “Alba”.

Even a poet as immersed in the culture of medieval Occitania as Ezra Pound might use the term “alba” very loosely – his poem of the title, collected in *Lustra* (1916) is spoken by a lover, not by the third party traditional to the Provençal form. It is, moreover, linked by the motif of wet leaves or petals to such imagist and Orientalising lyrics as “Liu Ch’e”, “Ts’ai Chi’h”, and “In a Station of the Metro” rather than, for example, the contemporaneous versions of Bertran de Born. The motif is extraordinarily polyvalent: it might suggest transience, anonymity, regret, abandonment, or, as here, where the beloved is as “cool” as the “pale wet leaves of lily-in-the-valley”, post-coital exhaustion nonetheless retaining poise.¹ Judeo-Christian tradition, which associates lily-of-the-valley with both the Sulamite and the Virgin Mary, reinforces the sense

¹ Ezra Pound, *Lustra of Ezra Pound* (London: Elkin Matthews, 1916) 45

of tension between desire and restraint.

To the reader familiar with Pound's sexy coult, Amy Lowell's "Aubade", collected in *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds* (1914), seems an exemplar of cloying "Amygism". Lover addresses beloved, comparing her body to a "white almond" peeled from the "green husk" (2), finding in the "smooth and polished kernel"(4) a "gem beyond counting"(5).² Lowell's perfervid metaphors find few imitators in the twentieth-century aubade, but her poem does share some features with its successors. Dawn is implied in the poem's colour play of white and green and its figures of a fresh nut and sparkling jewel, but without the title the reader may not intuit an early-morning setting. Similarly, many of the poems explored in this chapter de-emphasise dawn itself while claiming the venerable tradition and familiar set of associations represented by the term "aubade". Lowell's conditional mood suggests the uncertainty becoming a lover – trepidation links virtually all of the poems discussed here; William Empson's "Aubade" even finds literal expression for the theme. However, the resemblance is limited: Lowell's syntax may be tentative, but her metaphors and lineation anticipate the *ioi entier* that Pound's speaker has enjoyed (in this sense, the two poets maintain titular and terminological distinction – Lowell's speaker awaits a meeting; Pound's has nothing to do but depart). Imagining the beloved stripped naked contracts the whole body to a sensitive 'kernel', a movement anticipated by setting the word 'Beloved' as a line on its own. The intense focus of clitoral orgasm dissipates in the concluding 15-syllable hexameter ("beyond counting" self-reflexively comments on the hypermetrics) as the figure too, becomes inexact, from "fingering [...] the kernel" to a "gem" shining in "hands" (4-5). There are dangers attendant on using imprecise language to convey relaxation, and Lowell cannot be said to avoid them. Pound's dialectic between sweaty consummation and cool dewiness, chastity and sexuality maintains tension despite the mood of completion – Lowell slackens while her lover is still speaking of the encounter as a possibility. However, the two poems have more in common with one another than they do with the century of aubades that succeed them: they are, as most of those are not, primarily, centrally and sincerely concerned with sex.

² Amy Lowell, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* (1914, repr. Whitefish, MT: Kessinger, 2009) 131

Pound's slightly later dawn-lyrics, collected as part of the short sequence "Langue d'Oc" in *Quia Pauper Amavi* (1919), impress us with a sense of return to origin.³ Pound translates troubadour texts which established the dawn lyric as a distinct form in Western European tradition, and which for many readers remain definitive. The first in the sequence, after an epigraphic "Alba", "Compleynt of a gentleman who has been waiting outside for some time", is a version of Giraut de Bornelh's "Reis glorios", among the best known of troubadour songs and the most famous surviving alba. Giraut's poem is spoken by a friend of a lover, set outside the chamber to watch for potential intruders while the latter spends a night with his lady. He turns to the rising sun with an address to all intents indistinguishable from Christian prayer, "Reis glorios, verais lums e clartatz" ("Glorious King, true, clear light"). The next five stanzas are addressed to the lover, urging him to wake and be gone for the sake of his reputation and his lady's. Each stanza concludes with the refrain "E ades sera l'alba." ("And it will soon be dawn"). Some versions include a final stanza, with a variant refrain, in the voice of the lover, in which he says he cares nothing for the dawn and refuses to leave his beloved for the sake of "lo fol gilos", that jealous fool her husband.

Giraut's reputation in his own time was of a versatile master who eschewed arcane allegory and defended accessible expression⁴ (to say that he was a twelfth-century Philip Larkin is probably to stretch a point, but in addition to technical virtuosity they share the distinction of having composed the best-known dawn-poems of their respective times and languages). Beginning with the wry title, Pound persistently turns Giraut's direct clarity to self-conscious, ironic fustian. "Reis glorios" is grecianized to "plasmatur" (1) (the apparent pun on astrophysical plasma is fortuitous – the idea that space may be composed of charged particles was proposed in 1913, but the term *plasma* was not used in this sense until a decade after the publication of Pound's translation); the watcher uses archaisms and neologisms: "swenkin" (11), "welkin" (12), "venust" (21), which have no parallel in Giraut's song, introducing a farcical note which, while scarcely alien to some aspects of troubadour culture, is not characteristic of this particularly elegant song. Pound's idiom suggests

³ Ezra Pound, *Quia Pauper Amavi* (London: The Egoist, 1919) 7-13

⁴ Anthony Bonner, *Songs of the Troubadours* (New York: Schocken Books, 1972) 114-115

a sort of mastery very different from Giraut's – that of the waggish don, deflecting the implied homoeroticism of the relationship between watcher and lover in a way which would probably not have seemed necessary to the nineteenth century, let alone the twelfth. Pound uses the same idiom and vocabulary in “Langue d'Oc”'s other alba, where it sits, if anything, more awkwardly upon its source, an anonymous pastoral with a female speaker which approaches folk tropes at the respectable distance required by courtly convention. The six-stanza original frames the lady's regret at the approach of dawn with two stanzas in the anonymous voice of the *chanson d'aventure*. The translation in “Langue d'Oc” reduces her speech to two stanzas, using the second to effect a transition between the Poundian voice which translates “Dieu” as “Plasmatour” and faux-rustic simplicity: “Fore God how swift the night!” (8), and reassigning the fourth to the woman's lover, who does not speak in the original.

Pound's versions refer their readers to sources only via an estrangement which is inevitable, since twentieth-century readers do not inhabit the culture of medieval Occitania, but which he magnifies with mock-scholarly diction and jokey, blokey anxieties. It is notable that the alba in particular attracts such treatment – the three other versions in the sequence, even “Canzon”, an attempt to mimic the formal complexity of Arnaut Daniel's songs – are by comparison unselfconscious, less heavily inflected by nervous masculine postures. In giving anxiety priority over eroticised gracefulness, Pound breaks with his own earlier “Alba” as much as with troubadour song; moreover, he sets the dominant tone for very nearly the next century's worth of dawn-lyric in anglophone art poetry. Vocabulary close to that of everyday speech is recovered quickly – plasmatours and venusings cede to consciousness of conflict global and total in ways unimaginable even in 1919 – but sensuality is slow to return.

Mid-twentieth century aubades dispense with lovers and sexual situations to the extent that ironic use of the term becomes standard. The facetiousness of Pound's “Compleynt” is also dismissed, as the dawn poem becomes a medium for the expression of disappointment and fear. Edith Sitwell's “Aubade” is rustic in subject matter but urbane in approach, describing the early

morning routine of Jane, “a country servant, a girl on a farm, plain and neglected and unhappy” in the synaesthetic terms of modernist painting.⁵ The poem’s speaker sees (and “hears”) effects of dawn light which are invisible to Jane in her world delimited by “Eternities of kitchen garden”: “the creaking empty light / will never harden into sight // Will never penetrate your brain.” (14, 10-12) Rhymes and rhythms, insistent and off-kilter, suggest Jane’s awkwardness, and form a contrast with the speaker’s Cubist sensibility: “in a very early dawn”, Sitwell notes, “the light has a curious uncertain quality [...] it falls in hard cubes, squares and triangles, which, again, give one the impression of a creaking sound” (*Selected Poems* 19). The simultaneous condescension to and compassion for Jane’s “sad bucolic stupidity” (19) has a parallel in the *chanson d’aventure*, in which the speaker’s role is often implicitly to offer rebuke as well as dispassionately report on the predicament of an unfortunate lass. But where such misadventure in the folk tradition usually has a cause in sexual misconduct, Jane’s is the result of sexual neglect. Her “cockscomb flowers” and “cockscomb hair”, as well as furnishing a phallic pun, may ultimately be derived from a ballad trope – the insult offered a frustrated suitor by a resourceful young woman, here transferred to a sterile female:

We have a tree in our garden,
Some call it of rosemary, sir;
There’s crowing-cocks in our town
That will make a capon of you, sir.

We have a flower in our garden
We call it the marygold, sir⁶

Sitwell’s high modernist attention to light, texture and music is the kind evoked, to be dismissed with contempt, by Samuel Beckett’s “Alba”.⁷ Like many of Beckett’s earlier poems (it was collected as part of *Echo’s Bones* in 1935) “Alba” joins allusions and generic characteristics with skill, without ever quite achieving the status of an independent work of art. Yet because of its synthetic nature it preserves features of the medieval dawn-lyric which are progressively effaced in

⁵ Edith Sitwell, *Selected Poems with an essay on her own poetry*, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1937) 19

⁶ “The Baffled Knight”, in F.J. Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Part IV (1886, repr. New York: Dover, 1965) vol. 2, 484-487, 485.

⁷ Samuel Beckett, *Collected Poems 1930-1978* (London: John Calder, 1984) 15

twentieth-century iterations of the mode. “Alba” successively acknowledges the arcane aspect of troubadour tradition: “Dante and the Logos and all strata and mysteries,” (2) its sensuousness: “grave suave singing silk” (6) and its politics of gender and power: “who though you stoop with fingers of compassion / to endorse the dust / shall not add to your bounty” (10-12) before reaching conclusion of scoured, solipsistic emptiness:

there is no sun and no unveiling
and no host
only I and then the sheet
and bulk dead (14-17)

For all that “Alba” might be read seriously, even solemnly, in isolation, however, an awareness of the character so named in Beckett’s fiction returns the reader to a mood of more than Poundian facetiousness – gravity and suavity cannot abide long in the modern dawn poem.

For the poets of the inter-war years, dawn often symbolises uncertainty, a sense that a new day can bring only more turmoil and suffering. A change from private and domestic settings to public and civic ones, characteristic of the poetry of the 1930s in general, is pronounced in the decade’s aubades. It is rather as if the sub-genre itself, rather than one of its personnel, has departed, left the enclosed world of lovers for, in Louis MacNeice’s words, “a precise dawn / Of sallow and grey bricks, and newsboys crying war.”⁸ The confidential first-person plural segues into the editorial: “What have we after that to look forward to?” asks MacNeice’s speaker (4). These effects obtain even when, as in William Empson’s “Aubade”, the situation is a post-coital one.

Usually a copious annotator, Empson provides only one brief note to this poem, though significantly, it relates to political context: its composition in the early stages of the second Sino-Japanese war. John Haffenden’s edition of the *Complete Poems* supplies much fascinating biographical detail about the poem’s origin in Empson’s relationship with a woman named Haru during his time in Japan, including a clarification of lines which to many readers might seem to link this aubade to the traditions of courtly love: “The thing was being woken he would bawl / And finding her not in earshot he would know.” (18-19)⁹ Not *lo fol gilos* – Haru was single, worked as a

⁸ Louis MacNeice, “Aubade”, *Collected Poems*, ed. Peter McDonald (London: Faber & Faber, 2007) 28, ll.5-6.

⁹ William Empson, *The Complete Poems*, ed. John Haffenden (London: Penguin, 2000) 316

nanny for a diplomat, and “he” is her infant charge. One of Empson’s structuring principles is apparently to resist the sub-genre’s identifying markers at every turn: the poem begins not at dawn but “Hours before” it; it is not light which wakes the lovers, but the motion of an earthquake; little of longing or lingering; instead the brisk words derived (presumably, since the male speaker stays put) from something said by the departing woman: “It seemed the best thing to be up and go”, which forms a refrain. Neither this nor the other refrain, “The heart of standing is you cannot fly”, mentions the dawn; in fact, it seems that the speaker, having been woken long before daybreak and parted from his lover shortly afterwards, sleeps through the dawn itself: “I slept, and blank as that I would yet lie.” (22) The latter is one of two plays on the verb “to lie” – the other, when the speaker makes a rather perfunctory gesture towards asking his lover to stay, “Some solid ground for lying could she show?” (15) elicits her response giving paid work priority over pleasure, subordinating adult diversion to the care of a child. These puns resist sexual connotation: they pertain to the mood of deceit or self-deceit, and to the poem’s interest in physical posture in a shaken world, but even filthy-minded readers will struggle to co-opt Empson’s “lie” and “lying” to “lying with” or “get laid”. Conversely, the *non sequitur* “None of those deaths were her point at all” (17), seems to invite a sexual reading, in which “death” indicates orgasm and “point” is at once a deflection of “prick”, (somewhat misogynistically) the “hole” of female genitals, the goal of climax, and perhaps, given the Renaissance mood of orgasmic “death”, the “points” of a man’s breeches, the undoing of which signifies undress, only to say that none of these are the “point” of this encounter, and this poem.

The speaker’s cynicism is emphasised by the rhetorical questions and hard-bitten resignation of the final stanzas, in which he turns to contemplate global warfare, inescapable by mere expatriation: “the same war on a stronger toe” (31). Despite the Donnian cadence of “Tell me more quickly what I lost by this” (37) – sexual innuendo emerges in a mood of hostility to the erotic: “tell me with less drama what they miss / Who call a die a god for a good throw” (38-39),

But as to risings I can tell you why.
It is on contradiction that they grow.

It seemed the best thing to be up and go.
Up was the heartening and the strong reply.
The heart of standing is we cannot fly. (42-46)

“Risings”, “grow”, “Up” and “heartening” all might imply male erection, (though their political connotations are still the more obvious) and in that company “the heart of standing” might, as it has not before, suggest the same. But this pithy series of epigrams, each sentence its own line, militates strongly against sensuality; while the structure (a kind of extended villanelle) which places both refrains in the final stanza, means that utilitarian good sense, “the best thing to be up and go” halts a reflection on erotic irrationality “risings [...] on contradiction [...] grow” and a statement of human capacity-in-limitation (we can stand upright because our bones are too heavy to permit flight) rebukes too much ecstatic “heartening”.

Empson’s “Aubade” replaces the stock figure of the jealous husband with a child with, it seems, the specific intent of desexualising a post-coital situation. MacNeice’s post-war dawn-lyric announces its refusal of the erotic in its title: “Aubade for Infants”.¹⁰ The personified sun of this poem, “hooting, hot of foot” who “Ignites the dumps of sodden cloud / Loud and laughing, a fiery face...” (5, 9-10) is reminiscent of the trolls who, in poems written during the Blitz, are MacNeice’s metaphor for aerial bombardment. The sun speaks in a “bass” voice (the timbre may be a fling at the facetious though still sexualised mood of Pound’s “Compleynt”, in which the lover’s voice is so described) and in archetypal terms which recall, in particular, “Troll’s Courtship”:¹¹ “Maybe you think that I am young? / I who flung before my birth / To mother earth the dawn-song too?” (13-15). MacNeice glances here, albeit in very general fashion, at the possible origins of dawn-poetry in ancient religious ritual. Literary allusions, meanwhile, colour MacNeice’s poem with apocalypse: his sun might derive from both the “fiend hid in a cloud” of William Blake’s “Infant Sorrow”; Galahad’s glimpse of the Grail in Alfred Tennyson’s *Idylls of the King*: “I saw the fiery face as of a child / That smote itself into the bread”. “Aubade for Infants” predates by a couple of weeks the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, bearing on publication in *Holes*

¹⁰ MacNeice, *Collected Poems* 270

¹¹ MacNeice, *Collected Poems*, 219-220

in the Sky (1948) and in E.R. Dodds' *Collected Poems* (1965) the date "July 1945". MacNeice only occasionally dated his poems in print, and this ascription seems to acknowledge while that nursery rhyme may be a form in which it is possible to approach conventional bombing, it cannot contain the horror of nuclear warfare. Aubades (if not infantile ones) prove a genre accommodating to public anxieties as to private griefs and fears.

The more liberal sexual mores of the latter part of the twentieth century prompt something of a revival of the sensuous aubade, as the increasing popularity of the term as a title renders a full survey beyond the scope of a brief essay. Richard Wilbur's "A Late Aubade" wittily registers the loosening and expansion of the sub-genre: taking place at "almost noon", it is late in more than literary-historical terms; first published in the summer of 1968, it notes playfully the redundancy of *carpe diem* tropes in an era of free love:

If you must go,
Wait for a while, then slip downstairs
And bring us up some chilled white wine,
And some blue cheese, and crackers, and some fine
Ruddy-skinned pears.¹²

Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill's "Aubade", consumed by the vast majority of its readership in English translation by Michael Longley, enacts both the erotics of collaboration between a man and a woman and parting theme: the poem departs from its Irish original to currency in a global language.¹³ But the speaker of Ní Dhomhnaill's poem is not among "the young couples yawning in unison / Before they do it again" (10-11), but a participant in a struggle to "glue together / the silly little shards of our lives / So that our children can drink water from broken bowls" (15-17).

The most substantial achievements in the twentieth century dawn-lyric, however, are more possessed by death than sex, and the tenor of the sub-genre grows, if anything more specifically elegiac as the century progresses. One of Elizabeth Bishop's earliest drafts for an elegy commemorating her lover Lota de Macedo Soares (a project which the poet eventually came to envisage at book-length, but never completed) is headed "Aubade and Elegy." A page of notes in

¹² Richard Wilbur, *Collected Poems 1943-2004* (Orlando FL: Harvest, 2005) 229

¹³ Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill, *Pharaoh's Daughter* (Oldcastle, Co. Meath: Gallery, 1995) 148-149

typescript, it nonetheless has the force of incantation, suggesting the powerful synthesis of pleasure and death drives which might have propelled a finished poem:

No coffee can wake you no coffee can wake you no coffee

[...]

For perhaps the tenth time the tenth time the tenth time today
and still early morning I go under the crashing wave
of ~~your~~ death

I go under the black wave of ~~your~~ death (1, 4-6)¹⁴

Alice Quinn notes the rhetorical similarity to the draft of an earlier poem, “St John’s Day”: “no, no prayer / can wake him” (20-21),¹⁵ which might prompt the reader to reflect on the availability of the aubade to theological and philosophical speculation.

W.H. Auden’s late and little-read “Aubade”, collected in his posthumous “last poems”, *Thank You Fog* (1974) is also an elegy, for the philosopher and historian Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy.¹⁶ It draws extensively on Rosenstock-Huessy’s ideas about the relationship between speech, time and self-consciousness. Apart from the speaker’s waking in the third and fourth lines of the poem, there is nothing to indicate a morning setting; no sex here, no lover addressed or referred to: “Love is no help” (26) in managing interconnections between self and world. Its four fourteen-line trimeter stanzas bristle with capitalised nouns and pronouns, giving priority to abstraction and social relations over the selfish particularity that characterises love-lyric. “Verses” (41) have a place, albeit circumscribed, “on fit occasion [...] *sotto voce*” (39-41), in the formation of a heavenly Jerusalem which is constituted by speech and listening. John Fuller notes: “Auden’s conclusion is [...] a reworking of the troublesome line ‘We must love one another or die’ from ‘September 1, 1939’ that triumphantly reasserts human immortality as the condition of being listened to by future generations.”¹⁷

It is mortality and an absence of hope which characterise the most listened-to of

¹⁴ Elizabeth Bishop, *Edgar Allen Poe and the Jukebox: Uncollected Poems, Drafts and Fragments*. ed. Alice Quinn (Manchester: Carcanet, 2006) 149.

¹⁵ Bishop 109, 342.

¹⁶ W. H. Auden *Thank You, Fog*. (London: Faber & Faber, 1974.) 15-16

¹⁷ John Fuller, *W.H. Auden: a Commentary* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1998) 545.

twentieth-century aubades, perhaps the only example of the genre which most general readers would be able unhesitatingly to name: Philip Larkin's.¹⁸ This thanatotic masterwork has been the subject of extended discussion (for example, at chapter length by M.W. Rowe¹⁹) and a survey of poetic genre could not hope to add detail to that formidable corpus of close reading. Rowe's comprehensive study asks a question, however, on which an overview of the modern aubade might reasonably begin to draw to some kind of conclusion: "When Larkin used the term 'Aubade' was he making reference to the *alba* tradition or was he using the term to mean a morning serenade?" (Rowe 187). Rowe stresses Larkin's relative conformity to the former, commenting "the only major irony in Larkin's title [is that] the narrator has no lover to part from [...] other features of the *alba* – the dread and pain of dawn, for example – would just be straightforwardly true" (188), while insisting he meant the latter, for its stock of spurious connotation: "the warm south and Provençal mirth [...] courtly love and the celebration of an exalted woman [...] a life of wandering and artistic freedom [...] a young, richly costumed, amorous performer; a life set amongst castles, winding staircases, woods, the glint of dark wine in goblets" (Rowe 188) which might readily be undermined by figuring religion as "a vast moth-eaten musical brocade" or setting the urban quotidian against a kind of nuclear winter: "The sky is white as clay, with no sun" (23, 48). But Rowe's interpretation involves Larkin in a certain patronage of his readership – the title's irony is more readily available to those with a vulgar notion of the aubade as the business of a jongleur in tights than to anyone who might have skimmed a translation of Giraut de Bornelh. It feels quite wrong, since above all, Larkin's "Aubade" is concerned to eschew patronage: it refuses consolation with an argument so robustly irrefutable on its own terms that it can afford to risk seeming simplistic, which is the very reverse of condescension.

Larkin's virtuosity allows the reader to pose a slightly different question – what does a poem gain in employing a generic title such as "Aubade" or "Alba", evocative of a particular tradition but with no formal and very scant thematic rationale? The answer would seem to be less and less, the

¹⁸ Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems*, ed. Anthony Thwaite (London: Faber & Faber, 1988) 208-209.

¹⁹ M.W. Rowe, "Philip Larkin's 'Aubade'", *Philosophy and Literature: A Book of Essays*. Aldershot and Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2004, 182-219.

better the poem is, and for a poem of the quality of Larkin's, none at all. *Pace* Rowe, it would lose nothing by being called "Dawn" or "Morning Song", since the conception of the aubade on which it relies for irony (if indeed it does so rely) is so much cruder than poem itself as to render the putative irony null. The popularity of the title is something of an affront to genre studies, which assumes that literary categories have structural and aesthetic value, and are not frivolously chosen and decoratively deployed.

A formal standard for the dawn poem – never strongly maintained, even in the genre's medieval heyday – does not seem now recoverable. We should not, though, despair of thematic rigour. It is retained in the one field of lyric endeavour where the words "alba" and "aubade" are almost never used: that of popular song. A vivid sense of the erotic possibilities of dawn links, for example, Blind Willie McTell's exquisite blues "Mama Taint Long Fo Day", in which the singer is released from the clutches of midnight depression by his lover's "sunshine", Rod Stewart's "Maggie May", which imposes faux-Americana on a cautionary Liverpudlian ballad, and temporal play (it is autumn; the youthful singer must leave his older lover) upon the matitutinal situation, and Ian Dury's "Wake up and Make Love with Me", a virtuoso display of vowel music, internal rhyme and domestic naughtiness from which I take the title of this essay. The rage to classification of art-poetry seems in this instance to have provoked only effeteness, but independent of the gelid grasp of nomenclature, the aubade is as perennial as the morning glory.

Kit Fryatt

Bibliography

Auden, Wystan Hugh. *Thank You, Fog*. London: Faber & Faber, 1974.

Beckett, Samuel. *Collected Poems 1930-1978*. London: John Calder, 1984.

Bishop, Elizabeth. *Edgar Allen Poe and the Jukebox: Uncollected Poems, Drafts and Fragments*. ed. Alice Quinn. Manchester: Carcanet, 2006.

Bonner, Anthony. *Songs of the Troubadours*. New York: Schoken Books, 1972.

Child, Francis James, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 5 vols 1884-1892, repr. New York:

Dover, 1965.

Dury, Ian. *New Boots and Panties*. London: Stiff Records, 1977.

Empson, William. *The Complete Poems*, ed. John Haffenden. London: Penguin, 2000.

Fuller, John. *W.H. Auden: a Commentary* Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1998.

Larkin, Philip. *Collected Poems*, ed. Anthony Thwaite. London: Faber & Faber, 1988.

Lowell, Amy. *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*. 1914, repr. Whitefish, MT: Kessinger, 2009.

Kehew, Robert. (ed.) *Lark in the Morning: The Verses of the Troubadours*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005.

MacNeice, Louis. *Collected Poems*, ed. Peter McDonald. London: Faber & Faber, 2007.

McTier, William Samuel (Blind Willie McTell). "Mama Taint Long Fo Day". Atlanta, Georgia: Victor, 1927.

Ní Dhomhnaill, Nuala. *Pharaoh's Daughter* (Oldcastle, Co. Meath: Gallery,)

Pound, Ezra. *Lustra of Ezra Pound*. London: Elkin Matthews, 1916

—. *Quia Pauper Amavi*. London: The Egoist, 1919.

Rowe, Mark. W. *Philosophy and Literature: A Book of Essays*. Aldershot and Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2004.

Sitwell, Edith. *Selected Poems with an essay on her own poetry*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1937.

Stewart, Roderick David. *Every Picture Tells a Story*. London: Mercury, 1971.

Wilbur, Richard. *Collected Poems 1943-2004*. Orlando, FL: Harvest, 2005.