

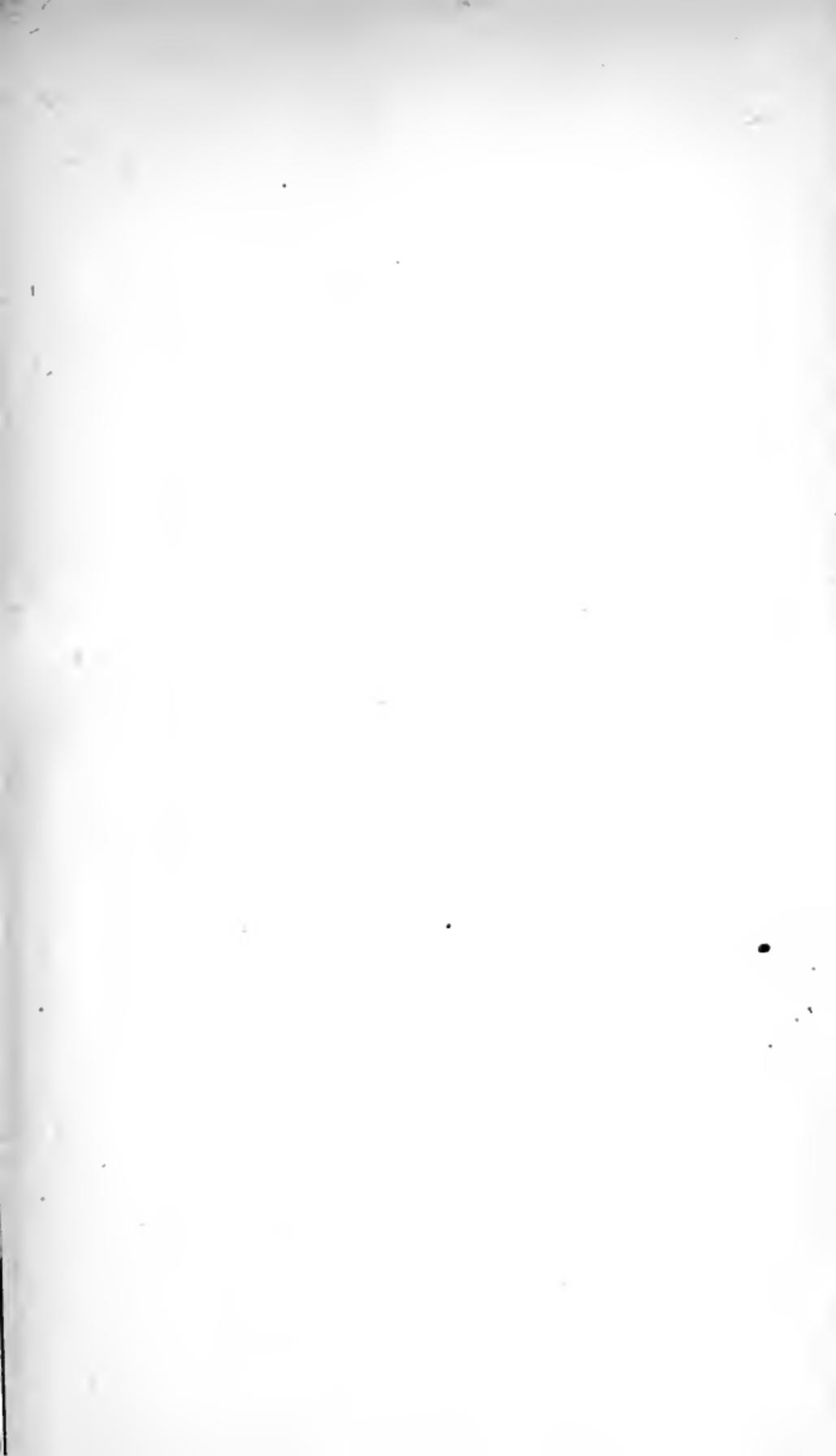


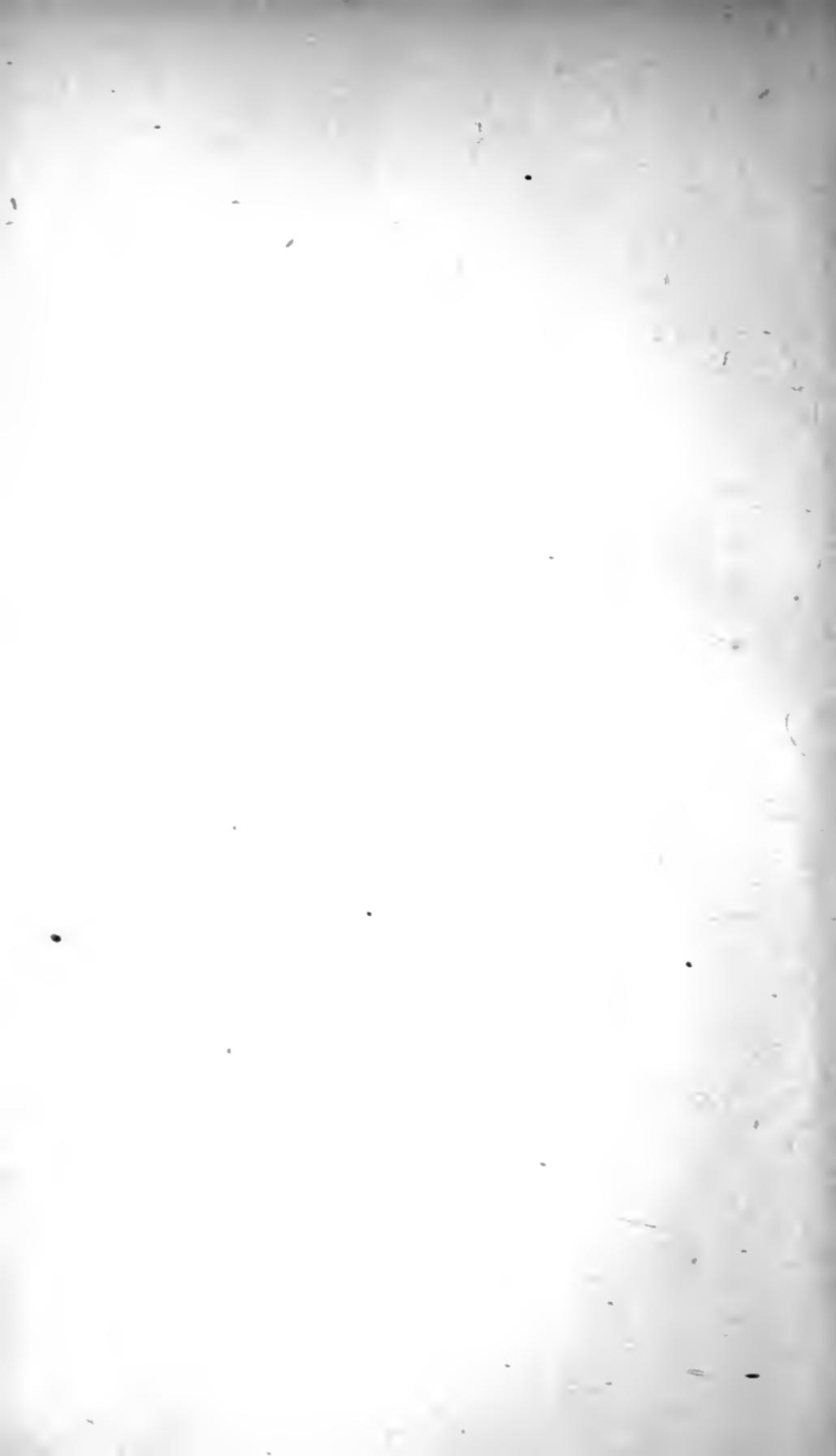


Goldwin Smith.













~~W. Osgood & P.~~  
~~1871~~

*See*

THE *5-15-11*

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*WITH A MEMOIR.*

VOL. II.



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## POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, names have been given to places by the Author and some of his friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

#### I.

It was an April morning : fresh and clear  
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,  
Ran with a young man's speed ; and yet the voice  
Of waters which the Winter had supplied  
Was softened down into a vernal tone.  
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,  
And hopes and wishes, from all living things  
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.  
The budding groves seemed eager to urge on  
The steps of June ; as if their various hues  
Were only hindrances that stood between

Them and their object : but, meanwhile, prevailed  
 Such an entire contentment in the air,  
 That every naked ash, and tardy tree  
 Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance  
 With which it looked on this delightful day  
 Were native to the Summer. — Up the brook  
 I roamed in the confusion of my heart,  
 Alive to all things and forgetting all.  
 At length I to a sudden turning came  
 In this continuous glen, where down a rock  
 The Stream, so ardent in its course before,  
 Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all  
 Which I till then had heard appeared the voice  
 Of common pleasure : beast and bird, the lamb,  
 The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the thrush,  
 Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,  
 Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild  
                   growth  
 Or like some natural produce of the air,  
 That could not cease to be. Green leaves were  
                   here ;  
 But 't was the foliage of the rocks, — the birch,  
 The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,  
 With hanging islands of resplendent furze :  
 And on a summit, distant a short space,  
 By any who should look beyond the dell,  
 A single mountain-cottage might be seen.  
 I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,  
 ' Our thoughts at least are ours ; and this wild  
                   nook,

My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee."  
 — Soon did the spot become my other home,  
 My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.  
 And, of the Shepherds who have seen me there,  
 To whom I sometimes in our idle talk  
 Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,  
 Years after we are gone and in our graves,  
 When they have cause to speak of this wild place,  
 May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.

1800.

---

 II.

## TO JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass  
 The time of early youth ; and there you learned,  
 From years of quiet industry, to love  
 The living Beings by your own fireside,  
 With such a strong devotion, that your heart  
 Is slow to meet the sympathies of them  
 Who look upon the hills with tenderness,  
 And make dear friendships with the streams and  
 groves.

Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,  
 Dwelling retired in our simplicity  
 Among the woods and fields, we love you well,  
 Joanna ! and I guess, since you have been  
 So distant from us now for two long years,

That you will gladly listen to discourse,  
 However trivial, if you thence be taught  
 That they, with whom you once were happy, talk  
 Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past,  
 Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop  
 Their ancient neighbor, the old steeple-tower,  
 The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by  
 Came forth to greet me; and when he had asked,  
 "How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid?  
 And when will she return to us?" he paused;  
 And, and after short exchange of village news,  
 He with grave looks demanded, for what cause,  
 Reviving obsolete idolatry,  
 I, like a Runic Priest, in characters  
 Of formidable size had chiselled out  
 Some uncouth name upon the native rock,  
 Above the Rotha, by the forest-side.  
 — Now, by those dear immunities of heart  
 Engendered between malice and true love,  
 I was not loth to be so catechized,  
 And this was my reply: — "As it befell,  
 One summer morning we had walked abroad  
 At break of day, Joanna and myself.  
 — 'T was that delightful season when the broom,  
 Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,  
 Along the copses runs in veins of gold.  
 Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks;  
 And when we came in front of that tall rock

That eastward looks, I there stopped short, and  
stood

Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye  
From base to summit ; such delight I found  
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,  
That intermixture of delicious hues,  
Along so vast a surface, all at once,  
In one impression, by connecting force  
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.

— When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,  
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.  
The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,  
Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again ;  
That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag  
Was ready with her cavern ; Hammar-scar,  
And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent forth  
A noise of laughter ; southern Loughrigg heard,  
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone ;  
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
Carried the Lady's voice, — old Skiddaw blew  
His speaking-trumpet ; — back out of the clouds  
Of Glaramara southward came the voice ;  
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.  
— Now whether ” (said I to our cordial Friend,  
Who in the heyday of astonishment  
Smiled in my face) “ this were in simple truth  
A work accomplished by the brotherhood  
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched  
With dreams and visionary impulses

To me alone imparted, sure I am  
 That there was a loud uproar in the hills.  
 And while we both were listening, to my side  
 The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished  
 To shelter from some object of her fear.  
 — And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen  
                   moons

Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone  
 Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm  
 And silent morning, I sat down, and there,  
 In memory of affections old and true,  
 I chiselled out in those rude characters  
 Joanna's name deep in the living stone : —  
 And I, and all who dwell by my fireside,  
 Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S ROCK."

1800.

NOTE. — In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are, without doubt, Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the river which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydale, falls into Wynandermere. On Helm-crag, that impressive single mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those fissures or caverns, which in the language of the country are called dungeous. Most of the mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

## III.

THERE is an Eminence, — of these our hills  
The last that parleys with the setting sun ;  
We can behold it from our orchard-seat ;  
And, when at evening we pursue our walk  
Along the public way, this Peak, so high  
Above us, and so distant in its height,  
Is visible ; and often seems to send  
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.  
The meteors make of it a favorite haunt :  
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large  
In the mid-heavens, is never half so fair  
As when he shines above it. 'T is in truth  
The loneliest place we have among the clouds.  
And she who dwells with me, whom I have loved  
With such communion, that no place on earth  
Can ever be a solitude to me,  
Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.

1800.

## IV.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and crags,  
A rude and natural causeway, interposed  
Between the water and a winding slope  
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore

Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy :  
 And there myself and two beloved Friends,  
 One calm September morning, ere the mist  
 Had altogether yielded to the sun,  
 Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.  
 — Ill suits the road with one in haste ; but we  
 Played with our time ; and, as we strolled along,  
 It was our occupation to observe  
 Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore, —  
 Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,  
 Each on the other heaped, along the line  
 Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,  
 Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft  
 Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,  
 That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,  
 Suddenly halting now, — a lifeless stand !  
 And starting off again with freak as sudden ;  
 In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,  
 Making report of an invisible breeze  
 That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,  
 Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul.  
 — And often, trifling with a privilege  
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,  
 And now the other, to point out, perchance  
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair  
 Either to be divided from the place  
 On which it grew, or to be left alone  
 To its own beauty. Many such there are.  
 Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall fern,  
 So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named ;

Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode  
 On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the side  
 Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,  
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.  
 — So fared we that bright morning: from the  
     fields,

Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy mirth  
 Of reapers, men and women, boys and girls.  
 Delighted much to listen to those sounds,  
 And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced  
 Along the indented shore; when suddenly,  
 Through a thin veil of glittering haze, was seen  
 Before us, on a point of jutting land,  
 The tall and upright figure of a Man  
 Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,  
 Angling beside the margin of the lake.  
 "Improvident and reckless," we exclaimed,  
 "The Man must be, who thus can lose a day  
 Of the mid-harvest, when the laborer's hire  
 Is ample, and some little might be stored  
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter-time."  
 Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached  
 Close to the spot where with his rod and line  
 He stood alone; whereat he turned his head  
 To greet us, — and we saw a Man worn down  
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks  
 And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean  
 That for my single self I looked at them,  
 Forgetful of the body they sustained. —  
 Too weak to labor in the harvest field,

The Man was using his best skill to gain  
 A pittance from the dead, unfeeling lake  
 That knew not of his wants. I will not say  
 What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how  
 The happy idleness of that sweet morn,  
 With all its lovely images, was changed  
 To serious musing and to self-reproach.  
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
 What need there is to be reserved in speech,  
 And temper all our thoughts with charity.  
 — Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
 My Friend, Myself, and She who then received  
 The same admonishment, have called the place  
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
 As e'er by mariner was given to bay  
 Or foreland, on a new-discovered coast ;  
 And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the name it bears.

1800.

---

 v.

## TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees :  
 There was no road, nor any woodman's path ;  
 But a thick umbrage — checking the wild growth  
 Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf  
 Beneath the branches — of itself had made

A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,  
 And a small bed of water in the woods.  
 All round this pool both flocks and herds might  
 drink

On its firm margin, even as from a well,  
 Or some stone basin which the herdsman's hand  
 Had shaped for their refreshment ; nor did sun,  
 Or wind from any quarter, ever come,  
 But as a blessing to this calm recess,  
 This glade of water and this one green field.  
 The spot was made by Nature for herself ;  
 The travellers know it not, and 't will remain  
 Unknown to them ; but it is beautiful ;  
 And if a man should plant his cottage near,  
 Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,  
 And blend its waters with his daily meal,  
 He would so love it, that in his death-hour  
 Its image would survive among his thoughts :  
 And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still Nook,  
 With all its beeches, we have named from You !

1800.

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 VI.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy world,  
 Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen  
 A habitation in this peaceful Vale,  
 Sharp season followed of continual storm

In deepest winter ; and, from week to week,  
 Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged  
 With frequent showers of snow. Upon a hill  
 At a short distance from my cottage stands  
 A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont  
 To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof  
 Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place  
 Of refuge, with an unencumbered floor.  
 Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,  
 And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,  
 The redbreast near me hopped ; nor was I loth  
 To sympathize with vulgar coppice birds,  
 That, for protection from the nipping blast,  
 Hither repaired. — A single beech-tree grew  
 Within this grove of firs ! and, on the fork  
 Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest ;  
 A last year's nest, conspicuously built  
 At such small elevation from the ground  
 As gave sure sign that they, who in that house  
 Of nature and of love had made their home  
 Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes  
 A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock,  
 Would watch my motions with suspicious stare,  
 From the remotest outskirts of the grove, —  
 Some nook where they had made their final stand,  
 Huddling together from two fears, — the fear  
 Of me and of the storm. Full many an hour  
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees  
 Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven

In such perplexed and intricate array ;  
 That vainly did I seek, beneath their stems  
 A length of open space, where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern or care ;  
 And, baffled thus, though earth from day to day  
 Was fettered, and the air by storm disturbed,  
 I ceased the shelter to frequent, — and prized  
 Less than I wished to prize that calm recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned  
 To clothe the fields with verdure. Other haunts  
 Meanwhile were mine ; till, one bright April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A hoary pathway traced between the trees,  
 And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering how I could have sought in vain  
 For what was now so obvious. To abide,  
 For an allotted interval of ease,  
 Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come  
 From the wild sea a cherished Visitant ;  
 And with the sight of this same path, begun,  
 Begun and ended, in the shady grove,  
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind  
 That, to this opportune recess allured,  
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful ; and had worn the track  
 By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot

That haunts the Sailor measuring o'er and o'er  
 His short domain upon the vessel's deck,  
 While she pursues her course through the dreary  
 sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant  
 shore,  
 And taken thy first leave of those green hills  
 And rocks that were the playground of thy youth,  
 Year followed year, my Brother ! and we two,  
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould  
 Each other's mind was fashioned ; and at length,  
 When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,  
 Between us there was little other bond  
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.  
 But thou, a schoolboy, to the sea hadst carried  
 Undying recollections ; Nature there  
 Was with thee ; she, who loved us both, she still  
 Was with thee ; and even so didst thou become  
 A *silent* Poet ; from the solitude  
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart  
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
 And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.  
 — Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone ;  
 Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours  
 Could I withhold thy honored name, — and now  
 I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns  
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong ;  
 And there I sit at evening, when the steep

Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful lake,  
 And one green island, gleam between the stems  
 Of the dark firs, a visionary scene !  
 And while I gaze upon the spectacle  
 Of clouded splendor, on this dream-like sight  
 Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,  
 My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.  
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,  
 Muttering the verses which I muttered first  
 Among the mountains, through the midnight watch  
 Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck  
 In some far region, here, while o'er my head,  
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,  
 The Fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,  
 Alone I tread this path ; — for aught I know,  
 Timing my steps to thine ; and, with a store  
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,  
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day  
 When we, and others whom we love, shall meet  
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

1805.

NOTE. — This wish was not granted; the lamented Person  
 not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty  
 as commander of the Honorable East India Company's ves-  
 sel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

## VII.

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose base  
 Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend  
 In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair  
 Rising to no ambitious height ; yet both,  
 O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,  
 Unfolded prospects fair as human eyes  
 Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,  
 To one or other brow of those twin Peaks  
 Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,  
 And took no note of the hour while thence they  
                   gazed,

The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,  
 In speechless admiration. I, a witness  
 And frequent sharer of their calm delight  
 With thankful heart, to either Eminence  
 Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.  
 Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand  
 Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love  
 As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles, —  
 That, while the generations of mankind  
 Follow each other to their hiding-place  
 In time's abyss, are privileged to endure  
 Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced  
 With like command of beauty, — grant your aid  
 For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent claim,  
 That their pure joy in nature may survive  
 From age to age in blended memory.

## POEMS OF THE FANCY.

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### I.

#### A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,  
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw ;  
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,  
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe :  
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death ; and when the owl  
Tries his two voices for a favorite strain, —  
*Tu-whit! Tu-who!* — the unsuspecting fowl  
Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain ;  
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,  
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill ;  
A feathered taskmaster cries, "WORK AWAY!"  
And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR WILL!"\*

\* See Waterton's Wanderings in South America.

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,  
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays  
Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel;  
And that fleet messenger of summer days,  
The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell;  
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark  
To melancholy service. — Hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,  
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;  
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,  
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;  
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;  
The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark.

Hail, blest above all kinds! — Supremely skilled  
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,  
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build  
On such forbearance as the deep may show;  
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,  
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek Dove;  
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;  
So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;  
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler!— that love-prompted  
strain

(’Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
Yet might’st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,  
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony thy notes most gladly make,  
Where earth resembles most his own domain!  
Urania’s self might welcome with pleased ear  
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars  
To daylight known deter from that pursuit,  
’T is well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps thee still and mute;  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

## II.

## A FLOWER-GARDEIN. :

AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

TELL me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,  
While fluttering o'er this gay recess,  
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould  
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,  
Did only softly stealing hours  
There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw  
All kinds commingled without fear,  
Prevailed a like indulgent law  
For the still growths that prosper here?  
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear  
The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds  
And prematurely disappeared,  
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads  
A bosom to the sun endeared?  
If such their harsh, untimely doom,  
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer long the happy Eve  
Of this fair spot her flowers may bind,  
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,  
From the next glance she casts, to find

That love for little things by Fate  
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,  
So subtly are our eyes beguiled  
We see not nor suspect a bound,  
No more than in some forest wild ;  
The sight is free as air, — or crost  
Only by art in nature lost.

And though the jealous turf refuse  
By random footsteps to be prest,  
And feed on never-sullied dews,  
Ye, gentle breezes from the west,  
With all the ministers of hope  
Are tempted to this sunny slope !

And hither throngs of birds resort ;  
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,  
Some, perched on stems of stately port  
That nod to welcome transient guests ;  
While hare and leveret, seen at play,  
*Appear* not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)  
This delicate inclosure shows  
Of modest kindness, that would hide  
The firm protection she bestows ;  
Of manners, like its viewless fence,  
Insuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse ; — her wing  
 Abruptly spreading to depart,  
 She left that farewell offering,  
 Memento for some docile heart ;  
 That may respect the good old age  
 When Fancy was Truth's willing Page ;  
 And Truth would skim the flowery glade,  
 Though entering but as Fancy's Shade.

1824.

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 III.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill  
 Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound ;  
 Then — all at once the air was still,  
 And showers of hailstones pattered round.  
 Where leafless oaks towered high above,  
 I sat within an undergrove  
 Of tallest hollies, tall and green ;  
 A fairer bower was never seen.  
 From year to year the spacious floor  
 With withered leaves is covered o'er,  
 And all the year the bower is green.  
 But see ! where'er the hailstones drop,  
 The withered leaves all skip and hop ;  
 There 's not a breeze, — no breath of air, —  
 Yet here, and there, and everywhere  
 Along the floor, beneath the shade  
 By those embowering hollies made,

The leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
 As if with pipes and music rare  
 Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,  
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

1799.

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IV.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

I.

“BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,”  
 Exclaimed an angry voice,  
 “Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self  
 Between me and my choice!”  
 A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows  
 Thus threatened a poor Brier-rose,  
 That, all bespattered with his foam,  
 And dancing high and dancing low,  
 Was living, as a child might know,  
 In an unhappy home.

II.

“Dost thou presume my course to block?  
 Off, off! or, puny Thing!  
 I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock  
 To which thy fibres cling.”

The Flood was tyrannous and strong ;  
The patient Brier suffered long,  
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
Hoping the danger would be past ;  
But, seeing no relief, at last  
He ventured to reply.

## iii.

“ Ah ! ” said the Brier, “ blame me not ;  
Why should we dwell in strife ?  
We who in this sequestered spot  
Once lived a happy life !  
You stirred me on my rocky bed, —  
What pleasure through my veins you spread  
The summer long, from day to day,  
My leaves you freshened and bedewed ;  
Nor was it common gratitude  
That did your cares repay.

## iv.

“ When Spring came on with bud and bell,  
Among these rocks did I  
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell  
That gentle days were nigh !  
And in the sultry summer hours,  
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers ;  
And in my leaves — now shed and gone —  
The linnet lodged, and for us two  
Chanted his pretty songs, when you  
Had little voice or none.

## V.

"But now proud thoughts are in your breast, —  
 What grief is mine you see ;  
 Ah ! would you think, even yet how blest  
 Together we might be !  
 Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
 Some ornaments to me are left ;  
 Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
 With which I, in my humble way,  
 Would deck you many a winter day,  
 A happy Eglantine !'

## VI.

What more he said I cannot tell,  
 The Torrent down the rocky dell  
 Came thundering loud and fast ;  
 I listened, nor aught else could hear ;  
 The Brier quaked — and much I fear  
 Those accents were his last.

1800.

## V.

## THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

## A PASTORAL.

## I.

His simple truths did Andrew glean  
 Beside the babbling rills ;

A careful student he had been  
Among the woods and hills.  
One winter's night, when through the trees  
The wind was roaring, on his knees  
His youngest-born did Andrew hold :  
And while the rest, a ruddy choir,  
Were seated round their blazing fire,  
This Tale the Shepherd told.

## II.

“ I saw a crag, a lofty stone  
As ever tempest beat !  
Out of its head an Oak had grown,  
A Broom out of its feet.  
The time was March, a cheerful noon, —  
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,  
Breathed gently from the warm southwest ;  
When, in a voice sedate with age,  
This Oak, a giant and a sage,  
His neighbor thus addressed : —

## III.

“ Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,  
Along this mountain's edge,  
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,  
Wedge driving after wedge.  
Look up ! and think, above your head  
What trouble, surely, will be bred ;  
Last night I heard a crash, — 't-is true,  
The splinters took another road ;

I see them yonder, — what a load  
For such a Thing as you !

## IV.

“ ‘ You are preparing, as before,  
To deck your slender shape ;  
And yet, just three years back — no more —  
You had a strange escape :  
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ;  
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,  
And hitherward pursued its way ;  
This ponderous block was caught by me,  
And o’er your head, as you may see,  
'T is hanging to this day !

## V.

“ ‘ If breeze or bird to this rough steep  
Your kind’s first seed did bear,  
The breeze had better been asleep,  
The bird caught in a snare :  
For you and your green twigs decoy  
The little witless shepherd-boy  
To come and slumber in your bower ;  
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,  
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon !  
Will perish in one hour.

## VI.

“ ‘ From me this friendly warning take --’  
The Broom began to doze,

And thus, to keep herself awake,  
Did gently interpose :  
' My thanks for your discourse are due ;  
That more than what you say is true,  
I know, and I have known it long ;  
Frail is the bond by which we hold  
Our being, whether young or old,  
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

## VII.

“ Disasters, do the best we can,  
Will reach both great and small ;  
And he is oft the wisest man,  
Who is not wise at all.  
For me, why should I wish to roam ?  
This spot is my paternal home,  
It is my pleasant heritage ;  
My father many a happy year  
Spread here his careless blossoms, here  
Attained a good old age.

## VIII.

“ Even such as his may be my lot.  
What cause have I to haunt  
My heart with terrors ? Am I not  
In truth a favored plant !  
On me such bounty Summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers ;  
And, when the Frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay

That you might look at me and say,  
This Plant can never die.

## IX.

“ ‘The Butterfly, all green and gold,  
To me hath often flown,  
Here in my blossoms to behold  
Wings lovely as his own.  
When grass is chill with rain or dew,  
Beneath my shade the mother-ewe  
Lies with her infant lamb ; I see  
The love they to each other make,  
And the sweet joy which they partake,  
It is a joy to me.’

## X.

“ Her voice was blithe, her heart was light ;  
The Broom might have pursued  
Her speech, until the stars of night  
Their journey had renewed ;  
But in the branches of the Oak  
Two ravens now began to croak  
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air ;  
And to her own green bower the breeze  
That instant brought two stripling bees  
To rest or murmur there.

## XI.

“ One night, my Children ! from the north  
There came a furious blast ;

At break of day I ventured forth,  
And near the cliff I passed.  
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
And whirled, and whirled him far away ;  
And, in one hospitable cleft,  
The little careless Broom was left  
To live for many a day."

1800.

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VI.

## TO A SEXTON.

LET thy wheelbarrow alone !  
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still  
In thy bone-house bone on bone ?  
'T is already like a hill  
In a field of battle made,  
Where three thousand skulls are laid ;  
These died in peace each with the other, —  
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point !  
From this platform, eight feet square,  
Take not even a finger-joint :  
Andrew's whole fireside is there.  
Here, alone, before thine eyes,  
Simon's sickly daughter lies,

From weakness now and pain defended,  
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride, —  
How he glories, when he sees  
Roses, lilies, side by side,  
Violets in families !  
By the heart of Man, his tears,  
By his hopes and by his fears,  
Thou, too heedless, art the Warden  
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,  
Let them all in quiet lie,  
Andrew there, and Susan here,  
Neighbors in mortality.  
And should I live through sun and rain,  
Seven widowed years without my Jane,  
O Sexton, do not then remove her,  
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover !

1799.

## VII.

## TO THE DAISY.

" Her \* divine skill taught me this,  
That from everything I saw  
I could some instruction draw,  
And raise pleasure to the height  
Through the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustelling;  
By a Daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed;  
Or a shady bush or tree;  
She could more infuse in me,  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man."

G. WITHER.

IN youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill, in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy;  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake,  
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;

\* His Muse.

Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
That she may sun thee ;  
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy wight !  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;  
Pleased at his greeting thee again ;  
Yet nothing daunted,  
Nor grieved, if thou be set at naught :  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their sacred mews  
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearling ;  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
Near the green holly,

And wearily at length should fare ;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art ! — a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;  
Some memory that had taken flight ;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure ;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds ;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,  
When thou art up, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play  
With kindred gladness :  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest

Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing ;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense ;  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year ! that round dost run  
Thy pleasant course, — when day's begun  
As ready to salute the sun  
As lark or leveret,  
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;  
Nor be less dear to future men  
Than in old time ; — thou not in vain  
Art Nature's favorite.\*

1802.

\* See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honors formerly paid to this flower.

## VIII.

## TO THE SAME FLOWER.

WITH little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Daisy ! again I talk to thee,  
    For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming Commonplace  
Of Nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace,  
    Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit, and play with similes,  
Loose types of things through all degrees,  
    Thoughts of thy raising :  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
As is the humor of the game,  
    While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port ;  
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
    Of all temptations ;  
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;  
A starveling in a scanty vest ;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
    Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next, — and instantly  
    The freak is over,  
The shape will vanish, — and behold  
A silver shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself, some faery bold  
    In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar, —  
And then thou art a pretty star;  
Not quite so fair as many are  
    In heaven above thee!  
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; —  
May peace come never to his nest,  
    Who shall reprove thee!

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
    Sweet, silent creature!  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
    Of thy meek nature!

## IX.

## THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread  
Of Spring's unclouded weather,  
In this sequestered nook how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard-seat !  
And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
In all this covert of the blest :  
Hail to thee, far above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion !  
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,  
Presiding spirit here to-day,  
Dost lead the revels of the May ;  
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,  
Make all one band of paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
Art sole in thy employment :  
A Life, a Presence like the air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair ;  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
     Yet seeming still to hover ;  
 There ! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
     That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
 A brother of the dancing leaves ;  
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves  
     Pours forth a song in gushes ;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
     While fluttering in the bushes.

1803.

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 X.

## TO A SKYLARK.

UP with me ! up with me into the clouds !  
     For thy song, Lark, is strong ;  
 Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !  
     Singing, singing,  
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
     Lift me, guide me till I find  
 That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary ;  
Had I now the wings of a Faery,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, and joy divine  
In that song of thine ;  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,  
Thou art laughing and scorning ;  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
And, though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loth  
To be such a traveller as I.  
Happy, happy Liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain river  
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind ;  
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is  
done.

## . XI.

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.\*

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises ;  
Long as there 's a sun that sets,  
Primroses will have their glory ;  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story :  
There 's a flower that shall be mine,  
'T is the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star ;  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout !  
I 'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little Flower !— I 'll make a stir,  
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;  
Since we needs must first have met,  
I have seen thee, high and low,  
Thirty years or more, and yet

\* Common Pilewort.

'T was a face I did not know ;  
Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about her nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless Prodigal ;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we 've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !  
Travel with the multitude :  
Never heed them ; I aver  
That they all are wanton wooers ;  
But the thrifty cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near at home ;  
Spring is coming, thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly, unassuming Spirit !  
Careless of thy neighborhood,  
Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood,  
In the lane ; — there 's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 't is good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
 Children of the flaring hours !  
 Buttercups, that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no ;  
 Others, too, of lofty mien ;  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
 Ill-requited upon earth ;  
 Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing,  
 Serving at my heart's command,  
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,  
 I will sing, as doth behoove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

1803.

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 XII.

## TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
 When they lie about our feet :  
 February last, my heart  
 First at sight of thee was glad ;  
 All unheard of as thou art,

Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
Celandine! and long ago,  
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
Whosoe'er the man might be,  
Who the first with pointed rays  
(Workman worthy to be sainted)  
Set the sign-board in a blaze,  
When the rising sun he painted,  
Took the fancy from a glance  
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of Winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!  
With the proudest thou art there,  
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure  
By myself a lonely pleasure,  
Sighed to think I read a book,  
Only read, perhaps, by me;  
Yet I long could overlook  
Thy bright coronet and thee,  
And thy arch and wily ways,  
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;  
While the patient primrose sits  
Like a beggar in the cold,  
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
Slip'st into thy sheltering hold ;  
Liveliest of the vernal train  
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,  
By what charm of sight or smell,  
Does the dim-eyed, curious Bee,  
Laboring for her waxen cells,  
Fondly settle upon thee,  
Prized above all buds and bells  
Opening daily at thy side,  
By the season multiplied ?

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
But a thing "beneath our shoon":  
Let the bold Discoverer thrud  
In his bark the polar sea ;  
Rear who will a pyramid ;  
Praise it is enough for me,  
If there be but three or four  
Who will love my little Flower.

## XIII.

## THE SEVEN SISTERS ;

## OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

## I.

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,  
 All children of one mother :  
 You could not say in one short day  
 What love they bore each other.  
 A garland, of seven lilies, wrought !  
 Seven Sisters that together dwell ;  
 But he, bold Knight as ever fought,  
 Their Father, took of them no thought,  
 He loved the wars so well.  
 Sing, mournfully, O, mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie !

## II.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
 And from the shores of Erin,  
 Across the wave, a Rover brave  
 To Binnorie is steering :  
 Right onward to the Scottish strand  
 The gallant ship is borne ;  
 The warriors leap upon the land,  
 And hark ! the Leader of the band  
 Hath blown his bugle-horn.  
 Sing, mournfully, O, mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie !

## III.

Beside a grotto of their own,  
With boughs above them closing,  
The Seven are laid, and in the shade  
They lie like fawns reposing.  
But now, upstarting with affright,  
At noise of man and steed,  
Away they fly to left, to right : —  
Of your fair household, Father-Knight,  
Methinks you take small heed !  
Sing, mournfully, O, mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie !

## IV.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,  
And, over hill and hollow,  
With menace proud, and insult loud,  
The youthful Rovers follow.  
Cried they, “ Your Father loves to roam :  
Enough for him to find  
The empty house when he comes home ;  
For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
For us be fair and kind ! ”  
Sing, mournfully, O, mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie !

## V.

Some close behind, some side by side,  
Like clouds in stormy weather ;  
They run, and cry, “ Nay, let us die,

And let us die together.”  
 A lake was near ; the shore was steep ;  
 There never foot had been ;  
 They ran, and with a desperate leap  
 Together plunged into the deep,  
 Nor ever more were seen.  
 Sing, mournfully, O, mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie !

## VI.

The stream that flows out of the lake,  
 As through the glen it rambles,  
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
 For those seven lovely Campbells.  
 Seven little Islands, green and bare,  
 Have risen from out the deep :  
 The fishers say, those sisters fair  
 By faeries all are buried there,  
 And there together sleep.  
 Sing, mournfully, O, mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie !

1804.

## XIV.

WHO fancied what a pretty sight  
 This Rock would be if edged around  
 With living snowdrops? circlet bright !  
 How glorious to this orchard-ground !

Who loved the little Rock, and set  
Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humor of a child?  
Or rather of some gentle maid,  
Whose brows, the day that she was styled  
The shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed?  
Of man mature, or matron sage,  
Or old man toying with his age?

I asked, — 't was whispered: The device  
To each and all might well belong;  
It is the Spirit of Paradise  
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,  
That gives to all the selfsame bent  
Where life is wise and innocent.

1803.

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XV.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English Robin;  
The bird that comes about our doors  
When Autumn winds are sobbing?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?

Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland?

The bird, that by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their brother,  
The darling of children and men?  
Could Father Adam\* open his eyes  
And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again.

— If the Butterfly knew but his friend,  
Hither his flight he would bend ;  
And find his way to me,  
Under the branches of the tree :  
In and out, he darts about ;  
Can this be the bird, to man so good,  
That, after their bewildering,  
Covered with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst pursue  
A beautiful creature,  
That is gentle by nature ?  
Beneath the summer sky  
From flower to flower let him fly ;  
'T is all that he wishes to do.  
The cheerer thou of our in-door sadness,

\* See Paradise Lost, Book XI., where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing "two Birds of gayest plume," and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.

He is the friend of our summer gladness :  
 What hinders, then, that ye should be  
 Playmates in the sunny weather,  
 And fly about in the air together ?  
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,  
 A crimson as bright as thine own :  
 Wouldst thou be happy in thy nest,  
 O pious Bird ! whom man loves best,  
 Love him, or leave him alone !

1806.

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 XVI.

## SONG FOR THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE PAS-  
 TORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel !  
 Night has brought the welcome hour,  
 When the weary fingers feel  
 Help, as if from faery power ;  
 Dewy night o'ershades the ground ;  
 Turn the swift wheel round and round !

Now, beneath the starry sky,  
 Couch the widely scattered sheep ;—  
 Ply the pleasant labor, ply !  
 For the spindle, while they sleep,

Runs with speed more smooth and fine,  
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred  
By a glance from fickle eyes ;  
But true love is like the thread  
Which the kindly wool supplies,  
When the flocks are all at rest  
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

1812.

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 XVII.

## HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

“ WHO but hails the sight with pleasure  
When the wings of genius rise,  
Their ability to measure  
    With great enterprise !  
But in man was ne'er such daring  
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing  
His brave spirit with the war in  
    The stormy skies !

“ Mark him, how his power he uses,  
Lays it by, at will resumes !  
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses  
    Clouds and utter glooms !

There, he wheels in downward mazes ;  
Sunward now his flight he raises,  
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes  
With uninjured plumes !”

## ANSWER.

“ Stranger, ’t is no act of courage  
Which aloft thou dost discern ;  
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage  
’Mid the tempest stern ;  
But such mockery as the nations  
See, when public perturbations  
Lift men from their native stations  
Like yon TUFT OF FERN ; —

“ Such it is ; the aspiring creature  
Soaring on undaunted wing,  
(So you fancied,) is by nature  
A dull, helpless thing,  
Dry and withered, light and yellow ; —  
*That* to be the tempest’s fellow !  
Wait, — and you shall see how hollow  
Its endeavoring !”

## XVIII.

ON SEEING A NEEDLE-CASE IN THE FORM  
OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

FROWNS are on every Muse's face,  
Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
That mimicry should thus disgrace  
The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size !  
Needles for strings in apt gradation !  
Minerva's self would stigmatize  
The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle, that subdued  
Arachne's rival spirit,  
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,  
Such honor could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,  
A living lord of melody !  
How will her Sire be reconciled  
To the refined indignity ?

I spake, when whispered a low voice :  
" Bard ! moderate your ire ;

Spirits of all degrees rejoice  
In presence of the lyre.

“The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,  
Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,  
Have shells to fit their tiny hands  
And suit their slender lays.

“Some, still more delicate of ear,  
Have lutes (believe my words)  
Whose framework is of gossamer,  
While sunbeams are the chords.

“Gay Sylphs this miniature will court,  
Made vocal by their brushing wings,  
And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport  
Around its polished strings ;

“Whence strains to lovesick maiden dear,  
While in her lonely bower she tries  
To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,  
By fanciful embroideries.

“Trust, angry Bard ! a knowing Sprite,  
Nor think the Harp her lot deploras ;  
Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine bright,  
Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars.”

## XIX.

## TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A  
POEM UPON SOME DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF  
FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

FAIR Lady ! can I sing of flowers  
That in Madeira bloom and fade, —  
I who ne'er sat within their bowers,  
Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed ?  
How they in sprightly dance are worn  
By shepherd groom or May-day queen,  
Or holy festal pomps adorn,  
These eyes have never seen.

Yet though to me the pencil's art  
No like remembrances can give,  
Your portraits still may reach the heart,  
And there for gentle pleasure live ;  
While Fancy raging with free scope  
Shall on some lovely Alien set  
A name with us endeared to hope,  
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,  
Some new resemblance we may trace :  
A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,  
A *Speedwell* may not want its place.

And so may we, with charmèd mind  
Beholding what your skill has wrought,  
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,  
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet,  
From heaven to earth, our thoughts will pass,  
A *Holy-Thistle* here we meet  
And there a *Shepherd's Weather-glass* ;  
And haply some familiar name  
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest plant,  
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame  
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing, she feels its power beguile  
Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath ;  
Alas ! that meek, that tender smile  
Is but a harbinger of death :  
And pointing with a feeble hand,  
She says, in faint words by sighs broken,  
Bear for me to my native land  
This precious Flower, true love's last token.

## XX.

GLAD sight wherever new with old  
Is joined, through some dear home-born tie !  
The life of all that we behold  
Depends upon that mystery.  
Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove,  
Unless, while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.

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## XXI.

## THE CONTRAST.

## THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

## I.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,  
I saw a dazzling Belle,  
A Parrot of that famous kind  
Whose name is NONPAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes ;  
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,  
With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
Her finely-curvèd bill.

Her plummy mantle's living hues,  
In mass opposed to mass,  
Outshine the splendor that imbues  
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate  
Did never tempt the choice  
Of feathered thing most delicate  
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,  
And singleness her lot,  
She trills her song with tutored powers,  
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets  
With which she may have striven !  
Now but in wantonness she frets,  
Or spite, if cause be given ;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird  
By social glee inspired ;  
Ambitious to be seen or heard,  
And pleased to be admired !

## II.

THIS moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,  
Harbors a self-contented Wren,  
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,  
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,  
She never tried ; the very nest  
In which this Child of Spring was reared,  
Is warmed, thro' Winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives  
A slender, unexpected strain ;  
Proof that the hermitess still lives,  
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Say, Dora ! tell me, by yon placid moon,  
If called to choose between the favored pair,  
Which would you be, — the bird of the saloon,  
By lady-fingers tended with nice care,  
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,  
Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed ?

1825.

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XXII.

THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills  
There is a spot that seems to lie  
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,  
And sacred to the sky.

And in this smooth and open dell  
There is a tempest-stricken tree ;  
A corner-stone by lightning cut,  
The last stone of a lonely hut ;  
And in this dell you see  
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,  
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

## II.

In clouds above, the lark is heard,  
But drops not here to earth for rest ;  
Within this lonesome nook the bird  
Did never build her nest.  
No beast, no bird, hath here his home ;  
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,  
Pass high above those fragrant bells  
To other flowers : — to other dells  
Their burdens do they bear ;  
The Danish Boy walks here alone :  
The lovely dell is all his own.

## III.

A Spirit of noonday is he ;  
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood ;  
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,  
Nor herdboyc of the wood.  
A regal vest of fur he wears,  
In color like a raven's wing :  
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew ;  
But in the storm 't is fresh and blue

As budding pines in Spring ;  
His helmet has a vernal grace,  
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

## IV.

A harp is from his shoulder slung ;  
Resting the harp upon his knee ;  
To words of a forgotten tongue,  
He suits its melody.  
Of flocks upon the neighboring hill  
He is the darling and the joy ;  
And often, when no cause appears,  
The mountain ponies prick their ears,  
— They hear the Danish Boy,  
While in the dell he sings alone  
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

## V.

There sits he ; in his face you spy  
No trace of a ferocious air,  
Nor ever was a cloudless sky  
So steady or so fair.  
The lovely Danish Boy is blest  
And happy in his flowery cove :  
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far ;  
And yet he warbles songs of war,  
That seem like songs of love,  
For calm and gentle is his mien ;  
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

## XXIII.

## SONG

## FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains  
Roar down many a craggy steep,  
Yet they find among the mountains  
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,  
Ere the storm its fury stills,  
Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre  
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,  
Yet he has a home to enter  
In some nook of chosen ground :

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean  
Yield him no domestic cave,  
Slumbers without sense of motion,  
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the Raven  
Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
Not the less she loves her haven  
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes  
 Vagrant over desert sands,  
 Brooding on her eggs reposes  
 When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,  
 Never nearer to the goal;  
 Night and day, I feel the trouble  
 Of the Wanderer in my soul.

1900.

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 XXIV.

## STRAY PLEASURES.

*"Pleasure is spread through the earth  
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find."*

By their floating mill,  
 That lies dead and still,  
 Behold yon Prisoners three,  
 The Miller with two Dames, on the breast of the  
 Thames!  
 The platform is small, but gives room for them all;  
 And they 're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
 To their mill where it floats,  
 To their house and their mill tethered fast:

To the small wooden isle, where, their work to  
 beguile,  
 They from morning to even take whatever is  
 given ; —  
 And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,  
 All alive with the fires  
 Of the sun going down to his rest,  
 In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,  
 They dance, — there are three, as jocund as free,  
 While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,  
 They themselves make the reel,  
 And their music 's a prey which they seize  
 It plays not for them, — what matter? 't is theirs ;  
 And if they had care, it has scattered their cares,  
 While they dance, crying, " Long as ye please."

They dance not for me,  
 Yet mine is their glee !  
 Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find ;  
 Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
 Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the Spring  
 Rouse the birds, and they sing ; •  
 If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,

Each leaf, that and this, his neighbor will kiss ;  
 Each wave, one and t'other, speeds after his brother ;  
 They are happy, for that is their right !

1806.

## XXV.

## THE PILGRIM'S DREAM ;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOWWORM.

A PILGRIM, when the summer day  
 Had closed upon his weary way,  
 A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof ;  
 But him the haughty Warder spurned ;  
 And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,  
 To seek such covert as the field  
 Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,  
 Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along ; and, pensively,  
 Halting beneath a shady tree,  
 Whose moss-grown root might serve for couch or  
     seat,  
 Fixed on a Star his upward eye ;  
 Then from the tenant of the sky  
 He turned, and watched, with kindred look,  
 A Glowworm, in a dusky nook,  
 Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighboring stream  
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,  
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds  
He recognized the earth-born Star,  
And *that* which glittered from afar ;  
And (strange to witness !) from the frame  
Of the ethereal Orb there came  
Intelligible sounds. .

Much did it taunt the humble Light,  
That now, when day was fled, and night  
Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary eyes,  
A very reptile could presume  
To show her taper in the gloom,  
As if in rivalry with one  
Who sat a ruler on his throne  
Erected in the skies.

“ Exalted Star ! ” the Worm replied,  
“ Abate this unbecoming pride,  
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine ;  
Thou shrink’st as momentarily thy rays  
Are mastered by the breathing haze ;  
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud  
That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,  
Hath power to injure mine. .

“ But not for this do I aspire  
To match the spark of local fire,  
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,

With thy acknowledged glories ; — No !  
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show  
What favors do attend me here,  
Till, like thyself, I disappear  
Before the purple dawn.”

When this in modest guise was said,  
Across the welkin seemed to spread  
A boding sound — for aught but sleep unfit !  
Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran ;  
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan ;  
And reeled with visionary stir  
In the blue depth, like Lucifer  
Cast headlong to the pit !

Fire raged : and, when the spangled floor  
Of ancient ether was no more,  
New heavens succeeded, by the dream brought  
forth :

And all the happy Souls that rode  
Transfigured through that fresh abode  
Had heretofore, in humble trust,  
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,  
The Glowworms of the earth !

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice  
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice  
Of him who slept upon the open lea :  
Waking at morn he murmured not ;  
And, till life's journey closed, the spot

Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,  
 Where by that dream he had been cheered  
 Beneath the shady tree.

1818.

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 XXVI.

## THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE.

As often as I murmur here  
 My half-formed melodies,  
 Straight from her osier mansion near  
 The Turtle dove replies :  
 Though silent as a leaf before,  
 The captive promptly coos ;  
 Is it to teach her own soft lore,  
 Or second my weak Muse ?

I rather think, the gentle Dove  
 Is murmuring a reproof,  
 Displeased that I from lays of love  
 Have dared to keep aloof ;  
 That I, a Bard of hill and dale,  
 Have carolled, fancy free,  
 As if nor dove nor nightingale  
 Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,  
 Sweet Bird ! to do me wrong ;

Love, blessed Love, is everywhere  
The spirit of my song :  
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,  
Love animates my lyre ; —  
That coo again ! — 't is not to chide,  
I feel, but to inspire.

1830.

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XXVII.

A WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little Wren's  
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,  
And seldom needs a labored roof ;  
Yet is it to the fiercest sun  
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,  
In perfect fitness for its aim,  
That to the Kind by special grace  
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek  
An opportune recess,

The hermit has no finer eye  
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,  
A canopy in some still nook ;  
Others are pent-housed by a brae  
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate  
Warbles by fits his low, clear song ;  
And by the busy streamlet both  
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
Where, till the fitting bird's return,  
Her eggs within the nest repose,  
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,  
There is a better and a best ;  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest ;

This, one of those small builders proved  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout ;

For she who planned the mossy lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,

Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest,  
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose minds without disdain  
Can turn to little things; but once  
Looked up for it in vain:

'T is gone, — a ruthless spoiler's prey,  
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song!  
'T is gone! (so seemed it,) and we grieved,  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light, the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth;  
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb  
Thy quiet with no ill intent

Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird ! and when thy young  
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
When withered is the guardian Flower,  
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
Amid the unviolated grove,  
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft,  
In foresight, or in love.

1833.

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XXVIII.

## LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING.

You call it, "Love-lies-bleeding," — so you may,  
Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to day,  
From month to month, life passing not away :  
A flower how rich in sadness ! Even thus stoops,  
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power)  
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent  
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,  
The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower !  
(T is Fancy guides me, willing to be led,  
Though by a slender thread,)

So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew  
 Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air  
 The gentlest breath of resignation drew ;  
 While Venus in a passion of despair  
 Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,  
 Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.  
 She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do ;  
 But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew  
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone  
                   bower

Did press this semblance of unpitied smart  
 Into the service of his constant heart,  
 His own dejection, downcast Flower ! could share  
 With thine, and gave the mournful name which  
                   thou wilt ever bear.

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 XXIX.

## COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray  
 That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,  
 Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more depressed,  
 This Flower, that first appeared as Summer's guest,  
 Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves  
 And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.  
 When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,  
 One after one submitting to their doom,

When her coevals each and all are fled,  
 What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome  
 bed ?

The old mythologists, more impressed than we  
 Of this late day by character in tree  
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,  
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,  
 Or with the language of the viewless air  
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause  
 To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws,  
 But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales  
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.  
 Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed  
 The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,  
 Who, while each stood companionless, and eyed  
 This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,  
 Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,  
 A fate that has endured and will endure,  
 And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,  
 Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love-lies-Bleeding*.

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 XXX.

## RURAL ILLUSIONS.

SYLPH was it ? or a Bird more bright  
 Than those of fabulous stock ?  
 A second darted by ; — and lo !  
 Another of the flock,

Through sunshine flitting from the bough  
To nestle in the rock.  
Transient deception ! a gay freak  
Of April's mimicries !  
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy  
Among the budding trees,  
Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray  
To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora ! show thy face,  
And let thy hand be seen,  
Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,  
That, as they touch the green,  
Take root (so seems it), and look up  
In honor of their Queen.  
Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,  
That not in vain aspired  
To be confounded with live growths,  
Most dainty, most admired,  
Were only blossoms dropped from twigs  
Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World's illusive shows ;  
*Her* wingless flutterings,  
Her blossoms, which, though shed, outbrave  
The floweret as it springs,  
For the undeceived, smile as they may,  
Are melancholy things :  
But gentle Nature plays her part  
With ever-varying wiles,

And transient feignings with plain truth  
 So well she reconciles,  
 That those fond Idlers most are pleased  
 Whom oftenest she beguiles.

1832.

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XXXI.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo !  
 What a pretty baby-show !  
 See the Kitten on the wall,  
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
 Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,—  
 From the lofty elder-tree !  
 Through the calm and frosty air  
 Of this morning bright and fair,  
 Eddying round and round, they sink  
 Softly, slowly : one might think,  
 From the motions that are made,  
 Every little leaf conveyed  
 Sylph or Faery hither tending,—  
 To this lower world descending,  
 Each invisible and mute,  
 In his wavering parachute.  
 —But the Kitten, how she starts,  
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !

First at one, and then its fellow  
 Just as light and just as yellow ;  
 There are many now, — now one, —  
 Now they stop and there are none :  
 What intenseness of desire  
 In her upward eye of fire !  
 With a tiger-leap half-way  
 Now she meets the coming prey,  
 Lets it go as fast, and then  
 Has it in her power again :  
 Now she works with three or four,  
 Like an Indian conjurer ;  
 Quick as he in feats of art,  
 Far beyond in joy of heart.  
 Were her antics played in the eye  
 Of a thousand standers-by,  
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
 What would little Tabby care  
 For the plaudits of the crowd ?  
 Over happy to be proud,  
 Over wealthy in the treasure  
 Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'T is a pretty baby-treat ;  
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;  
 Here for neither Babe nor me  
 Other playmate can I see.  
 Of the countless living things,  
 That with stir of feet and wings,  
 (In the sun or under shade,

Upon bough or grassy blade,)
 And with busy revellings,  
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
 Made this orchard's narrow space,  
 And this vale, so blithe a place ;  
 Multitudes are swept away,  
 Never more to breathe the day :  
 Some are sleeping ; some in bands  
 Travelled into distant lands ;  
 Others slunk to moor and wood,  
 Far from human neighborhood ;  
 And, among the Kinds that keep  
 With us closer fellowship,  
 With us openly abide,  
 All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy Sprite,  
 Blue-cap, with his colors bright,  
 Who was blest as bird could be,  
 Feeding in the apple-tree ;  
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
 Turning blossoms inside out ;  
 Hung, head pointing towards the ground,  
 Fluttered, perched, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound ;  
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin !  
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen !  
 Light of heart, and light of limb ;  
 What is now become of him ?  
 Lambs, that through the mountains went

Frisking, bleating merriment,  
When the year was in its prime,  
They are sobered by this time.  
If you look to vale or hill,  
If you listen, all is still,  
Save a little neighboring rill,  
That from out the rocky ground  
Strikes a solitary sound.  
Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
And the air is calm in vain;  
Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
Of a sky serene and pure;  
Creature none can she decoy  
Into open sign of joy:  
Is it that they have a fear  
Of the dreary season near?  
Or that other pleasures be  
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
In the impenetrable cell  
Of the silent heart which Nature  
Furnishes to every creature;  
Whatsoever we feel and know  
Too sedate for outward show, —  
Such a light of gladness breaks,  
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks, —  
Spreads with such a living grace  
O'er my little Dora's face;  
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms

Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
That almost I could repine  
That your transports are not mine,  
That I do not wholly fare  
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !  
And I will have my careless season  
Spite of melancholy reason,  
Will walk through life in such a way  
That, when time brings on decay,  
Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladness.  
Pleased by any random toy, —  
By a kitten's busy joy,  
Or an infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy, —  
I would fare like that or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss ;  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have faculties to take,  
Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
Matter for a jocund thought,  
Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

1804.

## XXXII.

## ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER, DORA,

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD  
THAT DAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

——— HAST thou then survived,—  
Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,  
Meek Infant ! among all forlornest things  
The most forlorn, — one life of that bright star,  
The second glory of the heavens ? — Thou hast ;  
Already hast survived that great decay,  
That transformation through the wide earth felt,  
And by all nations. In that Being's sight  
From whom the Race of human kind proceed,  
A thousand years are but as yesterday ;  
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him  
Not less capacious than a thousand years.  
But what is time ? What outward glory ? Neither  
A measure is of thee, whose claims extend  
Through "heaven's eternal year." — Yet hail to  
thee,  
Frail, feeble Monthling ! — by that name, methinks,  
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out  
Not idly. — Hadst thou been of Indian birth,  
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,  
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,  
Or to the churlish elements exposed  
On the blank plains, — the coldness of the night,

Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face  
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,  
Would, with imperious admonition, then  
Have scored thine age, and punctually timed  
Thine infant history, on the minds of those  
Who might have wandered with thee. — Mother's  
love,

Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,  
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly housed,  
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens  
Doth all too often harshly execute  
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds  
Where fancy has small liberty to grace  
The affections, to exalt them or refine ;  
And the maternal sympathy itself,  
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie  
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.  
Happier, far happier, is thy lot and ours !  
Even now — to solemnize thy helpless state,  
And to enliven in the mind's regard  
Thy passive beauty — parallels have risen,  
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,  
Within the region of a father's thoughts,  
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.  
And first ; — thy sinless progress, through a world  
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,  
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered clouds,  
Moving untouched in silver purity,  
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.  
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain :

But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn  
With brightness ! leaving her to post along,  
And range about, disquieted in change,  
And still impatient of the shape she wears.  
Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe,  
That will suffice thee ; and it seems that now  
Thou hast foreknowledge that such task is thine ;  
Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st  
In such heedless peace. Alas ! full soon  
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,  
Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er  
By breathing mist ; and thine appears to be  
A mournful labor, while to her is given  
Hope, and a renovation without end.

— That smile forbids the thought ; for on thy face  
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,  
To shoot and circulate ; smiles have there been  
seen ;

Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports  
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers  
Thy loneliness : or shall those smiles be called  
Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore  
This untried world, and to prepare thy way  
Through a strait passage intricate and dim ?  
Such are they ; and the same are tokens, signs,  
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,  
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt ;  
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own.

## XXXIII.

## THE WAGONER.

“In Cairo’s crowded streets  
The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.”

THOMSON.

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

WHEN I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell, you asked why THE WAGONER was not added. — To say the truth, — from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehended this little Piece could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am not mistaken, THE WAGONER was read to you in manuscript, and, as you have remembered it for so long a time, I am the more encouraged to hope, that, since the localities on which the Poem partly depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your Writings, and of the high esteem with which

I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *May* 20, 1819.

## CANTO FIRST.

'T IS spent, — this burning day of June!  
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing;  
The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is  
wheeling, —

That solitary bird  
Is all that can be heard  
In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon!

Confiding Glowworms, 't is a night  
Propitious to your earth-born light!  
But, where the scattered stars are seen  
In hazy straits the clouds between,  
Each, in his station twinkling not,  
Seems changed into a pallid spot.  
The mountains against heaven's grave weight  
Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.  
The air, as in a lion's den,  
Is close and hot; — and now and then  
Comes a tired and sultry breeze,  
With a haunting and a panting,  
Like the stifling of disease;  
But the dews allay the heat,  
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!  
'T is Benjamin the Wagoner;  
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,  
Companion of the night and day.  
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,  
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound  
In a moment lost and found,  
The Wain announces, — by whose side  
Along the banks of Rydal Mere  
He paces on, a trusty Guide.

Listen ! you can scarcely hear !  
Hither he his course is bending ; —  
Now he leaves the lower ground,  
And, up the craggy hill ascending,  
Many a stop and stay he makes,  
Many a breathing-fit he takes ; —  
Steep the way and wearisome,  
Yet all the while his whip is dumb !

The Horses have worked with right good-will,  
And so have gained the top of the hill ;  
He was patient, they were strong,  
And now they smoothly glide along,  
Recovering breath, and pleased to win  
The praises of mild Benjamin.  
Heaven shield him from mishap and snare !  
But why so early with this prayer ?  
Is it for threatenings in the sky ?  
Or for some other danger nigh ?  
No ; none is near him yet, though he  
Be one of much infirmity ;  
For at the bottom of the brow,  
Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH  
Offered a greeting of good ale  
To all who entered Grasmere Vale,  
And called on him who must depart  
To leave it with a jovial heart, —  
There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH  
Once hung, a Poet harbors now,  
A simple water-drinking Bard ;

Why need our Hero then (though frail  
 His best resolves) be on his guard?  
 He marches by, secure and bold;  
 Yet while he thinks on times of old,  
 It seems that all looks wondrous cold;  
 He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head,  
 And, for the honest folk within,  
 It is a doubt with Benjamin  
 Whether they be alive or dead!

*Here* is no danger, — none at all!  
 Beyond his wish he walks secure;  
 But pass a mile — and *then* for trial, —  
 Then for the pride of self-denial;  
 If he resist that tempting door,  
 Which with such friendly voice will call;  
 If he resist those casement panes,  
 And that bright gleam which thence will fall  
 Upon his Leaders' bells and manes,  
 Inviting him with cheerful lure:  
 For still, though all be dark elsewhere,  
 Some shining notice will be *there*,  
 Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin right well  
 Is known, and by as strong a spell  
 As used to be that sign of love  
 And hope, — the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE;  
 He knows it to his cost, good Man!  
 Who does not know the famous SWAN?

Object uncouth ! and yet our boast,  
For it was painted by the Host ;  
His own conceit the figure planned,  
'T was colored all by his own hand ;  
And that frail Child of thirsty clay,  
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,  
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction  
Quaint stories of the bird's attraction ?\*

Well ! that is past, — and in despite  
Of open door and shining light.  
And now the conqueror essays  
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise ;  
And with his team is gentle here  
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere ;  
His whip they do not dread, — his voice  
They only hear it to rejoice.  
To stand or go is at *their* pleasure ;  
Their efforts and their time they measure  
By generous pride within the breast ;  
And while they strain, and while they rest,  
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night, —  
And with proud cause my heart is light :  
I trespassed lately worse than ever, —  
But Heaven has blest a good endeavor ;

\* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.

And, to my soul's content, I find  
The Evil One is left behind.  
Yes, let my master fume and fret,  
Here am I — with my horses yet !  
My jolly team, he finds that ye  
Will work for nobody but me !  
Full proof of this the Country gained ;  
It knows how ye were vexed and strained,  
And forced unworthy stripes to bear,  
When trusted to another's care.  
Here was it, on this rugged slope,  
Which now ye climb with heart and hope,  
I saw you, between rage and fear,  
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,  
And ever more and more confused,  
As ye were more and more abused :  
As chance would have it, passing by,  
I saw you in that jeopardy :  
A word from me was like a charm ;  
Ye pulled together with one mind ;  
And your huge burden, safe from harm,  
Moved like a vessel in the wind !  
— Yes, without me, up hills so high  
'T is vain to strive for mastery.  
Then grieve not, jolly team ! though tough  
The road we travel, steep, and rough ;  
Though Rydal heights and Dunmail-raise,  
And all their fellow banks and braes,  
Full often make you stretch and strain,  
And halt for breath and halt again,

Yet to their sturdiness 't is owing  
That side by side we still are going !

While Benjamin in earnest mood  
His meditations thus pursued,  
A storm, which had been smothered long,  
Was growing inwardly more strong ;  
And, in its struggles to get free,  
Was busily employed as he.  
The thunder had begun to growl, —  
He heard not, too intent of soul ;  
The air was now without a breath, —  
He marked not that 't was still as death.  
But soon large rain-drops on his head  
Fell with the weight of drops of lead ; —  
He starts, — and takes, at the admonition,  
A sage survey of his condition.  
The road is black before his eyes,  
Glimmering faintly where it lies ;  
Black is the sky, — and every hill,  
Up to the sky, is blacker still, —  
Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,  
Hung round and overhung with gloom ;  
Save that above a single height  
Is to be seen a lurid light,  
Above Helm-crag,\* — a streak half dead,  
A burning of portentous red ;

\* A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler near Arroquhar in Scotland.

And near that lurid light, full well  
 The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,  
 Where at his desk and book he sits,  
 Puzzling aloft his curious wits ;  
 He whose domain is held in common  
 With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,  
 Cowering beside her rifted cell,  
 As if intent on magic spell ; —  
 Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,  
 Still sit upon Helm-crag together.

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen  
 By solitary Benjamin ;  
 But total darkness came anon,  
 And he and everything was gone :  
 And suddenly a ruffling breeze  
 (That would have rocked the sounding trees  
 Had aught of sylvan growth been there)  
 Swept through the Hollow long and bare :  
 The rain rushed down, — the road was battered,  
 As with the force of billows shattered ;  
 The horses are dismayed, nor know  
 Whether they should stand or go ;  
 And Benjamin is groping near them,  
 Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.  
 He is astounded — wonder not —  
 With such 'a charge in such a spot ;  
 Astounded in the mountain gap  
 With thunder-peals, clap after clap,  
 Close-treading on the silent flashes, —

And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes  
Among the rocks ; with weight of rain,  
And sullen motions long and slow,  
That to a dreary distance go,  
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
A rending o'er his head begins the fray again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,  
And oftentimes compelled to halt,  
The horses cautiously pursue  
Their way, without mishap or fault ;  
And now have reached that pile of stones,  
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones,  
He who had once supreme command,  
Last king of rocky Cumberland ;  
His bones, and those of all his power,  
Slain here in a disastrous hour !

When, passing through this narrow strait,  
Stony, and dark, and desolate,  
Benjamin can faintly hear  
A voice that comes from some one near,  
A female voice : — “ Whoe'er you be,  
Stop,” it exclaimed, “ and pity me ! ”  
And, less in pity than in wonder,  
Amid the darkness and the thunder,  
The Wagoner, with prompt command,  
Summons his horses to a stand.

While, with increasing agitation,  
The Woman urged her supplication,

In rueful words, with sobs between, —  
 The voice of tears that fell unseen ;  
 There came a flash, a startling glare,  
 And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare !  
 'T is not a time for nice suggestion,  
 And Benjamin, without a question,  
 Taking her for some way-worn rover,  
 Said, " Mount, and get you under cover ! "

Another voice, in tone as hoarse  
 As a swollen brook with rugged course,  
 Cried out, " Good brother, why so fast ?  
 I 've had a glimpse of you, — *avast !*  
 Or, since it suits you to be civil,  
 Take her at once — for good and evil ! "

" It is my Husband," softly said  
 The Woman, as if half afraid :  
 By this time she was snug within,  
 Through help of honest Benjamin ;  
 She and her Babe, which to her breast  
 With thankfulness the Mother pressed ;  
 And now the same strong voice more near  
 Said cordially, " My Friend, what cheer ?  
 Rough doings these ! as God 's my judge,  
 The sky owes somebody a grudge !  
 We 've had in half an hour or less  
 A twelvemonth's terror and distress ! "

Then Benjamin entreats the Man  
 Would mount, too, quickly as he can :

The Sailor — Sailor now no more,  
But such he had been heretofore —  
To courteous Benjamin replied,  
“ Go you your way, and mind not me ;  
For I must have, whate'er betide,  
My Ass and fifty things beside, —  
Go, and I 'll follow speedily !”

The Wagon moves, and with its load  
Descends along the sloping road ;  
And the rough Sailor instantly  
Turns to a little tent hard by :  
For when, at closing-in of day,  
The family had come that way,  
Green pasture and the soft warm air  
Tempted them to settle there. —  
Green is the grass for beast to graze,  
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise !

The Sailor gathers up his bed,  
Takes down the canvas overhead,  
And, after farewell to the place,  
A parting word, though not of grace,  
Pursues, with Ass and all his store,  
The way the Wagon went before.

## CANTO SECOND.

IF Wytheburn's modest House of prayer,  
 As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,  
 Had, with its belfry's humble stock,  
 A little pair that hang in air,  
 Been mistress also of a clock,  
 (And one, too, not in crazy plight,  
 Twelve strokes that clock would have been telling  
 Under the brow of old Helvellyn —  
 Its bead-roll of midnight —  
 Then, when the Hero of my tale  
 Was passing by, and down the vale  
 (The vale now silent, hushed I ween  
 As if a storm had never been)  
 Proceeding with a mind at ease ;  
 While the old Familiar of the seas,  
 Intent to use his utmost haste,  
 Gained ground upon the Wagon fast,  
 And gives another lusty cheer ;  
 For spite of rumbling of the wheels,  
 A welcome greeting he can hear ; —  
 It is a fiddle in its glee  
 Dinning from the CHERRY-TREE !

Thence the sound, — the light is there, —  
 As Benjamin is now aware,  
 Who, to his inward thoughts confined,  
 Had almost reached the festive door,  
 When, startled by the Sailor's roar,

He hears a sound and sees the light,  
And in a moment calls to mind  
That 't is the village MERRY-NIGHT !\*

Although before in no dejection,  
At this insidious recollection  
His heart with sudden joy is filled, —  
His ears are by the music thrilled,  
His eyes take pleasure in the road  
Glittering before him bright and broad ;  
And Benjamin is wet and cold,  
And there are reasons manifold  
That make the good, tow'rds which he 's yearning,  
Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go,  
To vibrate between yes and no ;  
For, cries the Sailor, "Glorious chance  
That blew us hither ! — let him dance,  
Who can or will ! — my honest soul,  
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl !"  
He draws him to the door, — "Come in,  
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin !  
And Benjamin — ah, woe is me ! —  
Gave the word ; the horses heard  
And halted, though reluctantly.

\* A term well known in the North of England, and applied to rural festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.

“Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we,  
Feasting at the CHERRY-TREE!”  
This was the outside proclamation,  
This was the inside salutation ;  
What bustling — jostling — high and low !  
A universal overflow !  
What tankards foaming from the tap !  
What store of cakes in every lap !  
What thumping — stumping — overhead !  
The thunder had not been more busy :  
With such a stir, you would have said,  
This little place may well be dizzy !  
'T is who can dance with greatest vigor, —  
'T is what can be most prompt and eager ;  
As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
The pewter clatters on the wall ;  
The very bacon shows it feeling,  
Swinging from the smoky ceiling !

A steaming bowl, a blazing fire,  
What greater good can heart desire ?  
'T were worth a wise man's while to try  
The utmost anger of the sky,  
To *seek* for thoughts of a gloomy cast,  
If such the bright amends at last.  
Now should you say I judge amiss,  
The CHERRY-TREE shows proof of this ;  
For soon, of all the happy there,  
Our travellers are the happiest pair ;  
All care with Benjamin is gone, —

A Cæsar past the Rubicon !  
 He thinks not of his long, long strife ; —  
 The Sailor, Man by nature gay,  
 Hath no resolves to throw away ;  
 And he hath now forgot his Wife,  
 Hath quite forgotten her — or may be  
 Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,  
 Within that warm and peaceful berth,  
     Under cover,  
     Terror over,  
 Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.

With bowl that sped from hand to hand,  
 The gladdest of the gladsome band,  
 Amid their own delight and fun,  
 They hear — when every dance is done,  
 When every whirling bout is o'er —  
 The fiddle's *squeak*,\* — that call to bliss,  
 Ever followed by a kiss ;  
 They envy not the happy lot,  
 But enjoy their own the more !

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,  
 Up springs the Sailor from his chair, —  
 Limp (for I might have told before  
 That he was lame) across the floor, —  
 Is gone, — returns, — and with a prize ;

\* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

With what? — a Ship of lusty size ;  
A gallant, stately Man-of-war,  
Fixed on a smoothly sliding car.  
Surprise to all, but most surprise  
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,  
Not knowing that he had befriended  
A Man so gloriously attended !

“ This,” cries the Sailor, “ a Third-rate is, —  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis !  
This was the Flag-ship at the Nile,  
The Vanguard, — you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty Maid, if you look near,  
You ’ll find you ’ve much in little here !  
A nobler ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim :  
I ’ll set, my friends, to do you honor,  
Set every inch of sail upon her.”  
So said, so done ; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all ; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the showman’s part ;  
And then, as from a sudden check,  
Cries out, — “ ’T is there, the quarter-deck  
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood, —  
A sight that would have roused your blood !  
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,  
Burned like a fire among his men ;  
Let this be land, and that be sea,  
Here lay the French — and *thus* came we !”

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,  
The dancers all were gathered round,  
And, such the stillness of the house,  
You might have heard a nibbling mouse ;  
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,  
The Sailor through the story runs  
Of ships to ships and guns to guns ;  
And does his utmost to display  
The dismal conflict, and the might  
And terror of that marvellous night !  
" A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"  
Cries Benjamin, " a draught of length,  
To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,  
Her bulwark and her tower of strength !"  
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,  
The mastiff, from beneath the wagon,  
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,  
Rattled his chain ; — t' was all in vain,  
For Benjamin, triumphant soul !  
He heard a monitory growl ;  
Heard, — and in opposition quaffed  
A deep, determined, desperate draught !  
Nor did the battered Tar forget,  
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt :  
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,  
Back to her place the ship he led ;  
Wheeled her back in full apparel ;  
And so, flag flying at masthead,  
Re-yoked her to the Ass : — anon,  
Cries Benjamin, " We must be gone."

Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,  
Again behold them on their way !

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## CANTO THIRD.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,  
When they the wished-for greeting heard,  
The whip's loud notice from the door,  
That they were free to move once more.  
You think, those doings must have bred  
In them disheartening doubts and dread :  
No, not a horse of all the eight,  
Although it be a moonless night,  
Fears either for himself or freight ;  
For this they know, (and let it hide,  
In part, the offences of their guide,)  
That Benjamin, with clouded brains,  
Is worth the best with all their pains ;  
And if they had a prayer to make,  
The prayer would be that they may take  
With him whatever comes in course,  
The better fortune or the worse ;  
That no one else may have business near them,  
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,  
And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,  
The triumph of your late devotion !

Can aught on earth impede delight,  
Still mounting to a higher height ;  
And higher still, — a greedy flight !  
Can any low-born care pursue her,  
Can any mortal clog come to her ?  
No notion have they, — not a thought,  
That is from joyless regions brought !  
And, while they coast the silent lake,  
Their inspiration I partake ;  
Share their empyreal spirits, — yea,  
With their enraptured vision, see —  
O fancy — what a jubilee !  
What shifting pictures, clad in gleams  
Of color bright as feverish dreams !  
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,  
Involved and restless all, — a scene  
Pregnant with mutual exaltation,  
Rich change, and multiplied creation !  
This sight to me the Muse imparts ;—  
And then, what kindness in their hearts !  
What tears of rapture, what vow-making,  
Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking !  
What solemn, vacant interlacing,  
As if they 'd fall asleep embracing !  
Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
And in the excess of amity,  
Says Benjamin, “ That Ass of thine,  
He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine :  
If he were tethered to the wagon,  
He 'd drag as well what he is dragging ;

And we, as brother should with brother,  
Might trudge it alongside each other !”

Forthwith, obedient to command,  
The horses made a quiet stand ;  
And to the wagon’s skirts was tied  
The Creature, by the Mastiff’s side,  
The Mastiff wondering, and perplexed  
With dread of what will happen next ;  
And thinking it but sorry cheer  
To have such company so near !

This new arrangement made, the Wain  
Through the still night proceeds again ;  
No Moon hath risen her light to lend ;  
But indistinctly may be kenned  
The VANGUARD, following close behind,  
Sails spread, as if to catch the wind !

“ Thy wife and child are snug and warm,  
Thy ship will travel without harm ;  
I like,” said Benjamin, “ her shape and stature ;  
And this of mine, — this bulky creature  
Of which I have the steering, — this,  
Seen fairly, is not much amiss !  
We want your streamers, friend, you know ;  
But altogether, as we go,  
We make a kind of handsome show !  
Among these hills, from first to last,  
We’ve weathered many a furious blast ;

Hard passage forcing on, with head  
Against the storm, and canvas spread.  
I hate a boaster ; but to thee  
Will say 't, who know'st both land and sea,  
The unluckiest hulk that stems the brine  
Is hardly worse beset than mine,  
When cross-winds on her quarter beat ;  
And, fairly lifted from my feet,  
I stagger onward, Heaven knows how ;  
But not so pleasantly as now :  
Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,  
And many a foundrous pit surrounded !  
Yet here we are, by night and day  
Grinding through rough and smooth our way ;  
Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;  
And long shall be so yet, — God willing !”

“Ay,” said the Tar, “through fair and foul—  
But save us from yon screeching owl !”  
That instant was begun a fray  
Which called their thoughts another way :  
The Mastiff, ill-conditioned carle !  
What must he do but growl and snarl,  
Still more and more dissatisfied  
With the meek comrade at his side !  
Till, not incensed though put to proof,  
The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,  
Salutes the Mastiff on the head ;  
And so were better manners bred,  
And all was calmed and quieted.

“Yon screech-owl,” says the Sailor, turning  
Back to his former cause of mourning,  
“Yon owl!—pray God that all be well!  
'T is worse than any funeral bell;  
As sure as I've the gift of sight,  
We shall be meeting ghosts to-night!”  
— Said Benjamin, “This whip shall lay  
A thousand, if they cross our way.  
I know that Wanton's noisy station,  
I know him and his occupation;  
The jolly bird hath learned his cheer  
Upon the banks of Windermere;  
Where a tribe of them make merry,  
Mocking the man that keeps the ferry;  
Hallooing from an open throat,  
Like travellers shouting for a boat.  
— The tricks he learned at Windermere  
This vagrant owl is playing here, —  
That is the worst of his employment:  
He's at the top of his enjoyment!”

This explanation stilled the alarm,  
Cured the foreboder like a charm;  
This, and the manner, and the voice,  
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice;  
His heart is up, — he fears no evil  
From life or death, from man or devil;  
He wheels, — and, making many stops,  
Brandished his crutch against the mountain-tops;  
And, while he talked of blows and scars,

Benjamin, among the stars,  
Beheld a dancing, and a glancing ;  
Such retreating and advancing  
As, I ween, was never seen  
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars !

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## CANTO FOURTH.

THUS they, with freaks of proud delight,  
Beguile the remnant of the night ;  
And many a snatch of jovial song  
Regales them as they wind along ;  
While to the music, from on high,  
The echoes make a glad reply. —  
But the sage Muse the revel heeds  
No farther than her story needs ;  
Nor will she servilely attend  
The loitering journey to its end. .  
— Blithe spirits of her own impel  
The Muse, who scents the morning air,  
To take of this transported pair  
A brief and unreproved farewell ;  
To quit the slow-paced wagon's side,  
And wander down the hawthorn dell,  
With murmuring Greta for her guide.  
— There doth she ken the awful form  
Of Raven-crag — black as a storm —  
Glimmering through the twilight pale ;

And Ghimmer-crag,\* his tall twin brother,  
Each peering forth to meet the other :—  
And, while she roves through St. John's Vale,  
Along the smooth, unpathwayed plain,  
By sheep-track or through cottage lane,  
Where no disturbance comes to intrude  
Upon the pensive solitude,  
Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,  
With the rude shepherd's favored glance,  
Beholds the Faeries in array,  
Whose party-colored garments gay  
The silent company betray :  
Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight !  
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light  
Is touched, — and all the band take flight.  
— Fly also, Muse ! and from the dell  
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;  
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn  
Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;  
Across yon meadowy bottom look,  
Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;  
And see, beyond that hamlet small,  
The ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,  
Lurking in a double shade,  
By trees and lingering twilight made !  
There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,  
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
To noble Clifford ; from annoy

\* The crag of the ewe lamb.

Concealed the persecuted boy,  
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed  
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed  
Among this multitude of hills,  
Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills;  
Which soon the morning shall enfold,  
From east to west, in ample vest  
Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed  
Hung low, begin to rise and spread;  
Even while I speak, their skirts of gray  
Are smitten by a silver ray;  
And lo! — up Castrigg's naked steep  
(Where, smoothly urged, the vapors sweep  
Along, and scatter and divide,  
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)  
The stately wagon is ascending,  
With faithful Benjamin attending,  
Apparent now beside his team, —  
Now lost amid a glittering steam:  
And with him goes his Sailor-friend,  
By this time near their journey's end;  
And, after their high-minded riot,  
Sickening into thoughtful quiet;  
As if the morning's pleasant hour,  
Had for their joys a killing power.  
And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein  
Is opened of still deeper pain,  
As if his heart by notes were stung

From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;  
As if the warbler lost in light  
Reproved his soarings of the night,  
In strains of rapture pure and holy  
Upbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull ;  
But the horses stretch and pull ;  
With increasing vigor climb,  
Eager to repair lost time ;  
Whether, by their own desert,  
Knowing what cause there is for shame,  
They are laboring to avert  
As much as may be of the blame,  
Which, they foresee, must soon alight  
Upon *his* head, whom, in despite  
Of all his failings, they love best ;  
Whether for him they are distrest ;  
Or, by length of fasting roused,  
Are impatient to be housed :  
Up against the hill they strain,  
Tugging at the iron chain,  
Tugging all with might and main,  
Last and foremost, every horse  
To the utmost of his force !  
And the smoke and respiration,  
Rising like an exhalation,  
Blend with the mist, a moving shroud  
To form, an undissolving cloud ;  
Which, with slant ray, the merry sun

Takes delight to play upon.  
Never golden-haired Apollo,  
Pleased some favorite chief to follow  
Through accidents of peace or war,  
In a perilous moment threw  
Around the object of his care  
Veil of such celestial hue ;  
Interposed so bright a screen —  
Him and his enemies between !

Alas ! what boots it ? — who can **hide**,  
When the malicious Fates are bent  
On working out an ill intent ?  
Can destiny be turned aside ?  
No, — sad progress of my story !  
Benjamin, this outward glory  
Cannot shield thee from thy Master,  
Who from Keswick has pricked forth,  
Sour and surly as the north ;  
And, in fear of some disaster,  
Comes to give what help he may,  
And to hear what thou canst say ;  
If, as needs he must forebode,  
Thou hast been loitering on the road !  
His fears, his doubts, may now take flight, —  
The wished-for object is in sight ;  
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath  
Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;  
Which he stifles, moody man !  
With all the patience that he can ;

To the end that, at your meeting,  
He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is, — resolved to stop  
Till the wagon gains the top ;  
But stop he cannot, — must advance :  
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,  
Espies, — and instantly is ready,  
Self-collected, poised, and steady :  
And, to be the better seen,  
Issues from his radiant shroud,  
From his close-attending cloud,  
With careless air and open mien.  
Erect his port, and firm his going ;  
So struts yon cock that now is crowing ;  
And the morning light in grace  
Strikes upon his lifted face,  
Hurrying the pallid hue away  
That might his trespasses betray.  
But what can all avail to clear him,  
Or what need of explanation,  
Parley, or interrogation ?  
For the Master sees, alas !  
That unhappy Figure near him,  
Limping o'er the dewy grass,  
Where the road it fringes, sweet,  
Soft, and cool to way-worn feet ;  
And, O indignity ! an Ass,  
By his noble Mastiff's side,  
Tethered to the wagon's tail :

And the ship, in all her pride,  
Following after in full sail !  
Not to speak of babe and mother ;  
Who, contented with each other,  
And snug as birds in leafy arbor,  
Find, within, a blessed harbor !

With eager eyes the Master pries ;  
Looks in and out, and through and through ;  
Says nothing — till at last he spies  
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,  
A wound, where plainly might be read  
What feats an Ass's hoof can do !  
But drop the rest : — this aggravation,  
This complicated provocation,  
A hoard of grievances unsealed ;  
All past forgiveness it repealed ;  
And thus, and through distempered blood  
On both sides, Benjamin the good,  
The patient, and the tender-hearted,  
Was from his team and wagon parted ;  
When duty of that day was o'er,  
Laid down his whip — and served no more. —  
Nor could the wagon long survive,  
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :  
It lingered on ; — guide after guide  
Ambitiously the office tried ;  
But each unmanageable hill  
Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ; —  
And sure it is, that through this night,

And what the morning brought to light,  
Two losses had we to sustain,  
We lost both WAGONER and WAIN !

---

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,  
The gift of this adventurous song ;  
A record which I dared to frame,  
Though timid scruples checked me long ;  
They checked me, — and I left the theme  
Untouched ; — in spite of many a gleam  
Of fancy which thereon was shed,  
Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
Upon the side of a distant hill :  
But Nature might not be gainsaid ;  
For what I have and what I miss  
I sing of these ; — it makes my bliss !  
Nor is it I who play the part,  
But a shy spirit in my heart,  
That comes and goes, — will sometimes leap  
From hiding-places ten years deep ;  
Or haunts me with familiar face,  
Returning, like a ghost unlaid,  
Until the debt I owe be paid.  
Forgive me, then ; for I had been  
On friendly terms with this Machine :  
In him, while he was wont to trace  
Our roads, through many a long year's space  
A living almanac had we ;  
We had a speaking diary,

That in this uneventful place  
Gave to the days a mark and name  
By which we knew them when they came.  
— Yes, I, and all about me here,  
Through all the changes of the year,  
Had seen him through the mountains go,  
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
Majestically huge and slow :  
Or, with a milder grace adorning  
The landscape of a summer's morning ;  
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain  
The moving image to detain ;  
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
Of echoes, to his march kept time ;  
When little other business stirred,  
And little other sound was heard ;  
In that delicious hour of balm,  
Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
While yet the valley is arrayed,  
On this side with a sober shade,  
On that is prodigally bright —  
Crag, lawn, and wood — with rosy light.  
— But most of all, thou lordly Wain !  
I wish to have thee here again,  
When windows flap and chimney roars,  
And all is dismal out of doors ;  
And, sitting by my fire, I see  
Eight sorry carts, no less a train !  
Unworthy successors of thee,  
Come straggling through the wind and rain :

And oft, as they pass slowly on,  
Beneath my windows, one by one,  
See, perched upon the naked height,  
The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
A single traveller, — and there  
Another ; then perhaps a pair, —  
The lame, the sickly, and the old ;  
Men, women, heartless with the cold ;  
And babes in wet and starveling plight ;  
Which once, be weather as it might,  
Had still a nest within a nest,  
Thy shelter — and their mother's breast !  
Then most of all, then far the most,  
Do I regret what we have lost ;  
Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
Which robbed us of good Benjamin ; —  
And of his stately Charge, which none  
Could keep alive when He was gone !

1805.

## POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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### I.

#### THERE WAS A BOY.

THERE was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander! — many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake ;  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him. — And they would  
shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, — with quivering peals,  
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse wild  
Of jocund din ! And when there came a pause  
Of silence such as baffled his best skill,  
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice

Of mountain-torrents ; or the visible scene  
 Would enter unawares into his mind  
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received  
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and died  
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.  
 Preëminent in beauty is the vale  
 Where he was born and bred : the churchyard hangs  
 Upon a slope above the village school ;  
 And, thro' that churchyard when my way has led  
 On summer evenings, I believe that there  
 A long half-hour together I have stood  
 Mute, — looking at the grave in which he lies !

1799.

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 II.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my schoolboy days  
I listened to ; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways,  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place ;  
That is fit home for thee !

## III.

## A NIGHT PIECE.

———— THE sky is overcast  
With a continuous cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,  
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,  
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,  
Checkering the ground, from rock, plant, tree, or  
tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam  
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads  
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye  
Bent earthwards; he looks up, — the clouds are split  
Asunder, — and above his head he sees  
The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.  
There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,  
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small,  
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss  
Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away,  
Yet vanish not! — the wind is in the tree,  
But they are silent; — still they roll along  
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,  
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,  
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

## IV.

## AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

——— Not a breath of air  
 Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.  
 From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees  
 Are steadfast as the rocks ; the brook itself,  
 Old as the hills that feed it from afar,  
 Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm  
 Where all things else are still and motionless.  
 And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance  
 Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,  
 Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,  
 But to its gentle touch how sensitive  
 Is the light ash ! that, pendent from the brow  
 Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes  
 A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,  
 Powerful almost as vocal harmony  
 To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his  
 thoughts.

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## V.

## YEW-TREES.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,  
 Which to this day stands single, in the midst

Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore :  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched  
To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed the  
    sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom profound.  
This solitary Tree ! a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note  
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;  
Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved ;  
Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks  
That threaten the profane ; — a pillared shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
Perennially, — beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly Shapes  
May meet at noontide ; Fear and trembling Hope,  
Silence and Foresight ; Death the Skeleton  
And Time the Shadow ; — there to celebrate,  
As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
United worship ; or in mute repose

To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

1808.

## VI.

## NUTTING.

——— It seems a day  
(I speak of one from many singled out)  
One of those heavenly days that cannot die ;  
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth  
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,  
A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned my steps  
Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,  
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds  
Which for that service had been husbanded,  
By exhortation of my frugal dame, —  
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile  
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, — and, in  
truth,  
More raggèd than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,  
Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thick-  
ets,  
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
Of devastation ; but the hazels rose

Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,  
A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,  
Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint  
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
The banquet; — or beneath the trees I sat  
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;  
A temper known to those, who, after long  
And weary expectation, have been blest  
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
The violets of five seasons reappear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,  
And — with my cheek on one of those green stones  
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,  
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep —  
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
And dragged to earth both branch and bough,  
with crash  
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook  
Of hazels, and the green mossy bower,  
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being: and, unless I now

Confound my present feelings with the past ;  
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—  
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand  
Touch, — for there is a spirit in the woods.

1799.

## VII.

## THE SIMPLON PASS.

——— BROOK and road  
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,  
And with them did we journey several hours  
At a slow step. The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

1799.

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VIII.

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

1804.

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IX.

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art  
A creature of a " fiery heart " : —  
These notes of thine, — they pierce and pierce ;  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce !  
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine  
Had helped thee to a Valentine ;  
A song in mockery and despite  
Of shades, and dews, and silent night ;  
And steady bliss, and all the loves  
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say  
His homely tale, this very day ;  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze :  
He did not cease ; but cooed — and cooed ;  
And somewhat pensively he wooed :  
He sang of love, with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending ;  
Of serious faith, and inward glee ;  
That was the song, — the song for me !

1808.

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X.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ;  
This Child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own.

" Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse : and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

“ She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute, insensate things.

“ The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see,  
Even in the motions of the Storm,  
Grace that shall mould the Maiden’s form  
By silent sympathy.

“ The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake.— The work was done.—  
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !

She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
 The memory of what has been,  
 And never more will be.

1799.

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 XI.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;  
 I had no human fears:  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
 She neither hears nor sees;  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

1799.

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 XII.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host, of golden daffodils;  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company :  
I gazed, — and gazed, — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## XIII.

## THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight  
appears,  
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for  
three years :  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'T is a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She  
sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;  
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colors have all passed away from her  
eyes !

## XIV.

## POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! yes, Faith may grow  
bold,  
And take to herself all the wonders of old ; —  
Near the stately Pantheon you 'll meet with the  
same  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its  
name.

His station is there ; and he works on the crowd,  
He sways them with harmony merry and loud ;  
He fills with his power all their hearts to the  
brim, —  
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !  
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;  
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have  
rest ;  
And the guilt-burdened soul is no longer oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the  
night,  
So He, where he stands, is a centre of light ;  
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,  
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste,—  
What matter! he's caught, — and his time runs to  
waste ;

The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the  
fret ;

And the half-breathless Lamp-lighter, — he's in  
the net !

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;  
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her  
store ; —

If a thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease ;  
She sees the Musician, 't is all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ; — he abates not  
his din ; —

His hat gives him vigor, with boons dropping in,  
From the old and the young, from the poorest ;  
and there !

The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand  
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a  
band !

I am glad for him, blind as he is! — all the while,  
If they speak 't is to praise, and they praise with  
a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;

Can he keep himself still, if he would? O not he!  
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch; like  
a tower

That long has leaned forward, leans hour after  
hour! —

That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,  
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the  
sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;  
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:  
They are deaf to your murmurs, — they care not  
for you,

Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

1806.

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XV.

STAR-GAZERS.

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here? we must  
not pass it by;

A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:  
Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of little boat,  
Some little pleasure skiff, that doth on Thames's  
waters float.

The Showman chooses well his place, 't is Leices-  
ter's busy Square,  
And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are  
blue and fair ;  
Calm, though impatient, is the crowd ; each stands  
ready with the fee,  
And envies him that 's looking ; — what an insight  
must it be !

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause ? Shall  
thy Implement have blame,  
A boaster, that, when he is tried, fails, and is put  
to shame ?  
Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in  
fault ?  
Their eyes, or minds ? or, finally, is yon resplendent  
vault ?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have  
here ?  
Or gives a thing but small delight that never can  
be dear ?  
The silver moon with all her vales, and hills of  
mightiest fame,  
Doth she betray us when they 're seen ? or are  
they but a name ?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and  
strong,  
And bounty never yields so much but it seems to  
do her wrong ?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long  
have had,  
And are returned into themselves, they cannot  
but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that these  
Spectators rude,  
Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the mul-  
titude,  
Have souls which never yet have risen, and there-  
fore prostrate lie?  
No, no, this cannot be; — men thirst for power  
and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the bliss-  
ful mind employ  
Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and  
steady joy,  
That doth reject all show of pride, admits no out-  
ward sign,  
Because not of this noisy world, but silent and  
divine!

Whatever be the cause, 't is sure that they who  
pry and pore  
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy  
than before:  
One after one they take their turn, nor have I one  
espied  
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.

## XVI.

## WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF  
BROTHER'S WATER.

THE Cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The Ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

## XVII.

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic live  
As might from India's farthest plain  
Recall the not unwilling Maid,  
Assist me to detain  
The lovely Fugitive :  
Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed  
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.  
Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,  
The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort  
Of contemplation, the calm port  
By reason fenced from winds that sigh  
Among the restless sails of vanity.  
But if no wish be hers that we should part,  
A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.  
Where all things are so fair,  
Enough by her dear side to breathe the air  
Of this Elysian weather ;  
And, on or in, or near, the brook, espy  
Shade upon the sunshine lying  
Faint and somewhat pensively ;  
And downward Image gayly vying  
With its upright living tree  
'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky  
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance  
Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,

To mark its eddyng foam-balls prettily distrest  
By ever-changing shape and want of rest ;  
    Or watch, with mutual teaching,  
    The current as it plays  
    In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps  
    Adown a rocky maze ;  
Or note (translucent Summer's happiest chance!)  
In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,  
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,  
So vivid that they take from keenest sight  
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

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## XVIII.

## BEGGARS.

SHE had a tall man's height or more ;  
Her face from Summer's noontide heat  
No bonnet shaded, but she wore  
A mantle, to her very feet  
Descending with a graceful flow,  
And on her head a cap as white as new-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown :  
Haughty, as if her eye had seen  
Its own light to a distance thrown,  
She towered, fit person for a Queen  
To lead those ancient Amazonian files ;  
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand  
And begged an alms with doleful plea  
That ceased not; on our English land  
Such woes, I knew, could never be;  
And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature  
Was beautiful to see, — a weed of glorious feature.

I left her, and pursued my way;  
And soon before me did espy  
A pair of little Boys at play,  
Chasing a crimson butterfly;  
The taller followed with his hat in hand,  
Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of  
the land.

The other wore a rimless crown,  
With leaves of laurel stuck about;  
And, while both followed up and down,  
Each whooping with a merry shout,  
In their fraternal features I could trace  
Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed unfit  
For finest tasks of earth or air:  
Wings let them have, and they might flit  
Precursors to Aurora's car,  
Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far, I  
ween,  
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level  
green.

They dart across my path, — but lo,  
 Each ready with a plaintive whine !  
 Said I, “ Not half an hour ago  
 Your Mother has had alms of mine.”  
 “ That cannot be,” one answered, “ she is dead ” : —  
 I looked reproof, — they saw, — but neither hung  
                   his head.

“ She has been dead, Sir, many a day.” —  
 “ Hush, boys ! you ’re telling me a lie ;  
 It was your Mother, as I say ! ”  
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 “ Come ! come ! ” cried one, and, without more ado,  
 Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew !  
1802.

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XIX.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys?  
 For whose free range the dædal earth  
 Was filled with animated toys,  
 And implements of frolic mirth ;  
 With tools for ready wit to guide ;  
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,

More fresh, more bright, than princes wear;  
 For what one moment flung aside,  
 Another could repair:  
 What good or evil have they seen  
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,  
 Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?  
 I ask, — but all is dark between!

They met me in a genial hour,  
 When universal nature breathed  
 As with the breath of one sweet flower, —  
 A time to overrule the power  
 Of discontent, and check the birth  
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,  
 The most familiar bane of life  
 Since parting Innocence bequeathed  
 Mortality to Earth!  
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,  
 Sailed through the sky; the brooks ran clear;  
 The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;  
 With songs the budded groves resounding;  
 And to my heart are still endeared  
 The thoughts with which it then was cheered;  
 The faith which saw that gladsome pair  
 Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.  
 Or, if such faith must needs deceive,  
 Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,  
 Associates in that eager chase, —  
 Ye who within the blameless mind  
 Your favorite seat of empire find, —

Kind Spirits ! may we not believe  
 That they, so happy and so fair  
 Through your sweet influence, and the care  
 Of pitying Heaven, at least were free  
 From touch of *deadly* injury ?  
 Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,  
 For mercy and immortal bloom ?

1817.

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 XX.

## GYPSIES.

YET are they here, the same unbroken knot  
 Of human beings, in the selfsame spot !  
     Men, women, children, yea, the frame  
     Of the whole spectacle the same !  
 Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,  
 Now deep and red, the coloring of night,  
     That on their Gypsy faces falls,  
     Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.  
 Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone,  
     while I  
 Have been a traveller under open sky,  
     Much witnessing of change and cheer,  
     Yet as I left I find them here !  
 The weary Sun betook himself to rest ; —  
 Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,

Outshining like a visible God  
 The glorious path in which he trod.  
 And now, ascending, after one dark hour  
 And one night's diminution of her power,  
 Behold the mighty Moon ! this way  
 She looks as if at them, — but they  
 Regard not her. — O better wrong and strife  
 (By nature transient) than this torpid life, —  
 Life which the very stars reprove,  
 As on their silent tasks they move !  
 Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth !  
 In scorn I speak not ; — they are what their birth  
 And breeding suffer them to be ;  
 Wild outcasts of society !

1807.

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 XXI.

## RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,  
 Her Father took another Mate ;  
 And Ruth, not seven years old,  
 A slighted child, at her own will  
 Went wandering over dale and hill,  
 In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,  
And music from that pipe could draw  
Like sounds of winds and floods ;  
Had built a bower upon the green,  
As if she from her birth had been  
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone  
She seemed to live ; her thoughts her own ;  
Herself her own delight ;  
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay ;  
And, passing thus the livelong day,  
She grew to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore,—  
A military casque he wore,  
With splendid feathers drest ;  
He brought them from the Cherokees ;  
The feathers nodded in the breeze,  
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :  
But no ! he spake the English tongue,  
And bore a soldier's name ;  
And, when America was free  
From battle and from jeopardy,  
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,  
In finest tones the Youth could speak :  
— While he was yet a boy,

The moon, the glory of the sun,  
And streams that murmur as they run,  
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth ! I guess  
The panther in the wilderness  
Was not so fair as he ;  
And when he chose to sport and play,  
No dolphin ever was so gay  
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,  
And with him many tales he brought  
Of pleasure and of fear ;  
Such tales as told to any maid  
By such a Youth, in the green shade,  
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls — a happy rout ! —  
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,  
Their pleasant Indian town,  
To gather strawberries all day long ;  
Returning with a choral song  
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change  
Their blossoms, through a boundless range  
Of intermingling hues ;  
With budding, fading, faded flowers,  
They stand the wonder of the bowers  
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread  
High as a cloud, high over head !  
The cypress and her spire ; —  
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannas spake,  
And many an endless, endless lake,  
With all its fairy crowds  
Of islands, that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds.

“How pleasant,” then he said, “it were,  
A fisher or a hunter there,  
In sunshine or in shade  
To wander with an easy mind ;  
And build a household fire, and find  
A home in every glade !

“What days and what bright years! Ah me!  
Our life were life indeed, with thee  
So passed in quiet bliss,  
And all the while,” said he, “to know  
That we are in a world of woe,  
On such an earth as this !”

And then he sometimes interwove  
Fond thoughts about a father's love :  
“For there,” said he, “are spun

Around the heart such tender ties,  
That our own children to our eyes  
Are dearer than the sun.

“ Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me  
My helpmate in the woods to be,  
Our shed at night to rear ;  
Or run, my own adopted bride,  
A sylvan huntress at my side,  
And drive the flying deer !

“ Beloved Ruth ! ” — No more he said.  
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed  
A solitary tear :  
She thought again, — and did agree,  
With him to sail across the sea,  
And drive the flying deer.

“ And now, as fitting is and right,  
We in the church our faith will plight,  
A husband and a wife.”  
Even so they did ; and I may say  
That to sweet Ruth that happy day  
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,  
Delighted all the while to think  
That on those lonesome floods,  
And green savannas, she should share  
His board with lawful joy, and bear  
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,  
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,  
And, with his dancing crest,  
So beautiful, through savage lands  
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands  
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,  
The tumult of a tropic sky,  
Might well be dangerous food  
For him, a Youth to whom was given  
So much of earth, so much of heaven,  
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found  
Irregular in sight or sound  
Did to his mind impart  
A kindred impulse, seemed allied  
To his own powers, and justified  
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,  
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,  
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ;  
The breezes their own languor lent ;  
The stars had feelings, which they sent  
Into those favored bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween  
That sometimes there did intervene  
Pure hopes of high intent :

For passions linked to forms so fair  
And stately, needs must have their share  
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,  
With men to whom no better law  
Nor better life was known ;  
Deliberately, and undeceived,  
Those wild men's vices he received,  
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame  
Were thus impaired, and he became  
The slave of low desires :  
A Man who without self-control  
Would seek what the degraded soul  
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight  
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night  
Had loved her, night and morn :  
What could he less than love a Maid  
Whose heart with so much nature played ?  
So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,  
" O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;  
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,  
Encompassed me on every side  
When I, in confidence and pride,  
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

“ Before me shone a glorious world, —  
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled  
To music suddenly :  
I looked upon those hills and plains,  
And seemed as if let loose from chains,  
To live at liberty.

“ No more of this ; for now, by thee,  
Dear Ruth ! more happily set free,  
With nobler zeal I burn ;  
My soul from darkness is released,  
Like the whole sky when to the east  
The morning doth return.”

Full soon that better mind was gone ;  
No hope, no wish remained, not one, —  
They stirred him now no more ;  
New objects did new pleasure give,  
And once again he wished to live  
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,  
They for the voyage were prepared,  
And went to the sea-shore ;  
But when they thither came, the Youth  
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth  
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth ! — Such pains she had,  
That she in half a year was mad,  
And in a prison housed ;

And there, with many a doleful song  
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong  
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,  
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,  
Nor pastimes of the May ; —  
They all were with her in her cell ;  
And a clear brook with cheerful knell  
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,  
There came a respite to her pain ;  
She from her prison fled ;  
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;  
And where it liked her best she sought  
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again :  
The master-current of her brain  
Ran permanent and free ;  
And, coming to the Banks of Tone,  
There did she rest, and dwell alone  
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools  
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,  
And airs that gently stir  
The vernal leaves, — she loved them still,  
Nor ever taxed them with the ill  
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies ;  
But till the warmth of summer skies  
And summer days is gone,  
(And all do in this tale agree,)  
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,  
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !  
And Ruth will, long before her day,  
Be broken down and old :  
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less  
Of mind than 'body's wretchedness,  
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,  
She from her dwelling in the wood  
Repairs to a road-side ;  
And there she begs at one steep place  
Where up and down, with easy pace,  
The horseman-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,  
Or thrown away ; but with a flute  
Her loneliness she cheers :  
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,  
At evening in his homeward walk  
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills  
Setting her little water-mills  
By spouts and fountains wild, —

Such small machinery as she turned  
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,  
 A young and happy Child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,  
 Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould  
 Thy corpse shall buried be,  
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,  
 And all the congregation sing  
 A Christian psalm for thee.

1799.

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 XXII.

## RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

## I.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night ;  
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;  
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;  
 The birds are singing in the distant woods ;  
 Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods ;  
 The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters ;  
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of  
 waters.

## II.

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;  
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;

The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

## III.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:  
The pleasant season did my heart employ:  
My old remembrances went from me wholly;  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

## IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low;  
To me that morning did it happen so;  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;  
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor  
could name.

## V.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;  
And I bethought me of the playful hare:  
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;  
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;

Far from the world I walk, and all from care;  
 But there may come another day to me, —  
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

## VI.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
 As if life's business were a summer mood;  
 As if all needful things would come unsought  
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good;  
 But how can he expect that others should  
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at  
 all?

## VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;  
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy,  
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side:  
 By our own spirits we are deified:  
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;  
 But thereof come in the end despondency and  
 madness.

## VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
 A leading from above, a something given,  
 Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,  
 When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven

I saw a Man before me unawares :  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray  
    hairs.

## IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come, and whence;  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense ; —  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself ; —

## X.

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age :  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

## XI.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

## XII.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
 Upon that muddy water, which he conned,  
 As if he had been reading in a book :  
 And now a stranger's privilege I took ;  
 And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
 " This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

## XIII.

A gentle answer did the old Man make,  
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew ;  
 And him with further words I thus bespake :  
 " What occupation do you there pursue ?  
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

## XIV.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
 But each in solemn order followed each,  
 With something of a lofty utterance drest, —  
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach  
 Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;  
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

## XV.

He told, that to these waters he had come  
 To gather leeches, being old and poor :

Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
And he had many hardships to endure :  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

## xvi.

The old Man still stood talking by my side ;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;  
And the whole body of the Man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

## xvii.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills ;  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;  
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills ;  
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.  
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
“ How is it that you live, and what is it you do ? ”

## xviii.

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide  
He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pools where they abide.  
“ Once I could meet with them on every side ;

But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;  
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

## XIX.

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
 The old Man's shape, and speech, — all troubled  
 me :

In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
 About the weary moors continually,  
 Wandering about alone and silently.

While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse  
 renewed.

## XX.

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,  
 But stately in the main ; and when he ended,  
 I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find  
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.  
 " God," said I, " be my help and stay secure ;  
 I 'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely  
 moor !"

1607.

## XXIII.

## THE THORN.

## I.

“THERE is a Thorn, — it looks so old,  
In truth, you ’d find it hard to say  
How it could ever have been young,  
It looks so old and gray.  
Not higher than a two years’ child  
It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;  
No leaves it has, no prickly points ;  
It is a mass of knotted joints,  
A wretched thing forlorn.  
It stands erect, and like a stone  
With lichens is it overgrown.

## II.

“ Like rock or stone, it is o’ergrown  
With lichens to the very top,  
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
A melancholy crop :  
Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round  
So close, you ’d say that they are bent  
With plain and manifest intent  
To drag it to the ground ;  
And all have joined in one endeavor  
To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

## III.

“ High on a mountain’s highest ridge,  
Where oft the stormy winter gale  
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds  
It sweeps from vale to vale,  
Not five yards from the mountain path,  
This Thorn you on your left espy ;  
And to the left, three yards beyond,  
You see a little muddy pond  
Of water, — never dry,  
Though but of compass small, and bare  
To thirsty suns and parching air.

## IV.

“ And, close beside this aged Thorn,  
There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
Just half a foot in height.  
All lovely colors there you see,  
All colors that were ever seen ;  
And mossy network too is there,  
As if by hand of lady fair  
The work had woven been ;  
And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
So deep is their vermilion dye.

## V.

“ Ah me ! what lovely tints are there  
Of olive-green and scarlet bright,  
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,

Green, red, and pearly white!  
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
Which close beside the Thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
Is like an infant's grave in size,  
As like as like can be :  
But never, never anywhere,  
An infant's grave was half so fair.

## VI.

“ Now would you see this aged Thorn,  
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,  
You must take care and choose your time  
The mountain when to cross.  
For oft there sits between the heap  
So like an infant's grave in size,  
And that same pond of which I spoke,  
A Woman in a scarlet cloak,  
And to herself she cries,  
' O misery ! O misery !  
O woe is me ! O misery !’

## VII.

“ At all times of the day and night  
This wretched Woman thither goes ;  
And she is known to every star,  
And every wind that blows ;  
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits  
When the blue daylight 's in the skies,  
And when the whirlwind 's on the hill,

Or frosty air is keen and still,  
And to herself she cries,  
'O misery! O misery!  
O woe is me! O misery!'

## VIII.

"Now wherefore thus, by day and night,  
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,  
Thus to the dreary mountain-top  
Does this poor Woman go?  
And why sits she beside the Thorn  
When the blue daylight 's in the sky,  
Or when the whirlwind 's on the hill,  
Or frosty air is keen and still,  
And wherefore does she cry? —  
O wherefore? wherefore? tell me why  
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

## IX.

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;  
For the true reason no one knows:  
But would you gladly view the spot,  
The spot to which she goes,  
The hillock like an infant's grave,  
The pond, and Thorn so old and gray,  
Pass by her door, — 't is seldom shut, —  
And if you see her in her hut,  
Then to the spot away!  
I never heard of such as dare  
Approach the spot when she is there."

## x.

“ But wherefore to the mountain-top  
Can this unhappy Woman go,  
Whatever star is in the skies,  
Whatever wind may blow ? ”  
“ Full twenty years are past and gone  
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)  
Gave with a maiden’s true good-will  
Her company to Stephen Hill ;  
And she was blithe and gay,  
While friends and kindred all approved  
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

## xi.

“ And they had fixed the wedding day,  
The morning that must wed them both ;  
But Stephen to another Maid  
Had sworn another oath ;  
And, with this other Maid, to church  
Unthinking Stephen went. —  
Poor Martha ! on that woful day  
A pang of pitiless dismay  
Into her soul was sent ;  
A fire was kindled in her breast,  
Which might not burn itself to rest.

## xii.

“ They say, full six months after this,  
While yet the summer leaves were green,  
She to the mountain-top would go,

And there was often seen.  
What could she seek? — or wish to hide?  
Her state to any eye was plain;  
She was with child, and she was mad:  
Yet often was she sober sad  
From her exceeding pain.  
O guilty Father! — would that death  
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

## XIII.

“Sad case for such a brain to hold  
Communion with a stirring child!  
Sad case, as you may think, for one  
Who had a brain so wild!  
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,  
And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen  
Held that the unborn infant wrought  
About its mother’s heart, and brought  
Her senses back again:  
And when at last her time drew near,  
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

## XIV.

“More know I not, I wish I did,  
And it should all be told to you;  
For what became of this poor child  
No mortal ever knew;  
Nay, if a child to her was born  
No earthly tongue could ever tell;  
And if ’t was born alive or dead,

Far less could this with proof be said ;  
But some remember well,  
That Martha Ray about this time  
Would up the mountain often climb.

## xv.

“ And all that winter, when at night  
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,  
’T was worth your while, though in the dark,  
The churchyard path to seek :  
For many a time and oft were heard  
Cries coming from the mountain head :  
Some plainly living voices were ;  
And others, I ’ve heard many swear,  
Were voices of the dead :  
I cannot think, whate’er they say,  
They had to do with Martha Ray.

## xvi.

“ But that she goes to this old Thorn,  
The Thorn which I described to you,  
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
I will be sworn is true.  
For one day with my telescope,  
To view the ocean wide and bright,  
When to this country first I came,  
Ere I had heard of Martha’s name,  
I climbed the mountain’s height : —  
A storm came on, and I could see  
No object higher than my knee.

## XVII.

“T was mist and rain, and storm and rain :  
No screen, no fence, could I discover ;  
And then the wind ! in sooth, it was  
A wind full ten times over.  
I looked around, I thought I saw  
A jutting crag, — and off I ran,  
Head-foremost, through the driving rain,  
The shelter of the crag to gain ;  
And, as I am a man,  
Instead of jutting crag, I found  
A Woman seated on the ground.

## XVIII.

“I did not speak, — I saw her face ;  
Her face ! — it was enough for me ;  
I turned about and heard her cry,  
‘ O misery ! O misery ! ’  
And there she sits, until the moon  
Through half the clear blue sky will go ;  
And when the little breezes make  
The waters of the pond to shake,  
As all the country know,  
She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
‘ O misery ! O misery ! ’ ”

## XIX.

“ But what’s the Thorn ? and what the pond ?  
And what the hill of moss to her ?  
And what the creeping breeze that comes  
The little pond to stir ? ”  
“ I cannot tell ; but some will say

She hanged her baby on the tree ;  
Some say she drowned it in the pond,  
Which is a little step beyond :  
But all and each agree,  
The little Babe was buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

## XX.

“I’ve heard, the moss is spotted red  
With drops of that poor infant’s blood ;  
But kill a new-born infant thus,  
I do not think she could !  
Some say, if to the pond you go,  
And fix on it a steady view,  
The shadow of a babe you trace,  
A baby and a baby’s face,  
And that it looks at you ;  
Whene’er you look on it, ’t is plain  
The baby looks at you again.

## XXI.

“ And some had sworn an oath, that she  
Should be to public justice brought ;  
And for the little infant’s bones  
With spades they would have sought.  
But instantly the hill of moss  
Before their eyes began to stir !  
And, for full fifty yards around,  
The grass, it shook upon the ground !  
Yet all do still aver  
The little Babe lies buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

## XXII.

"I cannot tell how this may be,  
 But plain it is the Thorn is bound  
 With heavy tufts of moss, that strive  
 To drag it to the ground ;  
 And this I know, full many a time,  
 When she was on a mountain high,  
 By day, and in the silent night,  
 When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
 That I have heard her cry,  
 'O misery ! O misery !  
 O woe is me ! O misery !'"

1798.

## XXIV.

## HART-LEAP WELL.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the Second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor,  
 With the slow motion of a summer's cloud ;  
 And now, as he approached a vassal's door,  
 "Bring forth another horse !" he cried aloud.

“Another horse!” — That shout the vassal heard,  
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray;  
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third  
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;  
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;  
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;  
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;  
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:  
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on  
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;  
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,  
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?  
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?  
— This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;  
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side ;  
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;  
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn ;  
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :  
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,  
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat ;  
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned,  
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :  
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,  
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
(Never had living man such joyful lot !)  
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill, (it was at least  
Four roods of sheer ascent,) Sir Walter found  
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast  
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now  
Such sight was never seen by human eyes :  
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,  
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small arbor, made for rural joy ;  
'T will be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame  
A basin for that fountain in the dell !  
And they who do make mention of the same,  
From this day forth, shall call it **HART-LEAP  
WELL.**

"And, gallant Stag ! to make thy praises known,  
Another monument shall here be raised ;  
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
I will come hither with my Paramour ;  
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail,  
My mansion with its arbor shall endure ; —  
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure !"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,  
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.  
— Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,  
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,  
A cup of stone received the living well ;  
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall  
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined, —  
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,  
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,  
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour ;  
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
And his bones lie in his paternal vale. —  
But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale.

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PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade ;  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :

'T is my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
Three aspens at three corners of a square ;  
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine :  
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
I saw three pillars standing in a line, —  
The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head ;  
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green ;  
So that you just might say, as then I said,  
“ Here in old time the hand of man hath been.”

I looked upon the hill both far and near, —  
More doleful place did never eye survey ;  
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,  
Came up the hollow : — him did I accost,  
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.

“A jolly place,” said he, “in times of old !  
But something ails it now : the spot is curst.

“You see these lifeless stumps of aspen-wood, —  
Some say that they are beeches, others elms, —  
These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood,  
The finest palace of a hundred realms !

“The arbor does its own condition tell ;  
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream ;  
But as to the great Lodge ! you might as well  
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

“There’s neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;  
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

“Some say that here a murder has been done,  
And blood cries out for blood : but, for my part,  
I’ve guessed, when I’ve been sitting in the sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

“What thoughts must through the creature’s brain  
    have past !  
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,  
Are but three bounds, — and look, Sir, at this last !  
O Master ! it has been a cruel leap.

“For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;  
And in my simple mind we cannot tell

What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

“ Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lulled by the fountain in the summer tide ;  
This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wandered from his mother’s side.

“ In April here beneath the flowering thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that selfsame spring.

“ Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;  
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone.”

“ Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :  
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;  
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

“ The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

“ The pleasure-house is dust : — behind, before,  
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;

But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

“ She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;  
But at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

“ One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals ;  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

1800.

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 XXV.

## SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD,  
TO THE ESTATES AND HONORS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal strain that hath been silent long :—

“ From town to town, from tower to tower,  
The red rose is a gladsome flower.  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last ;

She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming :  
Both roses flourish, red and white :  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended. —  
Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster !  
Behold her how she smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array !  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the hall ;  
But chiefly from above the board  
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored !

“ They came with banner, spear, and shield ;  
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.  
Not long the Avenger was withstood, —  
Earth helped him with the cry of blood :  
St. George was for us, and the might  
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.  
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,  
We loudest in the faithful North :  
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,  
Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
Our strong abodes and castles see  
The glory of their loyalty.

“ How glad is Skipton at this hour, —  
Though lonely, a deserted Tower ;

Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom :  
 We have them at the feast of Brough'm.  
 How glad Pendragon, — though the sleep  
 Of years be on her ! — She shall reap  
 A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
 As in a dream her own renewing.  
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
 Beside her little humble stream ;  
 And she that keepeth watch and ward  
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;  
 They both are happy at this hour,  
 Though each is but a lonely Tower : —  
 But here is perfect joy and pride.  
 For one fair House by Emont's side,  
 This day, distinguished without peer,  
 To see her Master and to cheer —  
 Him, and his Lady-mother dear !

“ O, it was a time forlorn  
 When the fatherless was born ! —  
 Give her wings that she may fly,  
 Or she sees her infant die !  
 Swords that are with slaughter wild  
 Hunt the Mother and the Child.  
 Who will take them from the light ?  
 — Yonder is a man in sight, —  
 Yonder is a house, — but where ?  
 No, they must not enter there.  
 To the caves, and to the brooks,  
 To the clouds of heaven she looks ;

She is speechless, but her eyes  
Pray in ghostly agonies.  
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,  
Maid and Mother undefiled,  
Save a Mother and her Child !

“ Now who is he that bounds with joy  
On Carrock’s side, a Shepherd-boy ?  
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
Light as the wind along the grass.  
Can this be he who hither came  
In secret, like a smothered flame ?  
O’er whom such thankful tears were shed  
For shelter, and a poor man’s bread !  
God loves the Child ; and God hath willed  
That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
The Lady’s words, when forced away,  
The last she to her Babe did say :  
‘ My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest  
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,  
For lowly shepherd’s life is best ! ’

“ Alas ! when evil men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long.  
The Boy must part from Mosedale’s groves,  
And leave Blencathara’s rugged coves,  
And quit the flowers that summer brings  
To Glenderamakin’s lofty springs ;  
Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
Be turned to heaviness and fear.

— Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !  
Hear it, good man, old in days !  
Thou tree of covert and of rest  
For this young Bird that is distrest ;  
Among thy branches safe he lay,  
And he was free to sport and play,  
When falcons were abroad for prey.

“ A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
I said, when evil men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long,  
A weak and cowardly untruth !  
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,  
And thankful through a weary time,  
That brought him up to manhood's prime.  
— Again he wanders forth at will,  
And tends a flock from hill to hill :  
His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien ;  
Among the shepherd grooms no mate  
Hath he, a Child of strength and state !  
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,  
Nor yet for higher sympathy.  
To his side the fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear ;  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;  
And both the undying fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him ;

The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality ;  
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,  
Moved to and fro, for his delight.  
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt  
Upon the mountains visitant ;  
He hath kenned them taking wing :  
And into caves where Faeries sing  
He hath entered ; and been told  
By Voices how men lived of old.  
Among the heavens his eye can see  
The face of thing that is to be ;  
And, if that men report him right,  
His tongue could whisper words of might.  
— Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;  
He hath thrown aside his crook,  
And hath buried deep his book ;  
Armor rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls ; —  
' Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance, —  
Bear me to the heart of France,  
Is the longing of the Shield, —  
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;  
Field of death, where'er thou be,  
Groan thou with our victory !  
Happy day, and mighty hour,  
When our Shepherd, in his power,  
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
To his ancestors restored

Like a reappearing Star,  
Like a glory from afar,  
First shall head the flock of war !”

Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not know  
How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was  
framed :

How he, long forced in humble walks to go,  
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead :  
Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place  
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth ;  
The Shepherd-lord was honored more and more ;  
And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
“ The good Lord Clifford ” was the name he bore.

## XXVI.

## LINES,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON RE-  
VISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR.

JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with the  
length  
Of five long winters ! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur.\* — Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild, secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem

\* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above  
Tintern.

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration : — feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened : — that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on, —  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished  
thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again :  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when  
first

I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led : more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days

And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,

And mountains ; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,\*  
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :  
For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. O yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 't is her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy : for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

\* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's, the exact expression of which I do not recollect.

The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee : and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; O, then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance, —  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these  
gleams

Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together ; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service : rather say  
With warmer love, — oh ! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many<sup>s</sup> wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

## XXVII.

It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,  
And is descending on his embassy ;  
Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens to  
    espy !

'T is Hesperus, — there he stands with glittering  
    crown,

First admonition that the sun is down !

For yet it is broad daylight : clouds pass by ;

A few are near him still ; — and now the sky,

He hath it to himself, — 't is all his own.

O most ambitious Star ! an inquest wrought

Within me when I recognized thy light ;

A moment I was startled at the sight :

And while I gazed, there came to me a thought

That I might step beyond my natural race,

As thou seem'st now to do ; might one day trace

Some ground not mine ; and, strong her strength  
    above,

My Soul, an Apparition in the place,

Tread there with steps that no one shall reprove !

1803.

## XXVIII.

## FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT.\*

REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND."

O PLEASANT exercise of hope and joy!  
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love!  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very heaven! — O times  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
 Of custom, law, and statute took at once  
 The attraction of a country in romance!  
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime Enchantress — to assist the work,  
 Which then was going forward in her name!  
 Not favored spots alone, but the whole earth,  
 The beauty wore of promise, that which sets  
 (As at some moment might not be unfelt  
 Among the bowers of paradise itself)  
 The budding rose above the rose full-blown.  
 What temper at the prospect did not wake  
 To happiness unthought of? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!

\* This and the Extract, Vol. I. p. 219, and the first piece of this Class, are from the unpublished Poem of which some account is given in the Preface to the EXCURSION.

They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
The playfellows of fancy, — who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred  
Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it ; — they, too, who, of gentle mood,  
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
And in the region of their peaceful selves ; —  
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty  
Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish ;  
Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,  
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where !  
But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us, — the place where in the end  
We find our happiness, or not at all !

1806.

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**XXIX.**

YES, it was the mountain Echo,  
Solitary, clear, profound,  
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,  
Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply  
To a babbling wanderer sent ;  
Like her ordinary cry,  
Like — but oh ! how different !

Hears not also mortal Life ?  
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures !  
Slaves of folly, love, or strife, —  
Voices of two different natures ?

Have not *we* too ? — yes, we have  
Answers, and we know not whence ;  
Echoes from beyond the grave,  
Recognized intelligence !

Such rebounds our inward ear  
Catches sometimes from afar ; —  
Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;  
For of God, — of God they are.

1806.

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xxx.

## TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

1825.

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 XXXI.

## LAODAMIA.

“ WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;  
 And from the infernal Gods, ’mid shades forlorn  
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:  
 Celestial pity I again implore; —  
 Restore him to my sight, — great Jove, restore!”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her  
                   hands;  
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ? — O joy !  
What doth she look on ? — whom doth she behold ?  
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?  
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?  
It is, — if sense deceive her not, — 't is He !  
And a God leads him, winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake, — and touched her with his  
wand  
That calms all fear : “ Such grace hath crowned  
thy prayer,  
Laodamía ! that at Jove's command  
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air :  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space ;  
Accept the gift, behold him face to face ! ”

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to  
clasp ;  
Again that consummation she essayed ;  
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The Phantom parts, — but parts to reunite,  
And reassume his place before her sight.

“ Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :  
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne ;

Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.  
Not to appall me have the Gods bestowed  
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía ! doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect : — Spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain ;  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
Should die ; but me the threat could not withhold :  
A generous cause a victim did demand ;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;  
A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes ! bravest, noblest, best !  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;  
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou  
art —  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;  
And he whose power restores thee hath decreed  
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave :

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

“ No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow this ;  
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side !  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss  
To me, this day a second time thy bride ! ”  
Jove frowned in heaven : the conscious Parcæ threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

“ This visage tells thee that my doom is past :  
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains :  
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

“ Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control  
Rebellious passion : for the Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;  
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.  
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn — ”

“ Ah, wherefore ? — Did not Hercules by force  
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb  
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?  
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

“The Gods to us are merciful, and they  
Yet further may relent : for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman’s  
breast.

“But if thou goest, I follow —” “Peace!” he  
said ; —

She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered  
The ghastly color from his lips had fled ;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;  
No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, —  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there  
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest  
day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned  
That privilege by virtue. — “ Ill,” said he,  
“ The end of man’s existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
While tears were thy best pastime, day and  
night ;

“ And while my youthful peers before my eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were detained ;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

“ The wished-for wind was given : — I then re-  
solved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

“ Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter, was the pang  
When of thy loss I thought, belovèd Wife !  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —  
The paths which we had trod, — these fountains,  
flowers, —  
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

“ But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,  
 ‘ Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,  
 Yet of their number no one dares to die?’  
 In soul I swept the indignity away:  
 Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty thought,  
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

“ And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak  
 In reason, in self-government too slow;  
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
 Our blest reunion in the shades below.  
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;  
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“ Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend, —  
 Seeking a higher object. Love was given,  
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;  
 For this the passion to excess was driven, —  
 That self might be annulled: her bondage prove  
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!  
 Round the dear Shade she would have clung, —  
     ’t is vain:  
 The hours are past, — too brief had they been  
     years;  
 And him no mortal effort can detain:  
 Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,  
 He through the portal takes his silent way,  
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,  
 She perished ; and, as for a wilful crime,  
 By the just Gods, whom no weak pity moved,  
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,  
 Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers  
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are due ;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
 As fondly he believes. — Upon the side  
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
 From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;  
 And ever, when such stature they had gained  
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
 The trees' tall summits withered at the sight ;  
 A constant interchange of growth and blight ! \*

1814.

\* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's Natural History, Lib. XVI. Cap. 44 ; and for the features in the character of Protesilaus see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers :

———— His Laodamia  
 It Comes. —————

## XXXII.

## DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

## I.

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,  
Where'er he turned, a swan-like *grace*  
Of haughtiness without pretence,  
And to unfold a still magnificence,  
Was princely Dion, in the power  
And beauty of his happier hour.  
And what pure homage *then* did wait  
On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam  
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,  
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,  
Softening their inbred dignity austere, —  
That he, not too elate  
With self-sufficing solitude,  
But with majestic lowliness endued,  
Might in the universal bosom reign,  
And from affectionate observance gain  
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

## II.

Five thousand warriors, — O the rapturous day! —  
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear  
and shield,  
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,  
To Syracuse advance in bright array.

Who leads them on ? — The anxious people see  
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,  
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,  
 And in a white, far-beaming corselet clad !  
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear  
 The gazers feel ; and, rushing to the plain,  
 Salute those strangers as a holy train  
 Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)  
 That brought their precious liberty again.  
 Lo ! when the gates are entered, on each hand,  
 Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine  
                     In seemly order stand,  
 On tables set, as if for rites divine ; —  
 And, as the great Deliverer marches by,  
 He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown ;  
 And flowers are on his person thrown  
     In boundless prodigality ;  
 Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,  
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,  
 As if a very Deity he were ?

## III.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica ! and mourn,  
 Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn !  
 Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads  
 Your once sweet memory, studious walks and  
                     shades !  
 For him who to divinity aspired,  
 Not on the breath of popular applause,  
 But through dependence on the sacred laws

Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,  
Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved  
with stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with sublime de-  
light ; —

But he hath overleaped the eternal bars ;  
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent  
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,  
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,  
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.  
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,  
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain ;  
And oft his cogitations sink as low  
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,  
The heaviest plummet of despair can go.  
But whence that sudden check ? that fearful start ?

He hears an uncouth sound, —  
Anon his lifted eyes

Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,  
A Shape of more than mortal size  
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round !

A woman's garb the Phantom wore,  
And fiercely swept the marble floor, —  
Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
His force on Caspian foam to try ;

Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
That skims the plains of Thessaly,  
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops  
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops !

## IV.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,  
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,  
Sweeping, — vehemently sweeping, —  
No pause admitted, no design avowed !  
“Avaunt, inexplicable Guest ! — avaunt !”  
Exclaimed the Chieftain ; — “let me rather see  
The coronal that coiling vipers make ;  
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,  
And the long train of doleful pageantry  
Which they behold whom vengeful Furies haunt ;  
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to  
flee,  
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,  
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have  
borne !”

## V.

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call  
Will not depart when mortal voices bid ;  
Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid,  
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall !  
Ye Gods, thought he, that servile implement  
Obeys a mystical intent !  
Your Minister would brush away  
The spots that to my soul adhere ;  
But should she labor night and day,  
They will not, cannot disappear ;  
Whence angry perturbations, — and that look  
Which no philosophy can brook !

## VI.

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built  
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;  
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,  
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!  
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust  
Of monstrous crime! — that horror-striking blade,  
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid  
The noble Syracusan low in dust!  
Shuddered the walls, — the marble city wept, —  
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;  
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,  
As he had fallen in magnanimity;  
Of spirit too capacious to require  
That Destiny her course should change; too just  
To his own native greatness to desire  
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.  
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved  
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.  
Released from life and cares of princely state,  
He left this moral grafted on his Fate:  
“Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,  
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,  
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.”

## XXXIII.

## THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

## I.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,  
A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
Oft as I pass along the fork  
Of these fraternal hills :  
Where, save the rugged road, we find  
No appanage of human kind,  
Nor hint of man ; if stone or rock  
Seem not his handiwork to mock  
By something cognizably shaped ;  
Mockery, — or model roughly hewn,  
And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
Or from the flood escaped :  
Altars for Druid service fit  
(But where no fire was ever lit,  
Unless the glowworm to the skies  
Thence offer nightly sacrifice) ;  
Wrinkled Egyptian monument ;  
Green, moss-grown tower ; or hoary tent ;  
Tents of a camp that never shall be raised, —  
On which four thousand years have gazed !

## II.

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the slopes !  
Ye snow-white lambs that trip

Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
 Of restless ownership?  
 Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall  
 To feed the insatiate Prodigal!  
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
 All that the fertile valley shields;  
 Wages of folly, baits of crime,  
 Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
 Of drowsy, dotard Time; —  
 O care! O guilt! — O vales and plains,  
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
 A Genius dwells, that can subdue  
 At once all memory of You, —  
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,  
 Mists that distort and magnify;  
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,  
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

## III.

List to those shriller notes! — *that* march  
 Perchance was on the blast,  
 When, through this Height's inverted arch,  
 Rome's earliest legion passed!  
 — They saw, adventurously impelled,  
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,  
 This block, — and yon, whose church-like frame  
 Gives to this savage Pass its name.  
 Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide  
 Thy daring in a vapory bourn,

Not seldom may the hour return  
When thou shalt be my guide :  
And I (as all men may find cause,  
When life is at a weary pause,  
And they have panted up the hill  
Of duty with reluctant will)  
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,  
For the rich bounties of constraint ;  
Whence oft invigorating transports flow  
That choice lacked courage to bestow !

## IV.

My Soul was grateful for delight  
That wore a threatening brow ;  
A veil is lifted, — can she slight  
The scene that opens now ?  
Though habitation none appear,  
The greenness tells, man must be there ;  
The shelter — that the perspective  
Is of the clime in which we live ;  
Where Toil pursues his daily round ;  
Where Pity sheds sweet tears; and Love,  
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,  
Inflicts his tender wound.  
— Who comes not hither ne'er shall know  
How beautiful the world below ;  
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps  
The brook adown the rocky steps.  
Farewell, thou desolate Domain !  
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,

Carols like a shepherd-boy ;  
 And who is she? — Can that be Joy !  
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,  
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide ;  
 While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,  
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,  
 “ Whate’er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,  
 Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion fair ! ”

1817.

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 XXXIV.

## TO ENTERPRISE.

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile  
 Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand  
 High on that chalky cliff of Briton’s Isle,  
 A slender volume grasping in thy hand  
 (Perchance the pages that relate  
 The various turns of Crusoe’s fate), —  
 Ah, spare the exulting smile,  
 And drop thy pointing finger, bright  
 As the first flash of beacon light ;  
 But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,  
 Nor turn thy face away  
 From one who, in the evening of his day,  
 To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn !

## I.

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove  
Among the starry courts of Jove,  
And oft in splendor dost appear  
Embodied to poetic eyes,  
While traversing this nether sphere,  
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.  
Daughter of Hope! her favorite Child,  
Whom she to young Ambition bore,  
When hunter's arrow first defiled  
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;  
Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed  
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,  
And where the mightier Waters burst  
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!  
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;  
And thòu, thy favorite food to win,  
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare  
From her rock-fortress in mid-air,  
With infant shout; and often sweep,  
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;  
Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep  
Upon the couchant lion's mane!  
With rolling years thy strength increased;  
And, far beyond thy native East,  
To thee, by varying titles known  
As variously thy power was shown,  
Did incense-bearing altars rise,  
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,  
From suppliant panting for the skies!

## II.

What though this ancient Earth be trod  
No more by step of Demigod  
Mounting from glorious deed to deed  
As thou from clime to clime didst lead;  
Yet still, the bosom beating high,  
And the hushed farewell of an eye  
Where no procrastinating gaze  
A last infirmity betrays,  
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway  
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.  
By thy divinity impelled,  
The Stripling seeks the tented field;  
The aspiring Virgin kneels, and, pale  
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,  
A soft and tender Heroine  
Vowed to severer discipline;  
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy  
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
And of the ocean's dismal breast  
A play-ground, — or a couch of rest;  
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,  
Thou to his dangers dost enchain  
The Chamois-chaser, awed in vain  
By chasm or dizzy precipice;  
And hast thou not with triumph seen  
How soaring Mortals glide between  
Or through the clouds, and brave the light  
With bolder than Icarian flight?  
How they, in bells of crystal, dive,

Where winds and waters cease to strive,  
For no unholy visitings,  
Among the monsters of the Deep,  
And all the sad and precious things  
Which there in ghastly silence sleep ?  
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,  
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,  
In never-slackening voyage go  
Straight as an arrow from the bow,  
And, slighting sails and scorning oars,  
Keep faith with Time on distant shores ?  
— Within our fearless reach are placed  
'The secrets of the burning Waste ;  
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,  
Nile trembles at his fountain-head ;  
Thou speak'st, — and lo ! the Polar Seas  
Unbosom their last mysteries.  
— But oh ! what transports, what sublime reward,  
Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare  
For philosophic Sage ; or high-souled Bard,  
Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,  
Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,  
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods ;  
Nor grieves, tho' doomed thro' silent night to bear  
The domination of his glorious themes,  
Or struggle in the network of thy dreams !

## III.

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,  
From source still deeper, and of higher worth,

'T is thine the quickening impulse to control,  
 And in due season send the mandate forth ;  
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,  
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no  
 more.

## IV.

Dread Minister of wrath !  
 Who to their destined punishment dost urge  
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened  
 heart !  
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,  
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path  
 When they in pomp depart,  
 With trampling horses and refulgent cars,—  
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge ;  
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands ;  
 Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands,—  
 An army now, and now a living hill  
 That a brief while heaves with convulsive throes,—  
 Then all is still ;  
 Or, to forget their madness and their woes,  
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows !

## V.

Back flows the willing current of my Song :  
 If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,  
 Why should it daunt a blameless prayer ?  
 — Bold Goddess ! range our Youth among ;  
 Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat

In hearts no longer young ;  
Still may a veteran Few have pride  
In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet ;  
In fixed resolves by Reason justified ;  
That to their object cleave like sleet  
Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,  
When fields are naked far and wide,  
And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast  
Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest.

## VI.

But, if such homage thou disdain  
As doth with mellowing years agree,  
One rarely absent from thy train  
More humble favors may obtain  
For thy contented Votary.  
She, who incites the frolic lambs  
In presence of their heedless dams,  
And to the solitary fawn  
Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph  
That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph  
Doth hurry to the lawn ;  
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy  
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,  
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me ;  
And vernal mornings opening bright  
With views of undefined delight,  
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine  
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

## VII.

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favorite Isle  
 (Freedom's impregnable redoubt,  
 The wide earth's storehouse fenced about  
 With breakers roaring to the gales  
 That stretch a thousand thousand sails)  
 Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile! —  
 Thy impulse is the life of Fame;  
 Glad Hope would almost cease to be  
 If torn from thy society;  
 And Love, when worthiest of his name,  
 Is proud to walk the earth with thee!

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 XXXV.

TO ———,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain dwelling,  
 Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed  
 From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;  
 Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee,  
 Not unwilling to obey;  
 For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,  
 Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo the dwindled woods and meadows !  
What a vast abyss is there !  
Lo the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
And the glistenings, — heavenly fair !

And a record of commotion  
Which a thousand ridges yield ;  
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
Gleaming like a silver shield !

Maiden ! now take flight ; — inherit  
Alps or Andes, — they are thine !  
With the morning's roseate Spirit,  
Sweep their length of snowy line ;

Or survey their bright dominions  
In the gorgeous colors drest  
Flung from off the purple pinions  
Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the coral fountains  
Warbling in each sparry vault  
Of the untrodden lunar mountains ;  
Listen to their songs ! — or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,  
Whither spiteful Satan steered ;  
Or descend where the ark alighted,  
When the green earth reappeared ; —

For the power of hills is on thee,  
 As was witnessed through thine eye  
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee  
 To confess their majesty !

1816.

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 XXXVI.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS  
 IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail !  
 — There is a nest in a green dale,  
     A harbor and a hold ;  
 Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see  
 Thy own heart-stirring days, and be  
     A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,  
 And treading among flowers of joy  
     Which at no season fade,  
 Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,  
 Shalt show us how divine a thing  
     A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
 Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,  
 . A melancholy slave ;

But an old age serene and bright,  
 And lovely as a Lapland night,  
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.

1808.

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 XXXVII.

## WATER-FOWL.

“Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter.” — *Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.*

MARK how the feathered tenants of the flood,  
 With grace of motion that might scarcely seem  
 Inferior to angelic, prolong  
 Their curious pastime! shaping in mid-air  
 (And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars  
 High as the level of the mountain-tops)  
 A circuit ampler than the lake beneath, —  
 Their own domain; but ever, while intent  
 On tracing and retracing that large round,  
 Their jubilant activity evolves  
 Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,  
 Upward and downward, progress intricate  
 Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed  
 Their indefatigable flight. 'T is done, —  
 Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;  
 But lo the vanished company again

Ascending! they approach, — I hear their wings,  
 Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound,  
 Past in a moment, — and as faint again!  
 They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;  
 They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,  
 To show them a fair image; 't is themselves,  
 Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,  
 Painted more soft and fair as they descend  
 Almost to touch; — then up again aloft,  
 Up with a sally and a flash of speed,  
 As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!

1812.

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 XXXVIII.

## VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.

THIS Height a ministering Angel might select:  
 For from the summit of BLACK COMB (dread name  
 Derived from clouds and storms!) the ample range  
 Of unobstructed prospect may be seen  
 That British ground commands: — low dusky tracts,  
 Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian  
 hills

To the southwest, a multitudinous show;  
 And, in a line of eyesight linked with these,  
 The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth  
 To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and  
 Clyde: —

Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth,  
 Gigantic mountains rough with crags ; beneath,  
 Right at the imperial station's western base,  
 Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched  
 Far into silent regions blue and pale ; —  
 And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,  
 That, as we left the plain, before our sight  
 Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly  
 (Above the convex of the watery globe)  
 Into clear view the cultured fields that streak  
 Her habitable shores, but now appears  
 A dwindled object, and submits to lie  
 At the spectator's feet. — Yon azure ridge,  
 Is it a perishable cloud ? Or there  
 Do we behold the line of Erin's coast ?  
 Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swain  
 (Like the bright confines of another world)  
 Not doubtfully perceived. — Look homeward now !  
 In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene  
 The spectacle, how pure ! — Of Nature's works,  
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,  
 A revelation infinite it seems ;  
 Display august of man's inheritance,  
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power !

1818.

Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland: its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.

## XXXIX.

## THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO ———.

THOSE silver clouds collected round the sun  
His midday warmth abate not, seeming less  
To overshadow than multiply his beams  
By soft reflection, — grateful to the sky,  
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our human sense  
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy  
More ample than the time-dismantled oak  
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now, attired  
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords  
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use  
Was fashioned ; whether by the hand of Art,  
That Eastern Sultan, amid flowers enwrought  
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs  
In languor ; or by Nature, for repose  
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with the chase.  
O Lady ! fairer in thy Poet's sight  
Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,  
Approach ; — and, thus invited, crown with rest  
The noontide hour : though truly some there are  
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid  
This venerable Tree ; for, when the wind  
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking sound  
(Above the general roar of woods and crags)  
Distinctly heard from far, — a doleful note !  
As if (so Grecian shepherds would have deemed)

The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed  
 Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbeliev'd,  
 By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost  
 Haunts the old trunk ; lamenting deeds of which  
 The flowery ground is conscious. But no wind  
 Sweeps now along this elevated ridge ;  
 Not even a zephyr stirs ; — the obnoxious Tree  
 Is mute ; and, in his silence, would look down,  
 O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,  
 On thy reclining form, with more delight  
 Than his coevals in the sheltered vale  
 Seem to participate, the while they view  
 Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads  
 Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,  
 That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying stream !

1819.

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 XL.

## THE TRIAD.

SHOW me the noblest Youth of present time,  
 Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth ;  
 Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime  
 Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth ;  
 Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see  
 The brightest star of ages yet to be,  
 And I will mate and match him blissfully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood  
 Pure as herself, (song lacks not mightier power,)  
 Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,  
 Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her choral bower  
 Mere Mortals bodied forth in vision still  
 Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill  
 The chaster coverts of a British hill.

“Appear! — obey my lyre's command!  
 Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!  
 For ye, though not by birth allied,  
 Are Sisters in the bond of love;  
 Nor shall the tongue of envious pride  
 Presume those interweavings to reprove  
 In you, which that fair progeny of Jove  
 Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide  
 In endless union, earth and sea above.”  
 —I sing in vain; — the pines have hushed their  
     waving:

A peerless Youth expectant at my side,  
 Breathless as they, with unabated craving  
 Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;  
 And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,  
 Asks of the clouds what occupants they hide:  
 But why solicit more than sight could bear,  
 By casting on a moment all we dare?  
 Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;  
 And what was boldly promised, truly shall be  
     done.

"Fear not a constraining measure !  
 — Yielding to this gentle spell,  
 Lucida ! from domes of pleasure,  
 Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,  
 Come to regions solitary,  
 Where the eagle builds her aery,  
 Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell !"  
 — She comes ! — behold  
 That Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail !  
 Nearer she draws ; a breeze uplifts her veil ;  
 Upon her coming wait  
 As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale  
 As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,  
 Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold  
 His richest splendor, — when his veering gait  
 And every motion of his starry train  
 Seem governed by a strain  
 Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne !  
 Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit  
 Beside an unambitious hearth to sit  
 Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown ;  
 What living man could fear  
 The worst of Fortune's malice, wert thou near,  
 Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,  
 That its fair flowers may from his cheek  
 Brush the too happy tear ?  
 — Queen, and handmaid lowly !  
 Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,

And banish melancholy  
By all that mind invents or hand prepares ;  
O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile  
And in its silence even, no heart is proof ;  
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile  
The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace  
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof  
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of Wallace, —  
Who that hath seen thy beauty could content  
His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day ?  
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay  
His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent  
To take thee in thy majesty away ?  
— Pass onward ; (even the glancing deer  
Till we depart intrude not here ;)   
That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine throws  
A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose !”

Glad moment is it when the throng  
Of warblers in full concert strong  
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout  
The lagging shower, and force coy Phœbus out,  
Met by the rainbow's form divine,  
Issuing from her cloudy shrine ; —  
So may the thrillings of the lyre  
Prevail to further our desire,  
While to these shades a sister Nymph I call.

“ Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,  
Come, youngest of the lovely Three,

Submissive to the might of verse  
 And the dear voice of harmony,  
 By none more deeply felt than thee!"  
 — I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal  
 She hastens to the tents  
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.  
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen;  
 But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture green!  
 And, as if wishful to disarm  
 Or to repay the potent Charm,  
 She bears the stringèd lute of old romance,  
 That cheered the trellised arbor's privacy,  
 And soothed war-wearied knights in rafters hall.  
 How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!  
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;  
 So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head,  
 Why are they ungarlanded?  
 Why bedeck her temples less  
 Than the simplest shepherdess?  
 Is it not a brow inviting  
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,  
 Which the myrtle would delight in  
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?  
 But her humility is well content  
 With *one* wild floweret, (call it not forlorn,)

FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom  
 worn, —

Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets ! let her fly,  
Swift as a Thracian Nymph, o'er field and height !  
For she, to all but those who love her shy,  
Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight ;  
Though where she is beloved and loves,  
Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves ;  
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,  
That rifles blossoms on a tree,  
Turning them inside out with arch audacity.  
Alas ! how little can a moment show  
Of an eye where feeling plays  
In ten thousand dewy rays ;  
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go !  
— She stops, — is fastened to that rivulet's side ;  
And there (while, with sedater mien,  
O'er timid waters that have scarcely left  
Their birthplace in the rocky cleft  
She bends) at leisure may be seen  
Features to old ideal grace allied,  
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified, —  
Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth ;  
The bland composure of eternal youth !

What more changeful than the sea ?  
But over his great tides  
Fidelity presides ;  
And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.  
High is her aim as heaven above ;  
And wide as ether her good-will ;  
And, like the lowly reed, her love

Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill :  
Insight as keen as frosty star  
Is to *her* charity no bar,  
Nor interrupts her frolic graces  
When she is, far from these wild places,  
Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,  
Nature, from thy genuine law !  
If from what her hand would do,  
Her voice would utter, aught ensue  
Untoward or unfit ;  
She, in benign affections pure,  
In self-forgetfulness secure,  
Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance  
A light unknown to tutored elegance :  
Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,  
But her blushes are joy-flushes ;  
And the fault (if fault it be)  
Only ministers to quicken  
Laughter-loving gayety,  
And kindle sportive wit, —  
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free  
As if she knew that Oberon king of Faery  
Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,  
And heard his viewless bands  
Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

“ Last of the Three, though eldest born,  
Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn

Touched by the skylark's earliest note,  
 Ere humbler gladness be afloat.  
 But whether in the semblance drest  
 Of Dawn, or Eve, fair vision of the west,  
 Come with each anxious hope subdued  
 By woman's gentle fortitude,  
 Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest.  
 — Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought  
     page  
 Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand  
 Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand  
 Among the glories of a happier age."

Her brow hath opened on me, — see it there,  
 Brightening the umbrage of her hair!  
 So gleams the crescent moon, that loves  
 To be descried through shady groves.  
 Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;  
 Wish not for a richer streak;  
 Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;  
 But let thy love, upon that azure field  
 Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield  
 Its homage offered up in purity.  
 What wouldst thou more? In sunny glade,  
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,  
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused  
 Since earth grew calm while angels mused?  
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth  
 To crush the mountain dew-drops, — soon to melt  
 On the flower's breast; as if she felt

That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,  
 With all their fragrance, all their glistening,  
 Call to the heart for inward listening,—  
 And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true  
 Welcomed wisely ; though a growth  
 Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,  
 As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps on,—  
 And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb  
     to strew.

The Charm is over ; the mute Phantoms gone,  
 Nor will return ;—but droop not, favored Youth ;  
 The apparition that before thee shone  
 Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.  
 From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will guide  
 To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried,  
 And one of the bright Three become thy happy  
     Bride.

1828.

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 XLI.

## THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favorable issue.

HOPE rules a land for ever green :  
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen  
     Are confident and gay ;

Clouds at her bidding disappear ;  
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near  
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes, — there  
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
And thoughts with things at strife ;  
Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,  
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,  
How poor, were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,  
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
One tender claim abate ;  
Witness this symbol of your sway,  
Surviving near the public way,  
The rustic Wishing-gate !

Inquire not if the Faery race  
Shed kindly influence on the place,  
Ere northward they retired ;  
If here a warrior left a spell,  
Panting for glory as he fell ;  
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,  
Composed with Nature's finest care,  
And in her fondest love, —  
Peace to embosom and content, —  
To overawe the turbulent,  
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,  
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,  
    Unknowing, and unknown,  
The infection of the ground partakes,  
Longing for his Beloved, — who makes  
    All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear  
The mystic stirrings that are here,  
    The ancient faith disclaim?  
The local Genius ne'er befriends  
Desires whose course in folly ends,  
    Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
    Here crave an easier lot;  
If some have thirsted to renew  
A broken vow, or bind a true,  
    With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast  
Upon the irrevocable past,  
    Some Penitent sincere  
May for a worthier future sigh,  
While trickles from his downcast eye  
    No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed  
From turmoil, who would turn or speed  
    The current of his fate,

Might stop before this favored scene,  
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean  
    Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak  
Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,  
    Yet, passing, here might pause,  
And thirst for insight to allay  
Misgiving, while the crimson day  
    In quietness withdraws ;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound  
To Time's first step across the bound  
    Of midnight makes reply ;  
Time pressing on with starry crest,  
To filial sleep upon the breast  
    Of dread eternity.

1828.

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XLII.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

'T is gone, — with old belief and dream  
That round it clung, and tempting scheme  
    Released from fear and doubt ;  
And the bright landscape too must lie,  
By this blank wall from every eye  
    Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness, ye who seldom passed  
 That opening, but a look ye cast  
     Upon the lake below,  
 What spirit-stirring power it gained  
 From faith which here was entertained,  
     Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs  
 Of history, Glory claps her wings,  
     Fame sheds the exulting tear ;  
 Yet earth is wide, and many a nook  
 Unheard of is, like this, a book  
     For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought  
 That grafted, on so fair a spot,  
     So confident a token  
 Of coming good ; — the charm is fled ;  
 Indulgent centuries spun a thread,  
     Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas for him who gave the word !  
 Could he no sympathy afford,  
     Derived from earth or heaven,  
 To hearts so oft by hope betrayed,  
 Their very wishes wanted aid  
     Which here was freely given ?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,  
 Will now so readily be found  
     A balm of expectation ?

Anxious for far-off children, where  
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air  
Of home-felt consolation!

And not unfelt will prove the loss  
'Mid trivial care and petty cross  
And each day's shallow grief;  
Though the most easily beguiled  
Were oft among the first that smiled  
At their own fond belief.

If still the restless change we mourn,  
A reconciling thought may turn  
To harm that might lurk here,  
Ere judgment prompted from within  
Fit aims, with courage to begin,  
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man : our state  
Enjoins, while firm resolves await  
On wishes just and wise,  
That strenuous action follow both,  
And life be one perpetual growth  
Of heavenward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face  
All accidents of time and place;  
Whatever props may fail,  
Trust in that sovereign law can spread  
New glory o'er the mountain's head,  
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,  
The simplest cottager may part,  
    Ungrieved, with charm and spell;  
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee  
The voice of grateful memory  
    Shall bid a kind farewell ! \*

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## XLIII.

## THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A Rock there is whose homely front  
    The passing traveller slights ;  
Yet there the glowworms hang their lamps,  
    Like stars, at various heights ;  
And one coy Primrose to that Rock  
    The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
    What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
    And marked it for my own ;  
A lasting link in Nature's chain  
    From highest heaven let down !

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
    Their fellowship renew ;

\* See Note at the end of this Volume.

The stems are faithful to the root,  
 That worketh out of view ;  
 And to the rock the root adheres  
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
 Though threatening still to fall ;  
 The earth is constant to her sphere ;  
 And God upholds them all :  
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
 Her annual funeral.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here closed the meditative strain ;  
 But air breathed soft that day,  
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,  
 The sunny vale looked gay ;  
 And to the Primrose of the Rock  
 I gave this after-lay.

I sang, — Let myriads of bright flowers,  
 Like thee, in field and grove  
 Revive unenvied ; — mightier far  
 Than tremblings that reprove  
 Our vernal tendencies to hope,  
 Is God's redeeming love ; —

That love which changed, for wan disease,  
 For sorrow that had bent  
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age,  
 Their moral element,

And turned the thistles of a curse  
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
The reasoning Sons of Men,  
From one oblivious winter called,  
Shall rise, and breathe again ;  
And in eternal summer lose  
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
This prescience from on high,  
The faith that elevates the just,  
Before and when they die ;  
And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
A court for Deity.

1831.

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 XLIV.

## PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS ! they judge not right  
Who deem that ye from open light  
Retire in fear of shame ;  
All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch  
Of vulgar sense, — and, being such,  
Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,  
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,  
    Were mine in early days ;  
And now, unforced by time to part  
With fancy, I obey my heart,  
    And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,  
Too potent over nerve and blood,  
    Lurk near you, and combine  
To taint the health which ye infuse ;  
This hides not from the moral Muse  
    Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers !  
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours  
    Builds castles, not of air :  
Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
Flow from your visionary skill,  
    And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
That no philosophy can lift,  
    Shall vanish, if ye please,  
Like morning mist : and, where it lay,  
The spirits at your bidding play  
    In gayety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move  
Through space, though calm, not raised above  
    Prognostics that ye rule ;

The naked Indian of the wild,  
And haply, too, the cradled Child,  
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,  
Number their signs or instruments?  
A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,  
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,  
An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth  
With sighs of self-exhausted mirth  
Ye feelingly reprove ;  
And daily, in the conscious breast,  
Your visitations are a test  
And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope  
To an exulting Nation's hope,  
Oft, startled and made wise  
By your low-breathed interpretations,  
The simply-meek foretaste the springs  
Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,  
Pervade the lonely ocean far  
As sail hath been unfurled ;  
For dancers in the festive hall  
What ghastly partners hath your call  
Fetched from the shadowy world.

'T is said, that warnings ye dispense,  
Emboldened by a keener sense ;  
That men have lived for whom,  
With dread precision, ye made clear  
The hour that in a distant year  
Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight ! Yet there are  
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,  
Truth shows a glorious face,  
While on that isthmus which commands  
The councils of both worlds, she stands,  
Sage Spirits ! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent  
All changes of the element,  
Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
Of natures, for our wants provides  
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,  
When lights of reason fail.

## XLV.

## VERNAL ODE.

*Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.*

PLIN. NAT. HIST.

## I.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,  
 When all the fields with freshest green were dight,  
 Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye  
 That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,  
 The form and rich habiliments of one  
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,  
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,  
 Features half lost amid their own pure light.  
 Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air  
 He hung, — then floated with angelic ease  
 (Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)  
 Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,  
 Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noon-  
 tide breeze.

Upon the apex of that lofty cone  
 Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone ;  
 Fair as a gorgeous fabric of the East  
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,  
 Where nothing was ; and firm as some old tower  
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest  
 Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower !

## II.

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings  
 Rested a golden harp ; — he touched the strings ;  
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound  
 Poured through the echoing hills around,  
 He sang : —

“ No wintry desolations,  
 Scorching blight or noxious dew,  
 Affect my native habitations ;  
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope  
 Of man’s inquiring gaze, but to his hope  
 Imaged, though faintly, in the hue  
 Profound of night’s ethereal blue ;  
 And in the aspect of each radiant orb ; —  
 Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb ;  
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,  
 Blended in absolute serenity,  
 And free from semblance of decline ; —  
 Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour,  
 Her darkness splendor gave, her silence power,  
 To testify of Love and Grace divine.

## III.

“ What if those bright fires  
 Shine subject to decay,  
 Sons haply of extinguished sires,  
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass away  
 Like clouds before the wind,  
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand bestows,  
 Nightly, on human kind

That vision of endurance and repose.  
— And though to every draught of vital breath  
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,  
The melancholy gates of Death  
Respond with sympathetic motion ;  
Though all that feeds on nether air,  
Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
Grows but to perish, and intrust  
Its ruins to their kindred dust ;  
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,  
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps  
Amid the unfathomable deeps ;  
And saves the peopled fields of earth  
From dread of emptiness or dearth.  
Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the sky  
The foliaged head in cloudlike majesty,  
The shadow-casting race of trees survive :  
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive  
Sweet flowers ; — what living eye hath viewed  
Their myriads ? — endlessly renewed,  
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray ;  
Where'er the subtle waters stray ;  
Wherever sportive breezes bend  
Their course : or genial showers descend !  
Mortals, rejoice ! the very Angels quit  
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,  
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range !”

## IV.

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares  
 Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse !  
 That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,  
 And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,  
 Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,  
 Or blooming thicket moist with morning dews ;  
 Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me ?  
 And was it granted to the simple ear  
 Of thy contented votary  
 Such melody to hear !  
*Him* rather suits it, side by side with thee,  
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
 While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-tree,  
 To lie and listen — till o'er-drowsèd sense  
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence —  
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.  
 — A slender sound ! yet hoary Time  
 Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime  
 Of all his years ; — a company  
 Of ages coming, ages gone,  
 (Nations from before them sweeping,  
 Regions in destruction steeping,)  
 But every awful note in unison  
 With that faint utterance, which tells  
 Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,  
 For the pure keeping of those waxen cells ;  
 Where She — a statist prudent to confer  
 Upon the common weal ; a warrior bold,  
 Radiant all over with unburnished gold,

And armed with living spear for mortal fight;  
 A cunning forager  
 That spreads no waste; a social builder; one  
 In whom all busy offices unite  
 With all fine functions that afford delight —  
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!

## v.

And is She brought within the power  
 Of vision? — o'er this tempting flower  
 Hovering until the petals stay  
 Her flight, and take its voice away! —  
 Observe each wing! — a tiny van!  
 The structure of her laden thigh,  
 How fragile! yet of ancestry  
 Mysteriously remote and high;  
 High as the imperial front of man;  
 The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;  
 The soaring eagle's curvèd beak;  
 The white plumes of the floating swan;  
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane  
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain  
 At which the desert trembles. — Humming Bee!  
 Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown;  
 The seeds of malice were not sown;  
 All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,  
 And no pride blended with their dignity.  
 — Tears had not broken from their source;  
 Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;  
 The golden years maintained a course

Not undiversified, though smooth and even ;  
 We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow  
     then ;  
 Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men ;  
 And earth and stars composed a universal heaven !  
1817.

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XLVI.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

“ Not to the earth confined,  
 Ascend to heaven.”

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,  
 The Spirits of the new-born flowers ?  
 They wander with the breeze, they wind  
 Where'er the streams a passage find ;  
 Up from their native ground they rise  
 In mute aërial harmonies ;  
 From humble violet, modest thyme,  
 Exhaled, the essential odors climb,  
 As if no space below the sky  
 Their subtle flight could satisfy :  
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride  
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindliest of May showers,  
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,

That with moist virtue softly cleaves  
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,  
The birds pour forth their souls in notes  
Of rapture from a thousand throats, —  
Here checked by too impetuous haste,  
While there the music runs to waste  
With bounty more and more enlarged,  
Till the whole air is overcharged ;  
Give ear, O Man ! to their appeal,  
And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
Thou, who canst *think* as well as feel.

Mount from the earth ; aspire ! aspire !  
So pleads the town's cathedral quire,  
In strains that from their solemn height  
Sink, to attain a loftier flight ;  
While incense from the altar breathes  
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths ;  
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds  
The taper-lights, and curls in clouds  
Around angelic Forms, the still  
Creation of the painter's skill,  
That on the service wait concealed  
One moment, and the next revealed.  
— Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
And for no transient ecstasies !  
What else can mean the visual plea  
Of still or moving imagery, —  
The iterated summons loud,  
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,

Nor wholly lost upon the throng  
Hurrying the busy streets along ?

Alas ! the sanctities combined  
By art to unsensualize the mind,  
Decay and languish ; or, as creeds  
And humors change, are spurned like weeds :  
The priests are from their altars thrust ;  
Temples are levelled with the dust ;  
And solemn rites and awful forms  
Founder amid fanatic storms.  
Yet evermore, through years renewed  
In undisturbed vicissitude  
Of seasons balancing their flight  
On the swift wings of day and night,  
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
Wide open for the scattered Poor.  
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
Is wafted in mute harmonies ;  
And ground fresh-cloven by the plough  
Is fragrant with a humbler vow ;  
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells  
Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
And vapors magnify and spread  
The glory of the sun's bright head, —  
Still constant in her worship, still  
Conforming to the Eternal Will,  
Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
Divine monition Nature yields,  
That not by bread alone we live,

Or what a hand of flesh can give ;  
 That every day should leave some part  
 Free for a sabbath of the heart :  
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

1832.

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 XLVII.

## THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

WOULDEST thou be taught, when sleep has taken  
 flight,  
 By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,  
 How far off yet a glimpse of morning light,  
 And if to lure the truant back be well,  
 Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,  
 That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour ;  
 Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock  
 For service hung behind thy chamber door ;  
 And in due time the soft, spontaneous shock,  
 The double note, as if with living power,  
 Will to composure lead, or make thee blithe as  
 bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo! — Cuckoo! — oft though tempests  
 howl,  
 Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,

How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,  
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air :  
I speak with knowledge, — by that Voice beguiled,  
Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng  
Into thy heart ; and fancies, running wild  
Through fresh green fields, and budding groves  
among,  
Will make thee happy, happy as a child ;  
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,  
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go  
wrong.

And know, that, even for him who shuns the day  
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain ;  
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,  
Must come unhopèd for, if they come again ;  
Know, that, for him whose waking thoughts,  
severe  
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,  
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear  
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,  
Could from sad regions send him to a dear  
Delightful land of verdure, shower, and gleam,  
To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some haunt-  
ed stream.

O bounty without measure ! while the grace  
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest  
springs,  
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace

A mazy course along familiar things,  
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,  
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,  
With angels, when their own untroubled home  
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy  
To visit earthly chambers, — and for whom?  
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,  
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy  
sigh.

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## XLVIII.

## TO THE CLOUDS.

ARMY of Clouds ! ye wingèd Host in troops  
Ascending from behind the motionless brow  
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,  
O whither with such eagerness of speed?  
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale  
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,  
Or, racing o'er your blue, ethereal field,  
Contend ye with each other? of the sea  
Children, thus post ye over vale and height  
To sink upon your mother's lap, and rest?  
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes  
Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness  
Of a wide army pressing on to meet  
Or overtake some unknown enemy? —

But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim ;  
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares  
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds  
Aerial, upon due migration bound  
To milder climes ; or rather do ye urge  
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage,  
To pause at last on more aspiring heights  
Than these, and utter your devotion there  
With thundrous voice ? Or are ye jubilant,  
And would ye, tracking your proud lord, the Sun,  
Be present at his setting ; or the pomp  
Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand  
Poising your splendors high above the heads  
Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God ?  
Whence, whence, ye Clouds ! this eagerness of  
speed ?

Speak, silent creatures. — They are gone, are fled,  
Buried together in yon gloomy mass  
That loads the middle heaven ; and clear and  
bright

And vacant doth the region which they thronged  
Appear ; a calm descent of sky conducting  
Down to the unapproachable abyss,  
Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose  
To vanish, — fleet as days and months and years,  
Fleet as the generations of mankind,  
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,  
The lingering world, when time had ceased to be.  
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,  
And see ! a bright precursor to a train

Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock  
 That sullenly refuses to partake  
 Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life  
 Invisible, the long procession moves  
 Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale  
 Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye  
 That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,  
 And in the bosom of the firmament  
 O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,  
 A type of her capacious self and all  
 Her restless progeny.

A humble walk

Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,  
 A little hoary line and faintly traced,  
 Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot  
 Or of his flock? — joint vestige of them both.  
 I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts  
 Admit no bondage and my words have wings.  
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,  
 To accompany the verse? The mountain blast  
 Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep  
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,  
 And search the fibres of the caves, and they  
 Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds  
 And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales —  
 Which by their aid re clothe the naked lawn  
 With annual verdure, and revive the woods,  
 And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers —  
 Love them; and every idle breeze of air  
 Bends to the favorite burden. Moon and stars

Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds  
Watch also, shifting peaceably their place  
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,  
As if some Protean art the change had wrought,  
In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep  
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes  
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings !  
Ye are their perilous offspring ; and the Sun —  
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,  
And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore  
In old time worshipped as the god of verse,  
A blazing intellectual deity —  
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers  
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood  
Visions with all but beatific light  
Enriched, — too transient were they not renewed  
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze  
In silent rapture, credulous desire  
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power  
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain thought!  
Yet why repine, created as we are  
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only  
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things ?

## XLIX.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD  
OF PARADISE.

THE gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,  
 And a true master of the glowing strain,  
 Might scan the narrow province with disdain  
 That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.  
 This, this the Bird of Paradise ! disclaim  
 The daring thought, forget the name ;  
 This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers might own  
 As no unworthy Partner in their flight  
 Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway  
 Of nether air's rude billows is unknown ;  
 Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they  
 Through India's spicy regions wing their way,  
 Might bow to as their Lord. What character,  
 O sovereign Nature ! I appeal to thee,  
 Of all thy feathered progeny  
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair ?  
 So richly decked in variegated down,  
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,  
 Tints softly with each other blended,  
 Hues doubtfully begun and ended ;  
 Or intershooting, and to sight  
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of light  
 Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and  
     there ?  
 Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life

Began the pencil's strife,  
O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong  
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song ;  
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew  
A juster judgment from a calmer view ;  
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,  
Thankfully took an effort that was meant  
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to vie,  
Or made with hope to please that inward eye  
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,  
But to recall the truth by some faint trace  
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,  
That in the living Creature find on earth a place.

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L.

### A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings  
Might bear thee to this glen,  
With faithful memory left of things  
To pencil dear and pen,  
Thou wouldst forego the neighboring Rhine,  
And all his majesty,  
A studious forehead to incline  
O'er this poor family:

The Mother, — her thou must have seen,  
In spirit, ere she came  
To dwell these rifted rocks between,  
Or found on earth a name ;  
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,  
Thy inspirations give, —  
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,  
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
How beautiful his eyes,  
That blend the nature of the star  
With that of summer skies !  
I speak as if of sense beguiled ;  
Uncounted months are gone,  
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,  
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,  
The smooth, transparent skin,  
Refined, as with intent to show  
The holiness within ;  
The grace of parting Infancy  
By blushes yet untamed ;  
Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet  
As flowers, stand side by side ;  
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
The Christian of his pride :

Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
 Upon them not forlorn,  
 Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
 Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
 Of poverty and wrong,  
 Doth here preserve a living light,  
 From Hebrew fountains sprung ;  
 That gives this ragged group to cast  
 Around the dell a gleam  
 Of Palestine, of glory past,  
 And proud Jerusalem !

1528.

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 LI.

## ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

## ARGUMENT.

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony. — Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza). — The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot. — Origin of music, and its effect in early ages, — how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza). — The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally. — Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation. — (Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean

theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe; — imaginations consonant with such a theory. — Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator. — (Last Stanza.) The destruction of earth and the planetary system, — the survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

## I.

THEY functions are ethereal,  
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,  
 Organ of vision! And a Spirit aërial  
 Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;  
 Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought  
 To enter than oracular cave;  
 Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,  
 And whispers for the heart, their slave;  
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
 Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,  
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile  
 Into the ambush of despair;  
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,  
 And requiems answered by the pulse that beats  
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

## II.

'The headlong streams and fountains  
 Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers;  
 Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,  
 They lull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers.

*That* roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am,*  
 How fearful to the desert wide!  
 That bleat, how tender! of the dam  
 Calling a straggler to her side.  
 Shout, cuckoo! — let the vernal soul  
 Go with thee to the frozen zone;  
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll  
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
 Mercy from her twilight throne  
 Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,  
 To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
 Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

## III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows  
 And Images of voice, — to hound and horn  
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows  
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn, —  
 On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells  
 A greeting give of measured glee;  
 And milder echoes from their cells  
 Repeat the bridal symphony.  
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,  
 And from aloft look down into a cove  
 Besprinkled with a careless choir,  
 Happy milkmaids, one by one  
 Scattering a ditty each to her desire,  
 A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,  
 A stream as if from one full heart.

## IV.

Blest be the song that brightens  
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth ;  
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that  
          lightens

His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.  
For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,  
And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
That beautifies the fairest shore,  
And mitigates the harshest clime.  
Yon pilgrims see, — in lagging file  
They move ; but soon the appointed way  
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,  
And to their hope the distant shrine  
Glisten with a livelier ray :  
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,  
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast  
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

## V.

When civic renovation  
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste  
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration  
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast  
Piping through cave and battlemented tower ;  
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet  
That voice of Freedom, in its power  
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet !  
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads  
Incitements of the battle-day,

Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless  
heads? —

Even She whose Lydian airs inspire  
Peaceful striving, gentle play  
Of timid hope and innocent desire  
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move  
Fanned by the plausible wings of Love.

## VI.

How oft along thy mazes,  
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions trod !  
O Thou, through whom the temple rings with  
praises,  
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,  
Betray not by the cozenage of sense  
Thy votaries, woingly resigned  
To a voluptuous influence  
That taints the purer, better mind ;  
But lead sick Fancy to a harp  
That hath in noble tasks been tried ;  
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,  
Soothe it into patience,— stay  
The uplifted arm of Suicide ;  
And let some mood of thine in firm array  
Knit every thought the impending issue needs,  
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds !

## VII.

As Conscience, to the centre  
Of being, smites with irresistible pain,

So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter  
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,  
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled,—  
Convulsed as by a jarring din ;  
And then aghast, as at the world  
Of reason partially let in  
By concords winding with a sway  
Terrible for sense and soul !  
Or, awed, he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.  
Point not these mysteries to an Art  
Lodged above the starry pole, —  
Pure modulations flowing from the heart  
Of Divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth,  
With Order dwell, in endless youth ?

## VIII.

Oblivion may not cover  
All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time.  
Orphean Insight ! truth's undaunted lover,  
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,  
Where Music deigned within this grosser sphere  
Her subtle essence to enfold,  
And voice and shell drew forth a tear  
Softer than Nature's self could mould.  
Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age :  
Art, daring because souls could feel,  
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage  
Of wrapt imagination sped her march  
Through the realms of woe and weal :  
Hell to the lyre bowed low ; the upper arch

Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse  
Her wan disasters could disperse.

## IX.

The GIFT to King Amphion  
That walled a city with its melody  
Was for belief no dream : — thy skill, Arion !  
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,  
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,  
Leave for one chant ; the dulcet sound  
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,  
And listening dolphins gather round.  
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides  
A proud One docile as a managed horse ;  
And singing, while the accordant hand  
Sweeps his harp, the Master rides ;  
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,  
And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright  
In memory, through silent night.

## X.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds  
Couched in the shadow of Mænalian pines,  
Was passing sweet ; the eyeballs of the leopards,  
That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,  
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang !  
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground  
In cadence, and Silenus swang  
'This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.

To life, to *life* give back thine ear :  
Ye who are longing to be rid  
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear  
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell  
Echoed from the coffin-lid ;  
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell ;  
"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,  
Repeated, — heard, and heard no more !

## XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,  
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes :  
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,  
Rolling a solemn, sea-like bass, that floats  
Far as the woodlands, — with the trill to blend  
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale  
Might tempt an angel to descend,  
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.  
Ye wandering Utterances, has Earth no scheme,  
No scale of moral music, to unite  
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream  
Of memory ? — O that ye might stoop to bear  
Chains, such precious chains of sight  
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear !  
O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well !

## XII.

By one pervading spirit  
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,

As sages taught, where faith was found to merit  
Initiation in that mystery old.  
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still  
As they themselves appear to be,  
Innumerable voices fill  
With everlasting harmony ;  
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,  
Their feet among the billows, know  
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist ;  
Thy pinions, universal Air,  
Ever waving to and fro,  
Are delegates of harmony, and bear  
Strains that support the Seasons in their round ;  
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

## XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,  
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords !  
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,  
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words !  
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,  
Nor mute the forest hum of noon ;  
Thou too be heard, lone eagle ! freed  
From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
The six-days' Work by flaming Seraphim  
Transmits to Heaven ! As Deep to Deep  
Shouting through one valley calls,  
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep

For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured  
Into the ear of God, their Lord !

## XIV.

A Voice to Light gave Being ;  
To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler ;  
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,  
And sweep away life's visionary stir ;  
The trumpet, (we, intoxicate with pride,  
Arm at its blast for deadly wars,)  
To archangelic lips applied,  
The grave shall open, quench the stars.  
O Silence ! are Man's noisy years  
No more than moments of thy life ?  
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,  
With her smooth tones and discords just,  
Tempered into rapturous strife,  
Thy destined bond-slave ? No ! though earth be  
dust  
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay  
Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away.

## PETER BELL.

## A TALE.

What 's in a name ?

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar!

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TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P. L., ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its manuscript state, nearly suryived its *minority*; — for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favorable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the literature of our country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavors in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The Poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the Imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the super-

natural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted, that to you, as a master in that province of the Art, the following Tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an unappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *April 7, 1819.*

PROLOGUE.

THERE 's something in a flying horse,  
 There 's something in a huge balloon ;  
 But through the clouds I 'll never float  
 Until I have a little Boat,  
 Shaped like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,  
 In shape a very crescent-moon :  
 Fast through the clouds my Boat can sail ;  
 But if perchance your faith should fail,  
 Look up — and you shall see me soon !

The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,  
 Rocking and roaring like a sea ;  
 The noise of danger 's in your ears,  
 And ye have all a thousand fears  
 Both for my little Boat and me !

Meanwhile, untroubled I admire  
The pointed horns of my canoe ;  
And, did not pity touch my breast,  
To see how ye are all distrest,  
Till my ribs ached I 'd laugh at you !

Away we go, my Boat and I, —  
Frail man ne'er sat in such another ;  
Whether among the winds we strive,  
Or deep into the clouds we dive,  
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go, — and what care we  
For treasons, tumults, and for wars ?  
We are as calm in our delight  
As is the crescent-moon so bright  
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars  
Through many a breathless field of light,  
Through many a long blue field of ether,  
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her :  
Up goes my little Boat so bright !

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull,—  
We pry among them all ; have shot  
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,  
Covered from top to toe with scars ; —  
Such company I like it not !

The towns in Saturn are decayed,  
And melancholy Spectres throng them ; —  
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss  
Each other in the vast abyss,  
With joy I sail among them.

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,  
Great Jove is full of stately bowers ;  
But these, and all that they contain,  
What are they to that tiny grain,  
That little Earth of ours ?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth : —  
Whole ages if I here should roam,  
The world of my remarks and me  
Would not a whit the better be :  
I've left my heart at home.

See ! there she is, the matchless Earth !  
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean !  
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear  
Through the gray clouds ; the Alps are here,  
Like waters in commotion !

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands ;  
That silver thread, the river Dnieper ;  
And look, where, clothed in brightest green,  
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen :  
Ye Fairies, from all evil keep her !

And see the town where I was born !  
Around those happy fields we span  
In boyish gambols ; — I was lost  
Where I have been, but on this coast  
I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once  
Appear so lovely, — never, never ;  
How tunefully the forests ring !  
To hear the Earth's soft murmuring,  
Thus could I hang for ever !

“ Shame on you ! ” cried my little Boat ;  
“ Was ever such a homesick Loon,  
Within a living Boat to sit,  
And make no better use of it, —  
A Boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon !

“ Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet  
Fluttered so faint a heart before ; —  
Was it the music of the spheres  
That overpowered your mortal ears ?  
— Such din shall trouble them no more.

“ These nether precincts do not lack  
Charms of their own ; — then come with me ;  
I want a comrade, and for you  
There's nothing that I would not do ;  
Naught is there that you shall not see.

“ Haste ! and above Siberian snows  
We ’ll sport amid the boreal morning ;  
Will mingle with her lustres gliding  
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,  
And now the stars adorning.

“ I know the secrets of a land  
Where human foot did never stray ;  
Fair is that land as evening skies,  
And cool, though in the depth it lies  
Of burning Africa.

“ Or we ’ll into the realm of Faery,  
Among the lovely shades of things ;  
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,  
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,  
The shades of palaces and kings !

“ Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal  
Less quiet regions to explore,  
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal  
How earth and heaven are taught to feel  
The might of magic lore !”

“ My little vagrant Form of light,  
My gay and beautiful Canoe,  
Well have you played your friendly part ;  
As kindly take what from my heart  
Experience forces, — then adieu !

“Temptation lurks among your words ;  
But, while these pleasures you ’re pursuing  
Without impediment or let,  
No wonder if you quite forget  
What on the Earth is doing.

“There was a time when all mankind  
Did listen with a faith sincere  
To tuneful tongues in mystery versed ;  
*Then* Poets fearlessly rehearsed  
The wonders of a wild career.

“Go, — (but the world’s a sleepy world,  
And ’t is, I fear, an age too late,)—  
Take with you some ambitious Youth!  
For, restless Wanderer ! I, in truth,  
Am all unfit to be your mate.

“Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers ;  
The common growth of Mother Earth  
Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears.

“The dragon’s wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower,  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray,  
And with a soul of power.

“ These given, what more need I desire  
To stir, to soothe, or elevate ?  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life’s daily prospect find,  
May find or there create ?

“ A potent wand doth Sorrow wield ;  
What spell so strong as guilty Fear !  
Repentance is a tender Sprite ;  
If aught on earth have heavenly might  
’T is lodged within her silent tear.

“ But grant my wishes, — let us now  
Descend from this ethereal height ;  
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,  
More daring far than Hippogriff,  
And be thy own delight !

“ To the stone-table in my garden,  
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,  
The Squire is come : his daughter Bess  
Beside him in the cool recess  
Sits blooming like a flower.

“ With these are many more convened ;  
They know not I have been so far ; —  
I see them there, in number nine,  
Beneath the spreading Weymouth pine !  
I see them, — there they are !

“There sits the Vicar and his Dame ;  
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter ;  
And, ere the light of evening fail,  
To them I must relate the Tale  
Of Peter Bell the Potter.”

Off flew the Boat, — away she flees,  
Spurning her freight with indignation !  
And I, as well as I was able,  
On two poor legs, toward my stone table  
Limped on with sore vexation.

“ O, here he is ! ” cried little Bess, —  
She saw me at the garden door ;  
“ We ’ve waited anxiously and long,”  
They cried, and all around me throng,  
Full nine of them or more !

“ Reproach me not, — your fears be still, —  
Be thankful we again have met ; —  
Resume, my Friends ! within the shade  
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid  
The well-remembered debt.”

I spake with faltering voice, like one  
Not wholly rescued from the pale  
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion ;  
But, straight, to cover my confusion,  
Began the promised Tale.

## PART FIRST.

ALL by the moonlight river-side  
Groaned the poor Beast,— alas ! in vain ;  
The staff was raised to loftier height,  
And the blows fell with heavier weight  
As Peter struck, and struck again.

“ Hold ! ” cried the Squire, “ against the rules  
Of common sense you ’re surely sinning :  
This leap is for us all too bold ;  
Who Peter was, let that be told,  
And start from the beginning.”

—— “ A Potter,\* Sir, he was by trade,”  
Said I, becoming quite collected ;  
“ And wheresoever he appeared,  
Full twenty times was Peter feared  
For once that Peter was respected.

“ He two-and-thirty years or more  
Had been a wild and woodland rover ;  
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar  
On farthest Cornwall’s rocky shore,  
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

“ And he had seen Caernarvon’s towers,  
And well he knew the spire of Sarum ;

\* In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earthen-ware is thus designated.

And he had been where Lincoln bell  
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell, —  
A far-renowned alarum.

“ At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,  
And merry Carlisle, had he been ;  
And all along the Lowlands fair,  
All through the bonny shire of Ayr ;  
And far as Aberdeen.

“ And he had been at Inverness ;  
And Peter, by the mountain rills,  
Had danced his round with Highland lasses ;  
And he had lain beside his asses  
On lofty Cheviot Hills :

“ And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,  
Among the rocks and winding *scars* ;  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars :

“ And all along the indented coast,  
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam ;  
Where'er a knot of houses lay,  
On headland, or in hollow bay ; —  
Sure never man like him did roam !

“ As well might Peter in the Fleet  
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor ;

He travelled here, he travelled there ; —  
But not the value of a hair  
Was heart or head the better.

“ He roved among the vales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell ;  
They were his dwellings night and day, —  
But Nature ne'er could find the way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

“ In vain, through every changeful year,  
Did Nature lead him as before ;  
A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

“ Small change it made in Peter's heart  
To see his gentle panniered train  
With more than vernal pleasure feeding,  
Where'er the tender grass was leading  
Its earliest green along the lane.

“ In vain, through water, earth, and air,  
The soul of happy sound was spread,  
When Peter on some April morn,  
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,  
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

“ At noon, when by the forest's edge  
He lay beneath the branches high,

The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart ; he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky !

“ On a fair prospect some have looked  
And felt, as I have heard them say,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gazed themselves away.

“ Within the breast of Peter Bell  
These silent raptures found no place ;  
He was a Carl as wild and rude  
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,  
As ever ran a felon’s race.

“ Of all that lead a lawless life,  
Of all that love their lawless lives,  
In city or in village small,  
He was the wildest of them all ;—  
He had a dozen wedded wives.

“ Nay, start not !— wedded wives, and twelve !  
But how one wife could e’er come near him,  
In simple truth I cannot tell ;  
For, be it said of Peter Bell,  
To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart  
By lovely forms, and silent weather,

And tender sounds, yet you might see  
At once, that Peter Bell and she  
Had often been together.

“ A savage wildness round him hung,  
As of a dweller out of doors ;  
In his whole figure and his mien  
A savage character was seen  
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

“ To all the unshaped half-human thoughts  
Which solitary Nature feeds  
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,  
Had Peter joined whatever vice  
The cruel city breeds.

“ His face was keen as is the wind  
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence ;  
Of courage you saw little there,  
But, in its stead, a medley air  
Of cunning and of impudence.

“ He had a dark and sidelong walk,  
And long and slouching was his gait ;  
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,  
You might perceive, his spirit cold  
Was playing with some inward bait.

“ His forehead wrinkled was and furred ;  
A work, one half of which was done

By thinking of his 'whens' and 'hows';  
And half, by knitting of his brows  
Beneath the glaring sun.

"There was a hardness in his cheek,  
There was a hardness in his eye,  
As if the man had fixed his face,  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky!"

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ONE night, (and now, my little Bess!  
We've reached at last the promised Tale,)  
One beautiful November night,  
When the full moon was shining bright  
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks  
Peter was travelling all alone; —  
Whether to buy or sell, or led  
By pleasure running in his head,  
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and brake,  
He trudged along o'er hill and dale;  
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,  
And for the stars he cared as little,  
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But chancing to espy a path  
That promised to cut short the way,  
As many a wiser man hath done,  
He left a trusty guide for one  
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought  
Where cheerily his course he weaves,  
And whistling loud may yet be heard,  
Though often buried, like a bird  
Darkling, among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,  
And on he drives with cheeks that burn  
In downright fury and in wrath;—  
There's little sign the treacherous path  
Will to the road return!

The path grows dim, and dimmer still;  
Now up, now down, the Rover wends,  
With all the sail that he can carry,  
Till brought to a deserted quarry,—  
And there the pathway ends.

He paused,— for shadows of strange shape,  
Massy and black, before him lay;  
But through the dark, and through the cold,  
And through the yawning fissures old,  
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry ; — and behold  
A scene of soft and lovely hue !  
Where blue and gray, and tender green,  
Together make as sweet a scene  
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw  
A little field of meadow-ground ;  
But field or meadow name it not ;  
Call it of earth a small green plot,  
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the gray rocks,  
But he flowed quiet and unseen ; —  
You need a strong and stormy gale  
To bring the noises of the Swale  
To that green spot, so calm and green !

And is there no one dwelling here,  
No hermit with his beads and glass ?  
And does no little cottage look  
Upon this soft and fertile nook ?  
Does no one live near this green grass ?

Across the deep and quiet spot  
Is Peter driving through the grass,  
And now has reached the skirting trees ;  
When, turning round his head, he sees  
A solitary Ass.

“ A prize ! ” cries Peter ; but he first  
Must spy about him far and near :  
There ’s not a single house in sight,  
No woodman’s hut, no cottage light, —  
Peter, you need not fear !

There ’s nothing to be seen but woods,  
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,  
And this one Beast, that from the bed  
Of the green meadow hangs his head  
Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound ;  
The halter seizing, Peter leapt  
Upon the Creature’s back, and plied  
With ready heels his shaggy side ;  
But still the Ass the station kept.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,  
A jerk that from a dungeon-floor  
Would have pulled up an iron ring ;  
But still the heavy-headed Thing  
Stood just as he had stood before !

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,  
“ There is some plot against me laid ” ;  
Once more the little meadow-ground  
And all the hoary cliffs around  
He cautiously surveyed.

All, all is silent, — rocks and woods,  
All still and silent, far and near !  
Only the Ass, with motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this ?  
Some ugly witchcraft must be here !  
— Once more the Ass, with motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread ;  
Yet, with deliberate action slow,  
His staff high raising, in the pride  
Of skill, upon the sounding hide  
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor Ass staggered with the shock ;  
And then, as if to take his ease,  
In quiet, uncomplaining mood,  
Upon the spot where he had stood,  
Dropped gently down upon his knees.

As gently on his side he fell,  
And by the river's brink did lie ;  
And, while he lay like one that mourned,  
The patient Beast on Peter turned  
His shining hazel eye.

"T was but one mild, reproachful look,  
A look more tender than severe ;  
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,  
He turned the eyeball in his head  
Towards the smooth river deep and clear.

Upon the Beast the sapling rings ;  
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred ;  
He gave a groan, and then another,  
Of that which went before the brother,  
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river-side  
He gave three miserable groans ;  
And not till now hath Peter seen  
How gaunt the Creature is, — how lean  
And sharp his staring bones !

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay : —  
No word of kind commiseration  
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue ;  
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,  
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre Beast lay still as death ;  
And Peter's lips with fury quiver ;  
Quoth he, " You little mulish dog,  
I 'll fling your carcass like a log  
Head-foremost down the river !"

An impious oath confirmed the threat, —  
Whereat from the earth on which he lay  
To all the echoes, south and north,  
And east and west, the Ass sent forth  
A long and clamorous bray !

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,  
Seems like a note of joy to strike, —  
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks ;  
But in the echo of the rocks  
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,  
Or that he could not break the chain,  
In this serene and solemn hour,  
Twined round him by demoniac power,  
To the blind work he turned again.

Among the rocks and winding crags ;  
Among the mountains far away ;  
Once more the Ass did lengthen out  
More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,  
The hard dry seesaw of his horrible bray !

What is there now in Peter's heart ?  
Or whence the might of this strange sound ?  
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,  
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,  
And the rocks staggered all around.

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !  
Threat has he none to execute ;  
" If any one should come and see  
That I am here, they 'll think," quoth he,  
" I 'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the Ass from limb to limb,  
And ventures now to uplift his eyes :  
More steady looks the moon, and clear,  
More like themselves the rocks appear,  
And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns, — his hate revives ;  
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize  
With malice — that again takes flight ;  
For in the pool a startling sight  
Meets him, among the inverted trees.

Is it the moon's distorted face ?  
The ghost-like image of a cloud ?  
Is it a gallows there portrayed ?  
Is Peter of himself afraid ?  
Is it a coffin, — or a shroud ?

A grisly idol hewn in stone ?  
Or imp from witch's lap let fall ?  
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies ?  
Such as pursue their feared vagaries  
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall ?

Is it a fiend that to a stake  
Of fire his desperate self is tethering?  
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell  
In solitary ward or cell,  
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,  
And never heart so loudly panted;  
He looks, he cannot choose but look;  
Like some one reading in a book, —  
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!  
He will be turned to iron soon,  
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!  
His hat is up, — and every hair  
Bristles, and whitens in the moon!

He looks, he ponders, looks again;  
He sees a motion, — hears a groan;  
His eyes will burst, — his heart will break; —  
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,  
And back he falls, as if his life were flown!

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PART SECOND.

WE left our Hero in a trance,  
Beneath the alders, near the river;

The Ass is by the river-side,  
And, where the feeble breezes glide,  
Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver.

A happy respite ! but at length  
He feels the glimmering of the moon ;  
Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly sighing, —  
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,  
Into a second swoon !

He lifts his head, he sees his staff ;  
He touches, — 't is to him a treasure !  
Faint recollection seems to tell  
That he is yet where mortals dwell, —  
A thought received with languid pleasure !

His head upon his elbow propped,  
Becoming less and less perplexed,  
Sky-ward he looks, — to rock and wood, —  
And then — upon the glassy flood  
His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one  
In his last sleep securely bound !  
So toward the stream his head he bent,  
And downward thrust his staff, intent  
The river's depth to sound.

Now, — like a tempest-shattered bark,  
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,

And in a moment to the verge  
Is lifted of a foaming surge, —  
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise :

His staring bones all shake with joy,  
And close by Peter's side he stands :  
While Peter o'er the river bends,  
The little Ass his neck extends,  
And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the Ass's eyes,  
Such life is in his limbs and ears ;  
That Peter Bell, if he had been  
The veriest coward ever seen,  
Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The Ass looks on, — and to his work  
Is Peter quietly resigned ;  
He touches here, — he touches there, —  
And now among the dead man's hair  
His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls — and looks — and pulls again ;  
And he whom the poor Ass had lost,  
The man who had been four days dead,  
Head-foremost from the river's bed  
Uprises like a ghost !

And Peter draws him to dry land ;  
And through the brain of Peter pass

Some poignant twitches, fast and faster ;  
"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master  
Of this poor miserable Ass !"

The meagre shadow that looks on, —  
What would he now ? what is he doing ?  
His sudden fit of joy is flown, —  
He on his knees hath laid him down,  
As if he were his grief renewing :

But no, — that Peter on his back  
Must mount, he shows well as he can :  
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,  
I'll do what he would have me do,  
In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts  
Upon the pleased and thankful Ass ;  
And then, without a moment's stay,  
That earnest Creature turned away,  
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,  
The Beast four days and nights had past  
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,  
And there the Ass four days had been,  
Nor ever once did break his fast :

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart ;  
The mead is crossed, the quarry's mouth

Is reached ; but there the trusty guide  
Into a thicket turns aside,  
And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound !  
And Peter honestly might say,  
The like came never to his ears,  
Though he has been, full thirty years,  
A rover, night and day !

'T is not a plover of the moors,  
'T is not a bittern of the fen ;  
Nor can it be a barking fox,  
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks,  
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen !

The Ass is startled, and stops short  
Right in the middle of the thicket ;  
And Peter, wont to whistle loud  
Whether alone or in a crowd,  
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess ?  
Well may you tremble and look grave  
This cry, that rings along the wood,  
This cry, that floats adown the flood,  
Comes from the entrance of a cave :

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,  
And if I had the power to say

How sorrowful the wanderer is,  
Your heart would be as sad as his  
Till you had kissed his tears away !

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,  
All bright with berries ripe and red,  
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps ;  
Thence back into the moonlight creeps ;  
Whom seeks he,—whom? — the silent dead :

His father ! — him doth he require, —  
Him hath he sought, with fruitless pains,  
Among the rocks, behind the trees ;  
Now creeping on his hands and knees,  
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,  
When he through such a day has gone,  
By this dark cave to be distress  
Like a poor bird,—her plundered nest  
Hovering around with dolorous moan !

Of that intense and piercing cry  
The listening Ass conjectures well ;  
Wild as it is, he there can read  
Some intermingled notes that plead  
With touches irresistible.

But Peter, when he saw the Ass  
Not only stop, but turn, and change

The cherished tenor of his pace  
That lamentable cry to chase, —  
It wrought in him conviction strange ; —

A faith that, for the dead man's sake  
And this poor slave who loved him well,  
Vengeance upon his head will fall  
Some visitation worse than all  
Which ever till this night befell.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home  
Is striving stoutly as he may ;  
But while he climbs the woody hill,  
The cry grows weak — and weaker still ;  
And now at last it dies away.

So with his freight the Creature turns  
Into a gloomy grove of beech,  
Along the shade with footsteps true  
Descending slowly, till the two  
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along the narrow dell,  
A fair, smooth pathway you discern,  
A length of green and open road, —  
As if it from a fountain flowed, —  
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side  
Build up a wild, fantastic scene ;

Temples like those among the Hindoos,  
And mosques, and spires, and abbey-windows,  
And castles all with ivy green !

And while the Ass pursues his way  
Along this solitary dell,  
As pensively his steps advance,  
The mosques and spires change countenance,  
And look at Peter Bell !

That unintelligible cry  
Hath left him high in preparation, —  
Convinced that he, or soon or late,  
This very night will meet his fate, —  
And so he sits in expectation !

The strenuous Animal hath clomb  
With the green path ; and now he wends  
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,  
In undisturbed immensity  
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly-rustling sound  
By which the journeying pair are chased ?  
A withered leaf is close behind,  
Light plaything for the sportive wind  
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,  
It only doubled his distress :

“ Where there is not a bush or tree,  
The very leaves they follow me, —  
So huge hath been my wickedness ! ”

To a close lane they now are come,  
Where, as before, the enduring Ass  
Moves on without a moment's stop,  
Nor once turns round his head to crop  
A bramble-leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,  
The white dust sleeps upon the lane ;  
And Peter, ever and anon  
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone,  
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain, — as of a drop of blood  
By moonlight made more faint and wan ;  
Ha ! why these sinkings of despair ?  
He knows not how the blood comes there, —  
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,  
Where he had struck the Ass's head ;  
He sees the blood, knows what it is, —  
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,  
But then it quickly fled ; —

Of him whom sudden death had seized  
He thought, — of thee, O faithful Ass !

And once again those ghastly pains,  
Shoot to and fro through heart and reins,  
And through his brain like lightning pass.

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## PART THIRD.

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,  
Though given to sadness and to gloom,  
And for the fact will vouch, — one night  
It chanced that by a taper's light  
This man was reading in his room ;

Bending, as you or I might bend  
At night o'er any pious book,  
When sudden blackness overspread  
The snow-white page on which he read,  
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round, —  
And to his book he turned again ; —  
The light had left the lonely taper,  
And formed itself upon the paper  
Into large letters, bright and plain !

The goodly book was in his hand, —  
And, on the page, more black than coal,  
Appeared, set forth in strange array,  
A *word*, — which to his dying day  
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen,  
Did never from his lips depart ;  
But he hath said, poor gentle wight !  
It brought full many a sin to light  
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread Spirits ! to confound the meek  
Why wander from your course so far,  
Disordering color, form, and stature !  
— Let good men feel the soul of nature,  
And see things as they are.

Yet, potent Spirits ! well I know  
How ye, that play with soul and sense,  
Are not unused to trouble friends  
Of goodness, for most gracious ends, —  
And this I speak in reverence !

But might I give advice to you,  
Whom in my fear I love so well ;  
From men of pensive virtue go,  
Dread Beings ! and your empire show  
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt  
In darkness and the stormy night ;  
And, with like force, if need there be,  
Ye can put forth your agency  
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,  
That powerful world in which ye dwell,  
Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try,  
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,  
What may be done with Peter Bell!

— O, would that some more skilful voice  
My further labor might prevent!  
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,  
I feel that I am all unfit  
For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my narration;  
I loitered long ere I began:  
Ye waited then on my good pleasure;  
Pour out indulgence still, in measure  
As liberal as ye can!

Our Travellers, ye remember well,  
Are thridding a sequestered lane;  
And Peter many tricks is trying,  
And many anodynes applying,  
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;  
And, finding that he can account  
So snugly for that crimson stain,  
His evil spirit up again  
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician  
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;  
"Blood drops, leaves rustle, yet," quoth he,  
"This poor man never, but for me,  
Could have had Christian burial.

"And, say the best you can, 't is plain,  
That here has been some wicked dealing:  
No doubt the Devil in me wrought;  
I'm not the man who could have thought  
An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes  
His shining horn tobacco-box;  
And, in a light and careless way,  
As men who with their purpose play,  
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,  
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,  
Tell to a curious world the cause  
Why, making here a sudden pause,  
The Ass turned round his head, and *grinned*.

Appalling process! I have marked  
The like on heath, in lonely wood;  
And, verily, have seldom met  
A spectacle more hideous, — yet  
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth  
He in jocose defiance showed, —  
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,  
A murmur, pent within the earth,  
In the dead earth beneath the road,

Rolled audibly ! it swept along,  
A muffled noise, — a rumbling sound ! —  
'T was by a troop of miners made,  
Plying with gunpowder their trade,  
Some twenty fathoms underground.

Small cause of dire effect ! for, surely,  
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,  
Believed that earth was charged to quake  
And yawn for his unworthy sake,  
'T was Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air  
Will stand though to the centre hewn ;  
Or as the weakest things, if frost  
Have stiffened them, maintain their post ;  
So he, beneath the gazing moon ! —

The Beast bestriding thus, he reached  
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,  
A little chapel stands alone,  
With greenest ivy overgrown,  
And tufted with an ivy grove ;

Dying insensibly away  
From human thoughts and purposes,  
It seemed — wall, window, roof, and tower —  
To bow to some transforming power,  
And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,  
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife  
That served my turn, when, following still  
From land to land a reckless will,  
I married my sixth wife !

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,  
And now is passing by an inn  
Brimfull of a carousing crew,  
That make, with curses not a few,  
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts  
Which Peter in those noises found ; —  
A stifling power compressed his frame,  
While-as a swimming darkness came  
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound ;  
The language of those drunken joys  
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,  
But a few hours ago had been  
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

*Now*, turned adrift into the past,  
He finds no solace in his course ;  
Like planet-stricken men of yore,  
He trembles, smitten to the core  
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung  
To think of one, almost a child ;  
A sweet and playful Highland girl,  
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,  
As beauteous and as wild !

Her dwelling was a lonely house,  
A cottage in a heathy dell ;  
And she put on her gown of green,  
And left her mother at sixteen,  
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts  
Had she ; and, in the kirk to pray,  
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow,  
To kirk she had been used to go,  
Twice every Sabbath day.

And when she followed Peter Bell,  
It was to lead an honest life ;  
For he, with tongue not used to falter,  
Had pledged his troth before the altar  
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers ; — but soon  
She drooped and pined like one forlorn ;  
From Scriptures she a name did borrow ;  
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,  
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,  
And took it in most grievous part ;  
She to the very bone was worn,  
And, ere that little child was born,  
Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind  
Are busy with poor Peter Bell ;  
Upon the rights of visual sense  
Usurping, with a prevalence  
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze  
(Above it shivering aspens play)  
He sees an unsubstantial creature,  
His very self in form and feature,  
Not four yards from the broad highway :

And stretched beneath the furze he sees  
The Highland girl,—it is no other ;  
And hears her crying as she cried,  
The very moment that she died,  
“ My mother ! O my mother ! ”

The sweat pours down from Peter's face,  
So grievous is his heart's contrition ;  
With agony his eyeballs ache  
While he beholds by the furze-brake  
This miserable vision !

Calm is the well-deserving brute,  
*His* peace hath no offence betrayed ;  
But now, while down that slope he wends,  
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,  
Resounding from the woody glade :

The voice, though clamorous as a horn  
Re-echoed by a naked rock,  
Comes from that tabernacle. — List !  
Within, a fervent Methodist  
Is preaching to no heedless flock !

“ Repent ! repent ! ” he cries aloud,  
“ While yet ye may find mercy ; — strive  
To love the Lord with all your might ;  
Turn to him, seek him day and night,  
And save your souls alive !

“ Repent ! repent ! though ye have gone,  
Through paths of wickedness and woe,  
After the Babylonian harlot ;  
And, though your sins be red as scarlet,  
They shall be white as snow ! ”

Even as he passed the door, these words  
Did plainly come to Peter's ears ;  
And they such joyful tidings were,  
The joy was more than he could bear !—  
He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness !  
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower !  
His nerves, his sinews, seemed to melt ;  
Through all his iron frame was felt  
A gentle, a relaxing power !

Each fibre of his frame was weak ;  
Weak all the animal within ;  
But, in its helplessness, grew mild  
And gentle as an infant child,  
An infant that has known no sin.

'T is said, meek Beast ! that, thro' Heaven's grace,  
He not unmoved did notice now  
The cross upon thy shoulder scored,  
For lasting impress, by the Lord  
To whom all human-kind shall bow ;

Memorial of his touch, that day  
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,  
Entering the proud Jerusalem,  
By an immeasurable stream  
Of shouting people deified !

Meanwhile the persevering Ass  
Turned towards a gate that hung in view  
Across a shady lane ; his chest  
Against the yielding gate he pressed,  
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes ;  
No ghost more softly ever trod ;  
Among the stones and pebbles, he  
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,  
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass  
Went twice two hundred yards or more,  
And no one could have guessed his aim, —  
Till to a lonely house he came,  
And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, 't is the poor Man's home !  
He listens, — not a sound is heard,  
Save from the trickling household rill ;  
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,  
Forthwith a little Girl appeared.

She to the Meeting-house was bound,  
In hopes some tidings there to gather :  
No glimpse it is, no doubtful gleam ;  
She saw, — and uttered with a scream,  
“ My father ! here 's my father ! ”

The very word was plainly heard,  
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother; —  
Her joy was like a deep affright:  
And forth she rushed into the light,  
And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth,  
Beneath the full moon shining bright,  
Close to the Ass's feet she fell;  
At the same moment Peter Bell  
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the Woman lie  
Breathless and motionless, the mind  
Of Peter sadly was confused;  
But, though to such demands unused,  
And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up; and, while he held  
Her body propped against his knee,  
The Woman waked, — and when she spied  
The poor Ass standing by her side,  
She moaned most bitterly.

“O God be praised! — my heart's at ease, —  
For he is dead, — I know it well!”  
— At this she wept a bitter flood;  
And, in the best way that he could,  
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles, — he is pale as death ;  
His voice is weak with perturbation ;  
He turns aside his head, he pauses :  
Poor Peter from a thousand causes  
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied  
The Ass in that small meadow-ground ;  
And that her Husband now lay dead,  
Beside that luckless river's bed  
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Widow cast  
Upon the Beast that near her stands ;  
She sees 't is he, that 't is the same ;  
She calls the poor Ass by his name,  
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

“ O wretched loss ! — untimely stroke !  
If he had died upon his bed !  
He knew not one forewarning pain ;  
He never will come home again, —  
Is dead, for ever dead ! ”

Beside the Woman Peter stands ;  
His heart is opening more and more ;  
A holy sense pervades his mind ;  
He feels what he for human-kind  
Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,  
The Woman rises from the ground :  
" O mercy ! something must be done !  
My little Rachel, you must run, —  
Some willing neighbor must be found.

" Make haste, my little Rachel, do,  
The first you meet with, bid him come ;  
Ask him to lend his horse to night,  
And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,  
Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachel weeping loud ; —  
An Infant, waked by her distress,  
Makes in the house a piteous cry ;  
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,  
" Seven are they, and all fatherless !"

And now is Peter taught to feel  
That man's heart is a holy thing ;  
And Nature, through a world of death,  
Breathes into him a second breath,  
More searching than the breath of Spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits  
In agony of silent grief, —  
From his own thoughts did Peter start ;  
He longs to press her to his heart,  
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb  
Had passed a sudden shock of dread,  
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,  
And up the cottage stairs she hies,  
And on the pillow lays her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside  
Into a shade of darksome trees,  
Where he sits down, he knows not how,  
With his hands pressed against his brow,  
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit  
Until no sign of life he makes,  
As if his mind were sinking deep  
Through years that have been long asleep!  
The trance is passed away, — he wakes :

He lifts his head, and sees the Ass  
Yet standing in the clear moonshine :  
“ When shall I be as good as thou ?  
O would, poor beast, that I had now  
A heart but half as good as thine ! ”

But *He*, who deviously hath sought  
His Father through the lonesome woods,  
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear  
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear, —  
He comes, escaped from fields and floods ; —

With weary pace is drawing nigh ;  
He sees the Ass, — and nothing living  
Had ever such a fit of joy  
As hath this little orphan Boy,  
For he has no misgiving !

Forth to the gentle Ass he springs,  
And up about his neck he climbs ;  
In loving words he talks to him,  
He kisses, kisses face and limb, —  
He kisses him a thousand times !

This Peter sees, while in the shade  
He stood beside the cottage door ;  
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,  
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,  
“ O God, I can endure no more ! ”

Here ends my Tale : for in a trice  
Arrived a neighbor with his horse ;  
Peter went forth with him straightway  
And, with due care, ere break of day,  
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,  
Whom once it was my luck to see  
Cropping the shrubs of Leming Lane,  
Help by his labor to maintain  
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who till that night  
Had been the wildest of his clan,  
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,  
And, after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

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### DEDICATION.

TO ———.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown  
 In perfect shape, (whose beauty Time shall spare  
 Though a breath made it,) like a bubble blown  
 For summer pastime into wanton air;  
 Happy the thought best likened to a stone  
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,  
 Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,  
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone  
 That tempted first to gather it. That here,  
 O chief of Friends! such feelings I present  
 To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,  
 Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear,  
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,  
 Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content!

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### PART I.

#### I.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;  
 And hermits are contented with their cells;  
 And students with their pensive citadels;  
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,

High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :  
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom  
 Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,  
 In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound  
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;  
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

## II.

## ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal of those who may  
 have happened to be enamored of some beautiful place of  
 retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

WELL mayst thou halt, and gaze with bright-  
 ening eye!

The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook  
 Hath stirred thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,  
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !  
 But covet not the Abode ; — forbear to sigh,  
 As many do, repining while they look ;  
 Intruders, who would tear from Nature's book  
 This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.  
 Think what the Home must be if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants ! — Roof, win-  
 dow, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
 The roses to the porch which they entwine :

Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day  
On which it should be touched, would melt away.

## III.

“BELOVED VALE!” I said, “when I shall con  
Those many records of my childish years,  
Remembrance of myself and of my peers  
Will press me down: to think of what is gone  
Will be an awful thought, if life have one.”  
But when into the Vale I came, no fears  
Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears;  
Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had I none.  
By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost  
I stood, of simple shame the blushing Thrall;  
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small!  
A Juggler’s balls old Time about him tossed;  
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed;  
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

## IV.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

1804.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should rear  
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,  
On favored ground, thy gift, where I might dwell  
In neighborhood with One to me most dear,  
That undivided we from year to year  
Might work in our high Calling, — a bright hope

To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope  
Till checked by some necessities severe.  
And should these slacken, honored **BEAUMONT** !  
still

Even then we may perhaps in vain implore  
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.  
Whether this boon be granted us or not,  
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot  
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

V.

1801.

**PELION** and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled :  
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold  
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide  
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;  
While not an English Mountain we behold  
By the celestial Muses glorified.  
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds :  
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,  
Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sovereignty  
Our British Hill is nobler far ; he shrouds  
His double front among Atlantic clouds,  
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

## VI.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill  
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught  
That ever among Men or Naiads sought  
Notice or name! — It quivers down the hill,  
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will;  
Yet to my mind this scanty stream is brought  
Oftener than Ganges or the Nile; a thought  
Of private recollection sweet and still!  
Months perish with their moons; year treads on  
year;  
But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst say,  
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,  
And flies their memory fast almost as they,  
The immortal Spirit of one happy day  
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

## VII.

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat  
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;  
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,  
And the glad Muse at liberty to note  
All that to each is precious, as we float  
Gently along; regardless who shall chide  
If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,  
Happy Associates, breathing air remote  
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,  
Why have I crowded this small bark with you

And others of your kind, ideal crew !  
While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues  
To flesh and blood ; no Goddess from above,  
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love ?

## VIII.

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether fade ;  
The sweetest notes must terminate and die ;  
O Friend ! thy flute has breathed a harmony  
Softly resounded through this rocky glade ;  
Such strains of rapture as \* the Genius played  
In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high ;  
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,  
Never before to human sight betrayed.  
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread !  
The visionary Arches are not there,  
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas ;  
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,  
Whence I have risen, uplifted on the breeze  
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

## IX.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,

Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay  
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape ;

\* See the Vision of Mirza in the Spectator.

Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,  
 Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;  
 Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,  
 Ere they were lost within the shady wood;  
 And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood  
 For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.  
 Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noontide, Even,  
 Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;  
 Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given  
 To one brief moment caught from fleeting time  
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

## X.

"WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings, —  
 Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar?"  
 "Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far  
 From its own country, and forgive the strings."  
 A simple answer! but even so forth springs,  
 From the Castalian fountains of the heart,  
 The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art  
 Divine of words quickening insensate things.  
 From the submissive necks of guiltless men  
 Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils;  
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils  
 Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then  
 That the poor Harp distempered music yields  
 To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?

## XI.

AERIAL ROCK, — whose solitary brow  
From this low threshold daily meets my sight,  
When I step forth to hail the morning light,  
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell, — how  
Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?  
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?  
— By planting on thy naked head the crest  
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough  
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!  
That doth presume no more than to supply  
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream  
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.  
Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a gleam  
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

## XII.

## TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee,  
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love  
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,  
A captive never wishing to be free.  
This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me  
A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove  
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,  
Now on the water vexed with mockery.  
I have no pain that calls for patience, no;

Hence am I cross and peevish as a child:  
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,  
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:  
O gentle Creature! do not use me so,  
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

## XIII.

## TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!  
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;  
The very sweetest Fancy culls or frames,  
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!  
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep  
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames  
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims  
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,  
I surely not a man ungently made,  
Call thee worst Tyrant by which flesh is crost?  
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,  
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,  
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

## XIV.

## TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees

Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;  
I have thought of all by turns, and yet to lie  
Sleepless ! and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees ;  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth ;  
So do not let me wear to-night away :  
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth ?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

## XV.

## THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king  
Owns not a sylvan bower ; or gorgeous cell  
With emerald floored, and with purpleal shell  
Ceilinged and roofed ; that is so fair a thing  
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring  
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell,  
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.  
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree  
bough,  
And dimly-gleaming Nest, — a hollow crown  
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow :

I gazed, — and, self-accused while gazing, sighed  
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride!

## XVI.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE  
ANGLER."

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport  
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!  
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitless exhort  
To reverend watching of each still report  
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.  
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,  
He found the longest summer day too short,  
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,  
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford Brook.  
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;  
And the fresh meads, where flowed, from every  
nook  
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

## XVII.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made  
That work a living landscape fair and bright;  
Nor hallowed less with musical delight

Than those soft scenes through which thy child-  
 hood strayed,  
 Those southern tracts of Cambia, "deep embayed,  
 With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur  
 lulled";  
 Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled  
 For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade  
 Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,  
 Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,  
 A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,  
 Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray  
 O'er naked Snowdon's wide aërial waste;  
 Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

## XVIII.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION  
 OF A CERTAIN POEM.

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was writ of late  
 called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A BOOK came forth of late, called PETER BELL;  
 Not negligent the style; — the matter? — good  
 As aught that song records of Robin Hood;  
 Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;  
 But some (who brook those hackneyed themes  
 full well,  
 Nor heat, at Tam O'Shanter's name, their blood)  
 Waxed wroth, and with fowl claws, a harpy brood,  
 On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.  
 Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,

Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,  
 Heed not such onset ! nay, if praise of men  
 To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,  
 Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and rejoice  
 In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen !

## XIX.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever ready friend  
 Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute ;  
 And Care, a comforter that best could suit  
 Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend ;  
 And Love, a charmer's voice, that used to lend,  
 More efficaciously than aught that flows  
 From harp or lute, kind influence to compose  
 The throbbing pulse, — else troubled without end :  
 Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest  
 From her own overflow, what power sedate  
 On those revolving motions did await  
 Assiduously, to soothe her aching breast ;  
 And, to a point of just relief, abate  
 The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

## XX.

TO S. H.

Excuse is needless when with love sincere  
 Of occupation, not by fashion led,  
 Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'er-  
 spread ;

*My* nerves from no such murmur shrink, though  
near,  
Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,  
When twilight shades darken the mountain's head.  
Even She who toils to spin our vital thread  
Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear  
To household virtues. Venerable Art,  
Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Heaven protect  
Its own; though Rulers, with undue respect,  
Trusting to crowded factory and mart  
And proud discoveries of the intellect,  
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.

## XXI.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND,  
ON EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn  
That saw the Saviour in his human frame  
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame  
Put on fresh raiment,—till that hour unworn:  
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,  
And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,  
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,  
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.  
A blest estate when piety sublime  
These humble props disdained not! O green dales!  
Sad may *I* be who heard your Sabbath chime  
When Art's abused inventions were unknown;  
Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own;  
And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

## XXII.

## DECAY OF PIETY.

OFT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,  
 Matrons and Sires, who, punctual to the call  
 Of their loved Church, on fast or festival  
 Through the long year the House of Prayer would  
 seek :

By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak  
 Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall  
 They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,  
 But with one fervor of devotion meek.  
 I see the places where they once were known,  
 And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,  
 Is ancient Piety for ever flown ?  
 Alas ! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds  
 That, struggling through the western sky, have won  
 Their pensive light from a departed sun !

## XXIII.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND  
 IN THE VALE OF GRASMERE, 1812.

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribbons gay,  
 These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace ?  
 Angels of love, look down upon the place ;  
 Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !  
 Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display  
 Even for such promise : — serious is her face,

Modest her mien ; and she, whose thoughts keep  
pace  
With gentleness, in that becoming way  
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear ;  
No disproportion in her soul, no strife :  
But when the closer view of wedded life  
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear  
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife  
To her indulgent lord become more dear.

## XXIV.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

## I.

YES ! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;  
For if of our affections none finds grace  
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit ? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,  
Who such divinity to thee imparts  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;  
But in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
'That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

## XXV.

FROM THE SAME.

## II.

No mortal object did these eyes behold  
 When first they met the placid light of thine,  
 And my Soul felt her destiny divine,  
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :  
 Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must  
                   hold ;

Beyond the visible world she soars to seek  
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)  
 Ideal Form, the universal mould.

The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
 In that which perishes : nor will he lend  
 His heart to aught that doth on time depend.  
 'T is sense, unbridled will, and not true love,  
 That kills the soul : love betters what is best,  
 Even here below, but more in heaven above.

## XXVI.

FROM THE SAME. TO THE SUPREME BEING.

## III.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed  
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :  
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
 That of its native self can nothing feed :  
 Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,  
 That quickens only where Thou say'st it may:

Unless Thou show to us thine own true way  
No man can find it ; Father ! Thou must lead.  
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my  
mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of thee,  
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

## XXVII.

SURPRISED by joy, impatient as the Wind  
I turned to share the transport—oh ! with whom  
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,  
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?  
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind, —  
But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss !— That thought's re-  
turn

Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;  
That neither present time, nor years unborn,  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

## XXVIII.

## I.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne  
Which mists and vapors from mine eyes did  
shroud,

Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed ;  
But all the steps and ground about were strown  
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone  
Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,  
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that  
cloud,

“Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we groan.”  
Those steps I clomb ; the mists before me gave  
Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one  
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
With her face up to heaven ; that seemed to have  
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone ;  
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !

## XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

## II.

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified  
The sway of Death ; long ere mine eyes had seen  
Thy countenance,—the still rapture of thy mien,—  
When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's  
Bride :

No trace of pain or languor could abide

That change : — age on thy brow was smoothed, —  
thy cold,  
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold  
A loveliness to living youth denied.  
Oh ! if within me hope should e'er decline,  
The lamp of faith, lost Friend ! too faintly burn ;  
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,  
The bright assurance, visibly return :  
And let my spirit in thy power divine  
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

## XXX.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :  
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.  
Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;  
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

## XXXI.

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?  
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snows?  
What boots the inquiry? — Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for; let her travel where she may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?  
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
Crossing the waters,) doubt, and something dark,  
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

## XXXII.

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,  
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed;  
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.  
A goodly Vessel did I then espy  
Come like a giant from a haven broad;  
And lustily along the bay she strode,  
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.  
This Ship was naught to me, nor I to her,  
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look;  
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer:

When will she turn, and whither? She will brook  
No tarrying; where she comes the winds must stir:  
On went she, and due north her journey took.

## XXXIII.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

## XXXIV.

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,  
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,  
On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests of clay;  
How quickly from that aery hold unbound,  
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground  
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;  
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay

Secure foundations. As the year runs round,  
 Apart she toils within the chosen ring ;  
 While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye  
 Is gently closing with the flowers of Spring ;  
 Where even the motion of an Angel's wing  
 Would interrupt the intense tranquillity  
 Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

## XXXV.

"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind ;  
 Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays ;  
 Heavy is woe ; — and joy, for human-kind,  
 A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !"  
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days  
 Who wants the glorious faculty assigned  
 To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,  
 And color life's dark cloud with orient rays.  
 Imagination is that sacred power,  
 Imagination lofty and refined :  
 'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower  
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind  
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

## XXXVI.

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

CALVERT ! it must not be unheard by them  
 Who may respect my name, that I to thee

Owed many years of early liberty.  
This care was thine when sickness did condemn  
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem, —  
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray  
Where'er I liked ; and finally array  
My temples with the Muse's diadem.  
Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth ;  
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
In my past verse ; or shall be, in the lays  
Of higher mood, which now I meditate ; —  
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived Youth !  
To think how much of this will be thy praise.

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## PART II.

## I.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honors ; with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow : a glowworm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand

The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains, — alas ! too few.

## II.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks  
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood  
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,  
Tall trees, green arbors, and ground-flowers in  
flocks ;

And wild-rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks,  
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks  
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mounte-  
banks, —

When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and  
mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think  
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream  
Or map of the whole world : thoughts, link by link,  
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam  
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

## III.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

HIGH is our calling, Friend ! — Creative Art,  
(Whether the instrument of words she use,  
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)

Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,  
Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
Heroically fashioned —— to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.  
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,  
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,  
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness, —  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

## IV.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,  
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,  
Rise, GILLIES, rise: the gales of youth shall bear  
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed.  
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed  
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,  
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,  
If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
And reason govern that audacious flight  
Which heavenward they direct. — Then droop  
not thou,  
Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove:  
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,  
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

## V.

FAIR Prime of life! were it enough to gild  
 With ready sunbeams every straggling shower;  
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,  
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build  
 For Fancy's errands, — then, from fields half-tilled  
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy-flower,  
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy  
                   power,  
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.  
 Ah! show that worthier honors are thy due;  
 Fair Prime of Life! arouse the deeper heart;  
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue  
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;  
 And, if there be a joy that slights the claim  
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

## VI.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm  
                   regret  
 Yon slowly sinking star, — immortal Sire  
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering choir!  
 Blue ether still surrounds him — yet — and yet;  
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet .  
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,  
 He burns, — transmuted to a dusty fire, —  
 Then pays submissively the appointed debt  
 To the flying moments, and is seen no more.

Angels and gods! We struggle with our fate,  
While health, power, glory, from their height  
decline,  
Depressed; and then extinguished: and our state,  
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,  
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

## VII.

I HEARD (alas! 't was only in a dream)  
Strains, — which, as sage Antiquity believed,  
By waking ears have sometimes been received  
Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;  
A most melodious requiem, a supreme  
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved  
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,  
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.  
For is she not the votary of Apollo?  
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,  
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial Hollow \*  
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?  
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal choirs!  
She soared, and I awoke, struggling in vain to  
follow.

\* See the Phædon of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

## VIII.

## RETIREMENT.

IF the whole weight of what we think and feel,  
Save only far as thought and feeling blend  
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!  
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;  
But to promote and fortify the weal  
Of her own Being is her paramount end;  
A truth which they alone shall comprehend  
Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.  
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss:  
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,  
And startled only by the rustling brake,  
Cool air I breathe; while the unencumbered Mind,  
By some weak aims at services assigned  
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

## IX.

NOT Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell  
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange, —  
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell;  
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,  
There also is the Muse not loth to range,  
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,  
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.  
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavor,

And sage content, and placid melancholy ;  
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river, —  
Diaphanous because it travels slowly ;  
Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

## X.

MARK the concentrated hazels that inclose  
Yon old gray Stone, protected from the ray  
Of noontide suns : — and even the beams that play  
And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,  
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows  
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,  
The very image framing of a Tomb,  
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose  
Among the lonely mountains. — Live, ye trees !  
And thou, gray Stone, the pensive likeness keep  
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep :  
For more than Fancy to the influence bends  
When solitary Nature condescends  
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

## XI.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON  
HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell ;  
The wished-for point was reached ; but at an hour  
When little could be gained from that rich dower

Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.  
 Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power  
 Salute us ; there stood Indian citadel,  
 Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower  
 Substantially expressed, — a place for bell  
 Or clock to toll from ! Many a tempting isle,  
 With groves that never were imagined, lay  
 'Mid seas how steadfast ! objects all for the eye  
 Of silent rapture ; but we felt the while  
 We should forget them ; they are of the sky,  
 And from our earthly memory fade away.

## XII.

—— “ they are of the sky,  
 And from our earthly memory fade away.”

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive mood  
 We turned, departing from that solemn sight :  
 A contrast and reproach to gross delight,  
 And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed !  
 But now upon this thought I cannot brood ;  
 It is unstable as a dream of night ;  
 Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,  
 Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.  
 Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,  
 Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,  
 Find in the heart of man no natural home :  
 The immortal Mind craves objects that endure :  
 These cleave to it ; from these it cannot roam,  
 Nor they from it : their fellowship is secure.

## XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded ; while the fields,  
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,  
In brightest sunshine bask ; this nipping air,  
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields  
His icy scymitar, a foretaste yields  
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware ;  
And whispers to the silent birds, " Prepare  
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."  
For me, who under kindlier laws belong  
To Nature's tuneful choir, this rustling dry  
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,  
Announce a season potent to renew,  
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,  
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

## XIV.

NOVEMBER 1.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright,  
The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,  
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can  
shed,  
Shines like another sun, — on mortal sight  
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,  
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would  
tread,

If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head,—  
 Terrestrial, but a surface by the flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing  
 Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aërial Powers  
 Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,  
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
 Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring  
 Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

## XV.

## COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,  
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,  
 Went forth, his course surrendering to the care  
 Of the fierce wind, while midday lightnings prowled  
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growled ;  
 While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear  
 The lingering remnants of their yellow hair,  
 And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness,  
                   howl

As if the sun were not. He raised his eye  
 Soul-smitten ; for, that instant, did appear  
 Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,  
 An azure disc, — shield of tranquillity ;  
 Invisible, unlooked-for minister  
 Of providential goodness ever nigh !

## XVI.

## TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and white  
as they

But hardier far, once more I see thee bend  
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,  
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay  
The rising sun, and on the plains descend ;  
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed May  
Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
With bright jonquils, their odors lavishing  
On the soft West-wind and his frolic peers ;  
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,  
And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

## XVII.

## TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.

With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Win-  
chilsea ; and extracts of similar character from other Writers ;  
transcribed by a female friend.

LADY ! I rifled a Parnassian Cave  
(But seldom trod) of mildly gleaming ore ;  
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store  
Of genuine crystals. pure as those that pave

The azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave  
Her spotless limbs ; and ventured to explore  
Dim shades — for relics, upon Lethe's shore,  
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.  
To female hands the treasures were resigned ;  
And lo this Work ! — a grotto bright and clear  
From stain or taint ; in which thy blameless mind  
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere ;  
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined  
To holy musing, it may enter here.

## XVIII.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY ! the songs of Spring were in the grove  
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers ;  
While I was planting green unfading bowers,  
And shrubs, — to hang upon the warm alcove,  
And sheltering wall ; and still, as Fancy wove  
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers  
I gave this paradise for winter hours,  
A labyrinth, Lady ! which your feet shall rove.  
Yes ! when the sun of life more feebly shines,  
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom  
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring ;  
And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines  
Be gracious as the music and the bloom  
And all the mighty ravishment of Spring.

## XIX.

*THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains*  
*Which only Poets know ;—’t was rightly said ;*  
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread  
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?  
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,  
How oft the malice of one luckless word  
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,  
Haunts him belated on the silent plains !  
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,  
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,  
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn ;  
Bright, speckless, as a softly moulded tear  
The moment it has left the virgin’s eye,  
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

## XX.

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,  
“ Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright ! ”  
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread  
And penetrated all with tender light,  
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head  
Uncovered ; dazzling the beholder’s sight  
As if to vindicate her beauty’s right,  
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd.  
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,  
Went floating from her, darkening as it went ;  
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,

Approached this glory of the firmament ;  
 Who meekly yields, and is obscured, — content  
 With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

## XXI.

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,  
 And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,  
 Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring  
 Mature release, in fair society  
 Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try ;  
 Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,  
 And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing  
 Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.  
 Observe the faithful flowers ! if small to great  
 May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand  
 The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate ;  
 And so the bright immortal Theban band,  
 Whom onset fiercely urged at Jove's command  
 Might overwhelm, but could not separate !

## XXII.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour !  
 Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night ;  
 But studious only to remove from sight  
 Day's mutable distinctions. — Ancient Power !  
 Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower  
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest  
 Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest

On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower  
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was  
seen

The selfsame Vision which we now behold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought  
forth;

These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;  
The flood, the stars, — a spectacle as old  
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

## XXIII.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,  
"How silently, and with how wan a face!"

Where art thou? Thou so often seen on high  
Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph's race!  
Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath 's a sight  
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace!  
The Northern Wind, to call thee to the chase,  
Must blow to-night his bugle-horn. Had I  
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should be:  
And all the stars, fast as the clouds were riven,  
Should sally forth, to keep thee company,  
Hurrying and sparkling through the clear blue  
heaven;

But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm be given,  
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

## XXIV.

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress  
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp  
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,  
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess  
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless :  
The lake below reflects it not ; the sky,  
Muffled in clouds, affords no company  
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.  
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing,  
Which sends so far its melancholy light,  
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
A gay society with faces bright,  
Conversing, reading, laughing ; — or they sing,  
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

## XXV.

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,  
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest  
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest ;  
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,  
A habitation marvellously planned,  
For life to occupy in love and rest ;  
All that we see is dome, or vault, or nest,  
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.  
Glad thought for every season ! but the Spring  
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,

'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring ;  
 And while the youthful year's prolific art —  
 Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower — was fashioning  
 Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

## XXVI.

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered bough,  
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,  
 Or moist with dews ; what more unsightly now,  
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,  
 Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow  
 Knits not o'er that discoloring and decay  
 As false to expectation. Nor fret thou  
 At like unlovely process in the May  
 Of human life : a Stripling's graces blow,  
 Fade, and are shed, that from their timely fall  
 (Misdemeanor it not a cankerous change) may grow  
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call :  
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow  
 To hope, — in Parents, sinful above all.

## XXVII.

CAPTIVITY. — MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“ As the cold aspect of a sunless way  
 Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier  
 chill,  
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,

Glistening with unparticipated ray,  
 Or shining slope where he must never stray ;  
 So joys, remembered without wish or will,  
 Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill, —  
 On the crushed heart a heavier burden lay.  
 Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind  
 To fit proportion with my altered state !  
 Quench those felicities whose light I find  
 Reflected in my bosom all too late ! —  
 O be my spirit, like my thralldom, strait ;  
 And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind !”

## XXVIII.

## ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)  
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells  
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,  
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest ;  
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble lady blest  
 To rapture ! Mabel listened at the side  
 Of her loved mistress : soon the music died,  
 And Catherine said, *Here I set up my rest.*  
 Warned in a dream, the Wandcrer long had sought  
 A home that by such miracle of sound  
 Must be revealed : — she heard it now, or felt  
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought ;  
 And there, a saintly Anchoress, she dwelt  
 Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

## XXIX.

——“gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares, and near,  
The poor old Man is greater than he seems :  
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams ;  
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.  
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer ;  
The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds and monitory gleams  
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.  
He the seven birds hath seen, that never part,  
Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly  
    rounds,  
And counted them : and oftentimes will start, —  
For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS,  
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart  
To chase for ever, on aërial grounds !

## XXX.

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein  
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky  
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,  
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,  
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,  
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply ?  
Yes, there was One ; — for One, asunder fly

The thousand links of that ethereal chain ;  
 And green vales open out, with grove and field,  
 And the fair front of many-a happy Home ;  
 Such tempting spots as into vision come  
 While soldiers, weary of the arms they wield  
 And sick at heart of strife-ful Christendom,  
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

## XXXI.

BROOK ! whose society the poet seeks,  
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew ;  
 And whom the curious painter doth pursue  
 Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,  
 And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks ;  
 If wish were mine some type of thee to view,  
 Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do  
 Like Grecian artists, give thee human cheeks,  
 Channels for tears ; no Naiad shouldst thou be, —  
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints, nor hairs:  
 It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee  
 With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,  
 And hath bestowed on thee a safer good ;  
 Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

## XXXII.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

DOG-MATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur !  
 Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood !

Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,  
 Press the point home, or falter and demur,  
 Checked in your course by many a teasing burr ;  
 These natural council-seats your acrid blood  
 Might cool ; — and, as the Genius of the flood  
 Stoops willingly to animate and spur  
 Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,  
 Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy gleams  
 That o'er the pavement of the surging streams  
 Welter and flash, a synod might detain  
 With subtle speculations, haply vain,  
 But surely less so than your far-fetched themes !

## XXXIII.

This, and the two following, were suggested by Mr. W. West-  
 all's Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire.

PURE element of waters ! wheresoe'er  
 Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,  
 Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing  
 plants  
 Rise into life and in thy train appear :  
 And, through the sunny portion of the year,  
 Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants :  
 And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants ;  
 And hart and hind, and hunter with his spear,  
 Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt  
 In man's perturbèd soul thy sway benign ;  
 And, haply, far-within the marble belt  
 Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine

For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt  
 Their anguish, — and they blend sweet songs with  
 thine.\*

## XXXIV.

## MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,  
 When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,  
 Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?  
 (Giants, — the same who built in Erin's isle  
 That Causeway with incomparable toil!) —  
 O, had this vast theatric structure wound  
 With finished sweep into a perfect round,  
 No mightier work had gained the plausible smile  
 Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas!  
 Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid  
 In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of IS and WAS,  
 Things incomplete and purposes betrayed  
 Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass  
 Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

## XXXV.

## GORDALE.

At early dawn, or rather when the air  
 Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve

\* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

Is busiest to confer and to bereave ;  
'Then, pensive Votary ! let thy feet repair  
'To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair  
Where the young lions couch ; for so, by leave  
Of the propitious hour, thou mayst perceive  
The local Deity, with oozy hair  
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn  
Recumbent : Him thou mayst behold, who hides  
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,  
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,  
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,  
And force their passage to the salt-sea tides !

## XXXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 8, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

## XXXVII.

## CONCLUSION.

TO ———.

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art  
 Produced, as lonely Nature or the strife  
 That animates the scenes of public life \*  
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part ;  
 And if these Transcripts of the private heart  
 Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears ;  
 Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears  
 Breathed from eternity ; for as a dart  
 Cleaves the blank air, Life flies : now every day  
 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel  
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,  
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal !  
 So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,  
 And honor rest upon the senseless clay.

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 PART III.

## I.

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect  
 The clouds, and wheel around the mountain-tops

\* This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.

Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops  
 Well pleased to skim the plain with wild-flowers  
 deckt,  
 Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect  
 The lingering dew,—there steals along, or stops  
 Watching the least small bird that round her hops,  
 Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.  
 Her functions are they therefore less divine,  
 Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent  
 Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,  
 Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present  
 One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,  
 With brow in penitential sorrow bent !

## II.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !  
 In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers  
 Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours  
 The air of liberty, the light of truth ;  
 Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth :  
 Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and towers !  
 Gardens and groves ! your presence overpowers  
 The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,  
 Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,  
 I slight my own beloved Cam, to range  
 Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;  
 Pace the long avenue, or glide adown  
 The stream-like windings of that glorious street,—  
 An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

## III.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart! that could allow  
 Such transport, though but for a moment's space;  
 Not while — to aid the spirit of the place —  
 The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow  
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough;  
 But in plain daylight: — She, too, at my side,  
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,  
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!  
 Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;  
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;  
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,  
 And to that brow life's morning wreath restore;  
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame  
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

## IV.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTH,  
 TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial stature, the colossal stride,  
 Are yet before me; yet do I behold  
 The broad, full visage, chest of amplest mould,  
 The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:  
 And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,  
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy  
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,

Below the white-rimmed bonnet far descried.  
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?  
 'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,  
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,  
 How Providence educeth, from the spring  
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,  
 Which neither force shall check nor time abate!

## V.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE THE THIRD).

WARD of the Law! —dread Shadow of a King!  
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;  
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,  
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,  
 Save haply for some feeble glimmering  
 Of Faith and Hope, — if thou, by Nature's doom,  
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,  
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,  
 When thankfulness were best? — Fresh-flowing  
     tears,  
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,  
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply  
 Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears  
 In this deep knell, silent for threescore years,  
 An unexampled voice of awful memory!

## VI.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of groves, — from England far away, —  
 \* Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill  
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill  
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay ;  
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay :  
 For I have heard the choir of Richmond Hill  
 Chanting, with indefatigable bill,  
 Strains that recalled to mind a distant day ;  
 When, haply under shade of that same wood,  
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars  
 Plied steadily between those willowy shores,  
 The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood, —  
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,  
 Ye heavenly Birds ! to your Progenitors.

## VII.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,  
 Is marked by no distinguishable line ;  
 The turf unites, the pathways intertwine ;  
 And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,  
 Garden, and that domain where kindred, friends,  
 And neighbors rest together, here confound

\* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

Their several features, mingled like the sound  
Of many waters, or as evening blends  
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,  
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave ;  
And while those lofty poplars gently wave  
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky  
Bright as the glimpses of eternity  
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

## VIII.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,  
Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed,  
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid  
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the Thralls  
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid  
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,  
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,  
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.  
Relic of Kings ! Wreck of forgotten wars,  
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,  
Time *loves* Thee ! at his call the Seasons twine  
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar ;  
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,  
A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine !

## IX.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen,  
1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favorite Dee,  
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION\* flows ;  
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see  
In Nature's face the expression of repose ;  
Or haply there some pious hermit chose  
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim ;  
To whom the wild, sequestered region owes,  
At this late day, its sanctifying name.

GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,  
In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot  
Be named ; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,  
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long ;  
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,  
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time !

## X.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, NORTH WALES,  
1824.

How art thou named? In search of what strange  
land,  
From what huge height, descending? Can such  
force

\* Glyn Myrvr.

Of waters issue from a British source,  
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band  
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand  
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks  
From that young Stream, that smites the throbbing  
    rocks  
Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,  
As in life's morn; permitted to behold,  
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above  
    woods,  
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;  
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;  
Such power possess the family of floods  
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

## XI.

## IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip  
Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,  
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip  
Its glistening dews; but hallowed is the clay  
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is  
    gray,  
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;  
Nor could I let one thought, one motion, slip  
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.  
For are we not all His without whose care  
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground;  
Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,

And rolls the planets through the blue profound?  
 Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear  
 To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

## XII.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle  
 Like a Form sculptured on a monument  
 Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent  
 Some wild Bird oft might settle, and beguile  
 The rigid features of a transient smile,  
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,  
 Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment  
 From his lov'd home, and from heroic toil.  
 And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,  
 Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;  
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove  
 To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile  
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,  
 Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

## XIII.

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates tread,  
 In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge,  
 Or float with music in the festal barge,  
 Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led,  
 Her doom it is to press a weary bed, —  
 Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge  
 More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,

And friends too rarely prop the languid head.  
Yet, helped by Genius, untired comforter,  
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her  
Can cheat the time ; sending her fancy out  
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,  
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout,  
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

## XIV.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert heard,  
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill  
Like the first summons, Cuckoo ! of thy bill,  
With its twin notes inseparably paired,  
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,  
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,  
That cry can reach ; and to the sick man's room  
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.  
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search  
May perish ; time may come when never more  
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar ;  
But, long as cock shall crow from household perch  
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,  
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring !

## XV.

TO ———.

[Miss not the occasion: by the forelock take  
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,  
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make  
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

“WAIT, prithee, wait!” this answer Lesbia threw  
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed.  
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew  
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;  
But from that bondage when her thoughts were  
freed

She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,  
Whence the poor, unregarded Favorite, true  
To old affections, had been heard to plead  
With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek  
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain  
Of harmony! — a shriek of terror, pain,  
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite  
Pounced, — and the Dove, which from its ruthless  
beak

She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

## XVI.

THE INFANT M——— M———.

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace  
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower

That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power  
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,  
 And naught untunes that Infant's voice ; no trace  
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek ;  
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek  
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face  
 (Which even the placid innocence of death  
 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more  
                   bright)

Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,  
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light ;  
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,  
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

## XVII.

TO ———, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

SUCH age how beautiful ! O Lady bright,  
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined  
 By favoring Nature and a saintly Mind  
 To something purer and more exquisite  
 Than flesh and blood ! whene'er thou meet'st my  
                   sight,  
 When I behold thy blanched, unwithered cheek,  
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare ;  
 That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb  
 From desolation toward the genial prime ;

Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,  
 And filling more and more with crystal light  
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.

## XVIII.

TO ROTH A Q——.

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child! this head was gray  
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood;  
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:  
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day  
 For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil;  
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,  
 Embodied in the music of this Lay,  
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain  
 Stream \*

Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear  
 After her throes, — this Stream of name more dear  
 Since thou dost bear it, — a memorial theme  
 For others; for thy future self, a spell  
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

## XIX.

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF  
 WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

“*MISERRIMUS!*” and neither name nor date,  
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;

\* The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the  
 Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

Naught but that word assigned to the unknown,  
 That solitary word, — to separate  
 From all, and cast a cloud around the fate  
 Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,  
*Who* chose his epitaph? — Himself alone  
 Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,  
 And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;  
 Nor doubt that He marked also for his own  
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,  
 That every foot might fall with heavier tread,  
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass  
 Softly! — To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

## XX.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE,  
 HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the ground  
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,  
 Takes fire: — The men that have been reappear;  
 Romans for travel girt, for business gowned;  
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,  
 In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,  
 As if its hues were of the passing year,  
 Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that  
 mound  
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,  
 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil:  
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foil

Of tenderness, — the Wolf, whose suckling Twins  
 The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins  
 The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

## XXI.

1830.

CHATSWORTH ! thy stately mansion, and the pride  
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
 To house and home in many a craggy rent  
 Of the wild Peak ; where new-born waters glide  
 Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide  
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
 With every semblance of entire content ;  
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried !  
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth  
 To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,  
 May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,  
 That not for Fancy only pomp hath charms ;  
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms  
 The extremes of favored life, may honor both.

## XXII.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY DALE,  
 DERBYSHIRE.

'T IS said that to the brow of yon fair hill  
 Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face to face,  
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still  
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place

A chosen Tree ; then, eager to fulfil  
 Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they  
 In opposite directions urged their way  
 Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill  
 Or blight that fond memorial ; — the trees grew,  
 And now entwine their arms ; but ne'er again  
 Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain ;  
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew  
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea  
 That to itself takes all, Eternity.

## XXIII.

## FILIAL PIETY.

(On the Way-side between Preston and Liverpool.)

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold ;  
 Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth  
 Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth ;  
 That Pile of Turf is half a century old :  
 Yes, Traveller ! fifty winters have been told  
 Since suddenly the dart of death went forth  
 'Gainst him who raised it, — his last work on earth :  
 Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold  
 Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,  
 Through reverence, touch it only to repair  
 Its waste. — Though crumbling with each breath  
 of air,  
 In annual renovation thus it stands, —  
 Rude Mausoleum ! but wrens nestle there,  
 And redbreasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

## XXIV.

## TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt  
 Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;  
 And, if Time spare the colors for the grace  
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,  
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt  
 And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem  
 To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,  
 And think and feel as once the Poet felt.  
 Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown  
 Unrecognized through many a household tear,  
 More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops of dew  
 By morning shed around a flower half-blown;  
 Tears of delight, that testified how true  
 To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

## XXV.

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,  
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care,  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For naught but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak, — though this soft warm heart, once free to  
hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,  
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow  
'Mid its own blush of leafless eglantine, —  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

## XXVI.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON  
BONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill  
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines  
And charm of colors; *I* applaud those signs  
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;  
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,  
Sky without cloud, ocean without a wave;  
And the one Man that labored to enslave  
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill, —  
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face  
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place  
With light reflected from the invisible sun,  
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye,  
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,  
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

## XXVII.

A *POET!* — He hath put his heart to school,  
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff

Which Art hath lodged within his hand, must laugh  
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.  
Thy Art be Nature ; the live current quaff,  
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,  
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool  
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.  
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold ?  
Because the lovely little flower is free  
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold ;  
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree  
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,  
But from its *own* divine vitality.

## XXVIII.

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky  
Owe to a troubled element their forms,  
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye  
We watch their splendor, shall we covet storms,  
And wish the lord of day his slow decline  
Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high ?  
Behold, already they forget to shine,  
Dissolve, — and leave to him who gazed a sigh.  
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon  
Of pure delight, come whensoever it may,  
Peace let us seek, — to steadfast things attune  
Calm expectations, leaving to the gay  
And volatile their love of transient bowers,  
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

## XXIX.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE  
FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse  
stand

On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck;  
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand  
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;  
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side  
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check  
Is given to triumph and all human pride!  
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck  
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed  
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,  
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed  
Has shown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame  
In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name,  
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest

## XXX.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,  
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.  
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;  
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun  
Pale twilight's lingering glooms, — and in the sun  
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;

Or gambol, each with his shadow at his side,  
Varying its shape wherever he may run.  
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew  
All turn, and court the shining and the green,  
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;  
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,  
And so, His gifts and promises between,  
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

## XXXI.

Lo ! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,  
One upward hand, as if she needed rest  
From rapture, lying softly on her breast !  
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance ;  
But not the less — nay, more — that countenance,  
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife  
For a sick heart made weary of this life  
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.  
— Would she were now as when she hoped to pass  
At God's appointed hour to them who tread  
Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well  
content,  
Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common  
grass,  
Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,  
For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

## XXXII.

## TO A PAINTER.

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed ;  
But 't is a fruitless task to paint for me,  
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,  
By the habitual light of memory see  
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,  
And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall  
flee

Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be ;  
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.  
Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,  
Or share with me, fond thought ! that inward eye,  
Then, and then only, Painter ! could thy Art  
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,  
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,  
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

## XXXIII.

## ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise  
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long  
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes ;  
O my Belovèd ! I have done thee wrong,  
Conscious of blessedness, but whence it sprung  
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive :

Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,  
 And the old day was welcome as the young,  
 As welcome, and as beautiful, — in sooth  
 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy :  
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth  
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;  
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast  
 Into one vision future, present, past.

## XXXIV.

HARK ! 't is the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,  
 By twilight premature of cloud and rain ;  
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain  
 Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,  
 And seems, as more incited, still more blest.  
 Thanks ; thou hast snapped a fireside Prisoner's  
     chain,  
 Exulting Warbler ! eased a fretted brain,  
 And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.  
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird ! and front the blast,  
 That we may sing together, if thou wilt,  
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,  
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built  
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,  
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

*Rydal Mount, 1838.*

## XXXV.

'T IS He whose yester-evening's high disdain  
Beat back the roaring storm, — but how subdued  
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude !  
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain ?  
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein  
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune  
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon  
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane ?  
Rise, tardy Sun ! and let the songster prove  
(The balance trembling between night and morn  
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne  
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above,  
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness  
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

## XXXVI.

O WHAT a Wreck ! how changed in mien and  
speech !  
Yet — though dread Powers, that work in mys-  
tery, spin  
Entanglings of the brain, though shadows stretch  
O'er the chilled heart — reflect ; far, far within  
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.  
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,  
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch  
To her from heights that Reason may not win.  
Like Children, she is privileged to hold

Divine communion ; both to live and move,  
 Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,  
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love ;  
 Love pitying innocence not long to last,  
 In them, — in her our sins and sorrows past.

## XXXVII.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake,  
 Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon  
 A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon :  
 Great is their glee while flake they add to flake,  
 With rival earnestness ; far other strife  
 Than will hereafter move them, if they make  
 Pastime their idol, give their day of life  
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.  
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief ?  
 Pains which the World inflicts can she requite ?  
 Not for an interval however brief ;  
 The silent thoughts that search for steadfast light,  
 Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,  
 And Faith, — these only yield secure relief.

*March 8th, 1842.*

## XXXVIII.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY, 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense  
 To every suitor, Equity is lame ;  
 And social Justice, stripped of reverence

For natural rights, a mockery and a shame ;  
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,  
 If, guarding grossest things from common claim  
 Now and for ever, she, to works that came  
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.  
 " What ! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,  
 For *Books !* " Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved  
 That 't is a fault in Us to have lived and loved  
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to die ;  
 No public harm that Genius from her course  
 Be turned ; and streams of truth dried up, even at  
 their source !

## XXXIX.

## VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

**SERVING** no haughty Muse, my hands have here  
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from  
 spots  
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),  
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre ;  
 Both to allure the casual Loiterer,  
 And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite  
 Studious regard with opportune delight,  
 Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.  
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,  
 Reader, farewell ! My last words let them be, —  
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree ;  
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art

Through It have won a passage to thy heart ;  
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee !

## XL.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., MASTER  
OF HARKOW SCHOOL,

After the perusal of his *Theophilus Anglicanus*, recently  
published.

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy hand  
Have I received this proof of pains bestowed  
By thee to guide thy Pupils on the road  
That, in our native isle, and every land,  
The Church, when trusting in divine command  
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod :  
O may these lessons be with profit scanned  
To thy heart's wish, thy labor blest by God !  
So the bright faces of the young and gay  
Shall look more bright, — the happy, happier still ;  
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,  
Motions of thought which elevate the will,  
And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill  
Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

*Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1843.*

## XLI.

TO THE PLANET VENUS,

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth,  
Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draws, what spirit guides,  
Thee, Vesper ! brightening still, as if the nearer

Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer  
 Night after night? True is it Nature hides  
 Her treasures less and less. — Man now presides  
 In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;  
 Science advances with gigantic strides;  
 But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?  
 Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise  
 More than in humbler times graced human story;  
 That makes our hearts more apt to sympathize  
 With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,  
 When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,  
 Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

## XLII.

WANSFELL! \* this Household has a favored lot,  
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,  
 To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her  
     rays,  
 Or when along thy breast serenely float  
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note  
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise  
 For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought  
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.  
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone  
 From every object dear to mortal sight,  
 As soon we shall be, may these words attest  
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone

\* The Hill that rises to the southeast, above Ambleside.

Thy visionary majesties of light,  
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

*Dec. 24, 1842.*

XLIII.

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide and high,  
Deep in the vale a little rural Town\*  
Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,  
That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,  
But, with a less ambitious sympathy,  
Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares,  
Troubles, and toils that every day prepares.  
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,  
Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her sway  
(Like influence never may my soul reject)  
If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked  
With glorious forms in numberless array,  
To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose  
Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.

*Jan. 1, 1843.*

XLIV.

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud  
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill  
Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still;  
And might of its own beauty have been proud,

\* Ambleside.

But it was fashioned and to God was vowed  
 By Virtues that diffused, in every part,  
 Spirit divine through forms of human art :  
 Faith had her arch, — her arch, when winds blow  
     loud,  
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled ;  
 And Love her towers of dread foundation laid  
 Under the grave of things ; Hope had her spire  
 Star-high, and pointing still to something higher :  
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice, — it said,  
 “Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when *we*  
     build.”

## XLV.

## ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

Is then no nook of English ground secure  
 From rash assault ? \* Schemes of retirement sown  
 In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure  
 As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,  
 Must perish ; — how can they this blight endure ?

\* The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbor of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. “Fell it!” exclaimed the yeoman, “I had rather fall on my knees and worship it.” It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

And must he too the ruthless change bemoan  
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure  
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown ?  
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-head  
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance :  
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance  
Of nature ; and, if human hearts be dead,  
Speak, passing winds ; ye torrents, with your strong  
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

*October 12th, 1844.*

XLVI.

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,  
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,  
Intrenched your brows ; ye gloried in each scar :  
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,  
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,  
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,  
And clear way made for her triumphal car  
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold !  
Heard YE that Whistle ? As her long-linked Train  
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view ?  
Yes, ye were startled ; — and, in balance true  
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,  
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you  
To share the passion of a just disdain.

## XLVII.

## AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,  
Man left this Structure to become Time's prey,  
A soothing spirit follows in the way  
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.  
See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin,  
Fall to prevent or beautify decay ;  
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,  
The flowers in pearly dew's their bloom renewing !  
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour ;  
Even as I speak, the rising Sun's first smile  
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower  
Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim  
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile  
Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but  
name!

## XLVIII.

## AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon Railway Laborers to THIS ground  
Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk  
Among the Ruins, but no idle talk  
Is heard ; to grave demeanor all are bound ;  
And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound  
Hallows once more the long-deserted Choir,  
And thrills the old, sepulchral earth around.

Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire  
That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was  
    raised,  
To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace :  
All seem to feel the spirit of the place,  
And by the general reverence God is praised :  
Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reprov'd,  
While thus these simple-hearted men are mov'd ?

*June 21st, 1845.*

## NOTES.

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Page 32.

*"To the Daisy."*

This Poem, and two others to the same Flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a Poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled, A Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happe me to rehersin —  
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,  
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,  
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour  
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour."

1807.

Page 46.

*"The Seven Sisters."*

The Story of this Poem is from the German of FREDERICA BRUN.

Page 85.

*"The Wagoner."*

Several years after the event that forms the subject of the Poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Ben-

jamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his wagon, he said. "They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no *ideas*."

The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the Poem, was told me by an eyewitness.

Page 85.

"The buzzing Dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling."

When the Poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described:—

"The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,  
Twirling his watchman's rattle about —"

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.

Page 103.

After the line, "*Can any mortal clog come to her?*" followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given, as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time.

"Can any mortal clog come to her?

It can:

But Benjamin, in his vexation,  
Possesses inward consolation;  
He knows his ground, and hopes to find  
A spot with all things to his mind,  
An upright mural block of stone,  
Moist with pure water trickling down.  
A slender spring; but kind to man  
It is, a true Samaritan;  
Close to the highway, pouring out

Its offering from a chink or spout;  
Whence all, howe'er athirst, or drooping  
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

"Cries Benjamin, 'Where is it, where?  
Voice it hath none, but must be near.'  
— A star, declining towards the west,  
Upon the watery surface threw  
Its image tremulously imprest,  
That just marked out the object and withdrew:  
Right welcome service!

. . . . .  
ROCK OF NAMES!

Light is the strain, but not unjust  
To thee, and thy memorial-trust  
That once seemed only to express  
Love that was love in idleness;  
Tokens, as year hath followed year  
How changed, alas! in character!  
For they were graven on thy smooth breast  
By hands of those my soul loves best;  
Meek women, men as true and brave  
As ever went to a hopeful grave:  
Their hands and mine, when side by side,  
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,  
We worked until the Initials took  
Shapes that defied a scornful look. —  
Long as for us a genial feeling  
Survives, or one in need of healing,  
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,  
Thy monumental power, shall last  
For me and mine! O thought of pain,  
That would impair it or profane!  
Take all in kindness then, as said  
With a staid heart but playful head;  
And fail not thou, loved Rock! to keep  
Thy charge when we are laid asleep."

Page 179.

*"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."*

Henry Lord Clifford, &c., &c., who is the subject of this Poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English History, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the Authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); "for the Earl's father had slain his." A deed which worthily blemished the author (saith Speed); but who, as he adds, "dare promise anything temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord to speak." This, no doubt, I would observe by the by, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; "for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this, (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born,) that he was the next child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, p. 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander, two or three years together, in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth. — But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honors during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived

as a shepherd in Yorkshire or in Cumberland, where the estate of his father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honors in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to Parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighborhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honorable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that, after the wars of York and Lancaster, they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c., &c. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader:—*"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."* The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they should be preserved from all depredations.

Page 180.

*"Earth helped him with the cry of blood."*

This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony; and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers's Collection of English Poets.

Page 183.

*"And both the undying Fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-Tarn," &c.*

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld. — Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

Page 184.

*"Armor rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls."*

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that, besides several others who perished in same manner, the four immediate progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the field.

Page 204.

*"Dion."*

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato:—

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing  
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,  
Bears him on while proudly sailing

He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:  
 Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve  
 Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;  
 An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
 Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs  
 To which, on some unruffled morning, clings  
 A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!  
 — Behold! — as with a gushing impulse heaves  
 That downy prow, and softly cleaves  
 The mirror of the crystal flood,  
 Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,  
 And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,  
 Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate  
 Or Rival, save the Queen of night  
 Showering down a silver light,  
 From heaven, upon her chosen Favorite!

Page 216.

“*Living hill.*”

“Awhile the living hill  
 Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still.”

DR. DARWIN.

Page 233.

“*The Wishing-Gate.*”

“In the Vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing Gate.”

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening where it hung walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favorite unmolested.

Page 320.

“*Something less than joy, but more than dull content.*”

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

Page 373.

*"Wild Redbreast," &c.*

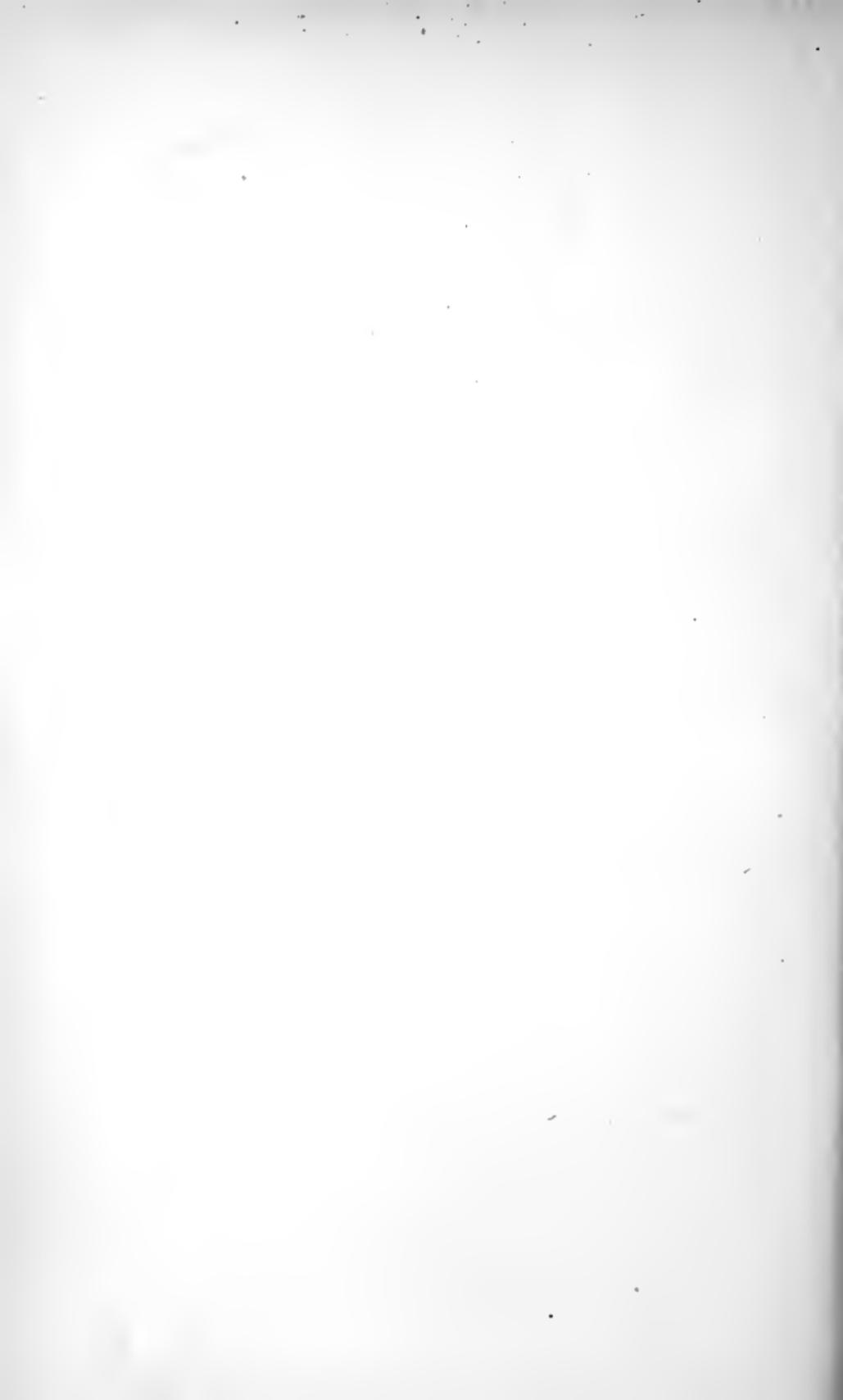
This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. Rut a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it;—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast, p. 373, Vol. I. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the Invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.

**END OF VOL. II.**

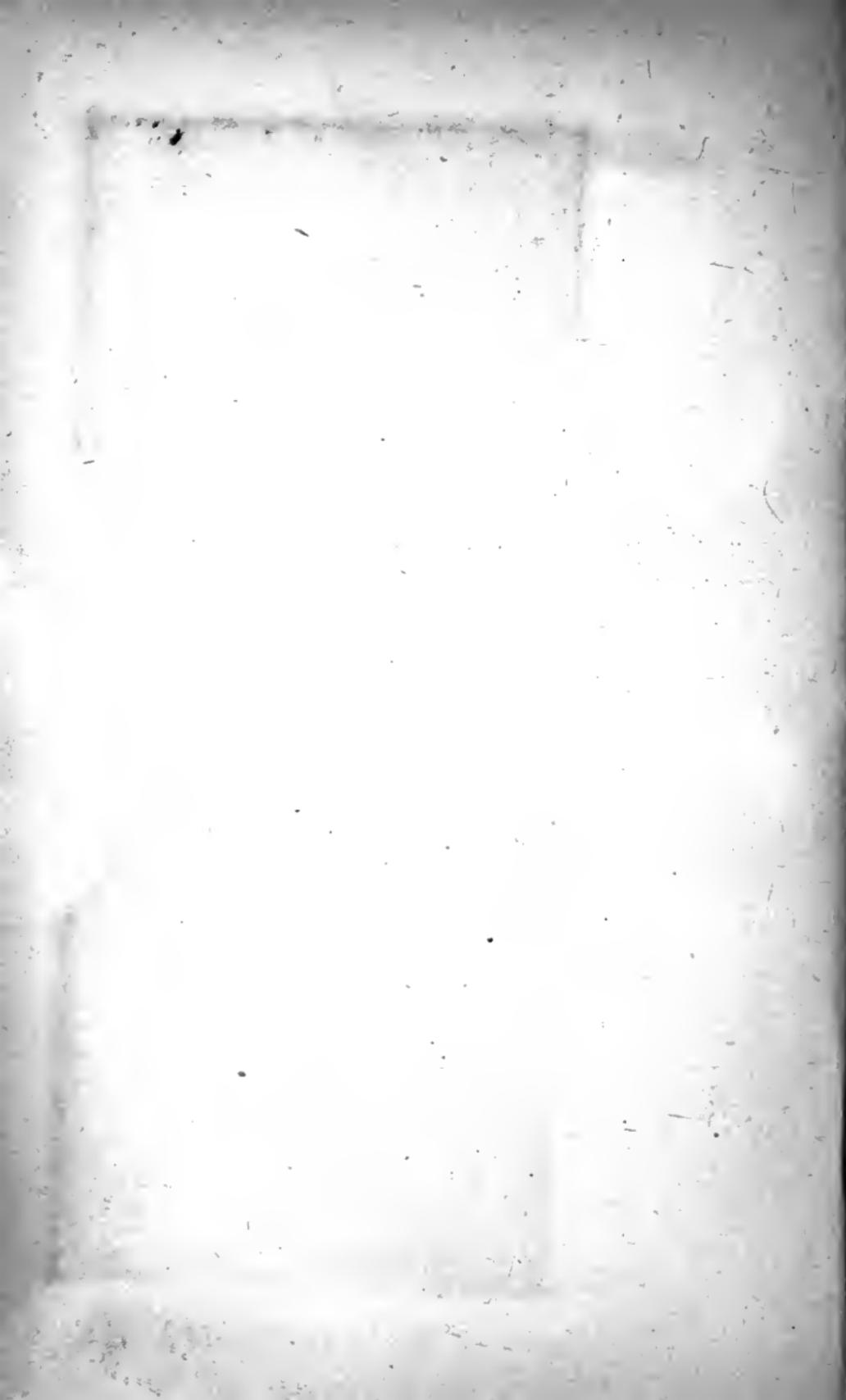








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