

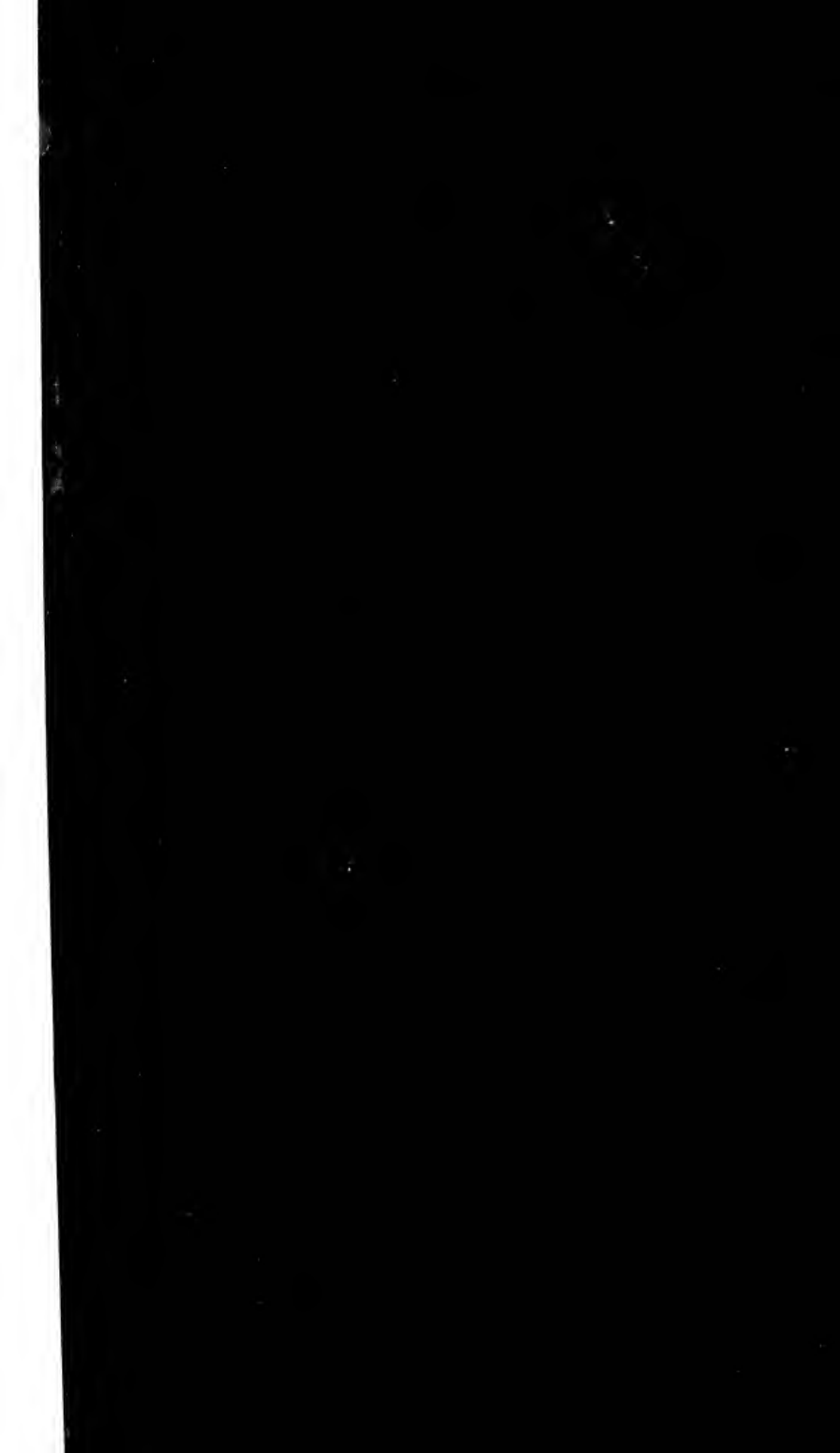


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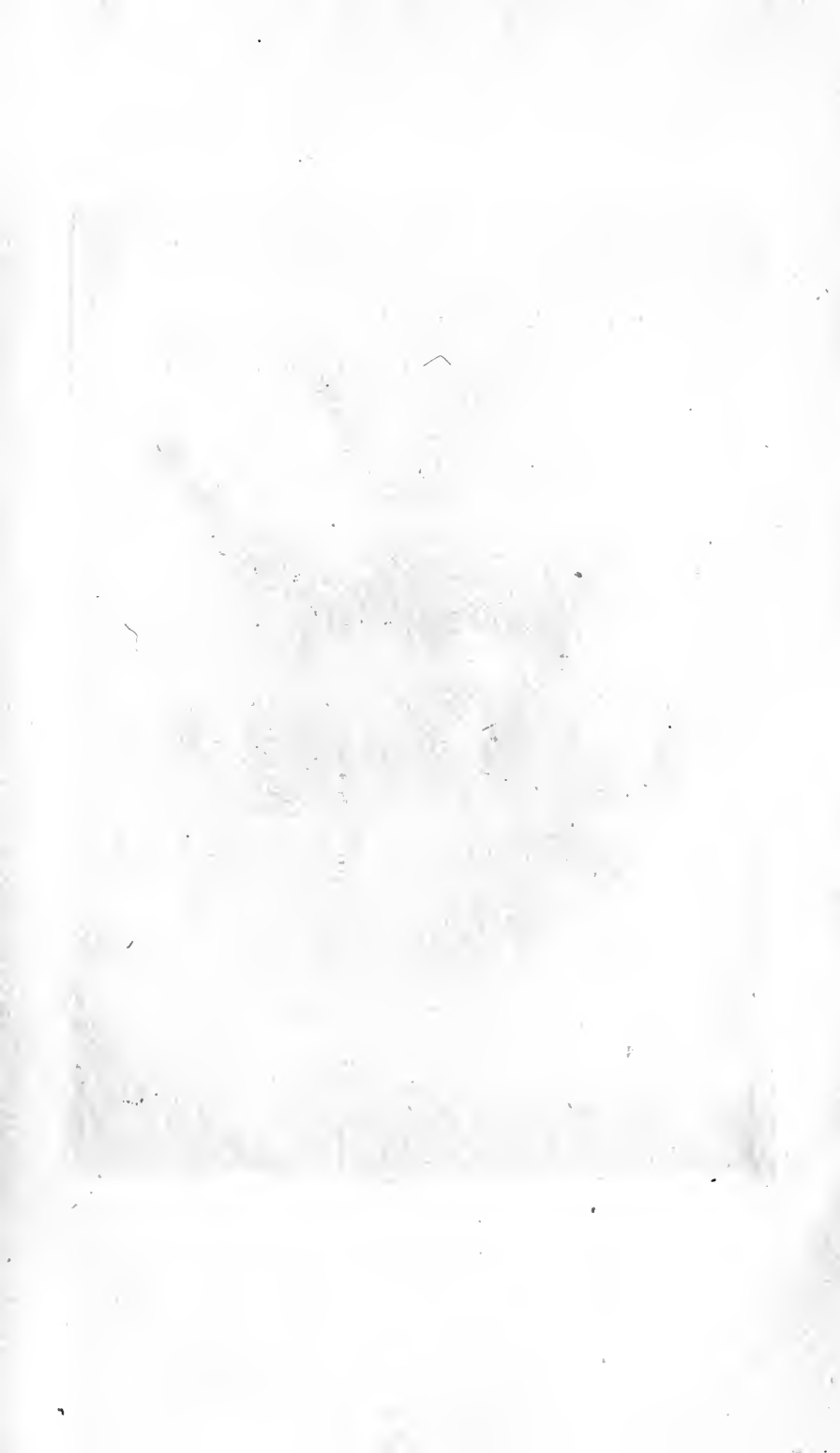


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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EDITED BY
WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, ST ANDREWS.



VOLUME FIRST

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TO
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
THE POET'S SON,
THIS EDITION OF HIS FATHER'S WORKS
IS
DEDICATED.



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NOTE.

SINCE the Chronological Table of the Poems was compiled, I have had access—through the kindness of the Poet's son—to the Grasmere Journals, written by Miss Wordsworth in the years 1800, 1801, and 1802. These journals have enabled me to fix with more minute accuracy the date of the composition of several of the Poems. The Chronological Table, however, having been printed beforehand could not be altered,—although the Poems themselves have been placed in their proper order,—and I therefore make one or two corrections of the Table in this Prefatory Note, along with a few addenda.

ERRATA.

YEAR.

1801. The specimens of Chaucer modernized (*The Prioress' Tale*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*), which were not published till 1820 and 1842 respectively,—and which were therefore assigned to these years in the Chronological Table, in the absence of any more authentic information as to date—were written in the year 1801. *The Prioress' Tale* being finished on Dec. 5th, and *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale* on Dec. 8th of that year.
1802. The exact date of *The Rainbow* is March 26. *The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly* was written not in 1806, but on the 18th of April 1802. *To a Butterfly*, "I've watched you many an hour," &c., was written April 20, 1802.
1803. *To the Sons of Burns*. Aug. 18, 1803, was the day on which Wordsworth visited the grave of Burns; but this address to his Sons was written "long afterwards."
1804. For Cookoo, read *Cuckoo*.
1816. *The Translation of part of the First Book of the Æneid* was first published in 1832, in the Cambridge "Philological Museum."
1832. Sonnet on the Gravestone in the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, read "*Miserrimus*, and neither name nor date."

ADDENDA.

1838. Sonnet, Protest against the Ballot, "Forth rushed from Envy Sprung, and Self-Conceit."
Sonnet, a Plea for Authors, May 1838, "Failing impartial measure to dispense."
1842. The Eagle, and the Dove.

Within the last few days I have discovered the earliest fragment which Wordsworth wrote, but which he published anonymously, and never reproduced. In a MS. note to a copy of the first quarto edition of *The Evening Walk*, 1793, Wordsworth says: "This is the first of my published Poems, with the exception of a Sonnet written when I was a school-boy, and published in the 'European Magazine,' in June or July 1786, and signed Axiologus." Through the kindness of Mr Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, I have obtained a copy of this Sonnet. It would be impossible, however, to attribute it to Wordsworth, on any less authority than his own. His own wish was that it should perish; and it would be a mistake to reproduce it in this, or in any other edition of his works. It was published in 1787.

W. K.

UNIVERSITY, ST ANDREWS, *May*, 1882.

P R E F A C E.

THE place which Wordsworth occupies in English literature, and in the literature of the world, cannot be discussed in the course of a prefatory note to a new edition of his works. An essay on the characteristics of his genius will be published in the last volume of this series, in which a Life of the poet will also be included. Some explanation, however, of the principle on which this edition is based, and of its distinctive features, may be desirable at the outset. The published prospectus of the work mentions what these are, and as a similar principle may be followed with advantage in corresponding editions of other English poets, it may be as well to refer *seriatim* to each of the points alluded to in that prospectus. They are as follows:—

First. The Poems will be arranged in chronological order of composition, not of publication. [In all collective editions published during Wordsworth's lifetime, the arrangement—first adopted by him in 1815, and based upon the distinctive character of the poems themselves—was more or less adhered to. They will now, for the first time, be published in the order in which they were composed.]

Second. All the changes of text, adopted by the poet in the successive editions of his Works, will be given in footnotes, with the precise dates of these changes.

Third. Several new Readings or suggested changes of text, which exist in MS., and were written by Wordsworth on the margin of a copy of the edition of 1836-37, kept at Rydal Mount, and now in the possession of Lord Coleridge, will be added.

Fourth. The Notes dictated by Wordsworth to Miss Fenwick (and known as the I. F. MS.), which give the Author's own account of the circumstances under which his poems were composed, will be printed in full, and inserted in each case as a preface to the particular poem thus explained.

Fifth. Topographical Notes, explanatory of the allusions made to localities in the English Lake District and elsewhere, will be given at the end of the poems thus illustrated.

Sixth. Several Poems and Fragments, hitherto unpublished, will be printed.

Seventh. A Bibliography of the Works and the successive Editions, issued in England and America from 1793 to 1850, will be added, together with a Bibliography of Criticism, or literary estimates of Wordsworth.

Eighth. A Life of the Poet, a Critical Essay, and a General Index will conclude the last volume.

Ninth. Etchings of localities associated with the poet, after drawings by John M'Whirter, A.R.A., etched by C. O. Murray, will be frontispieces to the volumes, and a Portrait of Wordsworth will be given in the last volume.

The chief advantage of a chronological arrangement of the works of any author—and especially of a poet—is that it shows us, as nothing else can do, the growth of his mind, the progressive development of his imaginative power. By such a redistribution of the poems we can trace the rise, the culmination, and also it may be the decline of his genius. Wordsworth's own arrangement—first adopted by him in 1815—was designed to bring together, in separate groups, those poems which referred to the same or similar subjects, or which were supposed by him to be the product of the same or a similar faculty, irrespective of the date of composition. Thus we had one group entitled "Poems of the Fancy;" another, "Poems of the Imagination;" a third, "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection;" a fourth, "Elegiac Poems;" again, "Poems on the Naming of Places," "Memorials of Tours," "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," &c., &c. The principle

which guided him in this was obvious enough. It was in some respects, a most natural arrangement; and, in adopting (as we now do) the chronological order, we must break up the groups, which he constructed with much care. Almost every author would attach more importance to a classification of his works, which brought them together under appropriate headings irrespective of date, than to a method of arrangement which exhibited the growth of his own mind. Posterity would not think highly of an Author who attached any value to this latter element; but none the less posterity may wish to trace the gradual development of genius in the imaginative writers of the past, by the help of such a re-arrangement of their works.

There are difficulties, however, in the way, some of which cannot be entirely surmounted. In the case of the Sonnets, the dismemberment of a Series carefully arranged by their author seems specially unnatural; and some persons would dislike it, much as they would dislike a rearrangement of the Hebrew Psalter in the light of recent critical discovery. But if there was a fitness in Wordsworth's collecting all his sonnets in one volume, in the year 1838, out of deference to the wish of his friends, that these poems might be "brought under the eye at once"—thus removing them from their original places in his collected works—it seems equally fitting now to rearrange them chronologically, so far as it is possible to do so. It will be immediately seen that it is not always possible. Then, there is the case of two poems following each other, in Wordsworth's own arrangement, by natural affinity; such as the *Epistle to Sir George Beaumont*, written in 1811, which in all existing editions is followed by the poem written in 1841, and entitled *Upon perusing the foregoing epistle thirty years after its composition*. To separate these poems seems unnatural, and as it would be inadmissible to print the second of the two twice over—

once as a sequel to the first poem, and again in its chronological place—adherence to the latter plan has its obvious disadvantages in the case of these poems.

With such considerations duly weighed, it seems desirable to adopt the chronological arrangement in this particular edition, in which an attempt is made to trace the growth of Wordsworth's mind as unfolded in his works. His own arrangement of his poems will always possess a special interest and value; and it is not likely ever to be entirely superseded in subsequent issues of his works. The editors and publishers of the future may prefer it to the plan now adopted, and it will commend itself to many from the mere fact that it was his. But in an edition, such as the present, which is meant to supply material for the study of the poet, to those who may not possess or have access to the earlier and rarer editions, no method of arrangement can be so good as the chronological. Its full importance may not be obvious until several volumes are published, when the point referred to above—viz., the progressive development of Wordsworth's genius—will be shown by the very sequence of the subjects chosen, and by their method of treatment from year to year.

The date of composition cannot, however, be always ascertained with perfect accuracy: and to get at the chronological order, it is not sufficient to take up the earlier volumes, and then to note the additions made in subsequent ones. We know when each poem was first published; but the publication was often long after the date of composition. For example, the poem entitled *Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain*, written in the years 1793-94, was not published till 1842. The tragedy of *The Borderers*, composed in 1795-96, was also first published in 1842. *The Prelude*—"commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805"—was pub-

lished posthumously in 1850:¹ and there are still some unpublished poems, both "of early and late years." Frequently a poem was kept back, from some doubt as to its worth, or from a wish to alter and improve it. Of the five or six hundred Sonnets that he wrote, he said "most of them were frequently re-touched, and not a few laboriously." Some poems were almost entirely recast; and occasionally one was withheld from publication for a time, because it was intended to form part of a larger whole.

In the case of several of the poems, we are left to conjecture the date, although we are seldom without some clue. The Fenwick notes are a special assistance in determining the chronology. These notes, which will be afterwards more fully referred to, were dictated by Wordsworth to Miss Fenwick in the year 1843; but, at that time, his memory could not be absolutely trusted as to dates; and in some instances we know it to have been at fault. For example, he said of *The Old Cumberland Beggar*, "written at Racedown and Alfoxden, in my twenty-third year." Now, he went to Racedown in the autumn of 1795, when twenty-five years old; and to Alfoxden, in the autumn of 1797, when twenty-seven years old. Again, the poem *Rural Architecture*, is put down in the Fenwick notes as "composed at Townend, Grasmere, in 1801." But it had been published in 1800, in the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*. Similarly Wordsworth gave the dates "1801 or 1802" for *The Reverie of Poor Susan*, which had also appeared in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800. We cannot even trust the poet's

¹ *The Prelude* was commenced on leaving Goslar, in the year 1799, and written at intervals. The first six books were finished in 1805, in the spring of which year the seventh was begun; and it, with the rest of the poem (seven additional books) was finished before the end of June 1805. The work received some final corrections in the year 1832.

memory in all cases, when he is speaking of a group of his poems. For example, in the edition of 1807, there is a short series described thus, "Poems composed during a tour, chiefly on foot." They are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Now, one would naturally suppose that all the poems, in this set of five, were composed during the same pedestrian tour, and that they all referred to the same time. But the series contains *Alice Fell* (1801), *Beggars* (1802), *The Skylark* (1805), and *The Leech Gatherer* (1807).

Much more valuable than the Fenwick notes, for a certain portion of Wordsworth's life, is his sister's Journal. We can frequently correct the mistakes in the former from this minutely kept diary of those earlier years, when the brother and sister lived together at Grasmere.

Long before the publication of the Fenwick notes, however, Wordsworth himself supplied some data for a chronological arrangement of his works. In the table of contents, prefixed to the first collected edition of 1815, in two volumes,—and also to the second collected edition of 1820, in four volumes,—there are two parallel columns; the one giving the date of the composition of the poems, and the other the date of publication. But there are numerous blanks in the former column, which was the only important one; as the year of publication could be ascertained from the editions themselves. Sometimes the date is given vaguely; as in the case of the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty," where the note runs, "from the year 1807 to 1813." At other times, the entry as to the year of publication is inaccurate; for example, in the case of the *Inscription for the spot where the Hermitage stood on St Herbert's Island, Derwentwater*. It is put down as belonging to the year 1807; but this poem does not occur in the volumes of 1807, but in the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800. It will thus be seen that it is only by comparing Wordsworth's own lists of dates

with the contents of the several editions of his works, with the Fenwick notes, and with his sister's Journal, that we can reconstruct the true chronology. To these must be added the internal evidence of the poems themselves, incidental references in letters to his friends, and stray hints gathered from miscellaneous quarters.

The chronological method of arrangement, however, has its limits. It is not possible always to adopt it: nor is it necessary to do so, in order to obtain a new and a true view of the growth of Wordsworth's mind. In this, as in so many other things both literary and social, wisdom lies in the avoidance of extremes,—the extreme of rigid fidelity to the order of time on the one hand, and the extreme of an irrational departure from it on the other. It is manifestly appropriate that all the poems in a series—such as the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," or those referring to the "Duddon"—should be printed together, as Wordsworth finally arranged them; even although we may be aware that some of them were written long after the rest, and subsequently placed in the middle of the series. The sonnets referring to "Aspects of Christianity in America"—inserted in the 1845 and 1849 editions of the collected works—are found in no previous edition or version of the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets;" and these, along with some others on the offices of the English Liturgy, were suggested to Wordsworth by an American prelate, Bishop Doane, and by Professor Henry Read;¹ but we do not know in what year they were written. The "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," first called "Ecclesiastical Sketches," appeared in 1820. These additions to them appeared twenty-five years afterwards. But they ought manifestly to retain their place, as arranged by Wordsworth in the edition of 1845. The case is much

¹ See *Memoirs*, II., pp. 113, 114.

the same with regard to the Duddon Sonnets. They were first published in 1820: but No. XIV., beginning—

“O Mountain Stream; the shepherd and his cot,”

was certainly composed in or before the year 1807, because it appears in the edition of that year. On the other hand, the series of “Poems composed during a tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the autumn of 1831”—and first published in the year 1835, in the volume entitled *Yarrow revisited, and other Poems*—contains two, which Wordsworth himself tells us were composed earlier; and there is no reason why these poems should not be restored to their chronological place. The series of itinerary sonnets, published along with them in the edition of 1834, is the record of a supplemental Scottish tour, in the year 1833; and Wordsworth says of them that they were “composed, *or suggested*, during a tour in the summer of 1833.” We cannot now know which of them were written during the tour, and which at Rydal Mount after his return; but it is obvious that they should be printed in the order in which they were left by him, in 1834. [It may here be noted that almost all the “Evening Voluntaries” belong to these years—1832 to 1835—when the author was from sixty-two to sixty-five years of age.]

Wordsworth’s habit of revision may perhaps explain the mistakes into which he occasionally fell as to the dates of his poems, and the difficulty of reconciling what he says as to the year of composition with the date assigned by his sister in her journal. When he says “written in 1801, or 1802,” he may be referring to the last revision which he gave to his work. Certain it is, that he sometimes gave a date for the composition, which was subsequent to the first publication of the poem in question.

In the case of poems to which no date is attached, we must

try to find some clue by which to fix an approximate one. Obviously, it will not do to place all the undated poems in a class by themselves. Such an arrangement would be thoroughly artificial; and, while we are in many instances left to conjecture, we can always say that such and such a poem was composed not later than a particular year. When the precise date is quite undiscoverable, I have thought it best to place the poem in or immediately before the year in which it was first published.

It is further to be noted that some of the poems were several years in process of composition, having evidently been laid aside, and taken up again repeatedly; *e.g.*, the *Ode on Immortality* was written at intervals from 1803 to 1806, and *The Prelude*, as already stated, from 1799 to 1805. In such cases, the poems are always placed in the year in which they were finished. Disputable questions as to the date of any particular poem will be dealt with in the editorial note appended to it.

Mr Arnold's rearrangement of the Poems, in his volume of Selections, recently published,¹ is extremely interesting and valuable; but, as to the method of grouping adopted, I am not sure that it is better than Wordsworth's own. As a descriptive title, "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" may be as good as "Poems akin to the Antique," and "Poems of the Fancy" quite as appropriate as "Poems of Ballad Form."²

A *second* distinctive feature of this edition is the publi-

¹ Poems of Wordsworth selected and arranged by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co.

² As the chronological arrangement is not only important in itself, but also in its bearing on other features of this edition, a complete list of the poems, thus arranged, is given at the close of the Preface to this volume. It is perhaps too much to hope, however—even after every effort has been made—that perfect accuracy as to the date of each poem, in a list of between eight and nine hundred, has been finally secured.

cation of all the various Readings, or variations of text, sanctioned by Wordsworth during his lifetime. Few English poets have changed their text more frequently, or with more fastidiousness than Wordsworth. He did not always alter it for the better. Every alteration however, whether for the better or for the worse, is here printed in full. We have thus a record of the fluctuations of his own mind as to the form in which he wished his poems to appear; and it will be found that this record casts considerable light on the development of his genius.¹

A knowledge of these changes of text can only be obtained in one or other of two ways. Either the reader must have access to all the thirty-two editions of the works, the publication of which Wordsworth personally supervised; or, he must have all the changes in the successive editions, exhibited in the form of footnotes, and appended to the particular text that is selected and printed in the body of the work. Now, it is extremely difficult—in some cases quite impossible—to obtain the early editions. The great public libraries of the country do not possess them all.² It is therefore necessary to fall back upon the latter plan, which seems the only one by which a knowledge of the changes of the text can be made accessible, either to the general reader, or to the special student of English Poetry.

The text which—after much consideration—I have resolved to place throughout in the body of the work is Wordsworth's own final *textus receptus*, *i.e.*, the text of

¹ It need hardly be explained that, in the case of a modern poet, these various readings are not like the conjectural guesses of critics and commentators as to what the original text was (as in the case of the Greek Poets, or of Dante, or even of Shakespere). They are the actual alterations introduced deliberately, as improvements, by the hand of the poet himself.

² Even the collection in the British Museum is incomplete.

1849-50, and of the posthumous edition of 1857;¹ and since opinion will doubtless differ as to the wisdom of this selection, it may be desirable to state at some length the reasons which have led me to adopt it.

There are only three possible courses open to an editor, who wishes to give—along with the text selected—all the various readings chronologically arranged as footnotes. Either, 1st, the earliest text may be taken, or 2d, the latest may be followed, or 3d, the text may be selected from different editions, so as to present each poem in its best state (according to the judgment of the editor), in whatever edition it is found. A composite text, made up from two or more editions, would be inadmissible.

Now, every one who has studied the subject knows (or believes) that Wordsworth's best text is to be found, for one poem in the earliest edition, for another in the latest, and for a third in some intermediate edition. I cannot agree either with the statement that he always altered for the worse, or that he always altered for the better. His critical judgment was not nearly so unerring in this respect as Coleridge's was, or as Tennyson's has been. It may be difficult, therefore, to assign an altogether satisfactory reason for adopting either the earliest or the latest text; and at first sight, the remaining alternative plan may seem the wisest of the three. There are indeed difficulties in the way of the adoption of any one of the methods suggested; and as I adopt the latest text—not because it is always intrinsically the best, but on other grounds to be immediately stated—it may clear the way, if reference be made in the first instance to the others, and to the reasons for abandoning them.

¹ The publication of this edition was superintended by Mr Carter, who acted as Wordsworth's secretary for thirty-seven years, and was appointed one of his literary executors.

As to a selection of the text from various editions, this would doubtless be the best plan, were it a practicable one; and perhaps it may be attainable some day. But Wordsworth is as yet too near us for such a treatment of his works to be successful. The fundamental objection to it is that scarcely two minds—even amongst the most competent of contemporary judges—will agree as to what the best text is. An edition arranged on this principle could not possibly be acceptable to more than a few persons. Of course no arrangement of any kind will escape adverse criticism. It would be most unfortunate if it did. But this particular edition would fail in its main purpose, if questions of individual taste were made primary, and not secondary; and an arrangement, which gave scope for the arbitrary selection of particular texts, according to the wisdom or want of wisdom of the editor, would certainly meet with the most adverse criticism in many quarters. Besides, such a method of arrangement would not harmonise with the special idea of this edition, that, viz., of giving a genetic view of the poet's mind, and of the development of his genius. If an editor wished to indicate his own opinion of the best text for each poem—under the idea that his judgment might be of some use to other people—it would be wiser to do so by means of some mark or marginal note, than by printing his selected text in the main body of the work. He could thus at once preserve the chronological order of the readings, indicate his own preference, and leave it to others to select what they preferred. Besides, the compiler of such an edition would often find himself in doubt as to what the best text really was, the merit of the different readings being sometimes almost equal, or very nearly balanced; and, were he to endeavour to get-out of the difficulty by obtaining the judgments of literary men, or even of contemporary poets, he would find that their opinions would in most cases

be dissimilar, if they did not openly conflict. Those who cannot come to a final decision as to their own text would not be likely to agree as to the merits of particular texts in the poems of their predecessors. Unanimity of opinion on this point is indeed quite unattainable.

Nevertheless, it would be easy for an editor to show the unfortunate result of keeping rigorously either to the latest or to the earliest text of Wordsworth. If, on the one hand, the latest were taken, it could be shown that many of the changes introduced into it were for the worse, and some of them very decidedly so. For example, in the poem *To a Skylark*—composed in 1825—the second verse, retained in the editions of 1827, 1832, 1836, and 1843, was unaccountably dropped out in the editions of 1845 and 1849. The following is the complete poem of 1825.

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 strings composed, that music still !

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.

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 rapture more divine ;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home !

There is no doubt that the first and third stanzas are the finest, and some may respect the judgment that cut down the poem by the removal of its second verse: but others will say, if it was right that such a verse should be removed,

why were many others of questionable merit allowed to remain? Why was such a poem as *The Glowworm*, of the edition of 1807, never republished; and such poems as *The Waterfall and the Eglantine*, and *To the Spade of a Friend*, retained? To give one other illustration, where a score are possible. In the sonnet, belonging to the year 1807, beginning—

Beloved Vale, I said, when shall I con,

we find, in the latest text, the lines—first adopted in 1836—

I stood of simple shame the blushing thrall,
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small,

while the early edition of 1807 contains the far happier lines—

To see the trees, which I had thought so tall,
Mere dwarfs; the brooks so narrow, fields so small.

But then, on the other hand, if the earliest text be invariably followed, some of the best poems will be spoiled (or the improvements lost), since Wordsworth did usually alter for the better. For example, few persons will doubt that the form in which the second stanza of the poem *To the Cuckoo* (written in 1804) appeared in the year 1849—the year before the poet died—is an improvement on all its predecessors. I give the readings of 1807, 1815, 1820, 1827, and 1849.

While I am lying on the grass,
I hear thy restless shout :
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
About and all about !

1807.

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear !—
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near !

1815.

While I am lying on the grass,
 The loud note smites my ear ;
 It seems to fill the whole air's space,
 At once far off and near. 1820.

While I am lying on the grass,
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 That seems to fill the whole air's space,
 As loud far off as near. 1827.

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. 1840.

Similarly, in each of the three poems *To the Daisy*, composed in 1802, and in the *Afterthought, to the Duddon*, the alterations introduced into the latest editions were all improvements upon the early version.

These considerations might seem to warrant the interference of an editor, and to justify him in selecting the text which he thought the best upon the whole. But, for the reasons already stated, this must be left to posterity. When editors can escape the bias of contemporary thought and feeling, when their judgments are refined by distance and mellowed by the new literary standards of the intervening years,—when in fact Wordsworth is as far away from his critics as Shakespere or even Burns is from us now,—it may be possible for the men of that time to adjust a final text out of all the competing ones. But the task seems beyond the power of the present generation.

It may be thought that if this reasoning is valid,—and if, for the present, one text must be retained uniformly throughout,—the natural plan is to take the earliest, and not the latest. This has many recommendations. It seems simpler, more orderly, more natural, and more available than any other ; and it would certainly be the easiest plan for an editor to follow. By adopting it, there is a distinct his-

torical consistency. We have a natural sequence, if we begin with the earliest and go on to the latest readings. Then, all the readers of Wordsworth who care to possess or to consult this new edition, will doubtless possess one or other of the complete copies of his works, which contain his final text; while probably not one in twenty have ever seen the first edition of any of his poems, with the exception of *The Prelude*. If they turn to this edition for the original version of any poem, it would certainly be pleasanter for them to read it in a continuous form in the main text, than to have the trouble and distraction of a constant reference to footnotes. Some, indeed, will prefer that all the various readings, with their respective dates, should be printed at the end of the work, or at least at the end of each volume, and not at the foot of every page. It is true that if the reader turns to a footnote to compare the versions of different years, while he is reading for the sake of the poetry, he will be so distracted that the effect of the poem as a whole will be entirely lost; because the critical spirit, which judges of the text, works apart from the spirit of sympathetic appreciation, in which all poetry should be read. But it is not necessary to turn to the footnotes, and to mark what may be called the literary growth of a poem, while it is being read for its own sake: and if these notes are printed in smaller type, they will not obtrude themselves on the eye of the reader.

Against the adoption of the earlier text, there is this fatal objection, that if it is to be done at all, it must be done throughout; and, in the earliest poems Wordsworth wrote—viz., *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*,—the subsequent alterations amounted almost to a cancelling of the earlier version. His changes were all, or almost all, unmistakeably for the better. Indeed, there was little in these works—in the form in which they first appeared—to lead

to the belief that an original poet had arisen in England. It is true that Coleridge saw in them the signs of the dawn of a new era, and wrote thus of the *Descriptive Sketches*, before he had met its author, "Seldom, if ever, was the emergence of a great and original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." The earliest text of these *Sketches* is, however, in many places, so artificial, prosaic, and dull, that its reproduction (except in the form of footnotes) would be an injustice to Wordsworth. On the other hand, the passages subsequently cancelled are so numerous and so long, that if placed in footnotes the latter would in some instances be more extensive than the text. The quarto of 1793 will therefore be printed as a whole, in an Appendix to the first volume of this edition, along with the *School Exercise written at Hawkshead* in the poet's fourteenth year.¹ Passing over these juvenile efforts, there are poems—such as *Guilt and Sorrow*, *Peter Bell*, and many others—in which the earlier text is an inferior one, which was either corrected or abandoned by Wordsworth in his maturer years. It would be a conspicuous blunder to print in this edition, in the place of honour, the crude original which was afterwards repudiated by its author.

Prima facie, it seems fair that every great writer, and especially every poet, should have the right of saying to posterity in what form he wishes to be finally known. It may seem an impertinence in any one else to interfere with

¹ Let the indiscriminate admirer of "first editions" turn to this quarto, and even he may perhaps wonder why it has been rescued from oblivion. I am only aware of the existence of a single copy of the edition of 1793; and although it has a certain biographic value, and may therefore be fitly reproduced in this edition, I can scarcely think that many who read it once will return to it again, except as a literary curiosity. Here—and not in *Lyrical Ballads* or *The Excursion*—was the quarry where Jeffrey or Gifford might have found abundant material for criticism.

an author's own judgment on this point, since his finally adopted text is an important element in the transmission of literary work to future generations. Besides, the growth of a poet's mind can be shown with equal clearness by adopting his own final emendations as the *textus receptus*, as by selecting his earlier readings, if it be understood that the whole previous literary history of the poem is contained in the footnotes.

It may be remembered, in connection with Wordsworth's text, that he himself said, "I am for the most part uncertain about my success in altering poems; but, in this case" (he is speaking of an insertion) "I am sure I have produced a great improvement." (*Memoirs* I., p. 174.)¹ Again, in writing to Mr Dyce in 1830, "You know what importance I attach to following strictly the last copy of the text of an author."

It is also worthy of note that the study of their chronology casts some light on the changes which the poems underwent. The second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* appeared in 1800. In that edition the text of 1798 is scarcely altered: but, in the year in which it was published, Wordsworth was engrossed with his settlement at Grasmere; and, in the spring-time of creative work, he probably never thought of revising his earlier pieces. In the year 1800, he composed at least twenty-five new poems. The third edition of *Lyrical Ballads* appeared in 1802; and during that year he wrote thirty-six new poems, many of them amongst the most perfect of his *Lyrics*. His critical instinct had become much more delicate since 1800: and it is not surprising to find—as we do find—that between the text of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800, and that of 1802, there are many important variations. This is seen, for example, in the way in

¹ It is unfortunate that the *Memoirs* do not tell us to what poem the remark applies, or to whom the letter containing it was addressed.

which he dealt with *The Female Vagrant*, which is altered throughout. Its early redundance is pruned away; and, in many instances, the final text, sanctioned in 1845, had been already adopted in 1803. Without going into further detail, it is sufficient to remark that in the year 1803 the critical faculty, the faculty of censorship, had developed almost step for step with the creative originality of his genius. In that prolific year, when, week by week, almost day by day, fresh poems were thrown off with marvellous facility—as we see from his sister's journal—he had become a severe if not a fastidious critic of his own earlier work. A further explanation of the absence of critical revision in the edition of 1800 may be found in the fact that during that year Wordsworth was engaged in writing the "Preface" to his poems, which dealt in so remarkable a manner with the nature of poetry in general, and with his own theory of it in particular.

A further reference to the *Evening Walk* will illustrate Wordsworth's way of dealing with his earlier text in the later editions. This poem showed from the first a minute observation of Nature, not only in her external form and colour, but also in her suggestiveness—though not in her symbolism; and we also find the same transition from Nature to Man, the same interest in rural life, and the same lingering over its incidents that we see in his maturer poems. Nevertheless, there is much that is very conventional in the first edition of the *Evening Walk*—that of 1793. I need only mention, as a sample, the use of the phrase "silent tides" to describe the waters of a lake. Now, when this poem was gone over in the year 1815—with a view to its insertion in the first edition of the collected works—Wordsworth simply omitted large portions of it, and some of the best passages were struck out. He scarcely amended the text at all. In 1820, however, he pruned and im-

proved it throughout; so that between this poem, as recast in 1820, (and reproduced almost *verbatim* in the next two editions of 1827 and 1832,) and the happiest descriptions of Nature in his most inspired moods, there is no great difference. Then, in 1836, he still further altered it in detail; and in that state practically left it, apparently not caring to revise or change it further, in the editions of 1843, 1845, and 1849. So far as I can judge there is one alteration for the worse, and one only. The reading, in the edition of 1793,

In these lone vales, if aught of faith may claim
Thin silver hairs, and ancient hamlet fame;
When up the hills, as now, retreats the light,
Strange apparitions mock the village sight,

is better than that finally adopted,

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may claim;
When up the hills, as now, retires the light,
Strange apparitions mocked the shepherds' sight.

It will be seen, however, from the changes made in the text of this poem, how Wordsworth's observation of Nature developed, and how thoroughly dissatisfied he soon became with everything conventional, with every image not drawn directly or at first hand from Nature.

The same thing is true of the *Descriptive Sketches*. In the year 1827, there were scarcely any alterations made on the text of 1820; still fewer were added in 1832; but in 1836 the whole poem was virtually rewritten, and in that state was finally left, although in 1845 a few significant changes were made.

A *third* feature of this edition is the publication of several new readings, or suggested changes of text, which were written by Wordsworth on the margin of a copy of his edition of 1836-7, which he kept beside him at Rydal Mount. These MS. notes seem to have been written down

by himself, or dictated to others, at intervals between the years 1836 and 1850, and they are thus a record of passing thoughts, or "moods of his own mind," during these years. Many of them were afterwards introduced into the editions of 1842, 1846, and 1849, but others were not made use of: and these have now a value of their own, as indicating certain phases of thought and feeling. I owe my knowledge of them, and the permission to use them, to the kindness of Lord Coleridge; and the following extract from a letter from him explains their nature and origin:—

FOX GHYLL, AMBLESIDE, *4th October 1881.*

"I have been long intending to write you as to the manuscript notes and alterations in Wordsworth's poems, which you have had the opportunity of seeing, and, so far as you thought fit, of using for your edition. They came into my possession in this way. I saw them advertised in a catalogue which was sent me, and at my request the book was very courteously forwarded to me for my inspection. It appeared to me of sufficient interest and value to induce me to buy it; and I accordingly became the purchaser.

"It is a copy of the edition in six volumes, the publication of which began in the year 1836; and of the volume containing the collected sonnets, which was afterwards printed uniformly with that edition. It appears to have been the copy which Wordsworth himself used for correcting, altering, and adding to the poems contained in it. As you have seen, in some of the poems the alterations are very large, amounting sometimes to a complete re-writing of considerable passages. Many of these alterations have been printed in subsequent editions; some have not; two or three small poems, as far as I know, have not been hitherto published. Much of the writing is Wordsworth's own; but perhaps the larger portion is the hand-writing of others, one or more, not familiar to me as Wordsworth's is.

“How the volumes came to be sold I do not know.

* * * * *

Such as they are, and whatever be their interest or value, you are, as far as I am concerned, heartily welcome to them; and I shall be glad indeed if they add in the least degree to make your edition more worthy of the great man for whom my admiration grows every day I live, and my deep gratitude to whom will cease only with my life, and my reason.”

As it is impossible to discover the precise year in which these suggested alterations of text were written on the margin of this edition of 1836, they will be indicated, wherever they occur, by the initial letter C. Comparatively few occur in the poems of earlier years.

A *fourth* feature of this edition is the publication of all the Notes and Memoranda, explanatory of the poems, which Wordsworth dictated to Miss Fenwick. She lived much at Rydal Mount, during the later years of the poet's life; and it is to this friendship with Miss Fenwick, and to her inducing Wordsworth to dictate these notes, that we owe most of the information we possess, as to the occasions and the circumstances under which his poems were composed. They were published in the edition of 1856, and in the centenary edition, as also in the prose works. Their proper place is doubtless that which was given to them by the editor of 1856, viz., before the poems which they respectively illustrate. They are, in this edition, printed in full; and the right to use them, along with *The Prelude*, which is still a copyright poem, has been purchased from the Wordsworth family.

A *fifth* characteristic of the edition is the insertion of Topographical Notes, explanatory of the allusions made by Wordsworth to the localities in the English Lake District, and elsewhere. This has already been attempted to some extent by several writers, but a good deal more remains to

be done; and I may perhaps be allowed to repeat what I wrote on the subject, in 1878.

Many of Wordsworth's allusions to Place are obscure; and the exact localities difficult to identify. It is doubtful if he cared whether they could be afterwards traced out or not; and in reference to one particular rock, referred to in the "Poems on the Naming of Places," when asked by a friend to localise it, he declined; replying to the question, "Yes, that—or any other that will suit!" There is no doubt that, in many instances, his allusions to place are intentionally vague; and, in some of his most realistic passages, he avowedly weaves together a description of localities remote from each other.

It is true that "poems of places" are not meant to be photographs; and were they simply to reproduce the features of a particular district, and be an exact transcript of reality, they would be literary photographs, and not poems. Poetry cannot, in the nature of things, be a mere register of phenomena appealing to the eye or the ear. No imaginative writer, however, in the whole range of English Literature, is so peculiarly identified with locality as Wordsworth is; and there is not one on the roll of poets, the appreciation of whose writings is more aided by an intimate knowledge of the district in which he lived. The wish to be able to identify his allusions to those places, which he so specially interpreted, is natural to every one who has ever felt the spell of his genius; and it is indispensable to all who would know the special charm of a region, which he described as "a national property," and of which he, beyond all other men, may be said to have effected the literary "conveyance" to posterity.

But it has been asked, and will doubtless be asked again, what is the use of a minute identification of all these places? Is not the general fact that Wordsworth described

this district of mountain, vale, and mere, sufficient without any farther attempt at localization? This question is more important, and has wider bearings, than appears upon the surface.

It must be admitted, on the one hand, that the discovery of the precise point in every local allusion is not necessary to an understanding or appreciation of the poems. But, on the other hand, Wordsworth was never contented with simply copying what he saw in Nature. Of the *Evening Walk*—written in his eighteenth year—he says that the plan of the poem “was not confined to a particular walk or an individual place; a proof (of which I was unconscious at the time) of my unwillingness to submit the poetic spirit to the chains of fact, and real circumstance. The country is idealised rather than described in any one of its local aspects.”¹ Again, he says of the *Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening*: “It was during a solitary walk on the banks of the Cam that I was first struck with this appearance, and applied it to my own feelings in the manner here expressed, changing the scene to the Thames, near Windsor;”² and of *Guilt and Sorrow*, he said, “To obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.”³ In *The Excursion* he passes from Langdale to Grasmere, over to Patterdale, back to Grasmere, and again to Hawes Water, without warning; and even in the case of *The Duddon Sonnets* he introduces a description taken direct from Rydal. Mr Aubrey de Vere tells of a conversation he had with Wordsworth, in which he passionately condemned the ultra-realistic poet, who goes out into the presence of Nature with “pencil and note-book, and jots down what-

¹ I. F. MS.

² I. F. MS.

³ I. F. MS.

ever strikes him most," adding, "Nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms! He should have left his pencil and note-book at home; fixed his eye as he walked with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy. Afterwards he would have discovered that while much of what he had admired was preserved to him, much was also most wisely obliterated. *That which remained, the picture surviving in his mind, would have presented the ideal and essential truth of the scene, and done so in large part by discarding much which, though in itself striking, was not characteristic.* In every scene, many of the most brilliant details are but accidental." The two last sentences of this extract give admirable expression to one feature of Wordsworth's interpretation of Nature. In the deepest poetry, as in the loftiest music,—in Wordsworth's lyrics as in Beethoven's sonatas—it is by what they unerringly suggest far more than by what they exhaustively express that their truth and power are known. "In what he leaves unsaid," wrote Schiller, "I discover the master of style." It depends no doubt upon the power of the "inward eye," and of the reproducing idealizing mind, whether the poetic result is a travestie of Nature, or the embodiment of a truth higher than Nature yields. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the identification of localities in many instances casts a sudden light upon obscure passages in a poem, and is by far the best commentary that can be given. It is much to be able to compare the actual scene, with the ideal creation suggested by it; as the latter was both Wordsworth's reading of the text of Nature, and his interpretation of it. In his seventy-third year, looking back on the *Descriptive Sketches*,—written chiefly during his first two college vacations,—he said, that there was not an image in the poem which he had not observed, and that he "recollected the time and place where most of them were

noted." In the Fenwick notes, we constantly find him saying, "the fact occurred strictly as recorded," "the fact was, as mentioned in the poem;" and the fact very often involved the accessories of place.

Anyone who has tried to trace out the allusions in the "Poems on the naming of places," or to discover the site of *Michael's Sheepfold*, to identify *Ghimmer Crag*, or *Thurston-Mere*,—not to speak of the individual "rocks" and "recesses" near Blea Tarn at the head of Little Langdale so minutely described in *The Excursion*,—will admit that local commentary is an important aid to the understanding of Wordsworth. If to read the *Yew Trees* in Borrowdale itself,

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

to read *The Brothers* in Ennerdale, or *The Daffodils* by the shore of Ullswater, gives a new significance to these "poems of the imagination," a discovery of the obscurer allusions to place or scene will deepen our appreciation of those passages in which his idealism is most pronounced. Every one knows Kirkstone Pass, Aira Force, Dungeon Ghyll, the Wishing Gate, and Helm Crag: many persons know the Glowworm Rock, and the Rock of Names; but where is *Emma's Dell*? or "the meeting point of two highways," so characteristically described in the twelfth book of *The Prelude*? and who will fix the site of the pool in Rydal Upper Park, immortalised in the poem to M. H.? or identify *Joanna's Rock*? Many of the places in that Lake District of England are undergoing change, and every year the local allusions will be more difficult to trace. Such a memorial as the "Rock of Names," on the shore of Thirlmere, is threatened with immersion under the waters of a Manchester reservoir. Others are perishing by the wear and tear of time, the decay of old buildings, the alteration of roads, the cutting down of trees,

and the modernising or "improving" of the district generally. All this is inevitable. But it is well that many of the natural objects, over and around which the light of Wordsworth's genius lingers, are out of the reach of "improvements," and are indestructible even by machinery.

If it be objected that several of the places which we try to identify—and which some would prefer to leave for ever undisturbed in the realm of imagination—were purposely left obscure, it may be replied that Death and Time have probably now removed all reasons for reticence, especially in the case of those poems referring to domestic life and friendly ties. While an author is alive, or while those are alive to whom he has made reference in the course of his allusions to place, it may even be right that works designed for posterity should not be dealt with after the fashion of the modern 'interviewer.' But greatness has its penalties; and a "fierce light" "beats around the throne" of genius, as well as round that of empire. Moreover, all experience shows that posterity takes a great and a growing interest in exact topographical illustrations of the works of great authors. The labour recently bestowed upon the localities connected with Shakespere and Burns amply attests this.

The localities in Westmoreland, which are most permanently associated with Wordsworth, are these: Grasmere, where he lived during the years of his "poetic prime," and where he is buried; Lower Easdale, where he passed so many days with his sister by the side of the brook, and on the terraces at Lancrigg,—where *The Prelude* was written; Rydal Mount, where he spent the latter half of his life, and where he found one of the most perfect retreats in England; Great Langdale, and Blea Tarn at the head of Little Langdale, immortalised in *The Excursion*; the upper end of Ullswater, and Kirkstone Pass; and all the mountain tracks

and paths round Grasmere and Rydal, especially the old upper road between them, under Nab Scar, his favourite walk during his later years, where he "composed hundreds of verses." There is scarcely a rock or mountain summit, a stream or tarn, or even a well, a grove, or a forest-side in all that neighbourhood, which is not imperishably identified with this poet, who at once interpreted them as they had never been interpreted before, and added

the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

It may be added that, while we are now able to localise the poems in which Wordsworth idealized the localities, he himself sanctioned the principle of doing so, both by dictating the Fenwick notes, and by republishing his Essay on the topography of the Lakes, along with the Duddon Sonnets, in 1820—and also, by itself, in 1822—"from a belief that it would tend materially to illustrate" his poems.

The topographical notes will, in this edition, usually follow the poems to which they refer. But in the case of the longer poems, such as *The Prelude*, *The Excursion*, and others, it will be more convenient to print them at the foot of the page, than to oblige the reader to turn to the end of the volume, guided by an index letter.

A sixth feature of the edition will be the publication of several poems, and fragments of poems, hitherto unpublished. In addition to those of which the copyright has expired, and *The Prelude*—of which the copyright still exists—a few poems which have been discovered, and which cast some light on the characteristics of Wordsworth's genius, will be printed in full. There are only two fragments known to me which it seems undesirable to reproduce. One of these appeared in the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads*—the now scarce edition of 1798—and is entitled *The Convict*. The

reproduction of that poem is neither necessary nor expedient. The other has never been published. It was written during the Alfoxden days, and is called "A Somersetshire Tragedy." It is the chronicle of a revolting crime, with nothing in the poem to merit its being rescued from oblivion. The only curious thing about it is that Wordsworth could have written it. With these exceptions, there is no reason why the fragments which he did not himself republish, and others which he published but afterwards suppressed, should not find a place in this edition. The suppression of some of these by the poet himself is as unaccountable as is his omission of certain stanzas in the earlier poems from their later versions; while the Cambridge "Installation Ode," which is so feeble, was retained.¹ Such a fragment as *The Glowworm*, for example, which only appeared in the edition of 1807, must be republished in full. *Andrew Jones*,—also suppressed after appearing in Lyrical Ballads of 1798, 1800, 1802, and 1804,—will be replaced in like manner. The youthful School Exercise written at Hawkshead, the translation from the Georgics of Virgil, the Poem addressed to the Queen in 1846, will appear in their chronological place. There are also a translation of some French stanzas by Francis Wrangham on *The Birth of Love*—a poem entitled *The Eagle and the Dove*, which was privately printed in a volume, consisting chiefly of French fragments, and called *La petite Chouannerie, ou Histoire d'un College Breton sous l'Empire*—a Sonnet on the rebuilding of a church at Cardiff—an Election Squib written during the Lowther and Brougham contest for the representation of the county of Cumberland in 1818—and some stanzas written in the Visitors' Book at the Ferry, Windermere. Then, as Wordsworth published some verses by his sister Dorothy in his own volumes, some other

¹How much of this poem was Wordsworth's own has not been definitely ascertained.

fragments by Miss Wordsworth may find a place in this edition. I do not attach much importance, however, to the recovery of these unpublished poems. The truth is, as Sir Henry Taylor—himself a poet and critic of no mean order—has remarked,¹ “In these days, when a great man’s path to posterity is likely to be more and more crowded, there is a tendency to create an obstruction in the desire to give an impulse. To gather about a man’s work all the details that can be found out about it is, in my opinion, to put a drag upon it; and, as of the Works, so of the Life, &c.” The industrious labour of some editors in disinterring the trivial works of great men is not a commendable industry. All great writers have occasionally written trifles—this is true even of Shakespere—and if they wished them to perish, why should we seek to resuscitate them? Besides, this labour—whether due to the industry of admiring friends, or to the ambition of the literary resurrectionist—is futile; because the verdict of Time is sure, and posterity will doubtless soon consign the recovered trivialities to kindly oblivion. The question which should invariably present itself to the editor of the fragments of a great writer is, “Can these bones *live?*” If they cannot, they had better never see the light. Indeed the only good reason for reprinting the fragments which have been lost (because the author himself attached no value to them), is that, in a complete collection of the works of a great man, some of them may have a biographic or psychological value. But we have no right to reproduce, from an antiquarian motive, what, in a literary sense, is either trivial, or feeble, or sterile.

Here also, however, we ought to distinguish between what is suitable in an edition meant either to popularise an author or to interpret him, and an edition intended to bring

¹ In a letter to the editor.

together all that is worthy of preservation for posterity. There is great truth in what Mr Arnold has lately said of Byron:¹ "I question whether by reading everything which he gives us, we are so likely to acquire an admiring sense, even of his variety and abundance, as by reading what he gives us at his happier moments. Receive him absolutely without omission and compromise, follow his whole outpouring, stanza by stanza, and line by line, from the very commencement to the very end, and he is capable of being tiresome." This is quite true; nevertheless, English literature demands a complete edition of all the works of Byron: and it may be safely predicted that, for weightier reasons and with greater urgency, it will continue to call for the collected works of Wordsworth.

A *seventh* feature of this edition is that a Bibliography of the Works, and of the successive editions through which they passed from 1793 to 1850, will be added, together with a bibliography of criticism, or critical estimates of Wordsworth. The first part of this bibliography may be given now; any editorial notes which seem necessary, being placed within brackets. It will be observed, however, that the Prose Works are not included in this Bibliography, with the exception of the Prefaces and Appendices to the Poems, and the description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England.

I.

AN EVENING WALK. *An Epistle*; in verse. Addressed to a Young Lady, from the Lakes of the North of England. By W. Wordsworth, B.A., of St John's, Cambridge. *London*: printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1793. 4to.

II.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. In verse. Taken during a pedestrian tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps. By W. Wordsworth, B.A., of St John's, Cambridge.

¹ The poetry of Byron, chosen and arranged by Matthew Arnold. *London*: Macmillan & Co.

Loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia.—*Lucret.*

Castella in tumulis—

Et longe saltus lateque vacantes.—*Virgil.*

London: printed for J. Johnson, St Paul's Church-yard, 1793. 4to.

III.

LYRICAL BALLADS, with a few other Poems. Joseph Cottle, Bristol 1798. Also, *London*: printed for J. & A. Arch, Gracechurch Street, 1798. 12mo.

[500 copies of the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads* were printed by Joseph Cottle, Bristol; who wrote thus of the book, "the sale was so slow, and the severity of most of the reviews so great that its progress to oblivion seemed to be certain. I parted with the largest proportion of the 500 at a loss to Mr Arch a London Bookseller." Hence Mr Arch's name appears on the title-page of "the larger proportion" of the copies.

Four of the poems in this first edition of *Lyrical Ballads* were by Coleridge, viz., "The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere," "The Foster-Mother's Tale," "The Nightingale, a conversational Poem," and "The Dungeon." Another of the poems which Wordsworth never republished, is entitled "The Convict." As already stated (p. xxxvii.), the reproduction of that fragment is neither necessary nor expedient.

A part of the poem afterwards named "Guilt and Sorrow" appears in this edition, under the title "The Female Vagrant." The lines called in future editions "Her Eyes are Wild," are entitled "The Mad Mother." "Animal Tranquillity and Decay" is called "Old Man Travelling," and the Poem "To my Sister" appears under the title "Lines written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy to the person to whom they are addressed."]

IV.

LYRICAL BALLADS, with other poems. In two volumes. By W. Wordsworth. Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum! Second edition. *London*, printed for T. N. Longman & O. Rees, Paternoster-Row, by Biggs & Co. Bristol, 1800. 12mo.

[The first volume of this edition is, in the main, a reprint of the edition of 1798; although the order is different, and the titles of some of the poems are changed. Another fragment by Coleridge, entitled "Love," is introduced; and, in a "Preface," Wordsworth explains the principal object which he proposed to himself in these Poems. This preface, which contains the germ of his poetical theory, was reproduced in an extended form in the subsequent editions of *Lyrical Ballads*, and in all the collective editions of his works. The poems in the second volume were published in 1800 for the first time. On that account only the first of these two volumes of 1800 appears as "second edition;" and, for the same reason, the former of the two volumes published in 1802, appears as "third edition," while the latter is printed as second edition.

This may explain the otherwise inaccurate date assigned in Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica* where the book is entered thus, "Lyrical Ballads and other Poems. London. Vol. I. 1798, Vol. II. 1802.]"

V.

LYRICAL BALLADS, with Pastoral and other POEMS, in two volumes. By W. Wordsworth. *Quam nihil ad genium, Papinianè, tuum!* Third edition. London: printed for T. N. Longman & O. Rees, Paternoster-Row, by Biggs & Cottle, Crane-Court, Fleet-Street. 1802. 12mo.

[This edition is almost a reproduction of that of 1802. The "Dungeon" by Coleridge, and Wordsworth's Poem "A Character," are however omitted. The 40 pages of critical Preface are expanded by additional matter to 64 pages.

The two volumes of *Lyrical Ballads* were published in this year at Philadelphia, in one volume, 12mo.]

VI.

LYRICAL BALLADS, with Pastoral and other Poems. In two volumes. By W. Wordsworth. *Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!* Fourth edition. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, by R. Taylor & Co. 38 Shoe-Lane. 1805. 12mo.

[This edition is a reprint of the edition of 1802, the poems and their order being identical.]

VII.

POEMS, in two volumes, by William Wordsworth, author of *The Lyrical Ballads*.

Posterior graviore sono tibi Musa loquetur

Nostra; dabunt cum securos mihi tempora fructus.

London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Paternoster-Row. 1807. 12mo.

VIII.

THE EXCURSION, being a portion of the Recluse, a Poem. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1814. 4to.

IX.

POEMS by William Wordsworth: including *Lyrical Ballads*, and the miscellaneous pieces of the author. With additional poems, a new preface, and a supplementary essay. In two volumes. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1815. 8vo.

[All the *Lyrical Ballads*, of editions 1800, 1802, and 1805, are reproduced in this edition, with the exception of one, entitled "A Character," which however reappeared in the six volume edition of 1836.

All the poems of 1807 are also reproduced, with the exception of

one beginning "Among all lovely things my love had been" (which was never republished), and another beginning "The sun has long been set," which afterwards found a place among the "Evening Voluntaries," in the volume "Yarrow revisited, &c.," of 1835, and in subsequent editions.

In this edition, the Poems are for the first time arranged on a distinctive principle, and under the following heads, viz., "Poems referring to the period of childhood," "Juvenile Pieces," "Poems founded on the Affections," "Poems of the Fancy," "Poems of the Imagination," "Poems proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection," "Miscellaneous Sonnets," "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty," "Poems on the Naming of Places," "Inscriptions," "Poems referring to the period of Old Age," "Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems."

The principle of this arrangement is explained in a preface to the first volume, in which the distinction between "Poems of the Imagination" and "Poems of the Fancy" is specially dealt with. At the close of the first volume,—in an "Essay, supplementary to the Preface,"—the author's theory of Poetry is farther developed, in a "retrospect of the poetical literature of the country for the last two centuries." The "preface" to Lyrical Ballads of 1802 and 1805 is inserted verbatim at the close of the second volume, and a short appendix added on "Poetic Diction." The edition is dedicated to Sir George Beaumont, Bart.]

X.

THE WHITE DOE of Rylstone; or *The Fate of the Nortons*. A Poem. By William Wordsworth. London; printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row, by James Ballantyne & Co., Edinburgh. 1815. 4to.

XI.

THANKSGIVING ODE, January 18, 1816. With other short pieces, chiefly referring to Recent Public Events. By William Wordsworth. *London: Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars; for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row.* 1816. 8vo.

XII.

PETER BELL, a tale in verse, by William Wordsworth. *London: Printed by Strahan & Spottiswoode, Printers-Street; for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row.* 1819. 8vo.

XIII.

THE WAGGONER, a Poem to which are added, Sonnets. By William Wordsworth.

"What's in a NAME?"

"Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar?"

London: Printed by Strahan & Spottiswoode, Printers-Street; for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1819. 8vo.

XIV.

POEMS by William Wordsworth; including *The River Duddon*; *Vaudracour and Julia*; *Peter Bell*; *The Waggoner*; *A Thanksgiving Ode*; and *Miscellaneous Pieces*. Vol. III. *London*: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1820. 8vo.

Advertisement. This publication, together with "*The Thanksgiving Ode*," Jan. 18. 1816, "*The Tale of Peter Bell*," and "*The Waggoner*," completes the third and last volume of the Author's *Miscellaneous Poems*. [A subsidiary title follows the table of contents, thus]:—

THE RIVER DUDDON, a series of Sonnets; *Vaudracour & Julia*: and *other Poems*. To which is annexed, a topographical description of the Country of the Lakes, *in the North of England*. By William Wordsworth. *London*: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1820. 8vo.

[The topographical description of the Lake District had been previously published as an introduction to the Reverend Joseph Wilkinson's "*Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*." *London* 1810, 12 nos. in 1 vol. fol.]

XV.

THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, in four volumes. *London*; printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1820.

Advertisement. With the exception of a few small pieces, and the "*Excursion*," the present edition contains the whole of the published Poems of the Author; namely, the *Evening Walk*, *Descriptive Sketches*, 1793, *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, and 1790,* *Poems in two Volumes*, 1807; *Additional Pieces*, and the *White Doe of Rylstone*, 1815; *Thanksgiving Ode*, &c., 1816; *The Tale of Peter Bell*, and the *Waggoner*, 1819, and the *River Duddon*, &c., 1820. A few Sonnets are now first published. *London*, July 8, 1820.

[This edition contains, in volume I., the dedication of 1815 to Sir George Beaumont, and the Preface to that edition in full. At the end of volume III., the "*Essay; Supplement to the Preface*," is printed in full, with the exception of the opening paragraph; and volume IV. closes with the "*Preface*" to the third edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (1802), and the appendix on "*Poetic Diction*." This edition was republished at *Boston*, in 1824. 12mo.]

XVI.

THE EXCURSION, being a portion of the *Recluse*, a poem. By William Wordsworth. *Second Edition*. *London*: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1820. 8vo.

* Evidently a misprint for 1800.

XVII.

A DESCRIPTION of the SCENERY OF THE LAKES in *the North of England*. Third edition, (now first published separately) with additions, and illustrative remarks upon the scenery of the Alps. By William Wordsworth. *London*, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1822. Fcap. 8vo.

[Fourth edition, in 1823; and fifth edition (published at Kendal) in 1835; also in 1842 and 1849. 12mo. *London*.]

XVIII.

MEMORIALS of a TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820. By William Wordsworth. *London*: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1822. 8vo.

XIX.

ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES by William Wordsworth. *London*: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1822. 8vo.
[These Sonnets were composed between Dec. 1820, and Jan. 1822.]

XX.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In five volumes. *London*; printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Evans, Paternoster-Row. 1827. Fcap. 8vo.

Advertisement. In these Volumes will be found the whole of the Author's published Poems, for the first time collected in a uniform Edition, with several new Pieces interspersed.

[The dedication to Sir G. Beaumont and the preface of 1815, are given in the first volume; the "Essay, Supplementary to the Preface," closes the second, and the "Preface" to *Lyrical Ballads* (1802) is given at the end of the fourth volume. This edition was republished at Paris in 1828.]

XXI.

THE POETICAL WORKS of William Wordsworth. A new edition. In four volumes. *London*; printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Evans, & Longman, Paternoster-Row. 1832. Fcap. 8vo.

Advertisement. The Contents of the last Edition in five volumes are compressed into the present of four; with some additional Pieces reprinted from miscellaneous Publications.

[The dedication and preface of 1815 are introduced at the beginning of the first volume, and the "Essay Supplementary" concludes it. The "Preface" to *Lyrical Ballads* is placed at the end of the third volume.]

XXII.

YARROW REVISITED, and other Poems. By William Wordsworth.

—"Poets . . . dwell on earth

To clothe whate'er the soul admires and loves

With language and with numbers."—AKENSIDE.

London ; printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman, Paternoster-Row ; and Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1835. Fcap. 8vo.

XXIII.

YARROW REVISITED, and other Poems, by William Wordsworth. Second edition. London : printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Evans, and Longman, Paternoster Row ; and Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1836. Fcap. 8vo.

XXIV.

THE POETICAL WORKS of William Wordsworth. A new edition, in six volumes. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1836-7. Fcap. 8vo.

Advertisement, to Volume I. An alphabetical list of the Miscellaneous Poems (the Sonnets only excepted) will be given at the close of the fifth volume. As this edition is stereotyped, the author has thought it proper carefully to revise the whole. Two short pieces only* are added, which will be found amongst the Elegiac Poems.

Note to Volume I. The whole of the Poems lately published, entitled "Yarrow revisited," will be found interspersed in the several classes of this edition.

[The first two volumes of this edition are dated 1836 ; the last four 1837. In March 1837, Wordsworth left England for the Continent. A "postscript," dated 1835 and appended to volume V., deals with the Poor Law of England, the Principle of Co-operation amongst Workmen, and Church Establishments. The edition was republished in 1840.]

XXV.

THE EXCURSION ; a poem, by William Wordsworth. A new edition. London : Edward Moxon, Dover St. MDCCCXXXVI. Fcap. 8vo.

[Reprinted, in 1844 and 1847.]

XXVI.

THE SONNETS of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Collected in one volume, with a few additional ones, now first published. London : Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1838. Fcap. 8vo.

* This is incorrect. Eight pieces are new.

Advertisement. Some of my Friends having expressed a wish to see all the Sonnets that are scattered through several volumes of my Poems, brought under the eye at once; this is done in the present Publication, with a hope that a collection made to please a few, may not be unacceptable to many others. Twelve new ones are added which were composed while the sheets were going through the press. . . . Rydal Mount, May 21st 1838.

XXVII.

POEMS, chiefly of early and late years. Including *The Borderers*, A Tragedy. By William Wordsworth. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1842. Fcap. 8vo.

[This volume includes the poems "Guilt and Sorrow," "Memorials of a Tour in Italy" in 1837, the "Sonnets on the Punishment of Death," a number of "Miscellaneous Sonnets," and the tragedy of "the Borderers."]

XXVIII.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. A new edition, in six volumes. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1843. Fcap. 8vo.

[This is, in the main, a reprint of the edition of 1836. It seems to have been printed from the same plates, which had been stereotyped; but there are several changes introduced, and typographical errors corrected. A seventh volume was added, containing the "Poems chiefly of early and late years" published in 1842. It is printed from the same plates as the edition of 1842; and, although it stands as vol. VII. in the edition of 1843, it is dated 1842. The "Dedication" and "Preface" of 1815 are printed in volume I. The "Preface" to Lyrical Ballads, at the end of volume II., and the "Essay Supplementary" with "appendix," at the close of volume III. The edition was republished in 1846.]

XXIX.

ODE, performed in the Senate-House, Cambridge, on the sixth of July, M.DCCC.XLVII. At the first commencement after the Installation of his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University. Cambridge: printed at the University Press. 1847. 4to.

XXX.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1845. 1 vol. royal 8vo.

[This is the double-column edition, the arrangement of which was suggested to Wordsworth by Professor Reed's American edition of 1836. It was republished in 1847. In this edition, the arrangement of the Poems is slightly altered; those grouped under the head of "Poems of the Imagination" being more numerous—(this was a suggestion of Pro-

fessor Reed's). It also contains "about three hundred verses not found in any previous edition" (W. W. to H. Reed). Republished in 1846, 1847, 1849, 1851, &c.; the editions issued after 1851 include "The Prelude;" and that of 1869 contains "nine additional poems" of date 1846.]

XXXI.

THE EXCURSION. A poem. By William Wordsworth. A new edition. London: Edward Moxon, 44 Dover Street. 1847. Fcap. 8vo.

XXXII.

THE POETICAL WORKS of William Wordsworth, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate, &c., &c., in six volumes, a new edition. London, Edward Moxon, Dover St. 1849-50. 12mo.

[The first two volumes are dated 1849, the last four are dated 1850. This 12mo pocket edition follows the arrangement of the 1845 single volume 8vo, except in the order of the "Poems of the Imagination;" the "Yarrow Poems," &c., preceding "The White Doe," instead of succeeding it, as in the edition 1845. "The Excursion," forming volume VI. of this edition, was printed separately in 1851, 1853, and 1857.]

XXXIII.

THE PRELUDE, or Growth of a Poet's Mind; an autobiographical Poem; by William Wordsworth. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1850. 8vo.

An *eighth* feature of the edition will be a new Life of the poet, and a critical Essay on his genius, which will conclude the last volume. A large amount of the material usually introduced into the life of a literary man will, in this edition, find a more appropriate place in the Notes illustrative of the poems. In the "Memoirs" of Wordsworth—written by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln—the Fenwick notes, with the extracts from Miss Wordsworth's Diaries (as well as from letters explanatory of the poems), form the most interesting part of the work. But with these, and similar memoranda, dispersed throughout the present volumes, there will still be sufficient material left for a Biography and critical essay.

The *last* feature of the edition will be the publication of a series of etchings, by C. O. Murray, of localities specially

associated with Wordsworth. The localities are Cocker-mouth, Hawkshead, Alfoxden, Dove Cottage, Grasmere, Lancrigg, Rydal Mount, and Blea Tarn. These etchings will be from drawings by John M'Whirter, A.R.A., and will form the frontispieces to the successive volumes. A portrait of Wordsworth will be published in the last volume.

NOTE,

EXPLANATORY OF THE VARIOUS READINGS PRINTED IN THIS EDITION.

The text adopted is, for the reasons stated in the foregoing preface, that which was finally sanctioned by Wordsworth himself, in the last edition which he revised. But, as *every* variation from this final text—occurring in the earlier editions—is given in footnotes, it may be desirable to explain the way in which these are arranged. It will be seen that whenever the text has been changed a date is given in the footnote, *before* the other readings are added. This date, which accompanies the reference number of the footnote, indicates the year in which the reading finally retained was first adopted by Wordsworth. The earlier readings then follow, in chronological order, with the year to which they belong invariably noted; and it is in every case to be assumed that the last of the changes indicated was continued in all subsequent editions of the works. It will thus be seen that no direct information is given as to how long a particular reading was retained, or through how many editions it ran. It is to be assumed, however, that it was retained in all the intermediate editions till the next change of text is stated. It would encumber the notes with too many figures if, in every instance in which a change had been made, the corresponding state of the text in all the other editions was indicated. But if no new reading follows the text quoted, as belonging

to a particular year, it is to be taken for granted that the reading in question was continued in all subsequent editions, till the text was finally adjusted in 1849-50.

Two illustrations will make this clear. The first is a case in which the text was only altered once, the second an instance in which it was altered six times. In the *Evening Walk* the following lines occur—

The dog loud barking 'mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted flocks.

And the footnote is as follows—

1836.

That barking busy 'mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts, where he points, the intercepted flocks. 1793.

In the light of what has been said above, and by reference to the preceding bibliography, it will be seen from these two dates that the original text of 1793—given in the footnote—was continued in editions 1820, 1827, and 1832 (it was omitted in the “extract” of 1815); that it was changed in the year 1836; and that this reading was retained in editions 1843, 1845, and 1849.

Again, in *Simon Lee*, the lines occur—

But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer ?

And the following are the footnotes—

1845.

But what avails the land to them
Which they can till no longer. 1793.

“But what,” saith he, “avails the land,
Which I can till no longer.” 1827.

But what avails it now, the land,
Which he can till no longer. 1832.

'Tis his, but what avails the land,
Which he can till no longer. 1836.

The time, alas ! is come, when he
Can till the land no longer. 1843.

The time is also come when he
Can till the land no longer. c.

From this it will be seen that the text adopted in the Lyrical Ballads of 1798 was retained in editions 1800, 1801, 1805, 1815, and 1820; that it was altered in each of the editions of 1827, 1832, 1836, 1843, in the MS. reading in Lord Coleridge's copy of the works, and in the edition of 1845; and that the version of 1845 was retained in the edition of 1849-50.

Further, when a verse, or stanza, or line, occurring in one or other of the earlier editions, was omitted from that of 1849, the footnote simply contains the extract along with the date of the year or years in which it occurs; and in such cases the date does not follow the reference number of the footnote, but is placed for obvious reasons at the end of the extract.

It may be added that slight changes of spelling which occur in the successive editions, and such alterations as *ye* for *you*, are not mentioned. When the change is one of transposition, however, although the text remains unaltered, —as is largely the case in *Simon Lee*, for example—the change is always indicated.

It will be further observed that, at the beginning of every poem, two dates are given; the first, on the left-hand side, being the date of composition; and the second, on the right-hand side, being the date of the first publication of the poem.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

ST ANDREWS, *January*, 1882.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS.

1785 to 1797.

COMPOSED.	FIRST PUBLISHED.
1785. School Exercise at Hawkshead,	1850
1786. Extract from a Poem on Leaving School,	1815
1786 (probably). Sonnet, "Written in very early youth," "Calm is all nature as a resting wheel."	1807
1787-9. An Evening Walk. An Epistle; in verse, addressed to a young lady, from the lakes of the North of England,	1793
1789. Lines, written while sailing in a Boat at evening,	1798
1789. Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames, near Richmond,	1798
1791-2. Descriptive Sketches in verse, taken during a pedestrian tour among the Alps,	1793
1793-4. Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents upon Salis- bury Plain, One-third of this poem was published under the title of "The Female Vagrant," in	1842 1798
1795. Lines, left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect,	1798
1795-6. The Borderers: A Tragedy,	1842
1795. The Birth of Love, translated from some French stanzas by Francis Wrangham,	1795
1797. The Reverie of Poor Susan,	1800

1798.

1798. A Night Piece,	1815
1798. We are Seven,	1798
1798. Anecdote for Fathers,	1798
1798. The Thorn,	1798
1798. Goody Blake and Harry Gill,	1798
1798. The Mad Mother; or, "Her eyes are wild,"	1798

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1798.	Simon Lee,	1798
1798.	Lines written in Early Spring,	1798
1798.	To my Sister, or "Lines, &c.,"	1798
1798.	The Whirlblast,	1800
1798.	Expostulation and Reply,	1798
1798.	The Tables turned, an evening scene on the same subject,	1798
1798.	The Complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman,	1798
1798.	The Last of the Flock,	1798
1798.	The Idiot Boy,	1798
1798.	Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey,	1798
1798.	The Old Cumberland Beggar,	1800
1798.	Animal Tranquillity and Decay; or, "Old Man travelling,"	1798
1798.	Peter Bell,	1819

1799.

1799.	The Simplon Pass,	1845
1799.	Influence of Natural Objects, In "The Friend,"	1809
1799.	There was a Boy,	1800
1799.	Nutting,	1800
1799.	Strange fits of passion have I known,	1800
1799.	She dwelt among the untrodden ways,	1800
1799.	I travelled among unknown men,	1807
1799.	Three years she grew in sun and shower,	1800
1799.	A slumber did my spirit seal,	1800
1799.	A Poet's Epitaph,	1800
1799.	Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ————	
1799.	Matthew; or, Lines written on a tablet in a school,	1800
1799.	The two April Mornings,	1800
1799.	The Fountain,	1800
1799.	To a Sexton,	1800
1799.	The Danish Boy: A "Fragment,"	1800
1799.	Lucy Gray,	1800
1799.	Ruth,	1800
1799.	Lines written in Germany,	1800

1800.

1800.	On Nature's invitation do I come,	1850
1800.	Bleak Season was it, turbulent and wild,	1850
1800.	The Brothers,	1800
1800.	Michael,	1800
1800.	The Idle Shepherd Boys,	1800

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1800.	The Pet Lamb : a pastoral,	1800
	Poems on the Naming of Places,	
1800.	It was an April Morning,	1800
1800.	To Joanna,	1800
1800.	There is an Eminence,	1800
1800.	A narrow girdle of rough stones and crag,	1800
1800.	To M. H.	1800
1800.	The Waterfall and the Eglantine,	1800
1800.	The Oak and the Broom,	1800
1800.	Hart Leap Well,	1800
1800.	'Tis said that some have died for love,	1800
1800.	The Childless Father,	1800
1800.	Song for the wandering Jew,	1800
1800.	Rural Architecture,	1800
1800.	Ellen Irwin ; or, The Braes of Kirtle,	1800
1800.	Andrew Jones,	1800
1800.	The two Thieves,	1800
1800.	A Character,	1800
1800.	Inscription for the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St Herbert's Island, Derwentwater,	1800
1800.	Inscription for the House (an Out-house) on the Island at Grasmere,	1800
1800.	Lines, written with a slate-pencil upon a Stone, the largest of a heap lying near a deserted quarry, upon one of the islands at Rydal,	1800

1801.

1801.	The Sparrow's nest,	1807
1801.	Sonnet, To Skiddaw, "Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side,"	1815

1802.

[Miss Wordsworth's Journal enables us to fix the dates of the composition of the poems of 1802 more accurately than those of any other year, and also to correct several of the dates given by the poet himself to Miss Fenwick in 1845.]

1802, March.	The Sailor's Mother, or "The Singing Bird,"	1807
1802, March.	Alice Fell,	1807
1802, March.	Beggars,	1807
1802, March.	To a Butterfly (first poem), "Stay near me," &c.,	1807
1802, March.	The Emigrant Mother, or "Once in a lonely hamlet,"	1807
1802, March.	The Rainbow, or "My heart leaps up,"	1807

COMPOSED.	FIRST PUBLISHED.
1802, April 12. The Glowworm, or "Among all lovely things my love had been,"	1807
1802, April 16. Brothers Water, "The cock is crowing," &c.,	1807
1802, April 16. To a Butterfly (second poem), "I've watched you," &c.,	1807
1802, April 28. Foresight,	1807
1802, April 30. To the small Celandine (first poem), "Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,"	1807
1802, May 1. To the same flower (second poem), "Pleasures newly found are sweet,"	1807
1802, May 7. The Leech-gatherer, or "Resolution and Inde- pendence,"	1807
1802, May 21. Sonnet, "I grieved for Buonaparte,"	1807
1802, May 29. A Farewell,	1815
1802, June 8. "The sun has long been set,"	1807
1802, June 17. Some additions to the "Ode on Immortality,"	1807
1802, July 30. Sonnet on Westminster Bridge, "Earth hath not anything to show more fair,"	1807
1802, August. Sonnet, composed by the seaside, near Calais, "Fair star of evening, splendour of the west,"	1807
1802, August. Sonnet, Calais, "Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind?"	1807
1802, August 7. Sonnet, To a friend, composed near Calais, on the road leading to Ardres, "Jones! as from Calais southward you and I,"	1807
1802, Aug. 15. Sonnet, Calais, "Festivals have I seen that were not names,"	1807
1802, August. Sonnet, composed on the beach near Calais, "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,"	1807
1802, August. Sonnet, On the extinction of the Venetian Re- public, "Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,"	1807
1802, August. Sonnet, The King of Sweden, "The voice of song from distant lands shall call,"	1807
1802, August. Sonnet, To Toussaint L'Ouverture, "Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!"	1807
1802, Sept. 1. Sonnet, "We had a female Passenger who came,"	1807
1802, Sept. 1. Sonnet, composed in the valley, near Dover, on the day of landing, "Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more,"	1807
1802, Sept. Sonnet, "Inland, within a hollow Vale, I stood,"	1807
1802, Sept. Sonnet, written in London, "O friend! I know not which way I must look,"	1807
1802, Sept. Sonnet, London, "Milton! thou should'st be liv- ing at this hour,"	1807

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS.

iv

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1802, Sept.	Sonnet, "Great men have been among us ; hands that penned,"	1807
1802, Sept.	Sonnet, "It is not to be thought of that the flood,"	1807
1802, Sept.	Sonnet, "When I have borne in memory what has tamed,"	1807
1802, October 4.	Sonnet, composed after a journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire, "Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell,"	1807
1802.	Stanzas, written in my pocket copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence,	1815
1802.	To H. C., six years old,	1807
1802.	To the Daisy (first poem), "In youth from rock to rock I went,"	1807
1802.	To the Daisy (second poem), "With little here to do or see,"	1807
1802.	To the same flower (third poem), "Bright flower, whose home is everywhere,"	1807

1803.

1803.	The Green Linnet,	1807
1803.	Yew trees,	1815
1803.	"Who fancied what a pretty sight,"	1807
1803.	Hesperus, or "It is no spirit who from heaven hath flown,"	1807
	Memorials of a tour in Scotland, 1803—	
1803.	Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, Aug. 1803,	1827
1803.	At the grave of Burns, 1803, seven years after his death,	1845
1803.	Thoughts suggested the day following, on the banks of the Nith, near the poet's residence,	1845
1803, Aug. 14.	To the sons of Burns, after visiting the grave of their Father,	1807
1803.	To a Highland Girl,	1807
1803.	Glen Almain, or the Narrow Glen,	1807
1803.	Stepping Westward,	1807
1803.	The Solitary Reaper,	1807
1803.	Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe,	1827
1803.	Rob Roy's Grave,	1807
1803.	Sonnet, composed at ——— Castle, "Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord !"	1807
1803.	Yarrow unvisited,	1807
1803.	The Matron of Jedburgh and her Husband,	1807
1803.	"Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale,"	1815

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED
1803 (?).	The Blind Highland Boy,	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, "One might believe that natural miseries,"	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, "There is a bondage which is worse to bear,"	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, "These times touch monied worldlings with dismay,"	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, "England! the time is come when thou should'st wean,"	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, "When, looking on the present face of things,"	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, "Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,"	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, "In the Pass of Killiecranky, Six thousand Veterans practised in War's game,"	1807
1803, October.	Sonnet, Anticipation—"Shout, for a mighty victory is won,"	1807
1803.	Lines on the expected Invasion,	1845
1803.	The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale,	1815

1804.

1804.	To the Cookoo,	1807
1804.	"She was a phantom of delight,"	1807
1804.	The Daffodils, "I wandered lonely as a cloud,"	1807
1804.	The Affliction of Margaret,	1807
1804.	The Forsaken,	1845
1804.	Repentance, A pastoral Ballad,	1820
1804.	The Seven Sisters, or the solitude of Binnorie,	1807
1804, Sept. 16.	Address to my infant daughter Dora,	1807
1804.	The Kitten and the falling Leaves,	1807
1804.	To the spade of a Friend,	1807
1804.	The small Celandine (third poem), "There is a flower, the lesser Celandine,"	1807
1804.	At Applethwaite, near Keswick, "Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear,"	1845

1805.

1805.	Ode to Duty,	1807
1805.	To a Skylark,	1807
1805.	Fidelity,	1807
1805.	Incident characteristic of a favourite Dog,	1807
1805.	Tribute to the memory of the same Dog,	1807
1805.	To the Daisy (fourth poem), "Sweet flower! belike one day to have."	
1805.	Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm,	1807

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS.

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COMPOSED.	FIRST PUBLISHED.
1805.	Elegiac Verses, in memory of my brother, John Wordsworth, "The sheep-boy whistled loud," 1845
1805.	"When to the attractions of the busy world," 1815
1805.	Louisa, after accompanying her on a mountain Excursion, 1807
1805.	To a young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country, "Dear child of Nature, let them rail," 1807
1805.	Vandracour and Julia, 1820
1805.	The Cottager to her infant, by D. W., 1815
1805.	The Waggoner, 1819
1805.	French Revolution, . (in "The Friend," 1810), 1815
1799-1805.	The Prelude, 1850

1806.

1806.	Character of the Happy Warrior, 1807
1806.	The Horn of Egremont Castle, 1807
1806.	A Complaint, 1807
1806.	The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly, 1807
1806.	Stray Pleasures; or, "By their floating Mill," . 1807
1806.	The Nightingale, 1807
1806.	The Power of Music, 1807
1806.	Stargazers, 1807
1806.	Echoes, "Yes! it was the mountain echo," . 1807
1806, November.	Sonnet, "Another year! another deadly blow," 1807
1806.	Lines, composed at Grasmere, during a walk one evening, after a stormy day, the author having just read in a newspaper that the dissolution of Mr Fox was hourly expected; "Loud is the Vale," 1807
1806.	Address to a Child, by D. W., 1815
1803-1806.	Intimations of Immortality from recollections of Childhood, 1807

1807.

1807.	Song, at the feast of Brougham Castle, 1807
1807.	Gipsies, 1807
1807, February.	Sonnet, "High deeds, O Germans! are to come," 1807
1807, March.	Sonnet, To Thomas Clarkson, "Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb," 1807
1807.	Sonnet, composed by the side of Grasmere Lake, "Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars." 1820
1807.	Sonnet, "Two voices are there; one is of the sea," 1807
1807.	Sonnet, To Lady Beaumont, "Lady, the songs of spring were in the grove" 1807

COMPOSED.	FIRST PUBLISHED.
1807. The Mother's Return, by D. W.,	1815
1807. The White Doe of Rylstone,	1815

The following poems, chiefly Sonnets, were first published in 1807, but the precise date of composition is undiscoverable :—

1807.

1807.	Personal Talk,	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "Well mayst thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "Though narrow be that old man's cares, and near,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "Nuns fret not at their Convent's nar- row room,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "How sweet it is when mother Fancy rocks,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "Where lies the land to which you ship must go,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "Those words were uttered in a pensive mood,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "O gentle Sleep, do they belong to thee?"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "With ships the Sea was sprinkled far and nigh,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, To the River Duddon, "O mountain stream! the shepherd and his cot,"	1807
	From the Italian of Michael Angelo—	
1807.	"Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,"	1807
1807.	"No mortal object did these eyes behold,"	1087
1807.	"The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "'Beloved vale,' I said, 'when shall I con,'"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, "The world is too much with us; late and soon,"	1807
1807.	Sonnet, To the Memory of Raisley Calvert, "Calvert! it must not be unheard by them,"	1807

COMPOSED.

FIRST PUBLISHED.

The two following Sonnets "On a celebrated event in ancient History," probably composed in 1807, were first published in 1815 :—

1807.	Sonnet, "A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground,"	1815
1807.	Sonnet, "When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn,"	1815

1808.

1808.	Sonnet, composed while the author was engaged in writing a tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra, "Not 'mid the world's vain objects that enslave,"	1815
1808.	Sonnet, composed at the same time and on the same occasion, "I dropped my pen; and listened to the wind,"	1815
1808.	The Force of Prayer; or, the founding of Bolton Priory,	1815
1808.	In the Grounds of Coleorton, the seat of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., Leicestershire,	1815
1808.	In a Garden of the same, "Oft is the medal faithful to its trust,"	1815
1808.	Written at the request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and in his name, for an Urn, placed by him at the termination of a newly planted avenue in the same grounds,	1815
1808.	For a Seat in the groves of Coleorton, "Beneath yon eastern ridge,"	1815

1809.

1809.	Sonnet, Hoffer, "Of mortal parents is the hero born,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, Feelings of the Tyrolese, "The land we from our fathers had in trust,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "Alas! what boots the long, laborious quest,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "And is it among rude, untutored Dales,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, On the final submission of the Tyrolese, "It was a moral end for which they fought."	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "Hail Zaragoza! if with unwet eye,"	1815

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1809.	Sonnet, "Say what is Honour? 'Tis the finest sense,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "The martial courage of a day is vain,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "Call not the royal Swede unfortunate,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid,"	1815
1809.	Sonnet, "Is there a Power that can sustain and cheer?"	1815
1810.		
1810.	Sonnet, "Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen,"	1815
1810.	Sonnet, "In due observance of an ancient rite,"	1815
1810.	Sonnet, Feelings of a noble Biscayan at one of these Funerals, "Yet, yet Biscayans, we must meet our foes,"	1815
1810.	Sonnet, The Oak of Guernica, "Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power,"	1815
1810.	Sonnet, Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard, "We can endure that He should waste our lands,"	1815
1810.	Sonnet, "Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind,"	1815
1810.	Sonnet, "O'er weening Statesmen have full long relied,"	1815
1810.	Sonnet, The French, and the Spanish Guerillas, "Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast,"	1815
1810.	Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera— "Weep not, belov'd Friends! nor let the air," 1837 "Perhaps some needful service of the State," in "the Friend," Feb. 22, 1810 "O Thou who movest onward with a mind," 1810 "There never breathed a man who, when his life," 1815 "True is it that Ambrosio Salinero," 1837 "Destined to war from very infancy," 1815 "O flower of all that springs from gentle blood," 1837 "Not without heavy grief of heart did He," 1815 "Pause, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates," 1815	
1810.	Maternal Grief,	1842
1811.		
1811.	Characteristics of a Child three years old,	1815
1811.	Sonnet, Spanish Guerillas, "They seek, are sought; to daily battle led,"	1815

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS.

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COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1811.	Sonnet, "The power of Armies is a visible thing,"	1815
	Conclusion, "Here pause; the Poet claims at least this praise,"	1815
1811.	Sonnet, Upon the sight of a beautiful Picture, "Prised be the Art whose subtle power could stay,"	1815
1811.	Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart., from the South-West Coast of Cumberland,	1842
1841.	Upon perusing the foregoing epistle thirty years after its composition,	1842
1812.		
1812.	Song for the spinning wheel,	1820
1812.	Sonnet, composed on the eve of a marriage of a friend in the Vale of Grasmere, 1812, "What need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,"	1815
1812.	Water-Fowl,	1827
1813.		
1813.	View from the top of Black Comb,	1815
1813.	Written with a slate pencil on a Stone, on the side of the mountain of Black Comb,	1815
1813, November.	Sonnet, "Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,"	1815
1814.		
1809-14.	The Excursion,	1814
1814.	Laodamia,	1827
	Memorials of a Tour in Scotland—	
1814.	The Brownie's cell,	1820
1814.	Composed at Cora Linn,	1820
1814.	Effusion in the pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran near Dunkeld,	1827
1814.	Yarrow visited, September 1814,	1820
1814, Nov. 13.	Lines written on a blank leaf in a copy of the Author's poem, "The Excursion," upon hearing of the death of the late Vicar of Kendal,	1815
1814.	Sonnet, "From the dark chambers of dejection freed,"	1815
1815.		
1815, April 15.	Dedication to "the White Doe of Rylstone, in trellised shed, &c.,"	1815
1815.	Artegal and Elidure,	1820

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1815.	Ode, "Imagination—ne'er before content,"	1845
1815, Sept.	Sonnet, "While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,"	1816
1815, Nov. 1.	Sonnet, "How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright,"	1816

[The following sonnets were originally published in the edition of 1815. It is impossible to determine the precise year of composition, but they fall within the years 1810-1815.]

	"The fairest, brightest hues of ether fade,"	1815
	"Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind,"	1815
	"Hail, twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!"	1815
	"The shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,"	1815
	"Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress,"	1815
	"Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose,"	1815
1811 (?)	To the Poet Dyer, "Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made,"	1815
	"Brook! whose society the Poet seeks,"	1815
	"Surprised by joy,—impatience as the wind,"	1815

1816.

1816, Jan.	Ode, composed in January 1816, "When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch,"	1816
1816, Jan. 18.	Ode, The morning of the day appointed for a general thanksgiving, January 18, 1816,	1816
1816, Feb.	Invocation to the Earth,	1816
1816, Feb.	The French Army in Russia,	1816
1816, Feb.	Sonnet, on the same occasion, "Ye storms, re- sound the praises of your king,"	1816
	Sonnet, "By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze,"	1832
	Sonnet, The Germans on the Heights of Hoch- heim, "Abruptly paused the strife;—the field throughout,"	1827
1816, Feb.	Sonnet, Siege of Vienna, raised by John Sobieski, "O, for a kindling touch from that pure flame,"	1816
1816, Feb.	Sonnet, Occasioned by the battle of Waterloo, "Intrepid Sons of Albion!—not by you,"	1816
1816, Feb.	Sonnet, Occasioned by the same battle, "The Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,"	1816
1816, Feb.	Sonnet, "Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung,"	1832
1816.	Sonnet, On the disinterment of the remains of the Duke D'Enghien, "Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould,"	1816
1816.	Ode, "Who rises on the banks of Seine,"	1816

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS.

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COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1816.	Translation of part of the first Book of the <i>Ænid</i> ,	1836
1816.	A fact, and an Imagination; or Canute and Alfred on the seashore,	1820
1816.	To Dora,	1820
1816.	Dion,	1827
1816.	To — on her first ascent to the summit of Helvellyn,	1820

1817.

1817.	Vernal Ode,	1820
1817.	The longest Day,	1820
1817.	Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the eve of a New Year,	1827
1817.	Hint from the Mountains for certain Political Pretenders,	1820
1817.	Sequel to the Poem "Beggars,"	1827
1817.	The Pass of Kirkstone,	1820
1817, May.	Ode to Lycoris,	1820
1817.	To the same,	1820

1818.

1818.	The Pilgrim's dream: or, the Star and the Glowworm,	1820
1818.	Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's cell,	1820
	I. "Hopes what are they? Beads of morning."	
	II. "Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be."	
	III. "Hast thou seen, with flash incessant."	
	IV. "Troubled long with warring notions."	
	V. "Not seldom, clad in radiant vest."	
1818.	Composed on an evening of Extraordinary Beauty and Splendour,	1820

1819.

1819, Feb.	Sonnet, composed during a storm, "One who was suffering tumult in his soul,"	1819
1819.	Sonnet, suggested by Mr W. Westall's views of the caves, &c., in Yorkshire, "Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er,"	1819
1819.	Sonnet, Malham Cove, "Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,"	1819
1819.	Sonnet, Gordale, "At early dawn—or rather when the air,"	1819
1819.	Sonnet, Aerial rock—whose solitary brow,	1819

COMPOSED.	FIRST PUBLISHED.
1819.	Sonnet, The Wild Duck's nest, "The imperial consort of the Fairy-king," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, written upon a blank leaf in the 'Complete Angler,' "While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, Captivity,—Mary Queen of Scots, "As the cold aspect of a sunless way," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, To a Snow-drop, "Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, To the river Derwent, "Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, composed in one of the valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Monday, "With each recurrence of this glorious morn," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, "Grief, thou hast lost an ever ready friend," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, "I watch; and long have watched, with calm regret," 1819
1819.	Sonnet, "I heard, (alas! 'twas only in a dream)," 1819
1819.	The Haunted Tree, 1820
1819.	September, 1819, 1820
1819.	Upon the same occasion, 1820

1820.

1820, May.	Sonnet, Oxford, May 30, 1820, "Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming youth," 1820
1820.	Sonnet, Oxford, "Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow," 1820
1820.	Sonnet, June 1820, "Fame tells of groves— from England far away," 1820
1820.	The Pillar of Trojan, 1832
1820.	The River Duddon: a series of Sonnets, 1820
	To the Rev. Dr Wordsworth, with the Sonnets to the River Duddon, and other poems, "The Minstrels played their Christmas tune," 1820
	I. "Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw."
	II. "Child of the clouds! remote from every taint."
	III. "How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone."
	IV. "Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take."
	V. "Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played."

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1820.

- VI. Flowers, "Ere yet our course was
graced with social trees." 1820
- VII. "Change me, some God, into that
breathing rose!"
- VIII. "What aspect bore the Man who roved
or fled."
- IX. The Stepping-Stones, "The struggling
Rill insensibly is grown."
- X. The same subject, "Not so that Pair
whose youthful spirits dance."
- XI. The Faëry Chasm, "No fiction was it
of the antique age."
- XII. Hints for the Fancy, "On, loitering
Muse—the swift stream chides us—
on."
- XIII. Open prospect, "Hail to the fields—
with dwellings sprinkled o'er."
- XIV. "O Mountain Stream! the Shepherd
and his Cot."
- XV. "From this deep chasm, where quiver-
ing sunbeams play."
- XVI. American Tradition, "Such fruitless
questions may not long beguile."
- XVII. Return, "A dark plume fetch me from
yon blasted yew."
- XVIII. Seathwaite Chapel, "Sacred Religion!
'mother of form and fear.'"
- XIX. Tributary Stream, "My frame hath
often trembled with delight."
- XX. The Plain of Donnerdale, "The old
inventive Poets, had they seen."
- XXI. "Whence that low voice? A whisper
from the heart."
- XXII. Tradition, "A love-lorn Maid, at some
far-distant time."
- XXIII. Sheep-washing, "Sad thoughts, avaunt!
partake we their blithe cheer."
- XXIV. The Resting-place, "Mid-noon is past;
—upon the sultry mead."
- XXV. "Methinks 'twere no unprecedented
feat."
- XXVI. "Return, Content! for fondly I pur-
sued."
- XXVII. "Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless
heap."

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1820.	XXVIII. Journey renewed, "I rose, while yet the cattle heat-oppressed."	1820
	XXIX. "No record tells of lance opposed to lance."	
	XXX. "Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce."	
	XXXI. "The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye."	
	XXXII. "Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep."	
	XXXIII. Conclusion, "But here no cannon thunders to the gale."	
	XXXIV. After-thought, "I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide."	
1820.	Sonnet, "The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,"	1820
1820.	Sonnet, On the detraction which followed the publication of a certain poem, "A book came forth of late called Peter Bell,"	1820
1820.	Sonnet, On seeing a tuft of snowdrops in a storm, "When haughty expectations prostrate lie."	1820
1820.	Sonnet, To the Lady Mary Lowther, "Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave,"	1820
1820.	Sonnet, On the death of His Majesty (George the Third), "Ward of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King,"	1820
1820.	Sonnet, composed on the banks of a rocky stream, "Dogmatic Teachers of the snow-white fur!"	1820
1820.	The Prioress's Tale (from Chaucer),	1820
1820.	Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820,	1822
	I. Dedication.	
	II. Fish-women.—On Landing at Calais.	
	III. Brugès.	
	IV. Brugès.	
	V. After visiting the Field of Waterloo.	
	VI. Between Namur and Liege.	
	VII. Aix-la-Chapelle.	
	VIII. In the Cathedral at Cologne.	
	IX. In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine.	
	X. Hymn, for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg.	
	XI. The Source of the Danube.	

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- XII. On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen.
- XIII. The Fall of the Aar—Handec.
- XIV. Memorial, near the Outlet of the Lane of Thun.
- XV. Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons.
- XVI. After-thought.
- XVII. Scene on the Lake of Brientz.
- XVIII. Engelberg, the Hill of Angels.
- XIX. Our Lady of the Snow.
- XX. Effusion, in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell, at Altorf.
- XXI. The Town of Schwytz.
- XXII. On hearing the “Ranz des Vaches” on the Top of the Pass of St Gothard.
- XXIII. Fort Fuentes.
- XXIV. The Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano.
- XXV. The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd.—Part I.
Part II.
- XXVI. The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia—Milan.
- XXVII. The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820.
- XXVIII. The Three Cottage Girls.
- XXIX. The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan, now lying by the wayside in the Simplon Pass.
- XXX. Stanzas, composed in the Simplon Pass.
- XXXI. Echo, upon the Gemmi.
- XXXII. Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny.
- XXXIII. Elegiac Stanzas.
- XXXIV. Sky-prospect — From the Plain of France.
- XXXV. On being Stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne.
- XXXVI. After landing—the Valley of Dover, November 1820.
- XXXVII. At Dover.
- XXXVIII. Desultory Stanzas.
1820. To Enterprise. 1822
1820. Sonnet, “There is a little unpretending Rill,” . . . 1820

1821.

1821. Ecclesiastical Sonnets, in Series, 1822

PART I.—From the Introduction of Christianity into Britain,
to the Consummation of the Papal Dominion.

- I. Introduction.
- II. Conjectures.
- III. Trepidation of the Druids.
- IV. Druidical Excommunication.
- V. Uncertainty.
- VI. Persecution.
- VII. Recovery.
- VIII. Temptations from Roman Refinements.
- IX. Dissensions.
- X. Struggle of the Britons against the
Barbarians.
- XI. Saxon Conquest.
- XII. Monastery of old Bangor.
- XIII. Casual Incitement.
- XIV. Glad Tidings.
- XV. Paulinus.
- XVI. Persuasion.
- XVII. Conversion.
- XVIII. Apology.
- XIX. Primitive Saxon Clergy.
- XX. Other Influences.
- XXI. Seclusion.
- XXII. Continued.
- XXIII. Reproof.
- XXIV. Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and
Shades of the Religion.
- XXV. Missions and Travels.
- XXVI. Alfred.
- XXVII. His Descendants.
- XXVIII. Influence Abused.
- XXIX. Danish Conquests.
- XXX. Canute.
- XXXI. The Norman Conquest.
- XXXII. Coldly we spake. The Saxons, over-
powered.
- XXXIII. The Council of Clermont.
- XXXIV. Crusades.
- XXXV. Richard I.
- XXXVI. An Interdict.
- XXXVII. Papal Abuses.
- XXXVIII. Scene in Venice.
- XXXIX. Papal Dominion.

COMPOSED.

FIRST PUBLISHED.

1821. PART II.—To the Close of the Troubles in the Reign of
Charles I. 1822
- I. How soon—alas! did Man, created pure.
 - II. From false assumption rose, and fondly
hail'd.
 - III. Cistercian Monastery.
 - IV. Deplorable his lot who tills the ground.
 - V. Monks and Schoolmen.
 - VI. Other Benefits.
 - VII. Continued.
 - VIII. Crusaders.
 - IX. As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest.
 - X. Where long and deeply hath been fixed
the root.
 - XI. Transubstantiation.
 - XII. The Vaudois.
 - XIII. Praised be the Rivers, from their
mountain springs.
 - XIV. Waldenses.
 - XV. Archbishop Chichely to Henry V.
 - XVI. Wars of York and Lancaster.
 - XVII. Wicliffe.
 - XVIII. Corruptions of the higher Clergy.
 - XIX. Abuse of Monastic Power.
 - XX. Monastic Voluptuousness.
 - XXI. Dissolution of the Monasteries.
 - XXII. The same Subject.
 - XXIII. Continued.
 - XXIV. Saints.
 - XXV. The Virgin.
 - XXVI. Apology.
 - XXVII. Imaginative Regrets.
 - XXVIII. Reflections.
 - XXIX. Translation of the Bible.
 - XXX. The Point at issue.
 - XXXI. Edward VI.
 - XXXII. Edward signing the Warrant for the
Execution of Joan of Kent.
 - XXXIII. Revival of Popery.
 - XXXIV. Latimer and Ridley.
 - XXXV. Cranmer.
 - XXXVI. General View of the Troubles of the
Reformation.
 - XXXVII. English Reformers in Exile
 - XXXVIII. Elizabeth.

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1821.	XXXIX. Eminent Reformers.	1822
	XL. The Same.	
	XLI. Distractions.	
	XLII. Gunpowder Plot.	
	XLIII. Illustration. The Jung-Frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen.	
	XLIV. Troubles of Charles the First.	
	XLV. Laud.	
	XLVI. Afflictions of England.	
PART III.—From the Restoration to the Present Times.		
	I. I saw the figure of a lovely Maid.	
	II. Patriotic Sympathies.	
	III. Charles the Second.	
	IV. Latitudinarianism.	
	V. Walton's Book of Lives.	
	VI. Clerical Integrity.	
	VII. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.	
	VIII. Acquittal of the Bishops.	
	IX. William the Third.	
	X. Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty.	
	XI. Sacheverel.	
	XII. Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design.	
	Aspects of Christianity in America—	
(added in 1842).	XIII. I. The Pilgrim Fathers.	1845.
Do.	XIV. II. Continued.	1845.
Do.	XV. III. Concluded.—American Episcopacy.	1845.
	XVI. Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep.	
	XVII. Places of Worship.	
	XVIII. Pastoral Character.	
	XIX. The Liturgy.	
	XX. Baptism.	
	XXI. Sponsors.	
	XXII. Catechising.	
	XXIII. Confirmation.	
	XXIV. Confirmation—Continued.	
	XXV. Sacrament.	
	XXVI. The Marriage Ceremony.	
	XXVII. Thanksgiving after Childbirth.	
	XXVIII. Visitation of the Sick.	
	XXIX. The Commination Service.	
	XXX. Forms of Prayer at Sea.	
	XXXI. Funeral Service.	
	XXXII. Rural Ceremony.	

COMPOSED.

FIRST PUBLISHED.

1821.	XXXIII. Regrets.	1822
	XXXIV. Mutability.	
	XXXV. Old Abbeys.	
	XXXVI. Emigrant French Clergy.	
	XXXVII. Congratulation.	
	XXXVIII. New Churches.	
	XXXIX. Church to be Erected.	
	XL. Continued.	
	XLI. New Church-yard.	
	XLII. Cathedrals, &c.	
	XLIII. Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.	
	XLIV. The Same.	
	XLV. Continued.	
	XLVI. Ejaculation.	
	XLVII. Conclusion.	

1823.

1823.	Memory,	1827
1823.	To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the foundation preparing for the erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland,	1827
1823.	On the same occasion,	1827

1824.

1824.	To —, "Let other bards of angels sing,"	1827
1824.	To —, "O dearer far than light and life are dear,"	1827
1824.	"How rich that forehead's calm expanse!"	1827
1824.	To —, "Look at the fate of summer flowers,"	1827
1824.	A Flower Garden, at Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire,	1827
1824, September.	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 favourite Dee,"	1827
1824, September.	To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824, "How art thou named? In search of what strange land,"	1827
1824.	Elegiac Stanzas, addressed to Sir G. H. B., upon the death of his sister-in-law, 1824,	1827
1824.	Cenotaph, "By vain affections unenthralled,"	1842
1824.	Epitaph, in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmoreland, "By playful smiles (alas! too oft,"	1842

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1825.

1825.	The Contrast.	The parrot and the wren,	. 1827
1825.	To a Skylark, 1827

1826.

1826.	"Ere with cold beads of midnight dew,"	. 1827
1826.	Ode, composed on May morning,	. 1836
1826-1834.	To May, 1836
1826.	Stanzas, "Once I could hail (how'er serene the sky,"	. 1827
1826.	"The massy ways carried across these heights,"	1836

1827.

1827.	On seeing a Needle-case in the form of a Harp,	1827
	Sonnet, Dedication, To —, "Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown,"	1827
	Sonnet, "Her only pilot the soft breeze, the Boat,"	1827
	Sonnet, "Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings,"	1827
	Sonnet, To S. H., "Excuse is needless when with love sincere,"	1827
	Sonnet, Decay of Piety, "Oft have I seen, ere time had ploughed my cheek,"	1827
	Sonnet, "A volant tribe of bards on earth are found,"	1827
	Sonnet, "Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,"	1827
	Sonnet, To B. R. Haydon, "High is our calling Friend! Creative Art,"	1827
	Sonnet, "Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild,"	1827
	Sonnet, Retirement, "If the whole weight of what we think and feel,"	1827
	Sonnet, "Not Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell,"	1827
	Sonnet, "There is a pleasure in poetic pains,"	1827
	Sonnet, Recollection of the portrait of King Henry VIII., Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, "The imperial statue, the colossal stride,"	1827
	Sonnet, A Parsonage in Oxfordshire, "Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,"	1827
	Sonnet, Composed among the ruins of a castle in North Wales, "Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,"	1827

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS. lxxiii

COMPOSED.	FIRST PUBLISHED.
1827.	Sonnet, "When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle," 1827
	Sonnet, "While Anna's peers and early play- mates tread," 1827
	Sonnet, To the Cuckoo, "Not the whole warb- ling grove in concert heard," 1827
	Sonnet, The Infant M—— M——, "Unquiet Childhood here by special grace," 1827
	Sonnet, To Rotha Q——, "Rotha, my spiritual Child! this head was grey," 1827
	Sonnet, To —— in her seventieth year, "Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright," 1827
	Sonnet, "In my mind's eye a Temple like a cloud," 1827
	Sonnet, "Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes," 1827
	Sonnet, In the Woods of Rydal, "Wild Red- breast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip," 1827
	Sonnet, Conclusion, To ——, "If these brief Records, by the Muse's art," 1827

1828.

1828.	A Morning Exercise, 1832
1828.	The Triad, 1832
1828.	The Wishing-Gate, 1836
1828.	The Wishing-Gate destroyed, 1845
1828.	A Jewish Family, 1836
1828.	The Gleaner, suggested by a picture, 1836
1828, December.	On the Power of Sound, 1835

1829.

1829.	Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase, 1836
1829.	Liberty, sequel to the above, 1836
1829.	Humanity, 1836
1829.	"This Lawn, a carpet all alive," 1836
1829.	Thought on the Seasons, 1835

1830.

1830.	The Armenian Lady's Love, 1835
1830.	The Russian Fugitive, 1835
1830.	The Egyptian Maid; or, The Romance of the Water Lily, 1835
1830.	The Poet, and the caged Turtle dove, 1835
1830.	Presentiments, 1835
1830.	"In these fair Vales hath many a tree," 1835
1830, November.	Elegiac Musings in the Grounds of Coleorton Hall, the seat of the late Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart., 1835

COMPOSED.	FIRST PUBLISHED
1830, November. Sonnet, "Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride,"	1835
1830. Sonnet, To the author's portrait, "Go! faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt,"	1835

1831.

1831.	The Primrose of the Rock,	1835
1831.	Yarrow revisited, and other Poems, composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the autumn of 1831 [the "two excepted" are, probably, Nos. XVI. and XXVI.],	1835
	I. Yarrow Revisited.	
	II. Sonnet, On the departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford for Naples.	
	III. Sonnet, A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland.	
	IV. Sonnet, On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland.	
	V. Sonnet, Composed in Roslin Chapel, during a Storm.	
	VI. Sonnet, The Trosachs.	
	VII. Sonnet, "The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute."	
	VIII. Sonnet, Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive.	
	IX. Sonnet, Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban.	
	X. Sonnet, In the Sound of Mull.	
	XI. Sonnet, Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm.	
	XII. Sonnet, The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion, and Family Burial-Place, near Killin.	
	XIII. Sonnet, "Rest and be Thankful!" At the Head of Glencroe.	
	XIV. Sonnet, Highland Hut.	
	XV. Sonnet, The Brownie.	
	XVI. Sonnet, To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star, Composed at Loch Lomond.	
	XVII. Sonnet, Bothwell Castle. Passed unseen, on account of stormy weather.	
	XVIII. Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, at Hamilton Palace.	
	XIX. The Avon. A Feeder of the Annan.	

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS. lxxv

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1831.	XX. Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest.	1835
	XXI. Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith.	
	XXII. Fancy and Tradition.	
	XXIII. Countess' Pillar.	
	XXIV. Roman Antiquities. From the Roman Station at Old Penrith.	
	XXV. Apology, for the foregoing Poems.	
	XXVI. The Highland Broach.	

1832.

1832.	Devotional Incitements,	1835
1832.	Evening Voluntary, "Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose,"	1835
1832.	Rural Illusions,	1835
1832.	Loving and liking,	1835
1832.	Sonnet, On the late General Fast, March 21, 1832, "Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed,"	1832
1832.	Sonnet, A Gravestone upon the floor in the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, " <i>Misserimus</i> , and neither name nor date,"	1832
1832.	Sonnet, A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale, Derbyshire, "'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill,"	1832
1832.	Sonnet, Filial Piety (on the wayside between Preston and Liverpool), "Untouched through all severity of cold,"	1832
1832.	To B. R. Haydon, on seeing his picture of Napoleon Buonaparte in the island of St Helena, "Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill,"	1832

1833.

1833.	A Wren's nest,	1835
1833, March.	To —, on the birth of her first-born child,	1835
1833.	The Warning—a sequel to the foregoing,	1835
1833.	"If this great world of joy and pain,"	1835
1833, April 7.	On a high part of the Coast of Cumberland (one of the "Evening Voluntaries"),	1835
1833.	By the Seaside,	1835
1833.	Poems, composed or suggested during a tour in the Summer of 1833,	1835
	I. Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown.	

COMPOSED.
1833.

FIRST PUBLISHED.

- II. Why should the Enthusiast, journey- 1835
ing through this Isle.
- III. They called Thee MERRY ENGLAND in
old time.
- IV. To the River Greta, near Keswick.
- V. To the River Derwent.
- VI. In Sight of the Town of Cockermouth.
- VII. Address from the Spirit of Cocker-
mouth Castle.
- VIII. Nun's Well, Brigham.
- IX. To a Friend. On the Banks of the
Derwent.
- X. Mary Queen of Scots. Landing at
the Mouth of the Derwent, Work-
ington.
- XI. Stanzas suggested in a Steam-boat off
Saint Bees' Head, on the Coast of
Cumberland.
- XII. In the Channel, between the Coast of
Cumberland and the Isle of Man.
- XIII. At Sea off the Isle of Man.
- XIV. Desire we past illusions to recall?
- XV. On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man.
- XVI. By the Sea-shore, Isle of Man.
- XVII. Isle of Man.
- XVIII. Isle of Man.
- XIX. By a Retired Mariner. (A Friend of
the Author.)
- XX. At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man. (Supposed
to be written by a Friend.)
- XXI. Tynwald Hill.
- XXII. Despond who will—I heard a voice
exclaim.
- XXIII. In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag.
During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17.
- XXIV. On the Frith of Clyde. In a Steam-
boat.
- XXV. On revisiting Dunolly Castle.
- XXVI. The Dunolly Eagle.
- XXVII. Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpher-
son's Ossian.
- XXVIII. Cave of Staffa.
- XXIX. Cave of Staffa. After the Crowd had
departed.
- XXX. Cave of Staffa.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS. lxxvii

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1833.	XXXI. Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave.	1835
	XXXII. Iona.	
	XXXIII. Iona. Upon Landing.	
	XXXIV. The Black Stones of Iona.	
	XXXV. Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell.	
	XXXVI. Greenock.	
	XXXVII. "There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride.	
	XXXVIII. The River Eden, Cumberland.	
	XXXIX. Monument of Mrs Howard (by Nolle- kens (in Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the Banks of the Eden.	
	XL. Suggested by the foregoing.	
	XLI. Nunnery.	
	XLII. Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways.	
	XLIII. The Monument commonly called Long Meg and her Daughters, near the river Eden.	
	XLIV. Lowther.	
	XLV. To the Earl of Lonsdale.	
	XLVI. The Somnambulist.	
	XLVII. To Cordelia M——, Hallsteads, Ulls- water.	
	XLVIII. Most sweet it is with uplifted eyes.	
1834.		
1834.	Evening Voluntaries, "Not in the lucid intervals of life,"	1835
1834.	By the side of Rydal Mere, "The linnet's warble sinking to a close,"	1835
1834.	"Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere,"	1835
1834.	"The leaves that rustled on this oak- crowned hill,"	1835
1834.	"What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,"	1845
1834.	The Labourer's Noonday Hymn,	1835
1834.	The Redbreast,	1835
1834.	Lines suggested by a portrait from the pencil of F. Stone,	1835
1834.	The foregoing subject resumed,	1835
1834.	To a child; written in her album,	1836
1834, Nov. 5.	Lines, written in the album of the Countess of Lonsdale,	1835

lxxviii CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS.

COMPOSED.

FIRST PUBLISHED.

1835.

1835. Evening Voluntary, To the Moon, composed
by the sea-side on the Coast of Cumberland, . 1836
1835. Evening Voluntary, To the Moon. Rydal, . 1836
1835. Written after the death of Charles Lamb, . 1836
1835. Extempore effusion upon the death of James
Hogg, 1836
- 1835, June 23. Upon seeing a coloured drawing of a bird of
Paradise in an album, 1836
- [The following Sonnets appear in the volume
"Yarrow revisited, and other Poems" (1835),
and must therefore belong to that, or to a
previous year.]
1835. I. "Desponding Father, mark this altered
bough," 1835
- II. Roman Antiquities discovered, at Bishop-
stone, Herefordshire, "While poring
Antiquarians search the ground."
- III. St Catherine of Ledbury, "When human
touch (as monkish books attest)."
- IV. "Why art thou silent? Is thy love a
plant."
- V. "Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein."
- VI. To —, "' Wait, prithee, wait!' this
answer Lesbia threw."
- VII. "Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud."

1836.

- 1836, November. Sonnet, November 1836, "Even so for me a
Vision sanctified," 1837
- "By a blest Husband guided, Mary came," . 1836
- "Six months to six years added he remained," . 1836

1837.

1837. Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837, 1842
- I. To Henry Crabb Robinson.
- II. Musings near Aquapendente, 1837.
- III. The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome.
- IV. At Rome.
- V. At Rome.—Regrets.—In allusion to
Niebuhr and other modern Historians.
- VI. Continued.
- VII. Plea for the Historian.
- VIII. At Rome.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS. lxxix

COMPOSED.

FIRST PUBLISHED.

1837.	IX. Near Rome, in sight of St Peter's.	1842
	X. At Albano.	
	XI. "Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove."	
	XII. From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome.	
	XIII. Near the Lake of Thrasymene.	
	XIV. Near the same Lake.	
	XV. The Cuckoo at Laverna.	
	XVI. At the Convent of Camaldoli.	
	XVII. Continued.	
	XVIII. At the Eremite or Upper Convent of Camaldoli.	
	XIX. At Vallombrosa.	
	XX. At Florence.	
	XXI. Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence.	
	XXII. At Florence.—From Michael Angelo.	
	XXIII. At Florence.—From M. Angelo.	
	XXIV. Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines.	
	XXV. In Lombardy.	
	XXVI. After leaving Italy.	
	XXVII. Continued.	
	At Bologna, in remembrance of the late insurrections—	
1837.	I. "Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit,"	1845
	II. "Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to learn,"	1845
	III. "As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow,"	1845
1837.	Sonnet, "What if our numbers barely could defy,"	1837
1837.	Sonnet, Composed after reading a newspaper of the day, "People! your chains are severing link by link,"	1837
1838.		
1838.	Sonnet, To the Planet Venus, upon its approximation (as an evening star) to the earth, January 1838, "What strong allurement draws, what spirit guides,"	1839
1838.	Sonnet, composed at Rydal on May morning, 1838, "If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share,"	1839

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1838.	Sonnet, composed in the same morning, "Life with you Lambs, like day, is just begun,"	1838
1838.	Sonnet, "Hark ! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undepressed,"	1838
1838.	Sonnet, "'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain,"	1838
1838.	Sonnet, "Oh what a wreck ! How changed in mien and speech,"	1839
1838.	Sonnet, A Poet to his Grandchild (sequel to the foregoing), "Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand,"	1838
1838.	Sonnet, "Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will,"	1839
1838.	Sonnet Valectictory, at the close of the volume of Sonnets, "Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here,"	1839
1838.	Sonnet, To a Painter, "All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed,"	1842
1838.	Sonnet, On the same subject, "Though I beheld at first with blank surprise,"	1842

1840.

1840, Jan. 1.	Sonnet, On a Portrait of I. F., painted by Margaret Gillies,	1850
1840, February.	Sonnet, To I. F., "The Star which comes at close of day to shine,"	1850
1840, March.	Poor Robin,	1845
1840.	Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death,	1842
	I. Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle (on the Road from the South), "This spot—at once unfolding sight so fair."	
	II. "Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law."	
	III. "The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die."	
	IV. "Is <i>Death</i> , when evil against good has fought."	
	V. "Not to the object specially designed."	
	VI. "Ye brood of conscience—Spectres ! that frequent."	
	VII. "Before the world had passed her time of youth."	
	VIII. "Fit retribution, by the moral code."	
	IX. "Though to give timely warning and deter."	

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS. lxxxii

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1840.	X. "Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine."	1842
	XI. "Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide."	
	XII. "See the Condemned alone within his cell."	
	XIII. Conclusion, "Yes, though he well may tremble at the sound."	
	XIV. Apology, "The formal World relaxes her cold chain."	
1840.	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,"	1842

1842.

1842, March 8.	Sonnet, "Intent on gathering wool from hedge and trunk,"	1842
1842, March 26.	Prelude, prefixed to the volume entitled "Poems chiefly of early and late years,"	1842
	Floating Island,	1842
	"The crescent Moon, the Star of Love,"	1842
	To a Redbreast (in sickness),	1842
	Miscellaneous Sonnets—	
	"A Poet! he hath put his heart to school,"	1842
	"The most alluring clouds that mount the sky,"	1842
	"Feel for the wrongs to universal ken,"	1842
	In allusion to various recent histories and notices of the French Revolution, "Portent- ous change when History can appear,"	1842
	Continued, "Who ponders National events shall find,"	1842
	Concluded, "Long-favoured England! be not thou misled,"	1842
	"Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book,"	1842
	"Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,"	1842
	Troilus and Cressida (from Chaucer),	1842
	The Cuckoo and the Nightingale (from Chaucer),	1842
	The Norman Boy,	1842
	The Poet's Dream, Sequel to the Norman Boy .	1842
	The Widow on Windermere Side,	1842
	Farewell Lines,	1842
	Airey-Force Valley,	1842

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COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1842.	"Lyre ! though such power do in thy magic live,"	1842
	To the Clouds,	1842
	A Night Thought,	1842
1842, Dec. 24.	Sonnet, "Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot,"	1845

1843.

1843.	Grace Darling,	1845
1843, Jan. 1.	Sonnet, "While beams of orient light shoot wide and high,"	1845
1843, Dec. 11.	Sonnet, To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., master of Harrow School, "Enlightened Teacher ! gladly from thy hand,"	1845
1843, December.	Inscription for a Monument in Crossthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick,	1850

1844.

1844, Oct. 12.	Sonnet, On the projected Kendal and Winder- mere Railway, "Is there no nook of English ground secure,"	1845
1844	Sonnet, "Proud were ye Mountains, when, in times of old,"	1845
1844.	Sonnet, At Furness Abbey, "Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,	1845

1845.

1845.	Poem on the Naming of Places, "Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base,"	1845
1845, June 6.	The Westmoreland Girl, To my grandchildren,	1845
1845, June 21.	Sonnet, At Furness Abbey, "Well have yon Railway Labourers to this ground,"	1845
1845.	"Yes ! thou art fair, yet be not moved,"	1845
1845.	"What heavenly smiles ! O lady mine,"	1845
1845.	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,	1845
1845.	"Glad sight wherever new with old,"	1845
1845.	Love lies bleeding,	1845
1845.	Companion to the foregoing,	1845
1845.	The Cuckoo-Clock,	1845
1845.	"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,"	1845

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE POEMS. lxxxiii

COMPOSED.		FIRST PUBLISHED.
1845.	To the Pennsylvanians, "Days undefiled by luxury or sloth,"	1845
1845.	"Young England! what has then become of Old,"	1845
1845.	"If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,"	1845
1845.	Sonnet, "Though the bold wings of Poesy affect,"	1845

1846.

1846.	"I know an aged Man constrained to dwell," .	1850
1846.	"How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high,"	1850
	Evening Voluntaries.	
1846.	Sonnet, To Lucca Giordano. "Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill,"	1850
1846.	Sonnet, "Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high,"	1850
1846.	Sonnet, "Where lies the truth? has Man in wisdom's creed,"	1850
1846.	Sonnet, Illustrated Books and Newspapers, "Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attri- bute,"	1850
1846.	Sonnet, "The unremitting Voice of nightly streams,"	1850
1846.	Sonnet, To an Octogenarian, "Affections lose their object: Time brings forth,"	1850
	Sonnet, "Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic Boy,"	1850

In edition 1849-50.

On the banks of a rocky stream.



WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF
LEAVING SCHOOL.

Comp. 1786. — Pub. 1815.

In edd., 1815 to 1832, the title is "Composed upon leaving school."
It was written at Hawkshead.

[The image with which this poem concludes, suggested itself to me while I was resting in a boat along with my companions under the shade of a magnificent row of sycamores, which then extended their branches from the shore of the promontory upon which stands the ancient, and at that time, the more picturesque Hall of Coniston, the seat of the Le Flemings from very early times. The poem of which it was the conclusion, was of many hundred lines, and contained thoughts and images, most of which have been dispersed through my other writings.]

DEAR native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,

Though to the vale no parting beam
 Be given, not one memorial gleam,¹
 A lingering light he fondly throws
 On the dear hills where first he rose.²

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

Comp. 1786. (i) — Pub. 1807.

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
 The kine are couched upon the dewy grass ;
 The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
 Is cropping audibly his later meal :³
 Dark is the ground ; a slumber seems to steal
 O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.
 Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
 Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal⁴
 That grief for which the senses still supply
 Fresh food ; for only then, when memory

¹ 1845.

Thus, when the Sun, prepared for rest,
 Hath gained the precincts of the west,
 Though his departing radiance fail
 To illuminate the hollow vale. 1815.

Thus, from the precincts of the west,
 The Sun, when sinking down to rest. 1832.

The Sun, while sinking down to rest. 1836.

² 1815.

On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose. 1820.

On the dear hills where first he rose. 1845

returning to 1815.

³ 1827.

Is up, and cropping yet his later meal. 1807.

⁴ 1843.

. seems to heal 1807.

Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! restrain
 Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
 Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
 The officious touch that makes me droop again.

AN EVENING WALK.

Comp. 1787-9. — Pub. 1793.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

The title of this poem, as first published in 1793, was "An Evening Walk, An epistle in verse, addressed to a young lady from the lakes of the North of England, by W. Wordsworth, B.A., of St John's, Cambridge." Extracts from it were published in all the collective editions of the poems from 1815 onwards, under the general title of "Juvenile Pieces," or "Poems written in Youth." The following prefatory note occurs in the editions 1820 to 1832. "The poems in this class are reprinted with some unimportant alterations that were made very soon after their publication. It would have been easy to amend them in many passages, both as to sentiment and expression, and I have not been altogether able to resist the temptation; but attempts of this kind are made at the risk of injuring their characteristic features, which, after all, will be regarded as the principal recommendations of juvenile poems." To this, Wordsworth added, in 1836, "The above, which was written sometime ago, scarcely applies to the poem, 'Descriptive Sketches,' as it now stands. The corrections, though numerous, are not however such as to prevent its retaining with propriety a place in the class of Juvenile Pieces." The following is the note on this poem, dictated to Miss Fenwick.—ED.

[The young Lady to whom this was addressed was my Sister. It was composed at school, and during my first two College vacations. There is not an image in it which I have not observed; and, now in my seventy-third year, I recollect the time and place, when most of them were noticed. I will confine myself to one instance:

"Waving his hat, the shepherd from the vale
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
 The dog loud barking, 'mid the glittering rocks,
 Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted flocks."

I was an eye-witness of this for the first time while crossing the Pass of Dunmail Raise. Upon second thought, I will mention another image:

"And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
 Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines."

This is feebly and imperfectly expressed, but I recollect distinctly the very spot where this first struck me. It was on the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above fourteen years of age. The description of the swans that follows was taken from the daily opportunities I had of observing their habits, not as confined to the gentleman's park, but in a state of nature. There were two pairs of them that divided the lake of Esthwaite, and its in-and-out flowing streams, between them, never trespassing a single yard upon each other's separate domain. They were of the old magnificent species, bearing in beauty and majesty about the same relation to the Thames swan which that does to the goose. It was from the remembrance of those noble creatures, I took, thirty years after, the picture of the swan which I have discarded from the poem of Dion. While I was a schoolboy, the late Mr Curwen introduced a little fleet of these birds, but of the inferior species, to the lake of Windermere. Their principal home was about his own island; but they sailed about into remote parts of the lake, and either from real or imagined injury done to the adjoining fields, they were got rid of at the request of the farmers and proprietors, but to the great regret of all who had become attached to them from noticing their beauty and quiet habits. I will conclude my notice of this poem by observing that the plan of it has not been confined to a particular walk, or an individual place,—a proof (of which I was unconscious at the time) of my unwillingness to submit the poetic spirit to the claims of fact and real circumstance. The country is idealised rather than described in any one of its local aspects.]

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's regret of his Youth which was passed amongst them—Short description of Noon—Cascade—Noontide Retreat—Precipice and sloping Lights—Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain Farm and the Cock—Slate quarry—Sunset—Superstition of the Country connected with that moment—Swans—Female Beggar—Twilight sounds—Western Lights—Spirits—Night—Moonlight—Hope—Night sounds—Conclusion.

FAR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove
 Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
 Where Derwent rests, and listens to the roar
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore;¹

¹ 1836.

His wizard's course where hoary Derwent takes,
 Through crags, and forest glooms, and opening lakes,

Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
 To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads ;
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottage grounds,
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds ;
 Where,¹ undisturbed by winds, Winander* sleeps
 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps ;
 Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
 And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes,² erewhile, I taught, a happy child,
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild :
 The spirit sought not then, in cherished sadness,
 A cloudy substitute for failing gladness.
 In youth's keen³ eye the livelong day was bright,
 The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
 Alike, when first the bittern's hollow bill
 Was heard, or woodcocks† roamed the moonlight hill.

Staying his silent waves to hear the roar
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore ;
 Where silver rocks the savage prospect cheer
 Of giant yews that frown on Rydale's mere ; 1793.
 Where Derwent stops his course to hear the roar 1827.

¹ 1836.

Where bosomed deep, the shy Winander peeps 1793.
 Where deep embosomed shy Winander peeps 1827.

² 1836.

Fair scenes, with other eyes than once, I gaze,
 The ever-varying charm your sound displays,
 Than when, erewhile, I taught, "a happy child,"
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild ;
 Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand
 Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand ; 1793.
 Upon the varying charm, &c. 1820.

³ 1820.

In youth's wild eye 1793.

* These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake. 1793.

† In the beginning of winter, these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods. 1793.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,¹
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain ;
 For then, the inexperienced heart would beat²
 At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
 And wild Impatience,³ pointing upward, showed,
 Through passes yet unreached, a brighter road.
 Alas ! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round ;
 Hope with reflection blends her social rays
 To gild the total tablet of his days ;
 Yet still, the sport of some malignant power,
 He knows but from its shade the present hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain ?
 To show what pleasures yet to me remain,⁴
 Say, will my Friend, with unreluctant ear,⁵
 The history of a poet's evening hear ?

¹ 1820.

While, Memory at my side, I wander here,
 Starts, at the simplest sight, th' unbidden tear,
 A form discovered at the well known seat,
 A spot, that angles at the riv'let's feet,
 The ray the cot of morning trav'ling night,
 And sail that glides the well known alders by. 1793.

² 1836.

For then, even then, the little heart would beat 1820.

³ 1836.

And wild Impatience, panting upward, showed
 When, tipped with gold, the mountain-summits glowed.
 Alas ! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round :
 With Hope Reflection blends, &c. 1820.

⁴ 1820.

To show her yet some joys to me remain. 1793.

⁵ 1820.

Say, will my friend, with soft affection's ear, 1793.

When, in the south, the wan noon, brooding still,
 Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,
 And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,
 Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between ;
 When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make
 A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
 Lashed the cool water with their restless tails,
 Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales ;¹
 When school-boys stretched their length upon the green ;
 And round the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,
 In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer ²
 Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear ;
 When horses in the sunburnt intake * stood,
 And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,
 Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress,
 With forward neck the closing gate to press—³

¹ 1836.

Gazing the tempting shades to them denied,
 When stood the shortened herds amid the tide,
 Where, from the barren walls unsheltered end,
 Long rails into the shallow lake extend ; 1793.

When, at the barren walls unsheltered end,
 Where long rails far into the lake extend,
 Crowded the shortened herds, and beat the tides
 With their quick tails, and lashed their speckled sides. 1820.

² 1836.

And round the humming elm a glimmering scene !
 In the brown park, in flocks, the troubled deer, 1793.
 in herds 1820.

³ 1820.

When horses in the wall-girt intake stood,
 Unshaded, eying far below, the flood,
 Crowded behind the swain, in mute distress,
 With forward neck the closing gate to press ;
 And long, with wistful gaze, his walk surveyed,
 Till dipped his pathway in the river shade ; 1793.

* The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure. 1793.

Then, while I wandered where the huddling rill¹
 Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll *
 As by enchantment, an obscure retreat
 Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.
 While thick above the rill the branches close,
 In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between ;
 And its own twilight softens the whole scene,
 Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
 On withered briars that o'er the crags recline ;²

¹ 1836.

Then Quiet led me up the huddling rill,
 Brightening with water-breaks the sombrous gill ;
 To where, while thick above the branches close,
 In dark-brown basin its wild waves repose,
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of darkest green,
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between ;
 Save that, atop, the subtle sunbeams shine,
 On withered briars that o'er the crags recline ;
 Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,
 Illumes with sparkling foam the twilight shade.
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
 Where antique roots its bustling path o'erlook,
 The eye reposes on a secret bridge
 Half-grey, half-shagged with ivy to its ridge. 1793.

Then, while I wandered up the huddling rill
 Brightening with water-breaks the sombrous ghyll. 1820.

² 1836.

But see aloft the subtle sunbeams shine,
 On withered briars that o'er the crags recline ;
 Thus beautiful ! as if the sight displayed,
 By its own sparkling foam that small cascade ;
 Inverted shrubs, with moss of gloomy green
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between. c.

* Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country : ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning. 1793.

Save where, with sparkling foam, a small cascade
 Illumines, from within, the leafy shade;¹
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
 Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,
 The eye reposes on a secret bridge *
 Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;
 There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain
 Lingers behind his disappearing wain.²
 —Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
 Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!
 Never shall ruthless minister of death
 'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath;
 No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,
 No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;
 The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
 A more benignant sacrifice approve—
 A mind, that, in a calm angelic mood
 Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
 Beholds, of all from her high powers required,
 Much done, and much designed, and more desired,—
 Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
 Entire affection for all human kind.

Dear Brook, farewell!³ To-morrow's noon again
 Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood strain;

¹ 1845.

Sole light admitted here, a small cascade
 Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade. 1820.

² 1845.

Whence hangs, in the cool shade, the listless swain
 Lingered behind his disappearing wain. 1820.

³ 1845.

Sweet rill, farewell! 1793.

* The reader who has made the tour of this country will recognise, in this description, the features which characterise the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal. 1793.

But now the sun has gained his western road,
And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.

While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite
In many a whistling circle wheels her flight ;
Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace
Travel along the precipice's base ;
Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
By lichens grey, and scanty moss, o'ergrown ;
Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or thistle's beard ;
And restless stone-chat,¹ all day long, is heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue !
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood ;
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade ;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Soften their glare before the mellow light ;²
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream :
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud ;
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

¹ 1845.

And desert stone-chat 1798.

² 1820.

How pleasant as the yellowing sun declines
And with long rays, and shades the landscape shines
To mark the birches stems all golden light
That lit the dark slant woods with silvery white !

Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,¹
 A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink ;
 There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep,
 And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep :
 And now, on every side, the surface breaks
 Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks ;
 Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
 With thousand thousand twinkling points of light ;
 There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,
 Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray ;
 And now the whole wide lake in deep repose²
 Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows,
 Save where, along the shady western marge,
 Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal barge.³

Their panniered train a group of potters goad,
 Winding from side to side up the steep road ;
 The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge
 Shot, down the headlong path darts with his sledge ;⁴

The willows weeping trees, that twinkling hoar,
 Glanced oft upturned along the breezy shore,
 Low bending o'er the coloured water, fold
 Their moveless boughs and leaves like threads of gold ;
 The skiffs with naked masts at anchor laid,
 Before the boat-house peeping through the shade ;
 The unwearied glance of woodman's echoed stroke ;
 And curling from the trees the cottage smoke. 1793.

¹ 1845.

The zepthers sink . 1820.

² 1845.

And now the universal tides repose
 And, brightly blue, the burnished mirror glows. 1820.

³ 1845.

The sails are dropped, the poplar's foliage sleeps,
 And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deeps. 1820.

⁴ 1820.

Shot, down the headlong pathway darts his sledge. 1793.

Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse illumine
 Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings,"* and broom ;
 While the sharp slope the slackened team confounds,
 Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds ; †
 In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,¹
 Dashed o'er the rough rock,² lightly leaps along ;
 From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,
 Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat ;
 Sounds from the water-side the hammered boat ;
 And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard remote !

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,
 Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods,
 Not undelightful are the simplest charms,
 Found by the grassy door of mountain-farms.³

Sweetly ferocious, ‡ round his native walks,
 Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks ;⁴

¹ Beside their sheltering cross § of wall, the flock
 Feeds on in light, nor thinks of winter's shock ;

In 1793 only.

² 1820.

Dashed down the rough rock 1793.

³ 1836.

Found by the verdant door 1793.

⁴ 1820.

Gazed by his sister-wives 1793.

* "Vivid rings of green."—Greenwood's Poem on Shooting.

† "Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings."—BEATTIE.

‡ "Dolcemente feroce."—TASSO. In this description of the cock I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in the "L'Agriculture ou Les Géorgiques Françaises" of M. Rossuet. 1793.

§ These rude structures to protect the flocks are frequent in this country. The traveller may recollect one in Wytheburn, another upon Whinlatter. 1793.

Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread ;
 A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.¹
 Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball hurls
 Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls ;
 On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,
 Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote :
 Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,
 While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings !²

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the sombrous pine³
 And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline ;
 I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
 Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and numerous wains :
 How busy all the enormous hive within,
 While Echo dallies with its various din !
 Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking sound ?)
 Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound ;
 Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried,
 O'erwalk the slender plank from side to side ;⁴
 These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,
 In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

Just where a cloud above the mountain rears⁵
 An edge all flame, the broadening sun appears :

¹ 1836.

tops his warrior head.

1793.

² 1820.

Whose state like pine-trees, waving to and fro,
 Droops, and o'er canopies his regal brow,
 On tiptoe reared he blows his clarion throat,
 Threatened by faintly answering farms remote.

1793.

³ 1836.

Brightening the cliffs between where sombrous pine

1793.

⁴ 1815.

O'erwalk the viewless plank

1793.

⁵ 1836.

Hung o'er a cloud above the steep that rears

1793.

A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,
 And breaks the spreading of its golden tides :
 And now that orb has touched the purple steep
 Whose softened image penetrates the deep.¹
 'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs aspire,
 With towers and woods, a "prospect all on fire;"
 While coves and secret hollows, through a ray²
 Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.
 Each slip of lawn the broken rocks between
 Shines in the light with more than earthly green :³
 Deep yellow beams the scattered stems illumine,⁴
 Far in the level forest's central gloom :
 Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,⁵
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
 The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering rocks,
 Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted flocks.⁶

¹ 1845.

And now it touches on the purple steep
 That flings his shadow on the pictured deep. 1793.

That flings its image on the pictured deep. 1832.

And now the sun has touched the purple steep
 Whose softened image penetrates the deep. 1836.

² 1836.

The coves, &c. 1793.

³ 1836.

The gilded turf arrays in richer green
 Each speck of lawn the broken rocks between. 1793.

. invests with richer green. 1820.

⁴ 1827.

Deep yellow beams the scattered boles illumine, 1793.

⁵ 1827.

. the shepherd in the vale. 1793.

⁶ 1836.

That barking busy 'mid the glittering rocks,
 Hunts, where he points, the intercepted flocks. 1793.

Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots
 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots ;
 The druid-stones a brightened ring unfold ;¹
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold ;
 Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,
 Gives one bright glance, and drops behind the hill.² *

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
 Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may claim ;
 When up the hills, as now, retired the light,
 Strange apparitions mocked the shepherd's sight.³

The form appears of one that spurs his steed
 Midway along the hill with desperate speed ;⁴
 Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all
 Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.

¹ 1845.

The Druid stones † their lighted fane unfold,	1793.
The druid-stones a burnished ring unfold,	1836.

² 1827.

. and sinks behind the hill.	1793.
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³ 1820.

In these lone vales, if aught of faith may claim	
Thin silver hairs, and ancient hamlet fame ;	
When up the hills, as now, retreats the light,	
Strange apparitions mock the village sight.	1793.

⁴ 1836.

A desperate form appears, that spurs his steed,	
Along the mid-way cliffs with violent speed ;	1793.

* From Thomson.

† Not far from Broughton is a Druid monument, of which I do not recollect that any tour descriptive of this country makes mention. Perhaps this poem may fall into the hands of some curious traveller, who may thank me for informing him, that up the Duddon, the river which forms the estuary at Broughton, may be found some of the most romantic scenery of these mountains. 1793.

Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show ¹
 Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro ;
 At intervals imperial banners stream,
 And now the van reflects the solar beam ;
 The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam.
 While silent stands the admiring crowd below,
 Silent the visionary warriors go,
 Winding in ordered pomp their upward way *
 Till the last banner of the long array
 Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
 Of splendour—save the beacon's spiry head
 Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red. ²

Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail,
 On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale ; ³
 And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
 It's darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines ; ⁴

¹ 1836.

Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show 1793.

² 1836.

And now the van is gilt with evening's beam ;
 The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam,
 Lost gradual o'er the heights in pomp they go,
 While silent stands the admiring vale below ;
 Till, but the lonely beacon all is fled,
 That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head. 1793.

Till, save the lonely beacon, all is fled. 1827.

³ 1836.

On red slow-waving pinions down the vale, 1793.

⁴ 1820.

And, fronting the bright west in stronger lines,
 The oak its darkening boughs and foliage twines. 1793.

* See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader. 1793.

'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray¹
 Where, winding on along some secret bay,²
 The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
 His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings :
 The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
 How graceful pride can be, and how majestic, ease.³
 While tender cares and mild domestic loves
 With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
 The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
 And her brown little-ones around her leads,
 Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
 Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
 She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
 Forgetting, calls the wearied to her side ;⁴

¹ 1836.

I love beside the glowing lake to stray,	1793.
How pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray,	1815.

² 1836.

Where winds the road along the secret bay ; By rills that tumble down the woody steeps, And run in transport to the dimpling deeps ; Along the " wild meand'ring plains " to view, Obsequious Grace the winding swan pursue.	1793.
. a secret bay ;	1815.

³ 1836.

He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings His bridling neck between his towering wings ; Stately, and burning in his pride, divides And glorying looks around, the silent tides : As on he floats the silvered waters glow, Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow.	1793.
In all the majesty of ease divides, And glorying looks around, the silent tides, On as he floats, &c.	1815.

⁴ 1845.

She in a mother's care, her beauty's pride Forgets, unwearied watching every side, She calls them near, and with affection sweet Alternately relieves their weary feet ;	1793.
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* Alternately they mount her back, and rest
Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

Long may they float upon this flood serene ;
Theirs be these holms untrodden, still, and green,
Where leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,
And breathes in peace the lily of the vale !
Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-maid's feet,
Yet hears her song, " by distance made more sweet,"¹
Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-like bower ;
Green water-rushes overspread the floor ;²
Long grass and willows form the woven wall,
And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,
They crush with broad black feet their flowery walk ;³

¹ 1836.

Long may ye roam these hermit waves that sleep,
In birch besprinkled cliffs embosomed deep ;
These fairy holms untrodden, still, and green,
Whose shades protect the hidden wave serene ;
Whence fragrance scents the water's desert gale,
The violet, and the † lily of the vale ;
Where tho' her far-off twilight ditty steal,
They not the trip of harmless milkmaid feel. 1793.

Long may ye float upon these floods serene ;
Yours be these holms untrodden, still, and green,
Whose leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,
Where breathes in peace the lily of the vale. 1827.

² 1836.

Yon tuft conceals your home, your cottage bower,
Fresh water-rushes strew the verdant floor ; 1793.
Yon isle conceals your home, . . . 1820.

³ 1836.

Thence issuing oft, unwieldy as ye stalk,
Ye crush with broad black feet your flowery walk ; 1793.
With broad black feet ye crush your flowery walk ; 1820.

* This is a fact of which I have been an eye-witness. 1793.

† The lily of the valley is found in great abundance in the smaller islands of Winandermere. 1793.

Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn¹
 The hound, the horses tread, and mellow horn ;
 Involve their serpent-necks in changeful rings,
 Rolled wantonly between their slippery wings,
 Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,
 Force half upon the wave their cumbrous flight.²

Fair Swan ! by all a mother's joys caressed,
 Haply some wretch has eyed, and called thee blessed ;
 When with her infants, from some shady seat
 By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the noon-tide heat ;
 Or taught their limbs along the dusty road
 A few short steps to totter with their load.³

¹ 1820.

Safe from your door ye hear at breezy morn. 1793.

² 1836.

At peace inverted your lithe necks ye lave,
 With the green bottom strewing o'er the wave ;
 No ruder sound your desert haunts invades,
 Than waters dashing wild, or rocking shades.
 Ye ne'er, like hapless human wanderers, throw
 Your young on winter's winding sheet of snow. 1793.

³ 1836.

Haply some wretch has eyed and called thee blessed,
 Who faint, and beat by summer's breathless ray,
 Hath dragged her babes along this weary way ;
 While arrowy fire extorting feverish groans,
 Shot stinging through her stark o'er-laboured bones.
 —With backward gaze, locked joints, and step of pain,
 Her seat scarce left, she strives, alas ! in vain,
 To teach their limbs along the burning road
 A few short steps to totter with their load,
 Shakes her numb arm that slumbers with its weight,
 And eyes through tears the mountain's shadeless height ;
 And bids her soldier come her woes to share,
 Asleep on Minden's charnel plain afar ;
 For hopes deserted well why wistful look ?
 Choked is the pathway, and the pitcher broke. 1793.

The whilst upon some sultry summer's day
 She dragged her babes along this weary way. 1820.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed,
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
 By pointing to the gliding moon on high.¹
 —²When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide,
 And fireless are the vallies far and wide,
 Where the brook brawls along the public road³
 Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching broad,⁴
 Oft has she taught them on her lap to lay
 The shining glow-worm ; or, in heedless play,
 Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted ;
 While others, not unseen, are free to shed
 Green unmolested light upon their mossy bed.⁵

¹ 1845.

By pointing to a shooting star on high. 1793.

²

I hear while in the forest depths he sees,
 The Moon's fixed gaze between the opening trees,
 In broken sounds her elder grief demand,
 And skyward lift, like one that prays, his hand,
 If, in that country, where he dwells afar,
 His father views that good, that kindly star ;
 —Ah me ! all light is mute amid the gloom,
 The interlunar cavern of the tomb. 1793-1843.

In broken sounds her elder child demand, 1836.

³ 1836.

Where the brook brawls along the painful road, 1793.

⁴

The distant clock forget, and chilling dew,
 Pleased through the dusk their breaking smiles to view. 1793.

⁵ 1836.

Oft has she taught them on her lap to play
 Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless ray
 Tossed light from hand to hand ; while on the ground
 Small circles of green radiance gleam around. 1793.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path assail,
 And like a torrent roars the headstrong gale;¹
 No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,
 Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;²
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes to shield,
 And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!
 Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears;³
 No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,
 Thy breast their death-bed, confined in thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
 Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
 And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still;

¹ 1836.

Oh! when the bitter showers her path assail,
 And roars between the hills the torrent gale,

1793.

²

Scarce heard, their chattering lips her shoulders chill,
 And her cold back their colder bosoms thrill;
 All blind she widens o'er the lightless heath,
 Led by Fear's cold wet hand, and dogged by Death;
 Death, as she turns her neck the kiss to seek,
 Breaks off the dreadful kiss with angry shriek.
 Snatched from her shoulder with despairing moan,
 She clasps them at that dim-seen roofless stone.—
 "Now ruthless Tempest launch thy deadliest dart!
 Fall fires—but let us perish heart to heart."

1793.

³

Soon shall the Lightning hold before thy head
 His torch, and show them slumbering in their bed.

1795.

And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.¹

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of night;²
'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
And round the west's proud lodge their shadows throw,
Like Una* shining on her gloomy way,
The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray;

¹ In 1793 only

While by the scene composed, the breast subsides,
Naught weakens or disturbs its tranquil tides;
Naught but the char that for the mayfly leaps,
And breaks the mirror of the circling deeps;
Or clock, that blind against the wanderer borne
Drops at his feet, and stills his droning horn.
—The whistling swain that plods his ringing way
Where the slow waggon winds along the bay;
The sugh† of swallow flocks that twittering sweep,
The solemn curfew swinging long and deep;
The talking boat that moves with pensive sound,
Or drops his anchor down with plunge profound;
Of boys that bathe remote the faint uproar,
And restless piper wearying out the shore;
These all to swell the village murmurs blend,
That softened from the water-head descend.
While in sweet cadence rising small and still
The far-off minstrels of the haunted hill,
As the last bleating of the fold expires,
Tune in the mountain dells their water lyres.

² 1845.

of the night.

1793.

* Alluding to this passage of Spencer :

— Her angel face
As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in that shady place. 1793.

† Sugh is a Scotch word, expressive, as Mr Gilpin explains it, of the sound of the motion of a stick through the air, or of the wind passing through the trees. See Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night." 1793.

Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall ;¹
 Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale
 Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.²
 With restless interchange at once the bright
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
 No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze
 On lovelier spectacle in faery days ;
 When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's face ;
 While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
 Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.
 —The lights are vanished from the watery plains :
 No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
 Unheeded night has overcome the vales :
 On the dark earth the wearied vision fails ;
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain ;
 Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
 Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar ;

¹ 1815.

Thence from three paly loop-holes mild and small
 Slow lights upon the lake's still bosom fall, 1793.

Beyond the mountain's giant rush that hides
 In deep determined gloom his subject tides.

Added in edd. 1793-1820.

—'Mid the dark steeps repose the shadowy streams,
 As touched with dawning moonlight's hoary gleams,
 Long streaks of fairy light the wave illumine
 With bordering lines of intervening gloom,

In 1793 only.

² 1836.

Soft o'er the surface creep the lustres pale
 Tracking with silvering path the changeful gale. 1793.

Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale
 Tracking the fitful motions of the gale. 1815.

And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.¹

—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,

—'Tis restless magic all ; at once the light
Breaks on the shade, the shade upon the light.
Fair spirits are abroad ; in sportive chase
Brushing with lucid wands the water's face,
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
Charms the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.

—As through the astonished woods the notes ascend,
The mountain streams their rising song suspend ;
Below Eve's listening Star, the sheep walk stills
Its drowsy tinklings on the attentive hills ;
The milkmaid stops her ballad, and her pail
Stays its low murmur in the unbreathing vale ;
No night duck clamours for his wildered mate,
Awed, while below the Genii hold their state.

—The pomp is fled, and mute the wondrous strains,
No wrack of all the pageant scarce remains,
* So vanish those fair Shadows, human Joys,
But Death alone their vain regret destroys.
Unheeded Night has overcome the vales,
On the dark earth the baffled vision fails,
If peep between the clouds a star on high,
There turns for glad repose the weary eye ;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone-black fir, forsakes the faded plain ;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke no more,
Lost in the deepened darkness, glimmers hoar ;
High towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear,
Thence red from different heights with restless gleam
Small cottage lights across the water stream,
Naught else of man or life remains behind
To call from other worlds the wildered mind,
Till pours the wakeful bird her solemn strains,
† Heard by the night calm of the watery plains.
No purple prospects now the mind employ,
Glowing in golden sunset tints of joy,

¹ In 1793 only.

* So break those glittering shadows, human joys.—YOUNG. 1793.

† "Charming the night-calm with her powerful song." A line of one of our older poets. 1793.

And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
 The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
 Stay ! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay !
 Ah no ! as fades the vale, they fade away :
 Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains ;
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to thread
 Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's bed,¹
 From his grey reappearing tower shall soon
 Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,
 While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,
 And pours a deeper blue to Æther's bound ;
 Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.²

Above yon eastern hill, where darkness broods³
 O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods ;

¹ 1836.

The bird, with fading light who ceased to thread
 Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed, 1793.

The bird, who ceased with fading light to thread
 Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed, 1815.

² 1836.

Salute with boding note the rising moon,
 Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground,
 And pouring deeper blue to Æther's bound ;
 Rejoiced her solemn pomp of clouds to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy white, and gold,
 While rose and poppy, as the glow-worm fades,
 Cluster with paler red the thicket shades. 1793.

And pleased her solemn pomp of clouds to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold. 1815.

³ 1836.

Now, o'er the eastern hill, where darkness broods, 1793.
 See o'er the eastern hill, 1815.

Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
 Even now she shows, half-veiled, her lovely face :¹
 Across the gloomy valley flings her light,²
 Far to the western slopes with hamlets white ;
 And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,
 To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own morn,
 Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
 The weary hills, impervious, blackening near ;
 Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
 On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant scene,
 (For dark and broad the gulf of time between)
 Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
 (Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way ;
 How fair its lawns and sheltering³ woods appear !
 How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear !)
 Where we, my Friend, to happy⁴ days shall rise,
 'Till our small share of hardly paining sighs
 (For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
 Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,
 And, rimy without speck, extend the plains :

¹ 1836.

She lifts in silence up her lovely face.

1795.

² 1836.

Above the gloomy valley

1793.

³ 1815.

. . . . lawns and silvery woods appear.

1793.

⁴ 1815.

. . . . to golden days shall rise,

1793.

The deepest cleft the mountains front displays¹
 Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays ;
 From the dark-blue faint silvery threads divide
 The hills, while gleams below the azure tide ;
 Time softly treads ; throughout the landscape breathes
 A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths
 Of charcoal-smoke, that o'er the fallen wood
 Steal down the hill, and spread along the flood.²

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
 Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
 To catch the spiritual music of the hill,³
 Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
 Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
 The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
 The boat's first motion—made with dashing oar ;⁴
 Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
 Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn ;⁵

¹ 1836.

The deepest dell the mountain's breast displays,	1793.
The deepest dell the mountain's front displays	1820.

² 1836.

The scene is wakened, yet its peace unbroke, By silvered wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke, That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood, Steal down the hill, and spread along the flood.	1793.
--	-------

³ 1836.

All air is, as the sleeping water, still, Listening the aerial music of the hill.	1793.
Air listens, as the sleeping water still, To catch the spiritual music of the hill.	1832.

⁴ 1836.

Soon followed by his hollow-parting oar, And echoed hoof approaching the far shore ;	1793.
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⁵ 1836.

Hurrying the feeding hare through rustling corn.	1793.
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The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;¹
 And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
 The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
 Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

L I N E S

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

Comp. 1789. — Pub. 1798.

[This title is scarcely correct. It was during a solitary walk on the banks of the Cam that I was first struck with this appearance, and applied it to my own feelings in the manner here expressed, changing the scene to the Thames, near Windsor. This, and the three stanzas of the following poem, "Remembrance of Collins," formed one piece; but, upon the recommendation of Coleridge, the three last stanzas were separated from the other.]

How richly glows the water's breast
 Before us, tinged with evening hues,²
 While, facing thus the crimson west,
 The boat her silent course pursues!³
 And see how dark the backward stream!
 A little moment past so smiling!
 And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
 Some other loiterers beguiling.⁴

Such views the youthful Bard allure;
 But, heedless of the following gloom,
 He deems their colours shall endure
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.

¹ 1836.

The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;

1793.

² 1815.How rich the wave, in front, imprest
 With evening twilight's summer hues,

1798.

³ 1802.

The boat her silent path pursues.

1798.

⁴ 1815.

. . . loiterer

1798.

—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
 And what if he must die in sorrow!
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
 Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

Comp. 1789. — Pub. 1798.

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,
 O Thames! that other bards may see
 As lovely visions by thy side
 As now, fair river! come to me.
 O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
 Till all our minds for ever flow
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene!
 Such as did once the Poet bless,¹
 Who murmuring here a later* ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress
 But in the milder grief of pity.

¹ 1815.Such heart did once the poet bless,
 When pouring here a *later* ditty.

1798.

* Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his lifetime. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza. 1798.

Now let us, as we float along,
 For *him* suspend the dashing oar ;
 And pray that never child of song
 May know that Poet's sorrows more,
 How calm ! how still ! the only sound,
 The dripping of the oar suspended !
 —The evening darkness gathers round
 By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE ALPS.

Comp. 1791-2. — Pub. 1793.

[Much the greatest part of this poem was composed during my walks upon the banks of the Loire, in the years 1791, 1792. I will only notice that the description of the valley filled with mist, beginning—"In solemn shapes"—was taken from that beautiful region of which the principal features are Lungarn and Sarnen. Nothing that I ever saw in Nature left a more delightful impression on my mind than that which I have attempted, alas, how feebly ! to convey to others in these lines. Those two lakes have always interested me especially, from bearing in their size and other features, a resemblance to those of the north of England. It is much to be deplored that a district so beautiful should be so unhealthy as it is.]

TO THE REV. ROBERT JONES, FELLOW OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE,
 CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of our having been companions among the Alps seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post-chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessaries upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter !

I am happy in being conscious that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must

certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets, which give such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowden, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgelert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steepes of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem

I am, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

London, 1793.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on earth) among the charms of Nature—Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning; its voluptuous Character; Old man and forest-cottage music—River Tusa—Via Mala and Grison Gipsy—Schellenen-thal—Lake of Uri—Stormy sunset—Chapel of William Tell—Force of local emotion—Chamois-chaser—View of the higher Alps—Manner of Life of a Swiss mountaineer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps—Golden Age of the Alps—Life and views continued—Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedlen and its pilgrims—Valley of Chamouny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness—France—Wish for the Ertirpation of Slavery—Conclusion.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground
 Where from distress a refuge might be found,¹
 And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;
 Sure, nature's God that spot to man had given²

¹ 1827.

By pain and her sad family unfound, 1820.

² 1827.

When murmuring rivers join the song of even. 1820.

Where falls the purple morning far and wide
 In flakes of light upon the mountain side ;
 Where with loud voice the power of water shakes ¹
 The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam,
 Who at the call of summer quits his home,
 And plods through some wide realm o'er vale and height
 Though seeking only holiday delight ; ²
 At least, not owning to himself an aim
 To which the sage would give a prouder name.
 No gains too cheaply earned his fancy cloy,
 Though every passing zephyr whispers joy ;
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,
 Feeds the clear current of his sympathies. ³
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn ;
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn !

¹ 1827.

When the resounding power of water shakes 1820.

² 1836.

And not unrecompensed the man shall roam,
 Who, to convene with Nature, quits his home,
 And plods o'er hills and vales his way forlorn,
 Wooing her various charms from eve to morn. 1820.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam,
 Who at the call of summer quits his home,
 And plods through some far realm o'er vale and height,
 Though seeking only holiday delight. 1827.

³ 1827.

No sad vacuities his heart annoy ;—
 Blows not a zephyr but it whispers joy ;
 For him lost flowers their idle sweets exhale ;
 He tastes the meanest note that swells the gale ; 1815.

No sad vacuities his heart annoy,
 Breathes not a zephyr but it whispers joy ;
 For him the lowliest flowers their sweets exhale ;
 He marks "the meanest note that swells the gale,"* 1820.

* Gray.

Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his tread :¹
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye ?
 Upward he looks—" and calls it luxury :"
 Kind Nature's charities his steps attend ;
 In every babbling brook he finds a friend ;
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed
 By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bower,
 To his spare meal he calls the passing poor ;
 He views the sun uplift his golden fire,
 Or sink, with heart alive like* Memnon's lyre ;
 Blesses the moon that comes with kindly ray,
 To light him shaken by his rugged way.²
 Back from his sight no bashful children steal ;
 He sits a brother at the cottage-meal ;³
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart ;
 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.
 While unsuspending wheels the village dance,
 The maidens eye him with enquiring glance,
 Much wondering by what fit of crazing care,
 Or desperate love, bewildered, he came there.⁴

¹ 1820.

And dear the greensward to his velvet tread. 1815.

² 1820.

with kindest ray
 To light him shaken by his viewless way. 1815.

³ 1836.

With bashful fear no cottage children steal
 From him, a brother at the cottage meal. 1815.

⁴ 1845.

Much wondering what sad stroke of crazing care,
 Or desperate Love could lead a wanderer there. 1815.
 Much wondering in what fit of crazing care
 Or desperate love, a wanderer came there. 1836.

* The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays. 1815.

A hope, that prudence could not then approve,
 That clung to Nature with a truant's love,
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my footsteps led ;
 Her files of road-elms, high above my head
 In long-drawn vista, rustling in the breeze,
 Or where her pathways straggle as they please
 By lonely farms and secret villages.
 But lo! the Alps, ascending white in air,
 Toy with the sun and glitter from afar.¹

And now, emerging from the forest's gloom,
 I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom.
 Whither is fled that Power whose frown severe
 Awed sober Reason till she crouched in fear ?²
That Silence, once in deathlike fetters bound,
 Chains that were loosened only by the sound
 Of holy rites chanted in measured round ?

¹ 1836.

Me, lured by hope her sorrows to remove,
 A heart that could not much itself approve,
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,
 Her road elms rustling high above my head,
 Or through her truant pathways' native charms,
 By secret villages and lonely farms,
 To where the Alps ascending white in air,
 Toy with the sun, and glitter from afar.

1820.

. . . . its sorrows to remove

1832.

² 1836.

I sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom,
 Where now is fled that Power whose frown severe
 Tamed "sober Reason" till she crouched in fear ?
 That breathed a death-like peace their woods around ;

1815.

Even now emerging from the forest's gloom,
 I heave a sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom.
 Where now is fled that Power whose frown severe,
 Tamed "sober Reason" till she crouched in fear.

1829.

—The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
 The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.¹
 The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
 Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps away his tears.²
 Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled heads,³
 Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night o'erspreads ;
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,
 And start the astonished shades at female eyes.
 From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
 A viewless flight of laughing Demons mock
 The Cross, by angels planted* on the aerial rock.⁴
 The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath
 Along the mystic streams of Life and Death. †
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
 Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,
 Vallombre, ‡ 'mid her falling fanes, depleores,
 For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

1836.

The cloister startles at the gleam of arms,
 And Blasphemy the shuddering fane alarms ; 1815.

² 1836.

And swells the groaning torrent with his tears. 1815.

³ 1836.

Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled heads. 1815.

⁴ 1836.

The cross with hideous laughter Demons mock,
 By angels planted on the aerial rock. 1815.

The cross, by angels on the aerial rock
 Planted, a flight of laughing demons mock. 1832.

* Alluding to crosses seen on the spiry rocks of Chartreuse. 1815.

† Names of rivers at the Chartreuse. 1815.

‡ Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse. 1815.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves
 Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.
 —To towns, whose shades of no rude noise complain,¹
 From ringing team apart² and grating wain—
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,
 And o'er the whitened wave their shadows fling—
 The pathway leads, as round the steeps it twines;³
 And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
 The loitering traveller⁴ hence, at evening, sees
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees;
 Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids
 Tend the small harvest of their garden glades;
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view
 Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and blue,
 And track the yellow lights⁵ from steep to steep,
 As up the opposing hills they slowly creep.⁶

¹ 1836. . . . no rude sound complain, 1815.

² 1836. To ringing team unknown

³ 1827. Wild round the steeps the little pathway twines, 1815.

⁴ 1836. The viewless lingerer, 1815.

⁵ 1845. Tracking the yellow sun 1815.

And track the yellow light 1836.

⁶ 1845. As up the opposing hills, with tortoise foot, they creep.
 1815.

Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
 In golden light ;¹ half hides itself in shade :
 While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
 Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire :²
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
 Rich golden verdure on the lake³ below.
 Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar ;
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
 And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene ! the eye that greets
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats ;
 Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that scales
 Thy cliffs ; the endless waters of thy vales ;⁴
 Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,⁵
 Each with its household boat beside the door ;⁶

¹ 1845.

Here half a village shines, in gold arrayed,
 Bright as the moon ; 1815.

² 1845.

While from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
 Restlessly flashing seems to mount like fire : 1815.

³ 1836.

. . . . the waves below 1815.

⁴ 1836.

Th' unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs that scales ;
 The never-ending waters of thy vales ; 1815.

⁵ 1836.

The cots, those dim religious groves embower,
 Or, under rocks that from the water tower
 Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore, 1815.

⁶

Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic droop
 Brightening the gloom where thick the forests stoop.

In edd. 1815 to 1832.

Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky ;
 Thy towns, that cleave, like swallows' nests, on high ;¹
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
 Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods ;²
 Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue or grey,
 'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from morning's ray³
 Slow-travelling down the western hills, to enfold⁴
 Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold ;
 Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin bell
 Calls forth the woodman from his desert cell,
 And quickens the blithe sound of oars that pass
 Along the steaming lake, to early mass.⁵
 But now farewell to each and all—adieu
 To every charm, and last and chief to you,

¹ 1827.

. . . . like swallows' nests that cleave on high. 1815.

²

While Evening's solemn bird melodious weeps,
 Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the steepes
 In edd. 1815 to 1820.

³ 1836.

—Thy lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue and grey
 Gleams, streaked or dappled, hid from morning's ray. 1815.

As beautiful the flood when blue or grey
 Dappled, or streaked, as hid from morning's ray. C.

⁴ 1836.

. to fold 1815.

⁵ 1836.

From thickly glittering spires the matin bell
 Calling the woodman from his desert cell,
 A summons to the sound of oars, that pass,
 Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass ;
 Slow swells the service o'er the water borne,
 While fill each pause the ringing woods of morn. 1815.

Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade
 Rest near your little plots of wheaten glade ;¹
 To all that binds² the soul in powerless trance,
 Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing dance ;
 Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine
 The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.
 —Alas ! the very murmur of the streams
 Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,
 While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell
 On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,
 Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's marge,
 And lures³ from bay to bay the vocal barge.

Yet are thy softer arts with power indued
 To soothe and cheer the poor man's solitude.
 By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's home
 Left vacant for the day, I loved to roam.⁴

¹ 1845.

Farewell those forms that in thy noontide shade,
 Rest, near their little plots of wheaten glade. 1820.

Ye lovely forms that in the noontide shade
 Rest near their little plots of wheaten glade. C.

² 1845.

Those charms that bind 1829.

³ 1836.

And winds from bay to bay 1820.

⁴ 1836.

Yet arts are thine that soothe the unquiet heart,
 And smiles to Solitude and Want impart,
 I loved, 'mid thy most desert woods astray,
 With pensive step to measure my slow way,
 By lonely, silent cottage-doors to roam,
 The far off peasant's day-deserted home, 1820.

I loved by silent cottage-doors to roam,
 The far off peasant's day-deserted home ; 1827.

But once I pierced the mazes of a wood
 In which a cabin undeserted stood ;¹
 There an old man an olden measure scanned
 On a rude viol touched with withered hand.²
 As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie³
 Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,
 Stretched at his feet, with stedfast upward eye,
 His children's children listened to the sound ;⁴
 —A Hermit with his family around !

But let us hence ; for fair Locarno smiles
 Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles :
 Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
 Where, 'mid dim towers and woods, her waters gleam.
 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
 The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still, aspire
 To where afar rich orange lustres glow
 Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks, and snow :
 Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
 The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
 Hang o'er the abyss, whose else impervious gloom⁵
 His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

¹ 1836.

Once did I pierce to where a cabin stood ;
 The red-breast peace had buried it in wood, 1821.
 And once I pierced the mazes of a wood,
 Where, far from public haunt, a cabin stood ; 1827.

² 1836.

There, by the door a hoary-headed Sire
 Touched with his withered hand an ancient lyre ; 1820.

³ 1836.

Beneath an old-grey oak, as violets lie 1820.

⁴ 1836.

. joined the holy sound 1820.

⁵ 1845.

Bend o'er th' abyss, the else impervious gloom. 1820.

Hang o'er th' abyss, 1827.

The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go
 O'er life's long deserts with its charge of woe,
 With sad congratulation joins the train
 Where beasts and men together o'er the plain
 Move on—a mighty caravan of pain :
 Hope, strength, and courage, social suffering brings,
 Freshening the wilderness¹ with shades and springs.
 —There be whose lot far otherwise is cast :
 Sole human tenant of the piny waste,
 By choice or doom a gipsy wanders here,
 A nursling babe her only comforter ;
 Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy rock,
 A covering shape half hid in curling smoke !²

When lightning among clouds and mountain snows
 Predominates, and darkness comes and goes,
 And the fierce torrent at the flashes broad
 Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring road—
 She seeks a covert from the battering shower
 In the roofed bridge ; the bridge, in that dread hour,
 Itself all trembling at the torrent's power.³

¹ 1836.

Freshening the waste of sand . . . 1820.

² 1836.

The Grison gypsey here her tent hath placed,
 Sole human tenant of the piny waste ;
 Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy locks,
 Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath the rocks. 1820.

—*She*, solitary, through the desert drear
 Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand with Fear. 1820.

³ 1845.

A giant moan along the forest swells
 Protracted, and the twilight storm foretels,
 And, ruining from the cliffs, their deafening load
 Tumbles,—the wildering Thunder slips abroad ;

Nor is she more at ease on some *still* night,
 When not a star supplies the comfort of its light ;
 Only the waning moon hangs dull and red
 Above a melancholy mountain's head,
 Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant sighs,
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes ;
 Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
 Or, to the drowsy crow of midnight cock,
 Listens, or quakes while from the forest's gulf
 Howls near and nearer yet the famished wolf.¹

On the high summits Darkness comes and goes,
 Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks and snows ;
 The torrent, traversed by the lustre broad,
 Starts like a horse beside the flashing road ;
 In the roofed * bridge, at that terrific hour,
 She seeks a shelter from the battering shower.
 —Fierce comes the river down ; the crashing wood
 Gives way, and half its pines torment the flood ;
 †Fearful, beneath, the water-spirits call,
 And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its fall. 1820.

When rueful moans along the forest swell
 Protracted, and the twilight's storm foretel,
 And, headlong from the cliffs, a deafening load
 Tumbles,—and wildering thunder slips abroad ;
 When on the summits Darkness comes and goes,
 Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and snows ;
 And the fierce torrent, from the lustre broad,
 Starts, like a horse beside the flashing road—
 She seeks a covert from the battering shower
 In the roofed bridge ; the bridge in that dread hour,
 Itself all quaking at the torrent's power. 1836.

¹ 1845.

Heavy and dull and cloudy is the night ;
 No star supplies the comfort of its light,
 Glimmer the dim-lit Alps, dilated, round,
 And one sole light shifts in the vale profound ;

* Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood and covered ; these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places. 1820.

† "Red came the river down, aloud, and oft
 The angry spirit of the water shrieked."—HOME'S DOUGLAS. 1820.

From the green vale of Urseren smooth and wide
 Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our guide ;¹
 By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
 Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they ;
 By cells upon whose image, while he prays,
 The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze ;
 By many a votive death-cross planted near,
 And watered duly with the pious tear,
 That faded silent from the upward eye
 Unmoved with each rude form of peril nigh ;

While, opposite, the waning moon hangs still,
 And red, above her melancholy hill.
 By the deep quiet gloom appalled she sighs,
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes.
 She hears, upon the mountain forest's brow,
 The death-dog, howling loud and long, below ;
 —Breaking th' ascending roar of desert floods,
 And insect buzz, that stems the sultry woods,
 On viewless fingers counts the valley-clock,
 Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock. 1820.

. the melancholy hill.
 By the deep gloom, appalled the gipsy sighs, 1827.

A single taper in the vale profound
 Shifts, while the Alps dilated glimmer round. 1832.

. her melancholy hill.
 By the deep quiet gloom appalled, she sighs, 1832
 (returning to the reading of 1820.

. yon melancholy hill.
 By the deep gloom appalled, the Vagrant sighs,

 Or on her fingers counts the valley clock. 1836.

¹ 1845.

Now passing Urseren's open vale serene,
 Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green,
 Plunge with the Russ embrowned by Terror's breath,
 When danger roofs the narrow walks of death ; 1815.

Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows, and roaring waves.¹

But soon a peopled region on the sight
Opens—a little world of calm delight ;²
Where mists, suspended on the expiring gale,
Spread roof-like o'er the deep secluded vale,³

¹ 1836.

By floods, that, thundering from their dizzy height,
Swell more gigantic on the steadfast sight ;
Black drizzling crags, that beaten by the din,
Vibrate, as if a Voice complained within ;
Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks, afraid,
Unsteadfast, by a blasted yew upstayed ;
By cells,* whose image, trembling as he prays,
Awe-struck, the kneeling peasant scarce surveys ;
Loose hanging rocks the Day's bless'd eye that hide,
And † crosses reared to Death on every side,
Which with cold kiss Devotion planted near,
And, bending watered with the human tear ;
That faded " silent " from her upward eye,
Unmoved with each rude form of Danger nigh,
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

² 1836.

On as we move a softer prospect opes,
Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes. 1815.

³ 1845.

While mists, suspended on the expiring gale,
Moveless o'erhang the deep secluded vale, 1815.

Where mists suspended on the evening gale,
Spread roof-like o'er a deep secluded vale. c.

Given to clear view beneath a hoary veil
Of mists suspended on the evening gale.

* The Catholic religion prevails here ; these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the roadside. 1815.

† Crosses commemorative of the death of travellers, by the fall of snow and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road. 1815.

And beams of evening slipping in between,
 Gently illuminate a sober scene :—¹
 Here, on the brown wood-cottages they sleep,
 There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.²
 On as we journey, in clear view displayed,
 The still vale lengthens underneath its shade
 Of low-hung vapour : on the freshened mead
 The green light sparkles ;—the dim bowers recede.³
 While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,
 And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,
 In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
 Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
 Huge convent domes with pinnacles and towers,
 And antique castles seen through gleamy showers.⁴

¹ 1836.

The beams of evening, slipping soft between ;
 Light up of tranquil joy a sober scene. 1815.

² 1845.

On the low brown wood-huts delighted sleep
 Along the brightened gloom reposing deep. 1815.

Here, on the brown wood-cottages they sleep,
 There, over lawns and sloping woodlands creep. 1836.

Here, on the brown wood cottages they sleep,
 There, over lawn or sloping pasture creep. c.

³ 1845.

Winding its dark-green wood and emerald glade,
 The still vale lengthens underneath the shade ;
 While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,
 Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead, 1815.

Winding its darksome wood and emerald glade,
 the shade
 Of low-hung vapour ; on the freshened mead
 The green light sparkles ;—the dim bowers recede. 1836.

⁴ 1836.

And antique castles seen through drizzling showers. 1815.

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake !
 To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake
 In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
 Winds neither road nor path for foot to tread :¹
 The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
 Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech ;²
 Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
 Nor stop but where creation seems to end.³
 Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage scene
 Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
 Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
 To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on the steep.⁴

¹ 1845.

Lo ! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake ;
 Where, by the unpathwayed margin still and dread
 Was never heard the plodding peasant's tread. 1815.

² 1845.

Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach
 Far o'er the secret water dark with beech. 1815.

³ 1845.

More high to where creation seems to end,
 Shade above shade the desert pines ascend. 1815.

. . . . the aerial pines . . . 1820.

Shade above shade, the aerial pines ascend,
 Nor stop but where creation seems to end. 1836.

⁴ 1845.

Yet, with his infants, man undaunted creeps
 And hangs his small wood-hut upon the steeps,
 Where'er, below, amid the savage scene
 Peeps out a little speck of smiling green.
 A garden-plot the mountain air perfumes,
 Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms ;
 A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff,
 Threading the painful crag, surmounts the cliff. 1815.

. . . . wood-cabin on the steeps, 1820.

. . . . the desert air perfumes, 1820.

—Before those thresholds (never can they know¹
 The face of traveller passing to and fro,)
 No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
 For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell ;
 Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark foregoes,
 Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes ;
 The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
 To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.²
 Yet thither the world's business finds its way
 At times, and tales unsought beguile the day,
 And *there* are those fond thoughts which Solitude,
 However stern, is powerless to exclude.
 There doth the maiden watch her lover's sail
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale ;
 At midnight listens till his parting oar,
 And its last echo, can be heard no more.³

Yet wheresoe'er amid the savage scene,
 Peeps out a little spot of smiling green,
 Man, with his babes undaunted thither creeps,
 And hangs his small wood-hut upon the steeps. 1836.

¹ 1845.
 —Before those hermit doors, that never know 1815.
 —Before those lonesome doors 1836.

² 1845.
 The grassy seat beneath their casement shade
 The pilgrims wistful eye hath never stayed. 1815.
 The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
 To pilgrims overpowered by summer's heat. 1836.

³ 1845.
 There, did the iron Genius not disdain
 The gentle Power that haunts the myrtle plain,
 There might the love-sick Maiden sit, and chide
 Th' insuperable rocks and severing tide,
 There watch at eve her Lover's sun-gilt sail
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale,
 Thus list at midnight till is heard no more,
 Below, the echo of his parting oar,
 Then hang in fear, when growls the frozen stream,
 To guide his dangerous tread, the taper's gleam. 1815.

And what if ospreys, cormorants, herons, cry,
 Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,¹
 Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
 That common growth of earth, the foodful ear;²
 Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,
 And pines the unripened pear in summer's kindest ray;³
 Contentment shares the desolate domain
 With Independence, child of high Disdain.⁴
 Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
 And grasps by fits her sword, and often eyes;⁵

There might the maiden chide, in love-sick mood,
 The insuperable rocks and severing flood.

At midnight listen till his parting oar,
 And its last echo, can be heard no more. 1836.

Yet tender thoughts dwell there, no solitude
 Hath power youth's natural feelings to exclude;
 There doth the maiden watch her lover's sail
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale. C.

¹ 1845.
 'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,
 Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry; 1815.
 Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry,
 'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by, 1836.

² 1845.
 Where hardly given the hopeless waste to cheer,
 Denied the bread of life the foodful ear, 1815.
 Hovering o'er rugged wastes too bleak to rear
 That common growth of earth, the foodful ear, 1820.
 Or hovering over wastes 1836.

³ 1820.
 Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray,
 And apple sickens pale in summer's ray; 1815.

⁴ 1843.
 Even here Content has fixed her smiling reign
 With Independence, child of high Disdain. 1815.

1845.
 And often grasps her sword, and often eyes. 1815.

And sometimes, as from rock to rock she bounds
 The Patriot nymph starts at imagined sounds,
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,
 Whether some old Swiss air hath checked her haste
 Or thrill of Spartan fife is caught between the blast.¹

Swoln with incessant rains from hour to hour,²
 All day the deepening floods a murmur pour :
 The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight :
 Dark is the region as with coming night ;
 But what a sudden burst of overpowering light !
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
 Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious form !³
 Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
 The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline ;
 Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams unfold,⁴
 At once to pillars turned that flame with gold :

¹ 1845.

Her crest a bough of Winter's bleakest pine
 Strange "weeds" and Alpine plants her helm entwine,
 And wildly-pausing oft she hangs aghast
 While thrills the "Spartan fife" between the blast. 1815.

Flowers of the loftiest Alps her helm entwine. 1836.

And oft at Fancy's call she stands aghast,
 As if some old Swiss air had checked her haste,
 Or thrill of Spartan fife were caught between the blast. C.

² 1845.

'Tis storm ; and, hid in mist from hour to hour, 1815.

³ 1845.

Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form. 1815.
 glorious form. 1815

⁴ 1845.

Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold, 1815.
 Those eastern cliffs a hundred streams unfold, 1836.

Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to shun ¹
 The *west*, that burns like one dilated sun,
 A crucible of mighty compass, felt
 By mountains, glowing till they seem to melt.²

But, lo! the boatman, overawed, before
 The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar ;
 Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
 While his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.³
 And who, that walks where men of ancient days
 Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise
 Feels not the spirit of the place control,
 Or rouse and agitate his labouring soul ? ⁴
 Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
 On Zutphen's plain ; or on that highland dell,
 Through which rough Garry cleaves his way, can tell
 What high resolves exalt the tenderest thought
 Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,⁵

¹ 1845.

. . . .	the peasant strives to shun	1815.
. tries to shun	1836.

² 1845.

Where in a mighty crucible expire		
The mountains glowing hot, like coals of fire.		1815.

³ 1845.

While burns in his full eyes the glorious tears.		1820.
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⁴ 1845.

Exalt, or agitate	1820.
Exalt, and agitate	1827.

⁵ 1836.

On Zutphen's plain, or where, with softened gaze,		
The old grey stones the plaided chief surveys,		
Can guess the high resolve, the cherished pain		
Of him whom passion rivets to the plain.		1820.

Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,
 And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye ;
 Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
 And glad Dundee in " faint huzzas " expired ?

But now with other mind I stand alone
 Upon the summit of this naked cone,
 And watch the fearless chamois-hunter chase
 His prey, through tracts abrupt of desolate space,¹
 Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave
 A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
 Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep ;
 Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice, and Motion sleep ;
 Where silent Hours their death-like sway extend,
 Save when the avalanche breaks loose, to rend
 It's way with uproar, till the ruin, drowned
 In some dense wood or gulf of snow profound,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound.²
 —'Tis his, while wandering on from height to height,
 To see a planet's pomp and steady light
 In the least star of scarce-appearing night ;
 While the pale moon moves near him, on the bound
 Of ether, shining with diminished round,³
 And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays :

¹ 1836.

And watch, from pike to pike, amid the sky
 Small as a bird the chamois chaser fly.

1820.

² 1836.

Where silence still her death-like reign extends,
 Save when the startling cliff unfrequent rends :
 In the deep snow the mighty ruin drowned,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deep abortive sound.

1820.

³ 1836.

While the near moon, that coasts the vast profound,
 Wheels pale and silent her diminished round.

1820.

To him the day-star glitters small and bright,
 Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
 And he can look beyond the sun, and view
 Those fast-receding depths of sable blue
 Flying till vision can no more pursue!¹
 —At once bewildering mists around him close,
 And cold and hunger are his least of woes;
 The Demon of the snow, with angry roar
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
 Soon with despair's whole weight his spirits sink;
 Bread has he none, the snow must be his drink;²
 And, ere his eyes can close upon the day,
 The eagle of the Alps o'er shades her prey.

Now couch thyself where, heard with fear afar,³
 Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar;
 Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Underwalden's pastoral heights.
 —Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has seen
 The native Genii walk the mountain green?
 Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
 Soft music o'er the ærial summit steal?
 While o'er the desert, answering every close,
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.
 —And sure there is a secret Power that reigns
 Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
 Nought but the *chalets*, flat and bare, on high
 Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky;

¹ 1827.

Flying more fleet than vision can pursue.

1820.

² 1836.

No bread to feed him, and the snow his drink,

1820.

³ 1836.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with fear afar,

1820.

Or distant herds that pasturing upward creep,
 And, not untended, climb the dangerous steep.¹
 How still! no irreligious sound or sight
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
 And with that voice accords the soothing sound²
 Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods steady *sugh*; *
 The solitary heifer's deepened low;
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
 All motions, sounds, and voices, far and nigh,
 Blend in a music of tranquillity;³
 Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy⁴
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

When, from the sunny breast of open seas,
 And bays with myrtle fringed, the southern breeze
 Comes on to gladden April with the sight
 Of green isles widening on each snow-clad height;⁵

¹ 1836.

Naught but the herds that pasturing upward creep,
 Hung dim-discovered from the dangerous steep,
 Or summer hamlet, flat and bare, on high
 Suspended, 'mid the quiet of the sky. 1815.

² 1836.

Broke only by the melancholy sound 1815.

³ The two previous lines added in 1836.

⁴ 1832.

Save that, the stranger seen below, . . . 1815.

⁵ 1836.

When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas,
 Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze,
 When hums the mountain bee in May's glad ear,
 And emerald isles to spot the heights appear, 1815.

* *Sugh*, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,
 And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,¹
 The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
 Leaving to silence the deserted vale;²
 And like the Patriarchs in their simple age
 Move, as the verdure leads, from stage to stage;³
 High and more high in summer's heat they go,
 And hear the rattling thunder far below;⁴
 Or steal beneath the mountains, half deterred,
 Where huge rocks tremble to the bellowing herd.⁵

One I behold who, 'cross the foaming flood,
 Leaps with a bound of graceful hardihood;
 Another high on that green ledge;—he gained
 The tempting spot with every sinew strained;
 And downward thence a knot of grass he throws,
 Food for his beasts in time of winter snows.⁶

¹ When fragrant scents beneath th' enchanted tread
 Spring up, his choicest wealth around him spread.
 In edd. 1815 to 1832.

² 1836.
 To silence leaving the deserted vale, 1815.

³ 1836.
 Mounts, where the verdure leads, from stage to stage,
 And pastures on, as in the Patriarch's age, 1815.

⁴ 1836.
 O'er lofty heights serene and still they go, 1815.

⁵ 1836.
 They cross the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed,
 Rocked in the dizzy larch's narrow tread;
 Or steal beneath loose mountains, half-deterred,
 That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd. 1815.

⁶ 1836.
 —I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps
 To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,
 Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws,
 The fodder of his herd in winter snows. 1815.

—Far different life from what Tradition hoar
 Transmits of happier lot in times of yore!¹
 Then summer lingered long; and honey flowed
 From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe abode:²
 Continual waters welling cheered the waste,³
 And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste:
 Nor winter yet his frozen stores had piled,
 Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled:
 Nor Hunger driven the herds from pastures bare,
 To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty fare.⁴
 Then the milk-thistle flourished through the land,
 And forced the full-swollen udder to demand,
 Thrice every day, the pail and welcome hand.⁵
 Thus does the father to his children tell
 Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too well.⁶
 Alas! that human guilt provoked the rod
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.⁷
 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

¹ 1836.

. to what tradition hoar
 Transmits of days more blessed 1815.

² 1836.

Then summer lengthened out his season bland,
 And with rock-honey flowed the happy land. 1815.

³ 1836.

Continual fountains 1815.

⁴ 1836.

Nor Hunger forced the herds from pastures bare
 For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to dare. 1815.

⁵ 1836.

Then the milk-thistle bade these herds demand
 Three times a day the pail and welcome hand, 1815.

⁶ 1836.

Thus does the father to his sons relate,
 On the lone mountain top their changed estate. 1815.

⁷

The last two lines in edd. 1836 to 1849 only.

'Tis morn : with gold the verdant mountain glows ;
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
 Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea ! whose billows wide around¹
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound :
 Pines, on the coast, through mists their tops uprear,
 That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
 A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
 Gapes in the centre of the sea—and through
 That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
 Innumerable streams with roar profound.²
 Mount through the nearer vapours notes of birds,
 And merry flageolet ; the low of herds,
 The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
 Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-tower knell :³
 Think not, the peasant from aloft has gazed
 And heard with heart unmoved, with soul unraised :
 Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less
 Alive to independent happiness,

¹ 1836.

. . . whose vales and mountains round. 1820.

² 1836.

A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
 And bottomless, divides the midway tide.
 Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear
 The pines that near the coast their summits rear ;
 Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant shore
 Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar ;
 Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound
 Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound. 1820.

³ 1836.

Mount through the nearer mist the chant of birds,
 And talking voices, and the low of herds,
 The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
 And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell. 1820.

Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at even-tide
 Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side :¹
 For as the pleasures of his simple day
 Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
 Nought round its darling precincts can he find
 But brings some past enjoyment to his mind ;
 While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's urn,
 Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.²

Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
 Was blest as free—for he was Nature's child.
 He, all superior but his God disdained,
 Walked none restraining, and by none restrained :
 Confessed no law but what his reason taught,
 Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.
 As man in his primeval dower arrayed
 The image of his glorious Sire displayed,
 Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here³
 The traces of primeval Man appear ;
 The simple dignity no forms debase ;⁴
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace :
 The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,
 His book he prizes, nor neglects his sword ;⁵

¹ 1836.

Think not suspended from the cliff on high
 He looks below with undelighted eye.
 —No vulgar joy is his, at eventide
 Stretched on the scented mountain's purple side : 1820.

² 1836.

While Hope that ceaseless leans on Pleasure's urn, 1820.

³ 1836.

. . . by vestal Nature guarded . . . 1820.

⁴ 1836.

The native dignity 1820.

⁵ 1832.

He marches with his flute, his book, and sword, 1820.

Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared
With this "the blessings he enjoys to guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground
For many a marvellous victory renowned,¹
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
With few in arms,* innumerable foes,
When to those famous fields his steps are led,²
An unknown power connects him with the dead:
For images of other worlds are there;
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Fitfully, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled transports roll;
His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.³

And oft, when that dread vision hath past by,
He holds with God himself communion high,

- ¹ 1845. For many a wondrous victory . . . 1820.
- ² 1845. When to those glorious fields . . . 1820.
- ³ 1836. Uncertain through his fierce uncultured soul
Like lighted tempests troubled transports roll;
To viewless realms his Spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign. 1820.

* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria; and in particular, to one fought at Naeffels, near Glarus, when three hundred and thirty men defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians attempting to make a stand were repulsed anew. 1820.

There where the peal¹ of swelling torrents fills
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills ;
 Or, when upon the mountain's silent brow
 Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
 Bright stars of ice, and azure fields of snow ;
 While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.
 And when a gathering weight of shadows brown
 Falls on the valleys as the sun goes down ;
 And Pikes, of darkness named and fear and storms,*
 Uplift in quiet their illumined forms,
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red—
 Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
 And the near heavens impart their own delights.²

When downward to his winter hut he goes,
 Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows ;
 That hut which on the hills so oft employs
 His thoughts, the central point of all his joys.³

¹ 1836.

Where the dread peal 1820.

² 1845.

—Great joy, by horror tamed, dilates his heart,
 And the near heavens their own delights impart.
 —When the sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell,
 Alps overlooking Alps their state up-swell ;
 Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of Fear and Storms,
 Lift, all serene, their still illumined forms,
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red. 1820.
 Fear in his breast with holy love unites, 1836.

³ 1836.

That hut which from the hills his eyes employs
 So oft, the central point of all his joys. 1815.

* As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror. Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, &c., &c. 1820.

And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
 Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,
 So to the homestead, where the grandsire tends
 A little prattling child, he oft descends,
 To glance a look upon the well-matched pair;¹
 Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.
 There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
 He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
 Hears Winter calling all his terrors round,
 And, blest within himself, he shrinks not from the sound.²

Through Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide,
 Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride;
 The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
 With one bright bell, a favourite heifer's neck;
 Well pleased upon some simple annual feast,³
 Remembered half the year and hoped the rest,
 If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,⁴
 Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.
 —Alas! in every clime a flying ray
 Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;⁵

¹ 1836.

And as a swift, by tender cares oppressed,
 Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,
 So to the untrodden floor, where round him looks
 His father, helpless as the babe he rocks,
 Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair, 1820.

² 1836.

Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound. 1820.

³ 1820.

Content upon some simple 1825.

⁴ 1836.

. consecrate the board. 1815.

⁵

“Here,” cried a swain, upon whose hoary head
 The “blossoms of the grave” were thinly spread,
 Last night, while by his dying fire, as closed
 The day, in luxury my limbs reposed,

And here the unwilling mind may more than trace¹
 The general sorrows of the human race :
 The churlish gales of penury, that blow
 Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of snow,²
 To them the gentle groups of bliss deny³
 That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
 Yet more ;—compelled by Powers which only deign
 That *solitary* man disturb their reign,
 Powers that support an unremitting strife
 With all the tender charities of life,
 Full oft the father, when his sons have grown
 To manhood, seems their title to disown ;⁴
 And from his nest amid the storms of heaven⁵
 Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven ;
 With stern composure watches to the plain—
 And never, eagle-like, beholds again !

“ Here Penury oft from misery’s mount will guide
 Even to the Summer door his icy tide,
 And here the avalanche of Death destroy
 The little cottage of domestic joy (omitted in 1827).

1820 and 1832.

“ Here,” cried a thoughtful swain, upon whose head, &c.,

1832.

¹ 1836.

But, ah ! the unwilling mind may more than trace 1820.

² 1836.

The churlish gales, that unremitting blow
 Cold from necessity’s continual snow. 1820.

³ 1836.

To us the gentle groups 1820.

⁴ 1836.

The father, as his sons of strength become
 To pay the filial debt, for food to roam, 1820.

⁵ 1836.

From his bare nest amid 1820.

When long-familiar joys are all resigned,
 Why does their sad remembrance haunt the mind ?¹
 Lo ! where through flat Batavia's willowy groves,
 Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves ;
 O'er the curled waters Alpine measures swell,
 And search the affections to their inmost cell ;
 Sweet poison spreads along the listener's veins,
 Turning past pleasures into mortal pains ;²
 Poison, which not a frame of steel can brave,
 Bows his young head with sorrow to the grave.*

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume !
 Ye flattering eastern lights, once more the hills illumine !³
 Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious morn,⁴
 And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return !
 Alas ! the little joy to man allowed
 Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud ;⁵

¹ 1836.

When the poor heart has all its joys resigned 1820.

² 1836.

Soft o'er the waters mournful measures swell,
 Unlocking tender thought's " memorial cell ;"
 Past pleasures are transformed to mortal pains
 And poison spreads along the listener's veins. 1820.

While poison 1827.

³ 1836.

Fair smiling lights the purpled hills illumine 1815.

⁴ 1836.

Soft gales 1815.

⁵ 1836.

Soon flies the little joy to man allowed,
 And grief before him travels like a cloud. 1815.

* The effect of the famous air called Ranz des Vaches upon the Swiss troops. 1820.

Or like the beauty in a flower installed,
 Whose season was, and cannot be recalled.
 Yet, when opprest by sickness, grief, or care,
 And taught that pain is pleasure's natural heir,
 We still confide in more than we can know ;
 Death would be else the favourite friend of woe.¹

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
 Between interminable tracts of pine,
 Within a temple stands an awful shrine,²
 By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
 On the mute Image and the troubled walls.
 Oh ! give not me that eye of hard disdain
 That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's* wretched fane.
 While ghastly faces through the gloom appear,³
 Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear ;
 While prayer contends with silenced agony,
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.⁴
 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
 One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it there !

¹ 1836.

For come Diseases on, and Penury's rage,
 Labour, and Care, and Pain, and dismal Age,
 Till, Hope-deserted, long in vain his breath
 Implores the dreadful untried sleep of Death. 1815.

² 1836.

A Temple stands ; which holds an awful shrine, 1815.

³ 1836.

Pale, dreadful faces round the shrine appear, 1815.

⁴ 1836.

'Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torment meet,
 Dire clap of hands, distracted chafe of feet ;
 While, loud and dull, ascends the weeping cry,
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die. 1815.

* This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions. 1815.

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,¹
 Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire :
 Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day²
 Close on the remnant of their weary way ;
 While they are drawing towards the sacred floor
 Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall gnaw no more.³
 How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste
 The fountains* reared for them⁴ amid the waste !
 Their thirst they slake :—they wash their toil-worn feet,
 And some with tears of joy each other greet.⁵
 Yes, I must⁶ see you when ye first behold
 Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
 In that glad moment will for you a sigh
 Be heaved, of charitable sympathy ;⁷

¹ 1836.

—The tall Sun, tiptoe on an Alpine spire, 1820.

² 1836.At such an hour there are who love to stray,
And meet the advancing Pilgrims ere the day, 1820.³ 1836.For ye are drawing toward that sacred floor,
Where the charmed worms of pain shall gnaw no more. 1820.

While they are 1827.

⁴ 1836.

. for you 1820.

⁵ 1836.—Now with a tearful kiss each other greet,
Nor longer naked be your toil-worn feet, 1820.There some with tearful kiss each other greet,
And some with reverence wash their toil-worn feet, 1827.⁶ 1836.

Yes, I will see you 1820.

⁷ 1836.

In that glad moment when the hands are pressed 1820.

* Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain. 1820.

In that glad moment when your hands are prest
 In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that shields¹
 With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:²
 Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
 And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;—
 A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
 Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here all the seasons revel hand in hand:
 'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,³
 They sport beneath that mountain's matchless height
That holds no commerce with the summer night.⁴
 From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds⁵
 The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;

¹ 1836.

Last let us turn to where Chamouny * shields, 1820.

² 1827.

Bosomed in gloomy woods, her fertile fields; 1820.

³ 1836.

Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
 Here all the seasons revel hand in hand. 1820.

⁴ 1836.

—Red stream the cottage-lights; the landscape fades,
 Erroneous wavering 'mid the twilight shades.
 Alone ascends that Mountain named of white, †
 That holds no commerce with the summer Night. 1820.

Alone ascends that Hill of matchless height 1820.

⁵ 1836.

. . . . amid his lonely bounds 1820.

* This word is pronounced upon the spot Châmony. I have taken the liberty of changing the accent. 1820.

† It is only from the higher part of the valley of Chamouny that Mont Blanc is visible. 1820.

Appalling havoc!¹ but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on² perpetual snow ;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

What marvel then if many a Wanderer sigh,
While roars the sullen Arve in anger by,³
That not for thy reward, unrivalled Vale!⁴
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale ;
That thou, the slave of slaves, art doomed to pine
And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.⁵

Hail Freedom ! whither it was mine to stray,
With shrill winds whistling round my lonely way,⁶
On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad moors,
Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's shores ;
To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose,
And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows ;

- | | | |
|--------------------|---|----------------|
| ¹ 1836. | Mysterious havoc ! | 1820. |
| ² 1836. | . . . daylight lingers 'mid perpetual | 1820. |
| ³ 1836. | At such an hour I heard a pensive sigh,
When roared the sullen Arve in anger by, | 1820. |
| ⁴ 1836. | delicious Vale | 1820. |
| ⁵ 1836. | Hard lot !—for no Italian arts are thine
To cheat, or cheer
To soothe, or cheer | 1820.
1827. |
| ⁶ 1836. | Beloved Freedom ! were it mine to stray
With shrill winds roaring | 1820. |

*of the many
sighs
not in
the many*

Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
 That virtue languishes and pleasure fails,¹
 While the remotest hamlets blessings share
 In thy loved presence known, and only there ;²
Heart-blessings—outward treasures too which the eye
 Of the sun peeping through the clouds can spy,
 And every passing breeze will testify.
 There, to the porch, belike with jasmine bound
 Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is wound ;³
 The housewife there a brighter garden sees,
 Where hum on busier wing her happy bees ;⁴
 On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow ;
 And grey-haired men look up with livelier brow,—⁵

¹ 1836.

In the wide range of many a varied round,
 Fleet as my passage was, I still have found
 That where proud courts their blaze of gems display,
 The lilies of domestic joy decay. 1820.

That where despotic courts their gems display 1827.

² 1836.

In thy dear presence 1820.

³ 1836.

The casements' shed more luscious woodbine binds,
 And to the door a neater pathway winds ; 1820.

⁴ 1836.

At early morn, the careful housewife, led
 To cull her dinner from its garden bed,
 Of weedless herbs a healthier prospect sees,
 While hum with busier joy her happy bees ;
 In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,
 And laugh with merrier blaze her evening fires ; 1820.

⁵ 1826.

Her infants' cheeks with fresher roses glow,
 And wilder graces sport around their brow ; 1820.

—Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power
 Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cottage-door:
 All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes
 Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
 Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide
 Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,
 When from October clouds a milder light
 Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;
 Methought from every cot the watchful bird
 Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard;
 Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,
 Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams;
 Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling leaf¹
 Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;²
 The measured echo of the distant flail
 Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;
 With more majestic course the water rolled,
 And ripening foliage shone with richer gold.³
 —But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise
 Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze;
 Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower!—
 Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!⁴

¹ 1836.
 Chasing those long long dreams, the falling leaf 1820.

² 1845.
 Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief. 1820.

³ 1836.
 A more majestic tide *the water rolled,
 And glowed the sun-gilt groves in richer gold. 1820.

⁴ 1836.
 —Though Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise
 Red on the hills his beacon's comet blaze;

* The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land. 1820.

Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire
 Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire :
 Lo, from the flames a great and glorious birth ;
 As if a new-made heaven were hailing a new earth !¹
 —All cannot be : the promise is too fair
 For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air :
 Yet not for this will sober reason frown
 Upon that promise, nor the hope disown ;
 She knows that only from high aims ensue
 Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.²

Great God ! by whom the strifes of men are weighed
 In an impartial balance, give thine aid
 To the just cause ; and, oh ! do thou preside
 Over the mighty stream now spreading wide :
 So shall its waters, from the heavens supplied
 In copious showers, from earth by wholesome springs,
 Brood o'er the long-parched lands with Nile-like wings !³

Bid from on high his lonely cannon sound,
 And on ten thousand hearths his shout rebound ;
 His larum-bell from village-tower to tower
 Swing on the astounded ear its dull undying roar ; 1820.

¹ 1836.

Yet, yet rejoice, though Pride's perverted ire
 Rouse Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills on fire !
 Lo ! from the innocuous flames, a lovely birth,
 With its own virtues springs another earth ; 1820.

² 1836.

Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
 Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train ;
 While, with a pulseless hand, and steadfast gaze,
 Unbreathing Justice her still beam surveys. 1820.

³ 1836.

Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride
 Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride,
 To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty bowers
 And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers !
 —Give them, beneath their breast while gladness spring
 To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings ; 182

And grant that every sceptred child of clay
 Who cries presumptuous, "Here the flood shall stay,"
 May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
 And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
 Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
 Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more!¹

To-night, my Friend, within this humble cot
 Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot²
 In timely sleep; and when, at break of day,
 On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
 With a light heart our course we may renew,
 The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.³

GUILT AND SORROW;

OR, INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Comp. 1793-4. — Pub. 1842.

ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original

¹ 1836.

Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
 With all his creatures sink—to rise no more! 1820.

² 1836.

To-night, my friend, within this humble cot
 Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot! 1820.

³ 1836.

Renewing, when the rosy summits glow
 At morn, our various journey, sad and slow. 1820.
 With lighter heart 1827.

position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as a matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

[Unwilling to be unnecessarily particular, I have assigned this poem to the dates 1793 and '94; but, in fact, much of the Female Vagrant's story was composed at least two years before. All that relates to her sufferings as a soldier's wife in America, and her condition of mind during her voyage home, were faithfully taken from the report made to me of her own case by a friend who had been subjected to the same trials, and affected in the same way. Mr Coleridge, when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that it would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragical, as to require a treatment more subdued, and yet more strictly applicable in expression, than I had at first given to it. This fault was corrected nearly sixty years afterwards, when I determined to publish the whole. It may be worth while to remark, that, though the incidents of this attempt do only in a small degree produce each other, and it deviates accordingly from the general rule

by which narrative pieces ought to be governed, it is not, therefore, wanting in continuous hold upon the mind, or in unity, which is effected by the identity of moral interest that places the two personages upon the same footing in the reader's sympathies. My ramble over many parts of Salisbury Plain put me, as mentioned in the preface, upon writing this poem, and left upon my mind imaginative impressions, the force of which I have felt to this day. From that district I proceeded to Bath, Bristol, and so on to the banks of the Wye; where I took again to travelling on foot. In remembrance of that part of my journey, which was in '93, I began the verses,—“Five years have passed,” &c.]

The foregoing is the Fenwick note to “Guilt and Sorrow.” The note to “the Female Vagrant,”—which was the title under which one-third of the longer poem appeared in all the editions prior to 1842—is as follows,

[I find the date of this is placed in 1792, in contradiction, by mistake, to what I have asserted in “Guilt and Sorrow.” The correct date is 1793-4. The chief incidents of it, more particularly her description of her feelings on the Atlantic, are taken from life.]

Stanzas I. to XXII., XXXV. to XXXVII., and LI. to LXXIV. occur only in the edition of 1845, and subsequent ones.—Ed.

I.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
 Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare ;
 Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
 Help from the staff he bore ; for mien and air
 Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care
 Both of the time to come, and time long fled :
 Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey hair ;
 A coat he wore of military red,
 But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred.

II.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on,
 He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
 That welcome in such house for him was none.
 No board inscribed the needy to allure

Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and poor
And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!"
The pendent grapes glittered above the door;—
On he must pace, perchance till night descend,
Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines extend.

III.

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mounting high;
That inn he long had passed; the distant spire,
Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,
Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.
Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save cornfields stretched, and stretching without bound;
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

IV.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
Long files of corn-stalks here and there were seen,
But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.
Some labourer, thought he, may perchance be near;
And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
No voice made answer, he could only hear
Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
Or whistling thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed plain.

V.

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he might turn
And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope
The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne.

Thus warned, he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn.
Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
But sought in vain ; for now, all wild, forlorn,
And vacant, a huge waste around him spread ;
The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed.

VI.

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared ;
A sailor he, who many a wretched hour
Hath told ; for, landing after labour hard,
Full long endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armèd fleet was forced away
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared
Like fate ; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
'Gainst all that in *his* heart, or theirs perhaps, said nay.

VII.

For years the work of carnage did not cease,
And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
Death's minister ; then came his glad release,
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid
The happy husband flies, his arms to throw
Round his wife's neck ; the prize of victory laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.

VIII.

Vain hope ! for fraud took all that he had earned.
The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desert's heart ; but he, returned,
Bears not to those he loves their needful food.

His home approaching, but in such a mood
That from his sight his children might have run,
He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his blood ;
And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

IX.

From that day forth no place to him could be
So lonely, but that thence might come a pang
Brought from without to inward misery.
Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang ;
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swang,
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by ;
And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.

X.

It was a spectacle which none might view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain ;
Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but roused a train
Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to cover him from day,
Rolled at his back along the living plain ;
He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;
But, when the trance was gone, feebly pursued his way.

XI.

As one whose brain habitual frenzy fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul has tossed
Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the dire phantasma which had crossed

His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

XII.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might wreak ;
Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak
Shy tenant; seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek,
And half upon the ground, with strange affright,
Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

XIII.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound ;
The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it strays,
Marks nothing but the red sun's setting round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former days
Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading wide
Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
Their brow sublime : in shelter there to bide
He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every side.

XIV.

Pile of Stone-henge ! so proud to hint yet keep
Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and hear
The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's sweep,
Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year ;

Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear
 For sacrifice its throngs of living men,
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
 Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain
 Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter now would gain ?

XV.

Within that fabric of mysterious form,
 Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme ;
 And, from the perilous ground dislodged, through storm
 And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,
 Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led ;
 Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
 Sight which tho' lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed.

XVI.

No swinging sign-board creaked from cottage elm
 To stay his steps with faintness overcome ;
 'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery realm
 Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom ;
 No gipsy cower'd o'er fire of furze or broom ;
 No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,
 Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room ;
 Along the waste no line of mournful light
 From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night.

XVII.

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose ;
 The downs were visible—and now revealed
 A structure stands, which two bare slopes enclose.
 It was a spot, where, ancient vows fulfilled,

Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build
A lonely Spital, the belated swain
From the night terrors of that waste to shield :
But there no human being could remain,
And now the walls are named the "Dead House" of the plain.

XVIII.

Though he had little cause to love the abode
Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,
Yet when faint beams of light that ruin showed,
How glad he was at length to find some trace
Of human shelter in that dreary place.
Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,
Here shall much-needed sleep his frame embrace.
In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrews
He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes begin to close ;

XIX.

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed to come
From one who mourned in sleep, he raised his head,
And saw a woman in the naked room
Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed ;
The moon a wan dead light around her shed.
He waked her—spake in tone that would not fail,
He hoped, to calm her mind ; but ill he sped,
For of that ruin she had heard a tale
Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail ;

XX.

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,
Felt the loose walls of this decayed Retreat
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,
While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat ;

Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse :
The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,
Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force,
Disclosing the grim head of a late murdered corse.

XXI.

Such tale of this lone mansion she had learned,
And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep half drowned,
By the moon's sullen lamp she first discerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
Her he addressed in words of cheering sound ;
Recovering heart, like answer did she make ;
And well it was that, of the corse there found,
In converse that ensued she nothing spake ;
She knew not what dire pangs in him such tale could
wake.

XXII.

But soon his voice and words of kind intent
Banished that dismal thought ; and now the wind
In fainter howlings told its *rage* was spent :
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest failed not to create.
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
In that forsaken building where they sate
The Woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

XXIII.

“ By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a man
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred ;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,

And in his hearing there my prayers I said :
 And afterwards, by my good father taught,
 I read, and loved the books in which I read ;
 For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.¹

XXIV.

² A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
 A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,
 And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn
 Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.

¹ 1845.

By Derwent's side my Father's cottage stood,
 (The woman thus her artless story told)
 One field, a flock, and what the neighbouring flood
 Supplied, to him were more than mines of gold.
 Light was my sleep ; my days in transport rolled ;
 With thoughtless joy I stretched along the shore
 My father's nets, or watched, when from the fold
 High o'er the cliffs I led my fleecy store,
 A dizzy depth below ! his boat and twinkling oar. 1798.

Or from the mountain fold
 Saw in the distant lake his twinkling oar
 Or watched his lazy boat still lessening more and more. 1800.

Omitted altogether in subsequent editions till 1815.

² In edd. 1798 to 1842.

My father was a good and pious man,
 An honest man by honest parents bred,
 And I believe that soon as I began
 To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
 And in his hearing there my prayers I said ;
 And afterwards, by my good father taught,
 I read, and loved the book in which I read ;
 For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought. 1798.

Can I forget our freaks at shearing time !
 My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied
 The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime ;
 The swans that with white chests upreared in pride
 Rushing and racing came to meet me at the water-side !¹

XXV.

The staff I well remember which upbore ²
 The bending body of my active sire ;
 His seat beneath the honied sycamore
 Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire ;
 When market-morning came, the neat attire
 With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked ;
 Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire
 The stranger till its barking-fit I checked ;³
 The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement
 pecked.

¹ 1845.

Can I forget what charms did once adorn
 My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme,
 And rose and lily for the Sabbath morn ?
 The Sabbath bells, and their delightful chime ;
 The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time ;
 My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied ;
 The cowslip-gathering at May's dewy prime ;
 The swans, that, when I sought the water-side,
 From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride. 1798.
 Omitted in edd. 1802, 1805.

Can I forget our croft and plot of corn ;
 Our garden stored, 1836.

² 1845.

The staff I yet remember 1798.

³ 1836.

My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire,
 When stranger passed, so often I have checked. 1798.

XXVI.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
 Too little marked how fast they rolled away :
 But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,
 My father's substance fell into decay :
 We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day
 When Fortune might put on a kinder look :
 But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they ;
 He from his old hereditary nook
 Must part; the summons came;—our final leave we took.^{1 2}

¹ 1845.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
 Ah ! little marked, how fast they rolled away ;
 There rose a mansion proud our woods among,
 And cottage after cottage owned its sway,
 No joy to see a neighbouring house, or stray
 Through pastures not his own, the master took ;
 My Father dared his greedy wish gainsay ;
 He loved his old hereditary nook,
 And ill could I the thought of such sad parting brook. 1798.

There rose a stately Hall our woods among, 1800.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
 Ah ! little marked how fast they rolled away :
 But, through severe mischance, and cruel wrong,
 My father's substance fell into decay ;
 We toiled and struggled—hoping for a day
 When Fortune might put on a kinder look ;
 But vain were wishes,—efforts vain as they ;
 He from his old hereditary nook
 Must part,—the summons came,—our final leave we took.

1820.

In edd. 1798-1800.

But when he had refused the proffered gold,
 To cruel injuries he became a prey,
 Love traversed in whate'er he bought and sold ;
 His troubles grew upon him day by day,

XXVII.

It was indeed a miserable hour¹
 When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
 Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
 That on his marriage-day sweet music made !
 Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid
 Close by my mother in their native bowers :
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed ;—
 I could not pray :—through tears that fell in showers
 Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas ! no longer ours !

XXVIII.

There was a Youth whom I had loved so long,
 That when I loved him not I cannot say :
 'Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song²
 We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May ;³

Till all his substance fell into decay ;
 His little range of water was denied ;*
 All but the bed where his old body lay,
 All, all was seized, and weeping, side by side,
 We sought a home where we uninjured might abide.

In edd. 1802-1805.

They dealt most hardly with him, and he tried
 To move their hearts—but it was vain—for they
 Seized all he had ; and weeping, &c.

¹ 1820.

Can I forget that miserable hour 1798.

It was in truth a lamentable hour 1802.

² 1827.

'Mid the green mountains many and many a song 1798.

³ 1800.

. . . like little birds in May 1798.

* Several of the lakes in the north of England are let out to different fishermen, in parcels marked out by imaginary lines, drawn from rock to rock.

When we began to tire of childish play,
 We seemed still more and more to prize each other ;
 We talked of marriage and our marriage day ;
 And I in truth did love him like a brother,
 For never could I hope to meet with such another.

XXIX.

Two years were passed since to a distant town
 He had repaired to ply a gainful trade :¹
 What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown !
 What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed !
 To him we turned :—we had no other aid :
 Like one revived, upon his neck I wept ;
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
 He well could love in grief ; his faith he kept ;
 And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

XXX.

We lived in peace and comfort ; and were blest
 With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.²
 Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast :³
 And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,

¹ 1836.

His father said, that to a distant town
 He must repair, to ply the artist's trade. 1798.

Two years were passed since to a distant town
 He had repaired to ply the artist's trade. 1802.

² 1802.

Four years each day with daily bread was blest,
 By constant toil and constant prayer supplied. 1798.

³ 1836.

Three lovely infants lay upon my breast. 1798.

And knew not why. My happy father died,
 When threatened war reduced the children's meal:¹
 Thrice happy! that for him the grave could hide
 The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
 And tears that flowed for ills which patience might not
 heal.²

XXXI.

'Twas a hard change; an evil time was come;
 We had no hope, and no relief could gain:
 But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum
 Beat round to clear³ the streets of want and pain.
 My husband's arms now only served to strain
 Me and his children hungering in his view;
 In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:
 To join those miserable men he flew,
 And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

XXXII.

There were we long neglected, and we bore
 Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed;⁴
 Green fields before us, and our native shore,
 We breathed a pestilential air, that made

¹ 1845.

When sad distress reduced the children's meal: 1798.

² 1836.

. . . which patience could not heal. 1800.

³ 1836.

Beat round to sweep the streets . . . 1798.

⁴ 1836.

There foul neglect for months and months we bore
 Nor yet the crowded fleet its anchor stirred. 1798.

There long were we neglected, and we bore
 Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor bore. 1802.

Ravage for which no knell was heard. We prayed
 For our departure ; wished and wished—nor knew,
 'Mid that long sickness and those hopes delayed,¹
 That happier days we never more must view.
 The parting signal streamed—at last the land withdrew.

XXXIII.

But the calm summer season now was past.²
 On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
 Ran mountains high before the howling blast,
 And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.
 We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,³
 Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,
 Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
 That we the mercy of the waves should rue :
 We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew.

XXXIV.

⁴The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,
 Disease and famine, agony and fear,

¹ 1802.

Green fields before us, and our native shore,
 By fever, from polluted air incurred,
 Ravage was made, for which no knell was heard,
 Fondly we wished, and wished away, nor knew,
 And that long sickness, and those hopes deferred
 That happier days we never more must view ;
 The parting signal streamed, at last the land withdrew. 1798.

² 1802.

But from delay the summer calms were past. 1798.

³ 1802.

We gazed with terror on the gloomy sleep
 Of them that perished in the whirlwind's sweep. 1798.

⁴

Oh ! dreadful price of being to resign
 All that is dear *in* being ! better far
 In Want's most lonely cave till death to pine,
 Unseen, unheard, unwatched by any star

In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
 It would unman the firmest heart to hear.¹
 All perished—all in one remorseless year,
 Husband and children! one by one, by sword
 And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear
 Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
 A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored.”

XXXV.

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn,
 Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,
 Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,
 From her full eyes their watery load released.
 He too was mute; and, ere her weeping ceased,
 He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
 And saw the dawn opening the silvery east
 With rays of promise, north and southward sent;
 And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament.

XXXVI.

“O come,” he cried, “come, after weary night
 Of such rough storm, this happy change to view.”
 So forth she came, and eastward looked; the sight
 Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;
 Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue
 Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,
 And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:
 The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer
 Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled near.

Or in the streets, and walks where proud men are,
 Better our dying bodies to obtrude,
 Than dog-like, wading at the heels of war,
 Protract a curst existence, with the brood
 That lap (their very nourishment!) their brother's blood. 1798.

¹ 1845.

It would thy brain unsettle even to hear

XXXVII.

They looked and saw a lengthening road, and wain
 That rang down a bare slope not far remote :
 The barrows glistered bright with drops of rain,
 Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
 The cock far off sounded his clarion throat ;
 But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they viewed,
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot
 A long mile thence. While thither they pursued
 Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

XXXVIII.

“ Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
 Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest,¹
 In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main ;
 The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
 I too forgot the heavings of my breast.²
 How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were !
 As quiet all within me. I was blest,
 And looked, and fed upon the silent air
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.³

¹ 1845.

Peaceful as some immeasurable plain
 By the first beams of dawning light impressed. 1798.

² 1827.

The very ocean hath its hour of rest,
 That comes not to the human mourner's breast. 1798.
 I too was calm though heavily distressed. 1802.

³ 1845.

Remote from man, and storms of mortal care,
 A heavenly silence did the waves invest ;
 I looked and looked along the silent air,
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair. 1798.
 Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were !
 My heart was healed within me, I was blessed,

XXXIX.

Ah ! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
 And groans that rage of racking famine spoke ;
 The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps,¹
 The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,
 The shriek that from the distant battle broke,
 The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host
 Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke
 To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish tossed,
 Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost !²

And looked, and looked along the silent air,
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair. 1802.

My heart was hushed within me. . . . 1815.

Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were !
 As quiet all within me. I was blest. 1827.

¹ 1800.

Where looks unhuman dwelt on festering heaps !

² Yet does that burst of love congeal my frame,
 When the dark streets appeared to heave and gape,
 While like a sea the storming army came,
 And Fire from Hell reared by his gigantic shape,
 And Murder, by the ghastly gleam, and Rape
 Seized their joint prey, the mother and the child !
 But from these crazing thoughts my brain, escape !
 —For weeks the balmy air breathed soft and mild,
 And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled. 1798.

At midnight once the storming Army came,
 Yet do I see the miserable sight,
 The Bayonet, the Soldier, and the Flame,
 That followed us, and faced us in our flight ;
 When Rape and Murder by the ghastly light
 Seized their joint prey, the mother and the child !
 But I must leave these thoughts.—From night to night,
 From day to day, the air breathed soft and mild ;
 And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled. 1802.

XL.

Some mighty gulf of separation past,
 I seemed transported to another world ;
 A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast
 The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
 And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled
 The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home
 And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
 For me—farthest from earthly port to roam
 Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might
 come.

XLI.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
 That I, at last, a resting-place had found ;
 "Here will I dwell," said I, "my whole life long,
 Roaming the illimitable waters round ;¹
 Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned,
 And end my days upon the peaceful flood."—²
 To break my dream the vessel reached its bound ;
 And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
 And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

¹ 1802.

And oft, robbed of my perfect mind, I thought
 At last my feet a resting-place had found ;
 Here will I weep in peace (so fancy wrought),
 Roaming the illimitable waters round ; 1798.

² 1845.

Here watch, of every human friend disowned,
 All day, my ready tomb the ocean flood. 1798.
 Here will I live, of every friend disowned,
 Here will I roam about the ocean flood. 1802.
 Here will I live, of every friend disowned,
 And end my days upon the ocean flood. 1815.

XLII.

No help I sought ; in sorrow turned adrift,
 Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare rock ;¹
 Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
 Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
 I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock
 From the cross-timber of an out-house hung :
 Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock !
 At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
 Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my tongue.

XLIII.

So passed a second day ; and, when the third
 Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort.²
 —In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,
 Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort ;
 There, pains which nature could no more support,
 With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall ;
 And, after many interruptions short
 Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl :
 Unsought for was the help that did my life recal.³

¹ 1845.

By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,
 Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock ; 1798.

Helpless as sailor cast on some bare rock 1836.

² 1836.

So passed another day, and so the third ;
 Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort 1798.

³ 1827.

And thence was borne away to neighbouring hospital. 1798.

And thence was carried to a neighbouring hospital. 1802.

XLIV.

Borne to an hospital, I lay with brain
 Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory ;¹
 I heard my neighbours in their beds complain
 Of many things which never troubled me—
 Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,
 Of looks where common kindness had no part,
 Of service done with cold formality,²
 Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
 And groans which, as they said, might make a dead man
 start.

XLV.

These things just served to stir the slumbering sense,³
 Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
 With strength did memory return ;⁴ and, thence
 Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
 At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
 The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
 Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed ;⁵
 The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,
 And gave me food—and rest, more welcome, more
 desired.

¹ 1827.

Recovery came with food ; but still my brain
 Was weak, nor of the past had memory. 1798.

² 1845.

Of service done with careless cruelty. 1798.

³ 1836.

the torpid sense, 1798.

⁴ 1827.

Memory, though slow, returned with strength ; 1798.
 My memory, and my strength returned ; 1802.

⁵ 1802.

The wild brood saw me weep. 1798.

XLVI.

¹ Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
 With panniered asses driven from door to door ;
 But life of happier sort set forth to me, ²
 And other joys my fancy to allure—
 The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
 In barn uplighted : and companions boon,
 Well met from far with revelry secure
 Among the forest glades, while jocund June
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

XLVII.

But ill they suited me—those journeys dark
 O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch !³
 To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,
 Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.

¹ My heart is touched to think that men like these,
 The rude earth's tenants, were my first relief ;
 How kindly did they paint their vagrant ease !
 'Mid their long holiday that feared not grief,
 For all belonged to all, and each was chief.
 No plough their sinews strained ; on grating road
 No wain they drove, and yet, the yellow sheaf
 In every vale for their delight was stowed :
 For them, in nature's meads, the milky udder flowed. 1798.
 Wild houseless wanderers were my first relief ; 1802.

² 1836.

Seemblance, with straw and panniered ass, they made
 Of potters wandering on from door to door ;
 But life of happier sort to me pourtrayed, 1798.
 They with their panniered asses semblance made
 Of Potters, &c. 1802.

³ 1802.

But ill it suited me, in journey dark
 O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch. 1798.

The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
 The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
 And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
 Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill :
 Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

XLVIII.

What could I do, unaided and unblest ?
 My father ! gone was every friend of thine :
 And kindred of dead husband are at best
 Small help ; and, after marriage such as mine,
 With little kindness would to me incline.
 Nor was I then for toil or service fit ;
 My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine ;
 In open air forgetful would I sit ¹
 Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

XLIX.

The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields ;
 Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
 Trusted my life to what chance bounty yields,²
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.

¹ 1836.

With tears whose course no effort could confine	
By highway side forgetful would I sit—	1798.
By the road side forgetful would I sit	1802.

² 1836.

I lived upon the mercy of the fields, And oft of cruelty the sky accused ; On hazard, or what general bounty yields,	1798.
I led a wandering life among the fields ; Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused, I lived upon what casual bounty yields,	1802.

The ground I for my bed have often used :
 But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth
 Is that I have my inner self abused,
 Foregone the home delight of constant truth
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

L.

Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,
 Through tears have seen him towards that world descend¹
 Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude :
 Three years a wanderer now my course I bend—²
 Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
 Have I.”—She ceased, and weeping turned away;
 As if because her tale was at an end,
 She wept; because she had no more to say
 Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

LI.

True sympathy the Sailor's looks expressed,
 His looks—for pondering he was mute the while.
 Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
 Of time's sure help to calm and reconcile,
 Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treasured smile,
 'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so tried.
 Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
 Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
 And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

¹ 1836.

Three years a wanderer, often have I viewed,
 In tears, the sun towards that country tend 1798.

Three years thus wandering 1802.

² 1836.

And now across this moor my steps I bend— 1798.

LII.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight,
 Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
 Rise various wreaths that into one unite
 Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam ;
 Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
 Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent :
 They paused, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
 And female cries. Their course they thither bent,
 And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.

LIII.

A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,
 And, pointing to a little child that lay
 Stretched on the ground, began a piteous tale ;
 How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
 He had provoked his father, who straightway,
 As if each blow were deadlier than the last,
 Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay
 The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast ;
 And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Comrade cast.

LIV.

His voice with indignation rising high
 Such further deed in manhood's name forbade ;
 The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
 With bitter insult and revilings sad ;
 Asked him in scorn what business there he had ;
 What kind of plunder he was hunting now ;
 The gallows would one day of him be glad ;—
 Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow,
 Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

LV.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched
With face to earth; and, as the boy turned round
His battered head, a groan the sailor fetched
As if he saw—there and upon that ground
Strange repetition of the deadly wound
He had himself inflicted. Through his brain
At once the griding iron passage found;
Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,
Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

LVI.

Within himself he said—What hearts have we!
The blessing this a father gives his child!
Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared with me,
Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.
The stranger's looks of tears and wrath beguiled
The father, and relenting thoughts awoke
He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.
Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
Ere to his lips it came, the sailor them bespoke.

LVII.

“Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law
Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;
Much need have ye that time more closely draw
The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
And that among so few there still be peace:
Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes
Your pains shall ever with your years increase?”—
While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,
A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

LVIII.

Forthwith the pair passed on ; and down they look
Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene
Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,
That babbled on through groves and meadows green ;
A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between ;
The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,
Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the
sun's rays.

LIX.

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale ;
Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale :
It was a rustic inn :—the board was spread,
The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
And lustily the master carved the bread,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

LX.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth, must part ;
Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.
She rose and bade farewell ! and, while her heart
Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease,
She left him there ; for, clustering round his knees,
With his oak-staff the cottage children played ;
And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees
And banks of ragged earth ; beneath the shade
Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed.

LXI.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood ;
Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeam shone.
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood
As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone.
The carman wet her lips as well behaved ;
Bed under her lean body there was none,
Though even to die near one she most had loved
She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

LXII.

The soldier's Widow learned with honest pain
And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,
Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain
The jolting road and morning air severe.
The wain pursued its way ; and following near
In pure compassion she her steps retraced
Far as the cottage. " A sad sight is here,"
She cried aloud ; and forth ran out in haste
The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past.

LXIII.

While to the door with eager speed they ran,
From her bare straw the Woman half upraised
Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan ;
No pity asking, on the group she gazed
With a dim eye, distracted and amazed ;
Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.
Fervently cried the housewife—" God be praised,
I have a house that I can call my own ;
Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone !"

LXIV.

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
 And busily, though yet with fear, untie
 Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
 And chafe her temples, careful hands apply.
 Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
 She strove, and not in vain, her head to rear ;
 Then said—" I thank you all ; if I must die,
 The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear ;
 Till now I did not think my end had been so near.

LXV.

" Barred every comfort labour could procure,
 Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
 I was compelled to seek my father's door,
 Though loth to be a burthen on his age.
 But sickness stopped me in an early stage
 Of my sad journey ; and within the wain
 They placed me—there to end life's pilgrimage,
 Unless beneath your roof I may remain :
 For I shall never see my father's door again.

LXVI.

" My life, Heaven knows, hath long been burthensome ;
 But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
 May my end be ! Soon will this voice be dumb :
 Should child of mine e'er wander hither, speak
 Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.—
 Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea
 Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek,
 My husband served in sad captivitie
 On shipboard, bound till peace or death should set
 him free.

LXVII.

“ A sailor’s wife I knew a widow’s cares,
Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed ;
Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily prayers
Our heavenly Father granted each day’s bread ;
Till one was found by stroke of violence dead,
Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie ;
A dire suspicion drove us from our shed ;
In vain to find a friendly face we try,
Nor could we live together those poor boys and I ;

LXVIII.

“ For evil tongues made oath how on that day
My husband lurked about the neighbourhood ;
Now he had fled, and whither none could say,
And *he* had done the deed in the dark wood—
Near his own home !—but he was mild and good ;
Never on earth was gentler creature seen ;
He’d not have robbed the raven of its food.
My husband’s loving kindness stood between
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs however keen.”

LXIX.

Alas ! the thing she told with labouring breath
The Sailor knew too well. That wickedness
His hand had wrought ; and when in the hour of death
He saw his Wife’s lips move his name to bless
With her last words, unable to suppress
His anguish, with his heart he ceased to strive ;
And, weeping loud in this extreme distress,
He cried—“ Do pity me ! That thou shouldst live
I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but forgive !”

LXX.

To tell the change that Voice within her wrought,
Nature by sign or sound made no essay ;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay ;
Yet still while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to say,
“ Be blest ; by sight of thee from heaven was sent
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of content.”

LXXI.

She slept in peace,—his pulses throbbed and stopped,
Breathless he gazed upon her face,—then took
Her hand in his, and raised it, but both dropped,
When on his own he cast a rueful look.
His ears were never silent ; sleep forsook
His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as lead ;
All night from time to time under him shook
The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed ;
And oft he groaned aloud, “ O God, that I were dead !”

LXXII.

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot ;
And, when he rose, he thanked her pious care
Through which his Wife, to that kind shelter brought,
Died in his arms ; and with those thanks a prayer
He breathed for her, and for that merciful pair.
The corse interred, not one hour he remained
Beneath their roof, but to the open air
A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
He bore within a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

LXXIII.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
 For act and suffering, to the city straight
 He journeyed, and forthwith his crime declared :
 " And from your doom," he added, " now I wait,
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
 Not ineffectual was that piteous claim :
 " O welcome sentence which will end though late,"
 He said, " the pangs that to my conscience came
 Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour ! is in thy name !"

LXXIV.

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
 (Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
 They hung not :—no one on *his* form or face
 Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought ;
 No kindred sufferer, to his death-place brought
 By lawless curiosity or chance,
 When into storm the evening's sky is wrought,
 Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance,
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance.

THE YEW-TREE SEAT.

LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE, WHICH STANDS NEAR THE
 LAKE OF ESTHWAITE, ON A DESOLATE PART OF THE SHORE, COM-
 MANDING A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT.

Comp. 1795. — Pub. 1798.

[Composed in part at school at Hawkshead. The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Common on which it stood, that ran parallel to the lake, and lay open to it, has long been enclosed ; so that the road has lost much of its attraction. This spot was my favourite walk in the evenings during the latter part of my school-time. The individual whose habits and character are here given, was a gentleman of the

neighbourhood, a man of talent and learning, who had been educated at one of our Universities, and returned to pass his time in seclusion on his own estate. He died a bachelor in middle age. Induced by the beauty of the prospect, he built a small summer-house, on the rocks above the peninsula on which the Ferry House * stands. This property afterwards passed into the hands of the late Mr Curwen. The site was long ago pointed out by Mr West, in his Guide, as the pride of the Lakes, and now goes by the name of "The Station." So much used I to be delighted with the view from it, while a little boy, that some years before the first pleasure house was built, I led thither from Hawkshead a youngster about my own age, an Irish boy, who was a servant to an itinerant conjurer. My notion was to witness the pleasure I expected the boy would receive from the prospect of the islands below and the intermingling water. I was not disappointed; and I hope the fact, insignificant as it may appear to some, may be thought worthy of note by others who may cast their eye over these notes.]

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands
 Far from all human dwelling: what if here
 No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
 What if the bee love not these barren boughs?¹
 Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
 That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
 By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

————— Who he was
 That piled these stones and with the mossy sod
 First covered, and here taught this aged Tree²
 With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
 I well remember.—He was one who owned
 No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
 And led by nature into a wild scene
 Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
 A favoured Being, knowing no desire

¹ 1832.

What if these barren boughs the bee not loves? 1798

² 1836.

First covered o'er, and taught this aged Tree. 1798.

* This refers to the Ferry on Windermere.—ED.

Which genius did not hallow ; 'gainst the taint
 Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
 And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
 All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
 Owed him no service ; wherefore he at once
 With indignation turned himself away,¹
 And with the food of pride sustained his soul
 In solitude.—Stranger ! these gloomy boughs
 Had charms for him ; and here he loved to sit,
 His only visitants a straggling sheep,
 The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper :²
 And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
 And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,³
 Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
 A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
 An emblem of his own unfruitful life :
 And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze

¹ 1802.

In youth by genius nurs'd,
 And big with lofty views, he to the world
 Went forth, pure in his heart, against the taint
 Of dissolute tongues, 'gainst jealousy, and hate,
 And scorn, against all enemies prepared,
 All but neglect : and so, his spirit damped
 At once, with rash disdain he turned away. 1798.

The world, for so it thought,
 Owed him no service ; he was like a plant
 Fair to the sun, the darling of the winds,
 But hung with fruit which no one, that passed by,
 Regarded, and his spirit damped at once,
 With indignation did he turn away. 1800.

² 1798.

The stone-chat, or the sand-lark, restless bird,
 Piping along the margin of the lake. 1815.
 The text of 1820 returns to that of 1798.

³ 1820.

And on these barren rocks, with juniper,
 And heath, and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er. 1798.

On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
 Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
 The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time,
 When Nature had subdued him to herself,¹
 Would he forget those Beings to whose minds
 Warm from the labours of benevolence
 The world, and human life, appeared a scene²
 Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
 Inly disturbed, to think that others felt³
 What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!
 On visionary views would fancy feed,
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
 He died,—this seat his holy monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
 Of young imagination have kept pure,
 Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties
 Which he has never used; that thought with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,
 The least of Nature's works, one who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,

¹ This line does not occur in edition, 1798.

² 1827.

The world, and man himself appeared a scene. 1798.

³ 1836.

With mournful joy, to think that others felt. 1798

Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

The place where this Yew-tree stood may be found without difficulty. It was about three-quarters of a mile from Hawkshead, on the eastern shore of the lake, a little to the left above the present highway, as you go towards Sawrey. Mr Bowman, the son of Wordsworth's last teacher at the grammar-school of Hawkshead, told me that it stood about forty yards nearer the village than the yew which now stands on the roadside, and is sometimes called "Wordsworth's Yew." In his school-days the road passed right through the unenclosed common, and the tree was a conspicuous object. It was removed, he says, owing to the popular belief that its leaves were poisonous, and might injure the cattle grazing in the common. The present tree is erroneously called Wordsworth's yew, its proximity to the place where the tree of the poem stood having given rise to the tradition.—ED.

THE BORDERERS.

A TRAGEDY.

Comp. 1795. — Pub. 1842.

[Of this dramatic work I have little to say in addition to the short printed note which will be found attached to it. It was composed at Racedown, in Dorset, during the latter part of the year 1795, and in the following year. Had it been the work of a later period of life, it would have been different in some respects from what it is now. The plot would have been something more complex, and a greater variety of characters introduced to relieve the mind from the pressure of incidents so mournful. The manners also would have been more attended to. My care was almost exclusively given to the passions and the characters, and the position in which the persons in the drama stood relatively to each other, that the reader (for I thought of the stage at the time it was written) might be moved, and to a degree instructed, by lights penetrating somewhat into the depths of our nature. In this endeavour, I cannot think, upon a very late review, that I have failed. As to the scene and period of action, little more was required for my purpose than the absence of established law and government, so that the agents might be at liberty to act on their own impulses. Nevertheless, I do remember, that having a wish to colour the manners in some degree from local history more than my knowledge enabled me to do, I read "Redpath's History of the Borders," but found there nothing to my purpose. I once

made an observation to Sir W. Scott, in which he concurred, that it was difficult to conceive how so dull a book could be written on such a subject. Much about the same time, but little after, Coleridge was employed in writing his tragedy of "Remorse;" and it happened soon after that, through one of the Mr Pooles', Mr Knight, the actor, heard that we had been engaged in writing plays, and upon his suggestion, mine was curtailed, and (I believe, with Coleridge's) was offered to Mr Harris, manager of Covent Garden. For myself, I had no hope, nor even a wish (though a successful play would in the then state of my finances have been a most welcome piece of good fortune), that he should accept my performance; so that I incurred no disappointment when the piece was judiciously returned as not calculated for the stage. In this judgment I entirely concurred: and had it been otherwise, it was so natural for me to shrink from public notice, that any hope I might have had of success would not have reconciled me altogether to such an exhibition. Mr C.'s play was, as is well known, brought forward several years after, through the kindness of Mr Sheridan. In conclusion, I may observe, that while I was composing this play, I wrote a short essay, illustrative of that constitution and those tendencies of human nature which make the apparently *motiveless* actions of bad men intelligible to careful observers. This was partly done with reference to the character of Oswald, and his persevering endeavour to lead the man he disliked into so heinous a crime; but still more to preserve in my distinct remembrance, what I had observed of transitions in character, and the reflections I had been led to make, during the time I was a witness of the changes through which the French Revolution passed.]

The following is the "short printed note" mentioned in the above:—

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1795-6. It lay nearly from that time till within, two or three months, unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trial to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so there are no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the Revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent oppor-

tunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while this knowledge was fresh upon my memory that the Tragedy of the Borderers was composed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.	} Of the Band of Borderers.	Forester.
OSWALD.		ELDRED, a Peasant.
WALLACE.		Peasant, Pilgrims, &c.
LACY.		
LENNOX.		IDONEA.
HERBERT.		Female Beggar.
WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE.		ELEANOR, Wife to ELDRED.
Host.		

SCENE—*Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME—*The Reign of Henry III.*

Readers already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some eight or ten lines, which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper, however, to add, that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

Lacy. The troop will be impatient; let us hie
Back to our post, and strip the Scottish Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the Border.
—Pity that our young Chief will have no part
In this good service.

Wal. Rather let us grieve
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his aim,
Companionship with One of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no good
To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader.

Lacy. True; and, remembering how the Band have
proved

That Oswald finds small favour in our sight,
Well may we wonder he has gained such power
Over our much-loved Captain.

Wal. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him—then a Voyager
Upon the midland sea. You knew his bearing
In Palestine?

Lacy. Where he despised alike
Mohammedan and Christian. But enough;
Let us begone—the Band may else be foiled. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

Wil. Be cautious, my dear Master!

Mar. I perceive
That fear is like a cloak which old men huddle
About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should part.
This Stranger,
For such he is——

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,
Might tempt me to a smile; but what of him?

Wil. You know that you have saved his life.

Mar. I know it.

Wil. And that he hates you!—Pardon me, perhaps
That word was hasty.

Mar. Fy! no more of it.

Wil. Dear Master! gratitude's a heavy burden
To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this Oswald—
Yourself, you do not love him.

Mar. I do more,
I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart
Are natural; and from no one can be learnt
More of man's thoughts and ways than his experience

Has given him power to teach : and then for courage
 And enterprise—what perils hath he shunned ?
 What obstacles hath he failed to overcome ?
 Answer these questions from our common knowledge,
 And be at rest.

Wil. Oh, Sir !

Mar. Peace, my good Wilfred ;
 Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band
 I shall be with them in two days, at farthest.

Wil. May He whose eye is over all protect you ! [*Exit.*]

Enter OSWALD (a bunch of plants in his hand).

Osw. This wood is rich in plants and curious simples.

Mar. (*looking at them.*) The wild rose, and the poppy,
 and the nightshade :

Which is your favourite, Oswald ?

Osw. That which, while it is
 Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—[*Looking forward.*
 Not yet in sight !—We'll saunter here awhile ;
 They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

Mar. (*a letter in his hand.*) It is no common thing
 when one like you

Performs these delicate services, and therefore
 I feel myself much bounden to you, Oswald :
 'Tis a strange letter this !—You saw her write it ?

Osw. And saw the tears with which she blotted it.

Mar. And nothing less would satisfy him ?

Osw. No less ;

For that another in his Child's affection
 Should hold a place, as if 'twere robbery,
 He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.
 Besides, I know not what strange prejudice
 Is rooted in his mind ; this Band of ours,

Which you've collected for the noblest ends,
 Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed
 To guard the innocent—he calls us "Outlaws;"
 And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts
 This garb was taken up that indolence
 Might want no cover, and rapacity
 Be better fed.

Mar. Ne'er may I own the heart
 That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is.

Osw. Thou know'st me for a Man not easily moved,
 Yet was I grievously provoked to think
 Of what I witnessed.

Mar. This day will suffice
 To end her wrongs.

Osw. But if the blind Man's tale
 Should *yet* be true?

Mar. Would it were possible!
 Did not the Soldier tell thee that himself,
 And others who survived the wreck, beheld
 The Baron Herbert perish in the waves
 Upon the coast of Cyprus?

Osw. Yes, even so,
 And I had heard the like before: in sooth
 The tale of this his quondam Barony
 Is cunningly devised; and, on the back
 Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail
 To make the proud and vain his tributaries,
 And stir the pulse of lazy charity.
 The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;
 We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed; 'tis much
 The Arch-Impostor——

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald;
 Though I have never seen his face, methinks,
 There cannot come a day when I shall cease

To love him. I remember, when a Boy
 Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the Elm
 That casts its shade over our village school,
 'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea
 Repeat her Father's terrible adventures,
 Till all the band of play-mates wept together ;
 And that was the beginning of my love.
 And, through all converse of our later years,
 An image of this old Man still was present,
 When I had been most happy. Pardon me
 If this be idly spoken.

Osw. See, they come,

Two Travellers !

Mar. (*points*). The woman is Idonea.

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar.

We must let them pass—

This thicket will conceal us.

[*They step aside.*]

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply ; ever since
 We left the willow shade by the brook-side,
 Your natural breathing has been troubled.

Her.

Nay,

You are too fearful ; yet must I confess,
 Our march of yesterday had better suited
 A firmer step than mine.

Idon.

That dismal Moor—

In spite of all the larks that cheered our path,
 I never can forgive it : but how steadily
 You paced along, when the bewildering moonlight
 Mocked me with many a strange fantastic shape !—
 I thought the Convent never would appear ;
 It seemed to move away from us : and yet,

That you are thus the fault is mine ; for the air
 Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the grass,
 And midway on the waste ere night had fallen
 I spied a Covert walled and roofed with sods—
 A miniature ; belike some Shepherd-boy,
 Who might have found a nothing-doing hour
 Heavier than work, raised it : within that hut
 We might have made a kindly bed of heath,
 And thankfully there rested side by side
 Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited strength,
 Have hailed the morning sun. But cheerily, Father,—
 That staff of yours, I could almost have heart
 To fling't away from you : you make no use
 Of me, or of my strength ;—come, let me feel
 That you do press upon me. There—indeed
 You are quite exhausted. Let us rest awhile
 On this green bank. [*He sits down.*

Her. (*after some time*). Idonea, you are silent,
 And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me :
 I pondered patiently your wish and will
 When I gave way to your request ; and now,
 When I behold the ruins of that face,
 Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of light,
 And think that they were blasted for my sake,
 The name of Marmaduke is blown away :
 Father, I would not change that sacred feeling
 For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed :
 Few minutes gone a faintness overspread
 My frame, and I bethought me of two things
 I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
 And thee, my Child !

Idon. Believe me, honoured Sire !

'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy fancies,
 And you mistake the cause: you hear the woods
 Resound the music; could you see the sun,
 And look upon the present face of Nature——

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be as cheerful
 As if we two were twins; two songsters bred
 In the same nest, my spring-time one with thine.
 My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
 As come, dear Child! from a far deeper source
 Than bodily weariness. While here we sit
 I feel my strength returning.—The bequest
 Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
 We have thus far adventured, will suffice
 To save thee from the extreme of penury;
 But when thy Father must lie down and die,
 How wilt thou stand alone?

Idon. Is he not strong?
 Is he not valiant?

Her. Am I then so soon
 Forgotten? have my warnings passed so quickly
 Out of thy mind? My dear, my only, Child:
 Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken reed—
 This Marmaduke——

Idon. O could you hear his voice:
 Alas! you do not know him. He is one
 (I wot not what ill tongue has wronged him with you)
 All gentleness and love. His face bespeaks
 A deep and simple meekness: and that Soul,
 Which with the motion of a virtuous act
 Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,
 Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
 By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy woman!

Idon. Nay, it was my duty

Thus much to speak : but think not I forget—
 Dear Father ! how *could* I forget and live—
 You and the story of that doleful night
 When, Antioch blazing to her topmost towers,
 You rushed into the murderous flames, returned
 Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have told me,
 Claspings your infant Daughter to your heart.

Her. Thy Mother too !—scarce had I gained the door,
 I caught her voice ; she threw herself upon me,
 I felt thy infant brother in her arms ;
 She saw my blasted face—a tide of soldiers
 That instant rushed between us, and I heard
 Her last death-shriek, distinct among a thousand.

Idon. Nay, Father, stop not ; let me hear it all.

Her. Dear Daughter ! precious relic of that time—
 For my old age, it doth remain with thee
 To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast been told,
 That when, on our return from Palestine,
 I found how my domains had been usurped,
 I took thee in my arms, and we began
 Our wanderings together. Providence
 At length conducted us to Rossland,—there,
 Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
 To take thee to her home—and for myself,
 Soon after, the good Abbot of St Cuthbert's
 Supplied my helplessness with food and raiment,
 And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble Cot
 Where now we dwell.—For many years I bore
 Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities
 Exacted thy return, and our reunion.
 I did not think that, during that long absence,
 My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
 Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
 Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,

Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries,
Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice!
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you want a Guide,
Let me have leave to serve you!

Idon. My Companion
Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or Hostel
Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained,
You will look down into a dell, and there
Will see an ash from which a sign-board hangs;
The house is hidden by the shade. Old Man,
You seem worn out with travel—shall I support you?

Her. I thank you; but, a resting-place so near,
’Twere wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.

[*Exit Peasant.*]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed—
’Tis but for a few days—a thought has struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this house, and thence
Proceed alone. It shall be so; for strength
Would fail you ere our journey’s end be reached.

[*Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA.*]

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him——

Osw. Be not hasty,
For, sometimes, in despite of my conviction,

He tempted me to think the Story true ;
 'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he said
 That savoured of aversion to thy name
 Appeared the genuine colour of his soul—
 Anxiety lest mischief should befall her
 After his death.

Mar. I have been much deceived.

Osw. But sure he loves the Maiden, and never love
 Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,
 Thus to torment her with *inventions* !—death—
 There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his story !
 He must have felt it then, known what it was,
 And in such wise to rack her gentle heart
 Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange pleasures
 Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves !
 To see him thus provoke her tenderness
 With tales of weakness and infirmity !
 I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

Mar. We will not waste an hour in such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble ! shake her off at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments.—A Man
 Who has so practised on the world's cold sense
 May well deceive his Child—what ! leave her thus,
 A prey to a deceiver ?—no—no—no—
 'Tis but a word and then——

Osw. Something is here
 More than we see, or whence this strong aversion ?
 Marmaduke ! I suspect unworthy tales
 Have reached his ear—you have had enemies.

Mar. Enemies !—of his own coinage.

Osw. That may be,
 But wherefore slight protection such as you

Have power to yield! perhaps he looks elsewhere.—
I am perplexed.

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen?

Osw. No—no—the thing stands clear of mystery;
(As you have said) he coins himself the slander
With which he taints her ear;—for a plain reason;
He dreads the presence of a virtuous man
Like you; he knows your eye would search his heart,
Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds
The punishment they merit. All is plain:
It cannot be——

Mar. What cannot be?

Osw. Yet that a Father
Should in his love admit no rivalship,
And torture thus the heart of his own Child——

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship!

Osw. Heaven forbid!—
There was a circumstance, trifling indeed—
It struck me at the time—yet I believe
I never should have thought of it again
But for the scene which we by chance have witnessed.

Mar. What is your meaning?

Osw. Two days gone I saw,
Though at a distance and he was disguised,
Hovering round Herbert's door, a man whose figure
Resembled much that cold voluptuary,
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and he knows
Where he can stab you deepest.

Mar. Clifford never
Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage door—
It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remember
That, when your praise was warm upon my tongue,
And the blind Man was told how you had rescued

A maiden from the ruffian violence
Of this same Clifford, he became impatient
And would not hear me.

Mar. No—it cannot be—

I dare not trust myself with such a thought—
Yet whence this strange aversion? You are a man
Not used to rash conjectures—

Osw. If you deem it

A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exeunt MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*]

SCENE, *the door of the Hostel.*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

Her. (seated). As I am dear to you, remember, Child!
This last request.

Idon. You know me, Sire; farewell!

Her. And are you going, then? Come, come, Idonea,
We must not part,—I have measured many a league
When these old limbs had need of rest,—and now
I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*]

Good Host, such tendance as you would expect
From your own Children, if yourself were sick,
Let this old Man find at your hands; poor Leader,

[*Looking at the dog.*]

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!—Look,
The little fool is loth to stay behind.
Sir Host! by all the love you bear to courtesy
Take care of him, and feed the truant well.

Host. Fear not, I will obey you;—but One so young,

And One so fair, it goes against my heart
 That you should travel unattended, Lady!—
 I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad
 Shall squire you, (would it not be better, Sir?)
 And for less fee than I would let him run
 For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.

Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too long your guard
 Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.
 Why, if a wolf should leap from out a thicket,
 A look of mine would send him scouring back,
 Unless I differ from the thing I am
 When you are by my side.

Her. Idonea, wolves
 Are not the enemies that move my tears.

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three days at farthest
 Will bring me back—protect him, Saints—farewell!

[*Exit* IDONEA.]

Host. 'Tis never drought with us—St Cuthbert and his
 Pilgrims,
 Thanks to them, are to us a stream of comfort:
 Pity the Maiden did not wait awhile;
 She could not, Sir, have failed of company.

Her. Now she is gone, I fain would call her back.

Host. (*calling*) Holla!

Her. No, no, the business must be done—
 What means this riotous noise?

Host. The villagers
 Are flocking in—a wedding festival—
 That's all—God save you, Sir.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! as I live,
 The Baron Herbert.

Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

Osw. So far into your journey! on my life,

You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare you ?

Her. Well as the wreck I am permits. And you, Sir ?

Osw. I do not see Idonea.

Her. Dutiful Girl,

She is gone before, to spare my weariness.

But what has brought you hither ?

Osw. A slight affair,

That will be soon despatched.

Her. Did Marmaduke

Receive that letter ?

Osw. Be at peace.—The tie

Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.

Her. This is true comfort, thanks a thousand times !—

That noise !—would I had gone with her as far

As the Lord Clifford's Castle : I have heard

That, in his milder moods, he has expressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great

With Henry, our good King ;—the Baron might

Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at Court.

No matter—he's a dangerous man.—That noise !—

'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me,—the Convent

Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good Host,

And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky ;

I have been waiting in the wood hard by

For a companion—here he comes ; our journey

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lies on your way ; accept me as your Guides.

Her. Alas ! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear :

We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff

And need repose. Could you but wait an hour ?

Osw. Most willingly !—Come, let me lead you in,
And, while you take your rest, think not of us ;
We'll stroll into the wood ; lean on my arm.

Conducts HERBERT into the house. Exit MARMADUKE.

Enter Villagers.

Osw. (to himself, coming out of the Hostel.) I have prepared
a most apt Instrument—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering somewhere
About this ground ; she hath a tongue well skilled,
By mingling natural matter of her own
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,
To win belief, such as my plot requires. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

Enter more Villagers, a Musician among them.

Host (to them). Into the court, my Friend, and perch
yourself

Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,
Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.

*SCENE changes to the wood adjoining the Hostel—MARMADUKE
and OSWALD entering.*

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves ;
When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all.—You marked a Cottage.
That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
By the brook-side : it is the abode of one,
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,
Who soon grew weary of her ; but, alas !
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.
Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,

Nor moves her hands to any needful work :
 She eats her food which every day the peasants
 Bring to her hut ; and so the wretch has lived
 Ten years ; and no one ever heard her voice ;
 But every night at the first stroke of twelve
 She quits her house, and, in the neighbouring Churchyard
 Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,
 She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—
 She paces round and round an Infant's grave,
 And in the churchyard sod her feet have worn
 A hollow ring ; they say it is knee-deep—
 Ah ! what is here ?

*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—
 a Child in her arm.*

Beg. Oh ! Gentlemen, I thank you ;
 I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled
 The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe
 Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread
 When I had none to give him ; whereupon,
 I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,
 Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once :
 When, into one of those same spotted bells
 A bee came darting, which the Child with joy
 Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear,
 And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip ;
 Here's what will comfort you. *[Gives her money.]*

The. The Saints reward you
 For this good deed !—Well, Sirs, this passed away ;
 And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
 Trotting alone along the beaten road,
 Came to my child as by my side he slept
 And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden

Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head :
But here he is, [*kissing the Child*] it must have been a dream.

Osw. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice,
And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew
What life is this of ours, how sleep will master
The weary-worn.—You gentlefolk have got
Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be
A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,
The darkness overtook me—wind and rain
Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw
A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze,
Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky :
At which I half accused the God in Heaven.—
You must forgive me.

Osw. Ay, and if you think
The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide
Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day
Has made amends.

Beg. Thanks to you both ; but, O sir !
How would you like to travel on whole hours
As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,
Expecting still, I knew not how, to find
A piece of money glittering through the dust.

Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady !
Do you tell fortunes ?

Beg. Oh Sir ! you are like the rest.
This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—
Well ! they might turn a beggar from their doors,
But there are Mothers who can see the Babe
Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it :
This they can do, and look upon my face—
But you, Sir, should be kinder.

Mar. Come hither, Fathers,

And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch!

Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.
Why now—but yesterday I overtook
A blind old Greybeard and accosted him,
I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass
He should have used me better!—Charity!
If you can melt a rock, he is your man;
But I'll be even with him—here again
Have I been waiting for him.

Osw. Well, but softly,
Who is it that hath wronged you?

Beg. Mark you me;
I'll point him out;—a Maiden is his guide,
Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog,
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before
With look as sad as he were dumb; the cur,
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.

Mar. As I live,
'Tis Herbert and no other!

Beg. 'Tis a feast to see him,
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent,
And long beard white with age—yet evermore,
As if he were the only Saint on earth,
He turns his face to heaven.

Osw. But why so violent
Against this venerable Man?

Beg. I'll tell you:
He has the very hardest heart on earth;
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school
And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

Mar. But to your story.

Beg. I was saying, Sir—
Well!—he has often spurned me like a toad,

But yesterday was worse than all ;—at last
 I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,
 And begged a little aid for charity :
 But he was snappish as a cottage cur.
 Well then, says I—I'll out with it ; at which
 I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt
 As if my heart would burst ; and so I left him.

Osw. I think, good Woman, you are the very person
 Whom, but some few days past, I saw in Eskdale,
 At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay ; and if truth were known
 I have good business there.

Osw. I met you at the threshold,
 And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry ! well he might ;
 And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—Yesterday,
 To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
 The best of all he has to me and mine.
 But 'tis all over now.—That good old Lady
 Has left a power of riches ; and I say it,
 If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave
 Shall give me half.

Osw. What's this ?—I fear, good Woman,
 You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's the Baron,
 I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

Osw. How say you ? in disguise ?—

Mar. But what's your business
 With Herbert or his Daughter ?

Beg. Daughter ! truly—
 But how's the day ?—I fear, my little Boy,
 We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you seen him ?

[*Offers to go.*]

Mar. I must have more of this ;—you shall not stir

An inch, till I am answered. Know you aught
That doth concern this Herbert?

Beg. You are provoked,
And will misuse me, Sir!

Mar. No trifling, Woman!—

Osw. You are as safe as in a sanctuary;
Speak.

Mar. Speak!

Beg. He is a most hard-hearted Man.

Mar. Your life is at my mercy.

Beg. Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all!—You know not, Sir,
What strong temptations press upon the Poor.

Osw. Speak out.

Beg. Oh Sir, I've been a wicked Woman.

Osw. Nay, but speak out!

Beg. He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both; and so,
I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom?

Beg. Idonea, as he calls her; but the Girl
Is mine.

Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Herbert's wife?

Beg. Wife, Sir! his wife—not I; my husband, Sir,
Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter
We've weathered out together. My poor Gilfred!
He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

Osw. We've solved the riddle—Miscreant!

Mar. Do you,
Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and wait
For my return; be sure you shall have justice.

Osw. A lucky woman!—go, you have done good service.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. (to himself). Eternal praises on the power that saved her!—

Osw. (gives her money). Here's for your little boy—and when you christen him

I'll be his Godfather.

Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with me.

In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely owns
A dog that does not know me.—These good Folks,
For love of God, I must not pass their doors ;
But I'll be back with my best speed : for you—
God bless and thank you both, my gentle Masters.

[*Exit* Beggar.

Mar. (to himself). The cruel Viper!—Poor devoted Maid.
Now I *do* love thee.

Osw. I am thunderstruck.

Mar. Where is she—holla!

[*Calling to the Beggar, who returns; he looks at her stedfastly.*

You are Idonea's Mother?—

Nay, be not terrified—it does me good
To look upon you.

Osw. (interrupting.) In a peasant's dress
You saw, who was it?

Beg. Nay, I dare not speak ;
He is a man, if it should come to his ears
I never shall be heard of more.

Osw. Lord Clifford?

Beg. What can I do? believe me, gentle Sirs,
I love her, though I dare not call her daughter.

Osw. Lord Clifford—did you see him talk with Herbert?

Beg. Yes, to my sorrow—under the great oak
At Herbert's door—and when he stood beside
The blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked
With such a look—it makes me tremble, Sir,
To think of it.

Osw. Enough! you may depart.

Mar. (to himself). Father!—to God himself we cannot give

A holier name; and, under such a mask,
To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed,
To that abhorrèd den of brutish vice!—
Oswald, the firm foundation of my life
Is going from under me; these strange discoveries—
Looked at from every point of fear or hope,
Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin.

—

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Hostel*—OSWALD alone, rising from
a Table on which he had been writing.

Osw. They chose *him* for their Chief!—what covert part
He, in the preference, modest Youth, might take,
I neither know nor care. The insult bred
More of contempt than hatred; both are flown;
That either e'er existed is my shame:
'Twas a dull spark—a most unnatural fire
That died the moment the air breathed upon it.
—These fools of feeling are mere birds of winter
That haunt some barren island of the north,
Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand,
They think it is to feed them. I have left him
To solitary meditation;—now
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
And he is mine for ever—here he comes.

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her lips all day
And never speaks!

Osw. Who is it ?

Mar. I have seen her.

Osw. Oh ! the poor tenant of that ragged homestead,
Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to madness.

Mar. I met a peasant near the spot ; he told me,
These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.

Osw. I too have seen her ;
Chancing to pass this way some six months gone,
At midnight, I betook me to the Churchyard :
The moon shone clear, the air was still, so still
The trees were silent as the graves beneath them.
Long did I watch, and saw her pacing round
Upon the self-same spot, still round and round,
Her lips for ever moving.

Mar. At her door
Rooted I stood ; for, looking at the woman,
I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

Osw. But the pretended Father——

Mar. Earthly law
Measures not crimes like his.

Osw. We rank not, happily,
With those who take the spirit of their rule
From that soft class of devotees who feel
Reverence for life so deeply, that they spare
The verminous brood, and cherish what they spare
While feeding on their bodies. Would that Idonea
Were present, to the end that we might hear
What she can urge in his defence ; she loves him.

Mar. Yes, loves him ; 'tis a truth that multiplies
His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. 'Tis most perplexing :
What must be done ?

Mar. We will conduct her hither ;

These walls shall witness it—from first to last
He shall reveal himself.

Osw. Happy are we,
Who live in these disputed tracts, that own
No law but what each man makes for himself :
Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

Mar. Let us begone and bring her hither ;—here
The truth shall be laid open, his guilt proved
Before her face. The rest be left to me.

Osw. You will be firm : but though we well may trust
The issue to the justice of the cause,
Caution must not be flung aside ; remember,
Yours is no common life. Self-stationed here
Upon these savage confines, we have seen you
Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy seas
That oft have checked their fury at your bidding.
'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy waste,
Your single virtue has transformed a Band
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire
For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is
In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world.
Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.
Your generous qualities have won due praise,
But vigorous Spirits look for something more
Than Youth's spontaneous products ; and to-day
You will not disappoint them ; and hereafter——

Mar. You are wasting words ; hear me then, once for all :
You are a Man—and therefore, if compassion,

Which to our kind is natural as life,
 Be known unto you, you will love this Woman,
 Even as I do ; but I should loathe the light,
 If I could think one weak or partial feeling——

Osw. You will forgive me——

Mar. If I ever knew
 My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,
 'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have loved
 To be the friend and father of the oppressed,
 A comforter of sorrow ;—there is something
 Which looks like a transition in my soul,
 And yet it is not.—Let us lead him hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment ; 'tis an act of justice :
 And where's the triumph if the delegate
 Must fall in the execution of his office ?
 The deed is done—if you will have it so—
 Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar wretches
 (You saw them gathering for the festival)
 Rush in—the villains seize us——

Mar. Seize !

Osw. Yes, they—
 Men who are little given to sift and weigh—
 Would wreak on us the passion of the moment.

Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—farewell—but stay,
 Thou wilt relate the story.

Osw. Am I neither
 To bear a part in this Man's punishment,
 Nor be its witness ?

Mar. I had many hopes
 That were most dear to me, and some will bear
 To be transferred to thee.

Osw. When I'm dishonoured !

Mar. I would preserve thee. How may this be done ?

Osw. By showing that you look beyond the instant.

A few leagues hence we shall have open ground,
 And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
 To look upon the deed. Before we enter
 The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling rock
 The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft
 Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,
 And very superstition of the place,
 Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee
 Would there perhaps have gathered the first fruits
 Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter Host conducting HERBERT.

Host. The Baron Herbert
 Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host). We are ready—
 (to HERBERT) Sir!

I hope you are refreshed.—I have just written
 A notice for your Daughter, that she may know
 What is become of you.—You'll sit down and sign it;
 'Twill glad her heart to see her father's signature.

[Gives the letter he had written.]

Her. Thanks for your care.

[Sits down and writes. Exit Host.]

Osw. (aside to MARMADUKE). Perhaps it would be useful
 That you too should subscribe your name.

*[MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT—then writes—examines
 the letter eagerly.]*

Mar. I cannot leave this paper.

[He puts it up agitated.]

Osw. (aside). Dastard! Come.

*[MARMADUKE goes towards HERBERT and supports him—
 MARMADUKE tremblingly beckons OSWALD to take his place.]*

Mar. (as he quits HERBERT). There is a palsy in his
 limbs—he shakes.

[Exit OSWALD and HERBERT—MARMADUKE following.]

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Group of Pilgrims, and IDONEA with them.

First Pil. A grove of darker and more lofty shade
I never saw.

Sec. Pil. The music of the birds
Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.

Old Pil. This news! It made my heart leap up with joy.

Idon. I scarcely can believe it.

Old Pil. Myself I heard

The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter
Which purported it was the royal pleasure
The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed,
Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood,
Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, Lady,
Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned
From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,
Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort,
I met your Father, then a wandering Outcast:
He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy; but grieved
He was that One so young should pass his youth
In such sad service; and he parted with him.
We joined our tales of wretchedness together,
And begged our daily bread from door to door.
I talk familiarly to you, sweet lady!
For once you loved me.

Idon. You shall back with me
And see your Friend again. The good old Man
Will be rejoiced to greet you.

Old Pil. It seems but yesterday
That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel,
In a deep wood remote from any town.
A cave that opened to the road presented
A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

Idon. And I was with you?

Old Pil.

If indeed 'twas you—

But you were then a tottering Little-one—

We sate us down. The sky grew dark and darker:

I struck my flint, and built up a small fire

With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds

Of many autumns in the cave had piled.

Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the woods:

Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth

And we were comforted, and talked of comfort;

But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our heads

The thunder rolled in peals that would have made

A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.

O Lady, you have need to love your Father.

His voice—methinks I hear it now—his voice

When, after a broad flash that filled the cave,

He said to me, that he had seen his Child,

A face (no cherub's face more beautiful)

Revealed by lustre brought with it from Heaven:

And it was you, dear Lady!

Idon.

God be praised,

That I have been his comforter till now!

And will be so through every change of fortune

And every sacrifice his peace requires.—

Let us begone with speed, that he may hear

These joyful tidings from no lips but mine.

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, *the Area of a half-ruined Castle—on one side the entrance to a dungeon—OSWALD and MARMADUKE pacing backwards and forwards.*

Mar. 'Tis a wild night.

Osw.

I'd give my cloak and bonnet

For sight of a warm fire.

Mar. The wind blows keen ;
My hands are numb.

Osw. Ha ! Ha ! 'tis nipping cold.

[Blowing his fingers.]

I long for news of our brave Comrades ; Lacy
Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens
If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed.

Mar. I think I see a second range of Towers ;
This castle has another Area—come,
Let us examine it.

Osw. 'Tis a bitter night ;
I hope Idonea is well housed. That horseman,
Who at full speed swept by us where the wood
Roared in the tempest, was within an ace
Of sending to his grave our precious Charge :
That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would.

Osw. Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.

Osw. As up the steep we clomb,
I saw a distant fire in the north-east ;
I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon :
With proper speed our quarters may be gained
To-morrow evening.

[Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the dungeon.]

Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice blessed me :
You could not hear for the foam beat the rocks
With deafening noise—the benediction fell
Back on himself ; but changed into a curse.

Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem
The fittest place ?

Osw. (aside). He is growing pitiful.

Mar. (listening). What an odd moaning that is.

Osw. Mighty odd.

The wind should pipe a little, while we stand
Cooling our heels in this way!—I'll begin
And count the stars.

Mar. (still listening). That dog of his, you are sure,
Could not come after us—he *must* have perished;
The torrent would have dashed an oak to splinters.
You said you did not like his looks—that he
Would trouble us; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me more
Than twenty armies.

Osw. How?

Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance, was troubled
Even to the shedding of some natural tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.

Osw. He has a tender heart!

[OSWALD offers to go down into the dungeon.]

Mar. How now, what mean you!

Osw. Truly, I was going

To waken our stray Baron. Were there not
A farm or dwelling-house within five leagues,
We should deserve to wear a cap and bells,
Three good round years, for playing the fool here
In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps,

You'd better like we should descend together,
And lie down by his side—what say you to it?
Three of us—we should keep each other warm:
I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend
Shall not disturb us; further I'll not engage;
Come, come, for manhood's sake!

Her. (*at the mouth of the dungeon*). Give me your hand ;
where are you, Friends ? and tell me

How goes the night.

Mar. 'Tis hard to measure time,

In such a weary night, and such a place.

Her. I do not hear the voice of my friend Oswald.

Mar. A minute past he went to fetch a draught
Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,
A cheerless beverage.

Her. How good it was in you
To stay behind !—Hearing at first no answer,
I was alarmed.

Mar. No wonder ; this is a place
That well may put some fears into *your* heart.

Her. Why so ? a roofless rock had been a comfort,
Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were ;
And in a night like this, to lend your cloaks
To make a bed for me !—My Girl will weep
When she is told of it.

Mar. This daughter of yours
Is very dear to you.

Her. Oh ! but you are young :
Over your head twice twenty years must roll,
With all their natural weight of sorrow and pain,
Ere can be known to you how much a Father
May love his Child.

Mar. Thank you, old Man, for this ! [*Aside.*

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a useless Man ;
Kindly have you protected me to-night,
And no return have I to make but prayers ;
May you in age be blest with such a daughter !—
When from the Holy Land I had returned
Sightless, and from my heritage was driven,
A wretched Outcast—but this strain of thought

Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar. Do not fear ;
Your words are precious to my ears ; go on.

Her. You will forgive me, but my heart runs over.
When my old Leader slipped into the flood
And perished, what a piercing outcry you
Sent after him. I have loved you ever since.
You start—where are we ?

Mar. Oh, there is no danger ;
The cold blast struck me.

Her. 'Twas a foolish question.

Mar. But when you were an Outcast ?—Heaven is just ;
Your piety would not miss its due reward ;
The little Orphan then would be your succour,
And do good service, though she knew it not.

Her. I turned me from the dwellings of my Fathers,
Where none but those who trampled on my rights
Seemed to remember me. To the wide world
I bore her, in my arms ; her looks won pity :
She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause to love her ?

Mar. Yes.

Her. More than ever Parent loved a Child ?

Mar. Yes, yes.

Her. I will not murmur, merciful God !
I will not murmur ; blasted as I have been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daughter's voice,
And arms to fold her to my heart. Submissively
Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Herbert!—confusion! (*aside*). Here it is my Friend,
[*Presents the Horn.*]
A charming beverage for you to carouse,

This bitter night.

Her. Ha ! Oswald ! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes gone,
To have heard your voice.

Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless : and yet that place,
When the tempestuous wind first drove us hither,
Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better turn
And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside*). He has restored you.
No doubt you have been nobly entertained ?
But soft !—how came he forth ? The Nightmare Conscience
Has driven him out of harbour ?

Mar. I believe
You have guessed right.

Her. The trees renew their murmur :
Come, let us house together.

[OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.

Osw. (returns). Had I not
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair
To its most fit conclusion, do you think
I would so long have struggled with my Nature,
And smothered all that's man in me !—away !—

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*

This man's the property of him who best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a privilege ;
It now becomes my duty to resume it.

Mar. Touch not a finger—

Osw. What then must be done ?

Mar. Which way so'er I turn, I am perplexed.

Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you. The misery
Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence ;

Twelve honest men, plain men, would set us right ;
Their verdict would abolish these weak scruples.

Mar. Weak ! I am weak—there does my torment lie,
Feeding itself.

Osw. Verily, when he said
How his old heart would leap to hear her steps,
You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.

Mar. And never heard a sound so terrible.

Osw. Perchance you think so now ?

Mar. I cannot do it :
Twice did I spring to grasp his wither'd throat,
When such a sudden weakness fell upon me,
I could have dropped asleep upon his breast.

Osw. Justice—is there not thunder in the word ?
Shall it be law to stab the petty robber
Who aims but at our purse ; and shall this Parricide—
Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonour
Be worse than death) to that confiding Creature
Whom he to more than filial love and duty
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his purpose ?
But you are fallen.

Mar. Fallen should I be indeed—
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness ! Here to strike the blow—
Away ! away !— *[Flings away his sword.]*

Osw. Nay, I have done with you :
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall live,
And she shall love him. With unquestioned title
He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good deeds.
I now perceive we do mistake our masters,
And most despise the men who best can teach us :
Henceforth it shall be said that bad men only

Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old Man
Is brave.

[*Taking MARMADUKE'S sword and giving it to him.*

To Clifford's arms he would have led

His Victim—haply to this desolate house.

Mar. (*advancing to the dungeon.*) It must be ended!—

Osw. Softly; do not rouse him;

He will deny it to the last. He lies

Within the Vault, a spear's length to the left.

[*MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.*

(*Alone.*) The Villains rose in mutiny to destroy me:

I could have quelled the Cowards, but this Stripling

Must needs step in, and save my life. The look

With which he gave the boon—I see it now!

The same that tempted me to loathe the gift.—

For this old venerable Grey-beard—faith

'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face

Which doth play tricks with them that look on it;

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that countenance—

His staff—his figure—Murder!—what, of whom?

We kill a worn-out horse, and who but women

Sigh at the deed? Hew down a wither'd tree,

And none look grave but dotards. He may live

To thank me for this service. Rainbow arches,

Highways of dreaming passion, have too long,

Young as he is, diverted wish and hope

From the unpretending ground we mortals tread;—

Then shatter the delusion, break it up

And set him free. What follows? I have learned

That things will work to ends the slaves o' the world

Do never dream of. I *have* been what he—

This Boy—when he comes forth with bloody hands—

Might envy, and am now,—but he shall know

What I am now— [Goes and listens at the dungeon.

Praying or parleying?—tut!

Is he not eyeless—He has been half dead

These fifteen years—

Enter female Beggar with two or three of her companions.

(Turning abruptly.) *Ha! speak—what Thing art thou?*

(Recognises her.) Heavens! my good friend! [To her.

Beg. Forgive me, gracious Sir!—

Osw. (to her companions.) Begone, ye Slaves, or I will
raise a whirlwind

And send ye dancing to the clouds, like leaves.

[They retire affrighted.

Beg. Indeed we meant no harm; we lodge sometimes
In this deserted Castle—I repent me.

[OSWALD goes to the dungeon—listens—returns to the
Beggar.

Osw. Woman, thou hast a helpless Infant—keep
Thy secret for its sake, or verily
That wretched life of thine shall be the forfeit.

Beg. I do repent me, Sir; I fear the curse
Of that blind man. 'Twas not your money, Sir——

Osw. Begone!

Beg. (going). There is some wicked deed in hand:

[Aside.

Would I could find the old Man and his Daughter.

[Exit Beggar.

MARMADUKE re-enters from the dungeon.

Osw. It is all over then;—your foolish fears
Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and deed,
Made quiet as he is.

Mar. Why came you down?
And when I felt your hand upon my arm
And spake to you, why did you give no answer?

Feared you to waken him? he must have been
 In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice.
 There are the strangest echoes in that place!

Osw. Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom.

Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the Spot,
 When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,
 As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.

Osw. But after that?

Mar. The features of Idonea
 Lurked in his face——

Osw. Psha! Never to these eyes
 Will retribution show itself again
 With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me
 To share your triumph?

Mar. Yes, her very look,
 Smiling in sleep——

Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!

Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my prayers.

Osw. Is he alive?

Mar. What mean you? who alive?

Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;
 He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea
 Hath become Clifford's harlot—is *he* living?

Mar. The old Man in that dungeon *is* alive.

Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field
 Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,
 Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all shall hear it.
 You a protector of humanity!
 Avenger you of outraged innocence!

Mar. 'Twas dark—dark as the grave; yet did I see,
 Saw him—his face turned toward me; and I tell thee
 Idonea's filial countenance was there
 To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.
 Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,

Beheld a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it. [*Sinks exhausted.*]

Osw. (to himself). Now may I perish if this turn do more
Than make me change my course.

(*To MARMADUKE.*) Dear Marmaduke,
My words were rashly spoken; I recal them:
I feel my error; shedding human blood
Is a most serious thing.

Mar. Not I alone,
Thou too art deep in guilt.

Osw. We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There *is* guilt in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever known
These trepidations? Plain it is that Heaven
Has marked out this foul Wretch as one whose crimes
Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,
Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thousand worlds!

[*Goes towards the dungeon.*]

Osw. I grieve
That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much pain.

Mar. Think not of that! 'tis over—we are safe.

Osw. (as if to himself, yet speaking aloud). The truth is
hideous, but how stifle it?

[*Turning to MARMADUKE.*]

Give me your sword—nay, here are stones and fragments,
The least of which would beat out a man's brains;
Or you might drive your head against that wall.
No! this is not the place to hear the tale:
It should be told you pinioned in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus?
Whate'er the monster brooding in your breast

I care not: fear I have none, and cannot fear——

[*The sound of a horn is heard.*]

That horn again—'Tis some one of our Troop;

What do they here? Listen!

Osw. What! dogged like thieves!

Enter WALLACE and LACY, &c.

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to the vagrant Troop
For not misleading us.

Osw. (looking at WALLACE). That subtle Greybeard—
I'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy (to MARMADUKE). My Captain,

We come by order of the Band. Belike
You have not heard that Henry has at last
Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent abroad
His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate
The genuine owners of such Lands and Baronies
As, in these long commotions, have been seized.
His power is this way tending. It befits us
To stand upon our guard, and with our swords
Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look

But at the surfaces of things; we hear
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young and old
Driven out in troops to want and nakedness;
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a cure
That flatters us, because it asks not thought:
The deeper malady is better hid;
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?

Wal. (whose eye has been fixed suspiciously upon OSWALD.)

Ay, what is it you mean?

Mar. Hark'ee, my Friends;—

[*Appearing gay.*]

Were there a Man who, being weak and helpless
 And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother, pressed
 By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,
 A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
 Prattling on his knee, to call him Father——

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that offence
 I could forgive him.

Mar. (going on). And should he make the child
 An instrument of falsehood, should he teach her
 To stretch her arms, and dim the gladsome light
 Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
 Of misery that was not——

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard——
 But in a world like ours——

Mar. (changing his tone). This self-same Man——
 Even while he printed kisses on the cheek
 Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent tongue
 To lisp the name of Father——could he look
 To the unnatural harvest of that time
 When he should give her up, a Woman grown,
 To him who bid the highest in the market
 Of foul pollution——

Lacy. The whole visible world
 Contains not such a Monster!

Mar. For this purpose
 Should he resolve to taint her Soul by means
 Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think of them;
 Should he, by tales which would draw tears from iron,
 Work on her nature, and so turn compassion
 And gratitude to ministers of vice,
 And make the spotless spirit of filial love
 Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim
 Both soul and body——

Wal. 'Tis too horrible;

Oswald, what say you to it?

Lacy.

Hew him down,

And fling him to the ravens.

Mar.

But his aspect

It is so meek, his countenance so venerable.

Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust). But how, what say you, Oswald?

Lacy (at the same moment). Stab him, were it Before the altar.

Mar.

What, if he were sick,

Tottering upon the very verge of life,

And old, and blind——

Lacy.

Blind, say you?

Osw. (coming forward).

Are we Men,

Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine courage

Is not an accidental quality,

A thing dependent for its casual birth

On opposition and impediment.

Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats down

The giant's strength; and, at the voice of Justice,

Spare not the worm. The giant and the worm——

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles of woman,

And craft of age, seducing reason, first

Made weakness a protection, and obscured

The moral shapes of things. His tender cries

And helpless innocence——do they protect

The infant lamb? and shall the infirmities,

Which have enabled this enormous Culprit

To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanctuary

To cover him from punishment? Shame!——Justice,

Admitting no resistance, bends alike

The feeble and the strong. She needs not here

Her bonds and chains, which make the mighty feeble.

——We recognise in this old Man a victim

Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason !

Osw. Yes, my Friends,

His countenance is meek and venerable ;

And, by the Mass, to see him at his prayers !—

I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish

When my heart does not ache to think of it !—

Poor Victim ! not a virtue under heaven

But what was made an engine to ensnare thee ;

But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea !

Wal. How ! What ? your Idonea ?

[*To MARMADUKE.*

Mar.

Mine ;

But now no longer mine. You know Lord Clifford ;

He is the Man to whom the Maiden—pure

As beautiful, and gentle and benign,

And in her ample heart loving even me—

Was to be yielded up.

Lacy. Now, by the head

Of my own child, this Man must die ; my hand,

A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine

In his grey hairs !—

Mar. (*to LACY.*) I love the father in thee.

You know me, Friends ; I have a heart to feel,

And I have felt, more than perhaps becomes me

Or duty sanctions.

Lacy. We will have ample justice.

Who are we, Friends ? Do we not live on ground

Where souls are self-defended, free to grow

Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy wind ?

Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which decreed

This monstrous crime to be laid open—*here,*

Where Reason has an eye that she can use,

And Men alone are Umpires. To the Camp
 He shall be led, and there, the Country round
 All gathered to the spot, in open day
 Shall Nature be avenged.

Osw. 'Tis nobly thought ;

His death will be a monument for ages.

Mar. (to LACY). I thank you for that hint. He shall be
 brought

Before the Camp, and would that best and wisest
 Of every country might be present. There,
 His crime shall be proclaimed ; and for the rest
 It shall be done as wisdom shall decide :
 Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and see
 That all is well prepared.

Wal. We will obey you.

(Aside). But softly ! we must look a little nearer.

Mar. Tell where you found us. At some future time
 I will explain the cause. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the door of the Hostel, a group of Pilgrims, as before ;*
IDONEA and the Host among them.

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at the Convent
 As I have told you ! He left us yesterday
 With two Companions ; one of them, as seemed,
 His most familiar friend. *(Going.)* There was a letter
 Of which I heard them speak, but that I fancy
 Has been forgotten.

Idon. (to Host). Farewell !

Host. Gentle pilgrims,
 St Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand.
 [*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, a desolate Moor.

OSWALD (*alone*).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to the Camp.
 O, Wisdom! a most wise resolve; and then,
 That half a word should blow it to the winds!
 This last device must end my work.—Methinks
 It were a pleasant pastime to construct
 A scale and table of belief—as thus—
 Two columns, one for passion, one for proof;
 Each rises as the other falls: and first,
 Passion a unit and *against* us—proof—
 Nay, we must travel in another path,
 Or we're stuck fast for ever; passion, then,
 Shall be a unit *for* us; proof—no, passion!
 We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
 Person, and place—the where, the when, the how,
 And all particulars that dull brains require
 To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
 They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
 A whipping to the Moralists who preach
 That misery is a sacred thing: for me,
 I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
 Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's mind
 Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface;
 And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
 He talks of a transition in his Soul,
 And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
 The senseless body, and why not the mind?—
 These are strange sights—the mind of man, upturned,

Is in all natures a strange spectacle ;
 In some a hideous one—hem ! shall I stop ?
 No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink deep, but then
 They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,
 And something shall be done which Memory
 May touch, whene'er her Vassals are at work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

Osw. (*turning to meet him*). But listen, for my
 peace——

Mar. Why, I believe you.

Osw. But hear the proofs——

Mar. Ay, prove that when two peas
 Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then
 Be larger than the peas—prove this—'twere matter
 Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream
 It ever could be otherwise !

Osw. Last night
 When I returned with water from the brook,
 I overheard the Villains—every word
 Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.
 Said one, “ It is agreed on. The blind Man
 Shall feign a sudden illness, and the Girl,
 Who on her journey must proceed alone,
 Under pretence of violence, be seized.
 She is,” continued the detested Slave,
 “ She is right willing—strange if she were not !—
 They say Lord Clifford is a savage man ;
 But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
 Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,
 There's witchery in't. I never knew a maid
 That could withstand it. True,” continued he,
 “ When we arranged the affair, she wept a little
 (Not the less welcome to my Lord for that)
 And said, ‘ My Father he will have it so.’ ”

Mar. I am your hearer.

Osw. This I caught, and more
That may not be retold to any ear.
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door
Detained them near the gateway of the Castle.
By a dim lantern's light I saw that wreaths
Of flowers were in their hands, as if designed
For festive decoration; and they said,
With brutal laughter and most foul allusion,
That they should share the banquet with their Lord
And his new favourite.

Mar. Misery!—

Osw. I knew
How you would be disturbed by this dire news,
And therefore chose this solitary Moor,
Here to impart the tale, of which, last night,
I strove to ease my mind, when our two Comrades,
Commissioned by the band, burst in upon us.

Mar. Last night, when moved to lift the avenging steel,
I did believe all things were shadows—yea,
Living or dead all things were bodiless,
Or but the mutual mockeries of body,
Till that same star summoned me back again.
Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. Oh Fool!
To let a creed, built in the heart of things,
Dissolve before a twinkling atom!—Oswald,
I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools
Than you have entered, were it worth the pains.
Young as I am, I might go forth a teacher,
And you should see how deeply I could reason
Of love in all its shapes, beginnings, ends;
Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects;
Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

Osw. You take it as it merits——

Mar. One a King,
 General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
 Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground
 With carcases, in lineament and shape
 And substance, nothing differing from his own,
 But that they cannot stand up of themselves ;
 Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour
 Floats kingcups in the brook—a Hero one
 We call, and scorn the other as Time's spend-thrift ;
 But have they not a world of common ground
 To occupy—both fools, or wise alike,
 Each in his way ?

Osw. Troth, I begin to think so.

Mar. Now for the corner-stone of my philosophy :
 I would not give a denier for the man
 Who, on such provocation as this earth
 Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath the chin,
 And send it with a fillip to its grave.

Osw. Nay, you leave me behind.

Mar. That such a One,
 So pious in demeanour ! in his look
 So saintly and so pure !——Hark'ee, my Friend,
 I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's Castle,
 A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,
 And he shall howl and I will laugh, a medley
 Most tunable.

Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme ;
 But take your sword along with you, for that
 Might in such neighbourhood find seemly use.—
 But first, how wash our hands of this old Man ?

Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that viper in the path ;
 Plague on my memory, him I had forgotten.

Osw. You know we left him sitting—see him yonder.

Mar. Ha ! ha !—

Osw. As 'twill be but a moment's work,
I will stroll on ; you follow when 'tis done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor at a short distance—

HERBERT is discovered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too !—'tis well—I feared,
The Stranger had some pitiable sorrow
Pressing upon his solitary heart.
Hush !—'tis the feeble and earth-loving wind
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.
Alas ! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine—
What can this mean ? There is a psalm that speaks
Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it—Listen !—what foot is there ?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (*aside—looking at HERBERT*). And I have loved
this Man ! and *she* hath loved him !
And I loved her, and she loves the Lord Clifford !
And there it ends ;—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day, that eyes were made
For a wise purpose—verily to weep with !

[*Looking round.*]

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill !
(*To HERBERT*). Good Baron, have you ever practised tillage ?
Pray tell me what this land is worth by the acre ?

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice ! I know not
Wherein I have offended you ;—last night
I found in you the kindest of Protectors ;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and threw it
About your own ; but for these two hours past

Once only have you spoken, when the lark
Whirred from among the fern beneath our feet,
And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent!—

So, you bethought you of the many ways
In which a man may come to his end, whose crimes
Have roused all Nature up against him—pshaw!—

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in sight?
No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul:

Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,
That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-green moss
From the stern breathing of the rough sea-wind;
This have we, but no other company:
Commend me to the place. If a man should die
And leave his body here, it were all one
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks—

The Spirit of a murdered man, for instance—
Might have fine room to ramble about here,
A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

Her. Lost Man! if thou have any close-pent guilt
Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour
Of visitation——

Mar. A bold word from *you*!

Her. Restore him, Heaven!

Mar. The desperate Wretch!—A Flower,
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now
They have snapped her from the stem—Poh! let her lie
Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless snail
Feed on her leaves. You knew her well—ay, there,
Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you knew

The worm was in her——

Her. Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

Mar. You have a Daughter!

Her. Oh that she were here!

She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,
And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace between us.

Mar. (aside). I do believe he weeps—I could weep too—
There is a vein of her voice that runs through his:
Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the Maid;
And for his sake I loved her more: these tears—
I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee, Heaven!
One happy thought has passed across my mind.
—It may not be—I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings!—(*To HERBERT*)—Now, for a little more
About your Daughter!

Her. Troops of armed men,
Met in the roads, would bless us; little children,
Rushing along in the full tide of play,
Stood silent as we passed them! I have heard
The boisterous carman, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and hail us with mild voice,
And speak with milder voice to his poor beasts.

Mar. And whither were you going?

Her. Learn, young Man,
To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,
Whether too much for patience, or, like mine,
Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.

Mar. Now, this is as it should be!

Her. I am weak!—
My Daughter does not know how weak I am;

And, as thou see'st, under the arch of heaven
 Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
 By the good God, our common Father, doomed !—
 But I had once a spirit and an arm——

Mar. Now, for a word about your Barony :
 I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
 And came to—what's your title—eh ? your claims
 Were undisputed !

Her. Like a mendicant,
 Whom no one comes to meet, I stood alone ;—
 I murmured—but, remembering Him who feeds
 The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
 From my own threshold I looked up to Heaven
 And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope.
 So, from the court I passed, and down the brook,
 Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak
 I came ; and when I felt its cooling shade,
 I sate me down, and cannot but believe—
 While in my lap I held my little Babe
 And clasped her to my heart, my heart that ached
 More with delight than grief—I heard a voice
 Such as by Cherith on Elijah called :
 It said “ I will be with thee.” A little boy,
 A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone,
 Hailed us as if he had been sent from heaven,
 And said, with tears, that he would be our guide :
 I had a better guide—that innocent Babe—
 Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from harm,
 From cold, from hunger, penury, and death ;
 To whom I owe the best of all the good
 I have, or wish for, upon earth—and more
 And higher far than lies within earth's bounds :
 Therefore I bless her : when I think of Man,
 I bless her with sad spirit,—when of God,

I bless her in the fulness of my joy !

Mar. The name of daughter in his mouth, he prays !
 With nerves so steady, that the very flies
 Sit unmolested on his staff.—Innocent !—
 If he were innocent—then he would tremble
 And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turning aside*). I have read
 In Story, what men now alive have witnessed.
 How, when the People's mind was racked with doubt,
 Appeal was made to the great Judge : the Accused
 With naked feet walked over burning plough-shares.
 Here is a Man by Nature's hand prepared
 For a like trial, but more merciful.
 Why else have I been led to this bleak Waste ?
 Bare is it, without house or track, and destitute
 Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.
 Here will I leave him—here—All-seeing God !
 Such as *he* is, and sore perplexed as I am,
 I will commit him to this final *Ordeal* !—
 He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came to him
 And was his guide ; if once, why not again,
 And in this desert ? If never—then the whole
 Of what he says, and looks, and does, and is,
 Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave him here
 To cold and hunger !—Pain is of the heart,
 And what are a few throes of bodily suffering
 If they can waken one pang of remorse ?

[*Goes up to* HERBERT.

Old Man ! my wrath is as a flame burnt out,
 It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here
 Led by my hand to save thee from perdition :
 Thou wilt have time to breathe and think——

Her.

Oh, Mercy !

Mar. I know the need that all men have of mercy,
 And therefore leave thee to a righteous judgment.

Her. My Child, my blessèd Child !

Mar.

No more of that ;

Thou wilt have many guides if thou art innocent ;

Yea, from the utmost corners of the earth,

That Woman will come o'er this Waste to save thee.

[*He pauses and looks at HERBERT'S staff.*

Ha ! what is here ? and carved by her own hand !

[*Reads upon the staff.*

“ I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord .

He that puts his trust in me shall not fail !”

Yes, be it so :—repent and be forgiven—

God and that staff are now thy only guides.

[*He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.*

SCENE, *an eminence, a Beacon on the summit.*

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &C. &C.

Several of the Band (confusedly). But patience !

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor, Oswald !—

Our Captain made a prey to foul device !—

Len. (to Wal.) His tool, the wandering Beggar, made last
night

A plain confession, such as leaves no doubt,

Knowing what otherwise we know too well,

That she revealed the truth. Stand by me now ;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers

Between my breast-plate and my skin, than make

Oswald my special enemy, if you

Deny me your support.

Lacy.

We have been fooled—

But for the motive ?

Wal.

Natures such as his

Spin motives out of their own bowels, Lacy !

I learned this when I was a Confessor.

I know him well ; there needs no other motive
Than that most strange incontinence in crime
Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him
And breath and being ; where he cannot govern,
He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like moles !—
Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for motives :
There is no crime from which this man would shrink ;
He recks not human law ; and I have noticed
That often when the name of God is uttered,
A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has built
Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed
A band of Pirates in the Norway seas ;
And when the King of Denmark summoned him
To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
'Twas a strange answer that he made ; he said,
" I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven."

Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor
Were that man, who could draw the line that parts
Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from Madness,
That should be scourged, not pitied. Restless Minds,
Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men
No heart that loves them, none that they can love,
Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings.

One of the Band. What if he mean to offer up our Captain
An expiation and a sacrifice
To those infernal fiends !

Wal. Now, if the event
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then swear,

My Friends, his heart shall have as many wounds
As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing!

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns

Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind; and when the sun is down,
Light up this beacon.

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.

[*They go out together.*]

SCENE, *the Wood on the edge of the Moor.* MARMADUKE (*alone*).

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,
Yet calm.—I could believe, that there was here
The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald,
Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see;
You have done your duty. I had hopes, which now
I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears,
From which I have freed myself—but 'tis my wish
To be alone, and therefore we must part.

Osw. Nay, then—I am mistaken. There's a weakness
About you still: you talk of solitude—
I am your friend.

Mar. What need of this assurance
At any time? and why given now?

Osw. Because
You are now in truth my Master; you have taught me

What there is not another living man
Had strength to teach ;—and therefore gratitude
Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

Mar. Wherefore press this on me ?

Osw. Because I feel

That you have shown, and by a signal instance,
How they who would be just must seek the rule
By diving for it into their own bosoms.
To-day you have thrown off a tyranny
That lives but in the torpid acquiescence
Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny
Of the world's masters, with the musty rules
By which they uphold their craft from age to age :
You have obeyed the only law that sense
Submits to recognise ; the immediate law,
From the clear light of circumstances, flashed
Upon an independent Intellect.
Henceforth new prospects open on your path ;
Your faculties should grow with the demand ;
I still will be your friend, will cleave to you
Through good and evil, obloquy and scorn,
Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (exultingly). I know your motives !

I am not of the world's presumptuous judges,
Who damn where they can neither see nor feel,
With a hard-hearted ignorance ; your struggles
I witnessed, and now hail your victory.

Mar. Spare me a while that greeting.

Osw. It may be,

That some there are, squeamish half-thinking cowards,
Who will turn pale upon you, call you murderer,
And you will walk in solitude among them.
A mighty evil for a strong-built mind !—

Join twenty tapers of unequal height
 And light them joined, and you will see the less
 How 'twill burn down the taller; and they all
 Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude!—
 The Eagle lives in Solitude!

Mar. Even so,

The Sparrow so on the house-top, and I,
 The weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved
 To abide the issue of my act, alone.

Osw. Now would you? and for ever?—My young Friend,
 As time advances either we become
 The prey or masters of our own past deeds.
 Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no;
 And if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,
 Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,
 Are still forthcoming; some which, though they bear
 Ill names, can render no ill services,
 In recompense for what themselves required.
 So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
 And opposites thus melt into each other.

Mar. Time, since Man first drew breath, has never moved
 With such a weight upon his wings as now;
 But they will soon be lightened.

Osw. Ay, look up—

Cast round you your mind's eye, and you will learn
 Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:
 Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
 Because they carry in themselves an earnest
 That we can suffer greatly.

Mar. Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
 'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:

Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

Osw. What if you had bid
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart ;
It is the toy of fools, and little fit
For such a world as this. The wise abjure
All thoughts whose idle composition lives
In the entire forgetfulness of pain.
—I see I have disturbed you.

Mar. By no means.

Osw. Compassion !—pity !—pride can do without them ;
And what if you should never know them more !—
He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too.
If e'er I open out this heart of mine
It shall be for a nobler end—to teach
And not to purchase puling sympathy.
—Nay, you are pale.

Mar. It may be so.

Osw. Remorse—
It cannot live with thought ; think on, think on,
And it will die. What ! in this universe,
Where the least things control the greatest, where
The faintest breath that breathes can move a world :
What ! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.

Mar. Now, whither are you wandering ? That a man
So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from himself—
It is most strange.

Osw. Murder !—What's in the word !—

I have no cases by me ready made
 To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp!—
 A shallow project;—you of late have seen
 More deeply, taught us that the institutes
 Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
 Banished from human intercourse, exist
 Only in our relations to the brutes
 That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake
 Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
 A license to destroy him: our good governors
 Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
 That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,
 But to protect themselves from extirpation!—
 This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

Mar. My Office is fulfilled—the Man is now
 Delivered to the Judge of all things.

Osw. Dead!

Mar. I have borne my burthen to its destined end.

Osw. This instant we'll return to our Companions—
 Oh how I long to see their faces again!

Enter IDONEA, with Pilgrims who continue their journey.

Idon. (after some time). What, Marmaduke! now thou art
 mine for ever.

And Oswald, too! (*To MARMADUKE*). On will we to my
 Father

With the glad tidings which this day hath brought:
 We'll go together, and, such proof received
 Of his own rights restored, his gratitude
 To God above will make him feel for ours.

Osw. I interrupt you?

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idonea,

That I should ever live to see this moment!

Idon. Forgive me.—Oswald knows it all—he knows,

Each word of that unhappy letter fell
As a blood drop from my heart.

Osw. 'Twas even so.

Mar. I have much to say, but for whose ear?—not thine.

Idon. Ill can I bear that look—Plead for me, Oswald!

You are my Father's Friend.

(*To MARMADUKE*). Alas, you know not,
And never can you know, how much he loved me.
Twice had he been to me a father, twice
Had given me breath, and was I not to be
His daughter, once his daughter? could I withstand
His pleading face, and feel his clasping arms,
And hear his prayer that I would not forsake him
In his old age—— [*Hides her face.*]

Mar. Patience—Heaven grant me patience!—
She weeps, she weeps—*my* brain shall burn for hours
Ere *I* can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman;
And, balancing the hopes that are the dearest
To womankind with duty to my Father,
I yielded up those precious hopes, which nought
On earth could else have wrested from me;—if erring,
Oh let me be forgiven!

Mar. I do forgive thee.

Idon. But take me to your arms—this breast, alas!
It throbs, and you have a heart that does not feel it.

Mar. (*exultingly*). She is innocent. [*He embraces her.*]

Osw. (*aside*). Were I a Moralist,
I should make wondrous revolution here;
It were a quaint experiment to show
The beauty of truth—— [*Addressing them.*]

I see I interrupt you;
I shall have business with you, Marmaduke;
Follow me to the Hostel. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

Idon. Marmaduke,
This is a happy day. My Father soon
Shall sun himself before his native doors ;
The lame, the hungry, will be welcome there.
No more shall he complain of wasted strength,
Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying heart ;
His good works will be balm and life to him.

Mar. This is most strange !—I know not what it was,
But there was something which most plainly said,
That thou wert innocent.

Idon. How innocent !—
Oh heavens ! you've been deceived.

Mar. Thou art a Woman
To bring perdition on the universe.

Idon. Already I've been punished to the height
Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionately.*]

I see you love me still,
The labours of my hand are still your joy ;
Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder
I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was suspended HERBERT'S
scrip.*]

Mar. Mercy of Heaven. [*Sinks.*]

Idon. What ails you. [*Distractedly.*]

Mar. The scrip that held his food, and I forgot
To give it back again !

Idon. What mean your words ?

Mar. I know not what I said—all may be well.

Idon. That smile hath life in it !

Mar. This road is perilous ;
I will attend you to a Hut that stands
Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night, I pray you ;
For me, I have business, as you heard, with Oswald,
But will return to you by break of day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—irregular sound of a bell—HERBERT enters exhausted.*

Her. That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,
But now it mocks my steps; its fitful stroke
Can scarcely be the work of human hands.
Hear me, ye Men, upon the cliffs, if such
There be who pray nightly before the Altar.
Oh that I had but strength to reach the place!
My Child—my child—dark—dark—I faint—this wind—
These stifling blasts—God help me!

Enter ELDRED.

Eld. Better this bare rock,
Though it were tottering over a man's head,
Than a tight case of dungeon walls for shelter
From such rough dealing. [*A moaning voice is heard.*]

Ha! what sound is that?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are here)
Send forth such noises—and that weary bell!
Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night
Is ringing it—'twould stop a Saint in prayer,
And that—what is it? never was sound so like
A human groan. Ha! what is here? Poor Man—
Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your friend:
No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts his hand
And lays it to his heart—(*Kneels to him*). I pray you
speak!

What has befallen you!

Her. (*feebly*). A stranger has done this,
And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

Eld. Nay, think not so; come, let me raise you up:

[*Raises him.*]

This is a dismal place—well—that is well—
 I was too fearful—take me for your guide
 And your support—my hut is not far off.

[*Draws him gently off the stage.*]

SCENE, *a room in the Hostel*—MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. But for Idonea!—I have cause to think
 That she is innocent.

Osw. Leave that thought awhile,
 As one of those beliefs which in their hearts
 Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no better
 Than feathers clinging to their points of passion.
 This day's event has laid on me the duty
 Of opening out my story; you must hear it,
 And without further preface.—In my youth,
 Except for that abatement which is paid
 By envy as a tribute to desert,
 I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling
 Of every tongue—as you are now. You've heard
 That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage
 Was hatched among the crew a foul Conspiracy
 Against my honour, in the which our Captain
 Was, I believe, prime Agent. The wind fell;
 We lay becalmed week after week, until
 The water of the vessel was exhausted;
 I felt a double fever in my veins,
 Yet rage suppressed itself:—to a deep stillness
 Did my pride tame my pride;—for many days,
 On a dead sea under a burning sky,
 I brooded o'er my injuries, deserted
 By man and nature;—if a breeze had blown,
 It might have found its way into my heart,
 And I had been—no matter—do you mark me?

Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold crime

Doth haunt your memory.

Osw. Patience, hear me further!—

One day in silence did we drift at noon
 By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare ;
 No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,
 No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form
 Inanimate large as the body of man.
 Nor any living thing whose lot of life
 Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.
 To dig for water on the spot, the Captain
 Landed with a small troop, myself being one :
 There I approached him with his treachery.
 Imperious at all times, his temper rose ;
 He struck me ; and that instant had I killed him,
 And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades
 Rushed in between us : then did I insist
 (All hated him, and I was stung to madness)
 That we should leave him there, alive !—we did so.

Mar. And he was famished ?

Osw. Naked was the spot :

Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
 Its stony surface glittered like a shield ;
 And in that miserable place we left him
 Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures,
 Not one of which could help him while alive,
 Or mourn him dead.

Mar. A man by men cast off,
 Left without burial ! nay, not dead nor dying,
 But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,
 In all things like ourselves, but in the agony
 With which he called for mercy ; and—even so—
 He was forsaken ?

Osw. There is a power in sounds :
 The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat

That bore us through the water—

Mar. You returned

Upon that dismal hearing—did you not ?

Osw. Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea
Did from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins are filled
At the same poisonous fountain !

Osw. 'Twas an island

Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
Which with their foam could cover it at will.
I know not how he perished ; but the calm,
The same dead calm, continued many days.

Mar. But his own crime had brought on him this doom,
His wickedness prepared it ; these expedients
Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

Osw. The man was famished, and was innocent !

Mar. Impossible !

Osw. The man had never wronged me.

Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and be at peace.
His guilt was marked—these things could never be
Were there not eyes that see, and for good ends,
Where ours are baffled.

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miserable man
No more was heard of ?

Osw. I had been betrayed.

Mar. And he found no deliverance !

Osw. The Crew

Gave me a hearty welcome ; they had laid
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,
Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathe.
So we pursued our voyage : when we landed,
The tale was spread abroad : my power at once

Shrunk from me ; plans and schemes, and lofty hopes—
All vanished. I gave way—do you attend ?

Mar. The Crew deceived you ?

Osw.

Nay, command yourself.

Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind howls !

Osw. I hid my head within a Convent, there

Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.

That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown

But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought to have seen
The guilt—had touched it—felt it at your heart—
As I have done.

Osw.

A fresh tide of Crusaders

Drove by the place of my retreat : three nights

Did constant meditation dry my blood ;

Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,

Through words and things, a dim and perilous way :

And, whereso'er I turned me, I beheld

A slavery compared to which the dungeon

And clanking chains are perfect liberty.

You understand me—I was comforted ;

I saw that every possible shape of action

Might lead to good—I saw it and burst forth

Thirsting for some of those exploits that fill

The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.

[*Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.*

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity

Subsided in a moment, like a wind

That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed.

And yet I had within me evermore

A salient spring of energy ; I mounted

From action up to action with a mind

That never rested—without meat or drink

Have I lived many days—my sleep was bound

To purposes of reason—not a dream
 But had a continuity and substance
 That waking life had never power to give.

Mar. O wretched Human-kind—Until the mystery
 Of all this world is solved, well may we envy
 The worm, that, underneath a stone whose weight
 Would crush the lion's paw with mortal anguish,
 Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety.
 Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those traitors?

Osw. Give not to them a thought. From Palestine
 We marched to Syria: oft I left the Camp,
 When all that multitude of hearts was still,
 And followed on, through woods of gloomy cedar,
 Into deep chasms troubled by roaring streams:
 Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
 The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea;
 In these my lonely wanderings I perceived
 What mighty objects do impress their forms
 To elevate our intellectual being;
 And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,
 'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms
 A thing so great to perish self-consumed.
 —So much for my remorse!

Mar. Unhappy Man!

Osw. When from these forms I turned to contemplate
 The World's opinions and her usages,
 I seemed a Being who had passed alone
 Into a region of futurity,
 Whose natural element was freedom——

Mar. Stop!

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

Osw. You must:

I had been nourished by the sickly food
 Of popular applause. I now perceived

That we are praised, only as men in us
 Do recognise some image of themselves,
 An abject counterpart of what they are,
 Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.
 I felt that merit has no surer test
 Than obloquy ; that, if we wish to serve
 The world in substance, not deceive by show,
 We must become obnoxious to its hate,
 Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

Mar. I pity, can forgive, you ; but those wretches—
 That monstrous perfidy !

Osw. Keep down your wrath.
 False Shame discarded, spurious Fame despised,
 Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found
 Life stretched before me smooth as some broad way
 Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests might spin
 Their veil, but not for me—'twas in fit place
 Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,
 And in that dream had left my native land,
 One of Love's simple bondsmen—the soft chain
 Was off for ever ; and the men, from whom
 This liberation came, you would destroy :
 Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'Tis a strange aching that, when we would curse
 And cannot.—You have betrayed me—I have done—
 I am content—I know that he is guiltless—
 That both are guiltless, without spot or stain,
 Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man !
 And I had heart for this, because thou lovedst
 Her who from very infancy had been
 Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood !—Together
 [Turning to OSWALD.

We propped his steps, he leaned upon us both.

Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of adamant ;

Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to enlarge
 Man's intellectual empire. We subsist
 In slavery; all is slavery; we receive
 Laws, but we ask not whence those laws have come;
 We need an inward sting to goad us on.

Mar. Have you betrayed me? Speak to that.

Osw. The mask,
 Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
 Must be cast off.—Know then that I was urged,
 (For other impulse let it pass) was driven,
 To seek for sympathy, because I saw
 In you a mirror of my youthful self;
 I would have made us equal once again,
 But that was a vain hope. You have struck home,
 With a few drops of blood cut short the business;
 Therein for ever you must yield to me.
 But what is done will save you from the blank
 Of living without knowledge that you live:
 Now you are suffering—for the future day,
 'Tis his who will command it.—Think of my story—
 Herbert is *innocent*.

Mar. (*in a faint voice, and doubtfully*). You do but echo
 My own wild words!

Osw. Young Man, the seed must lie
 Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest;
 'Tis Nature's law. What I have done in darkness
 I will avow before the face of day.
 Herbert *is* innocent.

Mar. What fiend could prompt
 This action? Innocent!—oh, breaking heart!—
 Alive or dead, I'll find him.

[*Exit.*

Osw. Alive—perdition!

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *the inside of a poor Cottage.*

ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.

Idon. The storm beats hard—Mercy for poor or rich,
Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!

A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good Folks, within!

Elea. O save us!

Idon. What can this mean?

Elea. Alas, for my poor husband!—

We'll have a counting of our flocks to-morrow;

The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:

Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers

[*The voices die away in the distance.*]

Returning from their Feast—my heart beats so—

A noise at midnight does so frighten me.

Idon. Hush!

[*Listening.*]

Elea. They are gone. On such a night, my husband,
Dragged from his bed, was cast into a dungeon,
Where, hid from me, he counted many years,
A criminal in no one's eyes but theirs—
Not even in theirs—whose brutal violence
So dealt with him.

Idon. I have a noble Friend
First among youths of knightly breeding, One
Who lives but to protect the weak or injured.
There again!

[*Listening.*]

Elea. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good Eldred
Has a kind heart: but his imprisonment
Has made him fearful, and he'll never be
The man he was.

Idon. I will retire;—good night! [*She goes within.*]

Enter ELDRED, (hides a bundle).

Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there are stains in that
frock which must be washed out.

Elea. What has befallen you ?

Eld. I am belated, and you must know the cause—
(*speaking low*) that is the blood of an unhappy Man.

Elea. Oh ! we are undone for ever.

Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my hand against any man. Eleanor, I have shed tears to-night, and it comforts me to think of it:

Elea. Where, where is he ?

Eld. I have done him no harm, but——it will be forgiven me ; it would not have been so once.

Elea. You have not *buried* anything ? You are no richer than when you left me ?

Eld. Be at peace ; I am innocent.

Elea. Then God be thanked—

[*A short pause ; she falls upon his neck.*]

Eld. To-night I met with an old Man lying stretched upon the ground—a sad spectacle : I raised him up with a hope that we might shelter and restore him.

Elea. (*as if ready to run*). Where is he ? You were not able to bring him *all* the way with you ; let us return, I can help you. [ELDRED *shakes his head.*]

Eld. He did not seem to wish for life : as I was struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains of blood upon my clothes—he waved his hand, as if it were all useless ; and I let him sink again to the ground.

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side !

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body were cold—how could I disturb his last moments ? he strove to turn from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood—

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was cut ; but I think his malady was cold and hunger.

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me abroad to-night till this hour? I come home, and this is my comfort!

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set you at ease?

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while he was muttering something about his Child—his Daughter—(*starting as if he heard a noise*). What is that?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. God knows what was in my heart, and will not curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him? you waited the hour of his release?

Eld. The night was wasting fast; I have no friend; I am spited by the world—his wound terrified me—if I had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms!—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair!

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

Elea. And you left him alive?

Eld. Alive!—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour.

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (*in a savage tone*). Ay, and his head was bare; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end.

Elea. Is there nothing to be donè? cannot we go to the Convent?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him!

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon

the Waste ; let us take heart ; this Man may be rich ; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

Eld. 'Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot ; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

Eld. He will never open them more ; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Idon. (*rushing out*). It is, it is, my Father—

Eld. We are betrayed (*looking at IDONEA*).

Elea. His Daughter !—God have mercy ! (*turning to IDONEA*).

Idon. (*sinking down*). Oh ! lift me up and carry me to the place.

You are safe ; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Eld. (*moved*). I'll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (*springing up*). Alive !—you heard him breathe ?
quick, quick— [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, *A wood on the edge of the Waste.*

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen,
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too ; did you not say he listened ?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood
As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing ?

For. See him there !

MARMADUKE *appearing.*

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters ;
That is no substance which ye settle on !

For. His senses play him false ; and see, his arms
Outspread, as if to save himself from falling !—
Some terrible phantom I believe is now
Passing before him, such as God will not
Permit to visit any but a man
Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[MARMADUKE *disappears.*

Osw. The game is up !—

For. If it be needful, Sir,
I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—
'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind,
Who has a trick of straying from his keepers ;
We must be gentle. Leave him to my care. [*Exit Forester.*
If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks
Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine ;
The goal is reached. My Master shall become
A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE, *the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE and ELDRED *enter from opposite sides.*

Mar. (*raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED.*) In any
corner of this savage Waste.
Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man ?

Eld. I heard——

Mar. You heard him, where ? when heard him ?

Eld. As you know
The first hours of last night were rough with storm :

I had been out in search of a stray heifer ;
 Returning late, I heard a moaning sound ;
 Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,
 I hurried on, when straight a second moan,
 A human voice distinct, struck on my ear.
 So guided, distant a few steps, I found
 An aged Man, and such as you describe.

Mar. You heard !—he called you to him ? Of all men
 The best and kindest ! but where is he ? guide me,
 That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks
 A lonesome Chapel stands, deserted now :
 The bell is left, which no one dares remove ;
 And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,
 It rings, as if a human hand were there
 To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it ;
 And it had led him towards the precipice,
 To climb up to the spot whence the sound came ;
 But he had failed through weakness. From his hand
 His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink
 Of a small pool of water he was laid,
 As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained
 Without the strength to rise.

Mar. Well, well, he lives,
 And all is safe : what said he ?

Eld. But few words :
 He only spake to me of a dear Daughter,
 Who, so he feared, would never see him more ;
 And of a Stranger to him, One by whom
 He had been sore misused ; but he forgave
 The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are troubled—
 Perhaps you are his son ?

Mar. The All-seeing knows,
 I did not think he had a living Child.—

But whither did you carry him ?

Eld. He was torn,

His head was bruised, and there was blood about him——

Mar. That was no work of mine.

Eld. Nor was it mine.

Mar. But had he strength to walk ? I could have borne
him

A thousand miles.

Eld. I am in poverty,

And know how busy are the tongues of men ;

My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one

Whose good deeds will not stand by their own light ;

And, though it smote me more than words can tell,

I left him.

Mar. I believe that there are phantoms,

That in the shape of man do cross our path

On evil instigation, to make sport

Of our distress—and thou art one of them !

But things substantial have so pressed on me——

Eld. My wife and children came into my mind.

Mar. Oh Monster ! Monster ! there are three of us,
And we shall howl together.

[*After a pause and in a feeble voice.*

I am deserted

At my worst need, my crimes have in a net

(*Pointing to ELDRED*) Entangled this poor man.—

Where was it ? where ?

[*Dragging him along.*

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your violence. His Daughter——

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scorpions lodge :
This old man *had* a Daughter.

Eld. To the spot

I hurried back with her.—O save me, Sir,

From such a journey ! there was a black tree,

A single tree ; she thought it was her Father.—
 Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again
 For twenty lives. The daylight dawned, and now—
 Nay ; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should hear it—
 As we approached, a solitary crow
 Rose from the spot ;—the Daughter clapped her hands,
 And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[MARMADUKE *shrinks back*.

The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

Mar. Dead, Dead !—

Eld. (*after a pause*). A dismal matter, Sir, for me,
 And seems the like for you ; if 'tis your wish,
 I'll lead you to his Daughter ; but 'twere best
 That she should be prepared ; I'll go before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[ELDRED *goes off*.

Elea. (*enters*).

Master !

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support you ?

Mar. (*taking her arm*). Woman, I've lent my body to
 the service

Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God forbid
 That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion
 With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was.

Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things like these.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to the door of* ELDRED'S *cottage*—IDONEA
scated—*enter* ELDRED.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful hand
 Has met unkindness ; so indeed he told me,
 And you remember such was my report :
 From what has just befallen me I have cause
 To fear the very worst.

Idon.

My Father is dead ;

Why dost thou come to me with words like these ?

Eld. A wicked man should answer for his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld. It was most heinous,
And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not add,
I prithee, to the harm thou'st done already.

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this service.
Hard by, a Man I met, who from plain proofs
Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it were
You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have nothing
To do with others ; help me to my Father—

[*She turns and sees MARMADUKE leaning on ELEANOR—
throws herself upon his neck, and after some time,*

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past ;
And thus we meet again ; one human stay
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no thing,
No, not the pitying moon !

Idon. And perish so.

Mar. Without a dog to moan for him.

Idon. Think not of it,
But enter there and see him how he sleeps,
Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

Mar. Tranquil—why not ?

Idon. Oh, peace !

Mar. He is at peace ;
His body is at rest : there was a plot,
A hideous plot, against the soul of man :
It took effect—and yet I baffled it,
In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I thought,

A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven
For both our needs; must I, and in thy presence,
Alone partake of it?—Beloved Marmaduke!

Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest thing
That the earth owns shall never choose to die,
But some one must be near to count his groans.
The wounded deer retires to solitude,
And dies in solitude; all things but man,
All die in solitude.

[*Moving towards the cottage door.*

Mysterious God,

If she had never lived I had not done it!—

Idon. Alas! the thought of such a cruel death
Has overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

Eld. Lady!

You will do well; (*she goes*) unjust suspicion may
Cleave to this Stranger: if, upon his entering,
The dead Man heave a groan, or from his side
Uplift his hand—that would be evidence.

Elea. Shame! Eldred, shame!

Mar. (*both returning*). The dead have but one face, (*to himself*).

And such a Man—so meek and unoffending—
Helpless and harmless as a babe: a Man,
By obvious signal to the world's protection,
Solemnly dedicated—to decoy him!—

Idon. Oh, had you seen him living!—

Mar.

I (so filled

With horror in this world) am unto thee
The thing most precious, that it now contains:
Therefore through me alone must be revealed
By whom thy Parent was destroyed, Idonea!
I have the proofs!—

Idon.

O miserable Father!

Thou didst command me to bless all mankind ;
 Nor to this moment, have I ever wished
 Evil to any living thing ; but hear me,
 Hear me, ye Heavens, !—(*kneeling*)—may vengeance haunt
 the fiend

For this most cruel murder : let him live
 And move in terror of the elements ;
 The thunder send him on his knees to prayer
 In the open streets, and let him think he sees,
 If e'er he entereth the house of God,
 The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his head ;
 And let him, when he would lie down at night,
 Point to his wife the blood-drops on his Pillow !

Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart hath joined thee.

Idon. (*leaning on MARMADUKE*). Left to the mercy of
 that savage Man !

How could he call upon his Child !—O Friend !

[*Turns to MARMADUKE*.

My faithful true and only Comforter.

Mar. Ay come to me and weep. (*He kisses her*). (*To*
 ELDRED). Yes, varlet look,

The devils at such sights do clap their hands.

[*ELDRED retires alarmed*.

Idon. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is deadly pale ;
 Hast thou pursued the monster ;

Mar. I have found him.—

Oh ! would that thou hadst perished in the flames !

Idon. Here art thou, then can I be desolate ?—

Mar. There was a time when this protecting hand
 Availed against the mighty ; never more
 Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Idon. Wild words for me to hear, for me, an orphan,
 Committed to thy guardianship by Heaven ;
 And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope,

In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine
For closer care ; here is no malady.

[*Taking his arm.*]

Mar. There, is a malady—
(*Striking his heart and forehead.*) And here, and here,
A mortal malady—I am accurst :
All nature curses me, and in my heart
Thy curse is fixed ; the truth must be laid bare.
It must be told, and borne. I am the man,
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)
Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,
Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did become
An instrument of Fiends. Through me, through me
Thy Father perished.

Idon. Perished—by what mischance ?

Mar. Beloved !—if I dared, so would I call thee—
Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen heart,
The extremes of suffering meet in absolute peace. [*He gives
her a letter.*]

Idon. (*reads*) “ Be not surprised if you hear that some
signal judgment has befallen the man who calls himself
your father ; he is now with me, as his signature will show :
abstain from conjecture till you see me.

“ HERBERT.

“ MARMADUKE.”

The writing Oswald's ; the signature my Father's :
(*Looks steadily at the paper*) And here is yours,—or do my
eyes deceive me ?

You have then seen my Father ?

Mar. He has leaned
Upon this arm.

Idon. You led him towards the Convent ?

Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur Castle. Thither

We were his guides. I on that night resolved
That he should wait thy coming till the day
Of resurrection.

Idon. Miserable Woman,
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,
With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.
Be calm, I pray thee!

Mar. Oswald——

Idon. Name him not.

Enter female Beggar.

Beg. And he is dead!—that Moor—how shall I cross it?
By night, by day, never shall I be able
To travel half a mile alone.—Good Lady!
Forgive me!—Saints forgive me. Had I thought
It would have come to this!—

Idon. What brings you hither? speak!

Beg. (*pointing to MARMADUKE*). This innocent gentleman.
Sweet heavens! I told him

Such tales of your dead father!—God is my judge,
I thought there was no harm: but that bad Man,
He bribed me with his gold, and looked so fierce.
Mercy! I said I know not what—oh pity me—
I said, sweet Lady, you were not his Daughter—
Pity me, I am haunted;—thrice this day
My conscience made me wish to be struck blind;
And then I would have prayed, and had no voice.

Idon. (*to MARMADUKE*). Was it my Father?—no, no, no,
for he

Was meek and patient, feeble, old, and blind,
Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.
—But hear me. For *one* question I have a heart
That will sustain me. Did you murder him?

Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But learn the process :
 Proof after proof was pressed upon me ; guilt
 Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt,
 Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee ; and truth
 And innocence, embodied in his looks,
 His words and tones and gestures, did but serve
 With me to aggravate his crimes, and heaped
 Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.
 Then pity crossed the path of my resolve :
 Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and cast
 Idonea ! thy blind Father, on the Ordeal
 Of the bleak Waste—left him—and so he died !—

[IDONEA *sinks senseless* ; Beggar, ELEANOR, &c.,
crowd round and bear her off.

Why may we speak these things, and do no more ;
 Why should a thrust of the arm have such a power,
 And words that tell these things be heard in vain ?
She is not dead. Why !—if I loved this Woman,
 I would take care she never woke again ;
 But she WILL wake, and she will weep for me,
 And say no blame was mine—and so, poor fool,
 Will waste her curses on another name.

[*He walks about distractedly.*

Enter OSWALD.

Oswald (to himself). Strong to o'erturn, strong also to
 build up. [To MARMADUKE.

The starts and sallies of our last encounter
 Were natural enough ; but that, I trust,
 Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains
 That fettered your nobility of mind—
 Delivered heart and head ?

Let us to Palestine :

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next? This issue—
 'Twas nothing more than darkness deepening darkness,
 And weakness crowned with the impotence of death!—
 Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient, (*ironically*).
 Start not!—Here is another face hard by;
 Come, let us take a peep at both together,
 And, with a voice at which the deaf will quake,
 Resound the praise of your morality—
 Of this too much.

[*Drawing OSWALD towards the Cottage—
 stops short at the door.*

Men are there, millions, Oswald,
 Who with bare hands would have plucked out thy heart
 And flung it to the dogs: but I am raised
 Above, or sunk below, all further sense
 Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight
 Of that old Man's forgiveness on thy heart,
 Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.
 Coward I have been; know, there lies not now
 Within the compass of a mortal thought,
 A deed that I would shrink from;—but to endure,
 That is my destiny. May it be thine:
 Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth
 To feed remorse, to welcome every sting
 Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.
 When seas and continents shall lie between us—
 The wider space the better—we may find
 In such a course fit links of sympathy,
 An incommunicable rivalry
 Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our view.

[*Confused voices—several of the band enter
 —rush upon OSWALD and seize him.*

One of them. I would have dogged him to the jaws of
 hell—

Osw. Ha! is it so!—That vagrant Hag!—this comes
Of having left a thing like her alive! [*Aside.*]

Several voices. Despatch him!

Osw. If I pass beneath a rock
And shout, and, with the echo of my voice,
Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it crush me,
I die without dishonour. Famished, starved,
A Fool and Coward blended to my wish!

[*Smiles scornfully and exultingly at MARMADUKE.*]

Wal. 'Tis done! (*stabs him*).

Another of the band. The ruthless traitor!

Mar. A rash deed!—

With that reproof I do resign a station
Of which I have been proud.

Wil. (*approaching MARMADUKE*). O my poor master!

Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful Wilfred,

Why art thou here? [*Turning to WALLACE.*]

Wallace, upon these Borders,
Many there be whose eyes will not want cause
To weep that I am gone. Brothers in arms!
Raise on that weary Waste a monument
That may record my story: nor let words—
Few must they be, and delicate in their touch
As light itself—be there withheld from Her
Who, through most wicked arts, was made an orphan
By One who would have died a thousand times,
To shield her from a moment's harm. To you,
Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the Lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,
Whose long-suspended rights are now on the eve
Of restoration: with your tenderest care
Watch over her, I pray—sustain her——

Several of the band (*eagerly*).

Captain!

Mar. No more of that ; in silence hear my doom :
 A hermitage has furnished fit relief
 To some offenders ; other penitents,
 Less patient in their wretchedness, have fallen,
 Like the old Roman, on their own sword's point.
 They had their choice : a wanderer *must I* go,
 The Spectre of that innocent Man, my guide.
 No human ear shall ever hear me speak ;
 No human dwelling ever give me food,
 Or sleep, or rest : but, over waste and wild,
 In search of nothing that this earth can give,
 But expiation, will I wander on—
 A Man by pain and thought compelled to live,
 Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased
 In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to die.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

Comp. 1797. — Pub. 1800.

[Written 1801 or 1802. This arose out of my observations of the affecting music of these birds, hanging in this way in the London streets during the freshness and stillness of the spring morning.]

The preceding Fenwick note to this poem is manifestly inaccurate as to date, since the poem is printed in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800. In the edition of 1836 the date of composition is given as 1797, and this date is followed by Mr Carter, the editor of 1857. Miss Wordsworth's journal gives no date ; and, as the Fenwick note is certainly incorrect—and the poem must have been written before the edition of 1800 came out—it seems best to trust to the date sanctioned by Wordsworth himself in 1836, and followed by his literary executor in 1857.—ED.

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

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapour 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 only one 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 colours have all passed away from her eyes !¹

1798.

A NIGHT PIECE.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1815.

[Composed on the road between Nether Stowey and Alfoxden, extempore. I distinctly recollect the very moment when I was struck, as described,—“He looks up, the clouds are split,” &c.]

——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,

¹ In the edition of 1800 the following stanza is added :—
 Poor Outcast ! return—to receive thee once more
 The house of thy Father will open its door,
 And then once again, in thy plain russet gown,
 May'st hear the thrush sing from a tree of its own.

Chequering 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.

WE ARE SEVEN.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Written at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798, under circumstances somewhat remarkable. The little girl who is the heroine, I met within the area of Goodrich Castle in the year 1793. Having left the Isle of Wight, and crossed Salisbury Plain, as mentioned in the preface to "Guilt and Sorrow," I proceeded by Bristol up the Wye, and so on to N. Wales to the Vale of Clwydd, where I spent my summer under the roof of the father of my friend, Robert Jones.

In reference to this Poem, I will here mention one of the most remarkable facts in my own poetic history, and that of Mr Coleridge. In the spring of the year 1798, he, my sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Lenton and the Valley of Stones near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the

New Monthly Magazine, set up by Philips, the bookseller, and edited by Dr Aikin. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills, towards Watchet; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the "Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream, as Mr Coleridge said, of his friend Mr Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I myself suggested: for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock's Voyages, a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or fifteen feet. "Suppose," said I, "you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary Spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had any thing more to do with the scheme of the poem. The Gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time; at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular—

"And listen'd like a three years' child:
The Mariner had his will."

These trifling contributions, all but one (which Mr C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded), slipped out of his mind, as well they might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do any thing but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant, and some of them droll enough recollections. We returned by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The "Ancient Mariner" grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to talk of a Volume which was to consist, as Mr Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on natural subjects taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium. Accordingly I wrote "The Idiot Boy," "Her eyes are wild," &c., and "We are Seven," "The Thorn," and some others. To return to "We are Seven," the piece that called forth this note, I composed it while walking in the grove at Alfoxden. My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate, that while walking to and fro I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was all but

finished, I came in and recited it to Mr Coleridge and my Sister, and said, "A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task was finished." I mentioned in substance what I wished to be expressed, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus—

"A little child, dear brother Jem,—"

I objected to the rhyme, "dear brother Jem," as being ludicrous: but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching in our friend James T——'s name, who was familiarly called Jem. He was the brother of the dramatist; and this reminds me of an anecdote which it may be worth while here to notice. The said Jem got a sight of the "Lyrical Ballads" as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, "Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous." I answered, that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said, "It is called 'We are Seven.'" "Nay," said I, "that shall take its chance, however;" and he left me in despair. I have only to add, that in the spring of 1841, I visited Goodrich Castle, not having seen that part of the Wye since I met the little girl there in 1793. It would have given me greater pleasure to have found in the neighbouring hamlet traces of one who had interested me so much, but that was impossible, as unfortunately I did not even know her name. The ruin, from its position and features, is a most impressive object. I could not but deeply regret that its solemnity was impaired by a fantastic new Castle set up on a projection of the same ridge, as if to show how far modern art can go in surpassing all that could be done by antiquity and nature with their united graces, remembrances, and associations. I could have almost wished for power, so much the contrast vexed me, to blow away Sir —— Meyrick's impertinent structure and all the possessions it contains.]

The "structure" referred to is Goodrich Court, built in 1828 by Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick—a collector of ancient armour, and a great authority on the subject—mainly to receive his extensive private collection. It is now removed from Goodrich to the South Kensington Museum.—ED.

——— A simple Child,¹
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

¹ 1815.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,

I met a little cottage Girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“ You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little Maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.¹

And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,²
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

¹ 1836.

I sit, and sing to them.

1798.

² 1827.

And all the summer day,

1798.

And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
 "If they two are in heaven?"
 Quick was the little Maid's reply,¹
 "O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
 Their spirits are in heaven!"
 'Twas throwing words away; for still
 The little Maid would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges."—EUSEBIUS.

[This was suggested in front of Alfoxden. The Boy was a son of my friend, Basil Montague, who had been two or three years under our care. The name of Kilve is from a village on the Bristol Channel, about a mile from Alfoxden; and the name of Liswyn Farm was taken from a beautiful spot on the Wye, where Mr Coleridge, my sister, and I had been visiting the famous John Thelwall, who had taken refuge from politics, after a trial for high treason, with a view to bring up his family by the profits of agriculture, which proved as unfortunate a speculation as that he had fled from. Coleridge and he had both been public lecturers; Coleridge mingling, with his politics, Theology, from which the other elocutionist abstained, unless it was for the sake of a sneer. This quondam community of public employment induced Thelwall to visit Coleridge at Nether Stowey, where he fell in my way. He really was a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father. Though brought up in the City, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects. I remember once, when Coleridge, he, and I were seated together upon the turf on the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxden, Coleridge exclaimed, "This is a place to reconcile one to all

¹ 1836.

The little Maiden did reply.

1798.

the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world." "Nay," said Thelwall, "to make one forget them altogether." The visit of this man to Coleridge was, as I believe Coleridge has related, the occasion of a spy being sent by government to watch our proceedings, which were, I can say with truth, such as the world at large would have thought ludicrously harmless.]

I HAVE a boy of five years old ;
His face is fair and fresh to see ;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran ;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,¹
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain ;²
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.³

¹ 1802.

My pleasant home, when spring began, 1798.

² 1827.

To think, and think, and think again. 1798.

³ 1827.

The young lambs ran a pretty race ;
The morning sun shone bright and warm ;
"Kilve," said I, "was a pleasant place,
"And so is Liswyn farm." 1798.

Birds warbled round me—and each trace
 Of inward sadness had its charm ;
 Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
 And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim
 And graceful in his rustic dress !
 And, as we talked, I questioned him,
 In very idleness.¹

“ Now tell me, had you rather be,”
 I said, and took him by the arm,
 “ On Kilve’s smooth shore, by the green sea,
 Or here at Liswyn farm ? ”²

In careless mood he looked at me,
 While still I held him by the arm,
 And said, “ At Kilve I’d rather be
 Than here at Liswyn farm.”

¹ 1836.

My boy was by my side, so slim
 And graceful in his rustic dress !
 And oftentimes I talked to him,
 In very idleness. 1798.

And as we talked I questioned him
 In very idleness. 1827.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim, &c 1836.

² 1827.

“ My little boy, which like you more,”
 I said, and took him by the arm—
 “ Our home by Kilve’s delightful shore,
 Or here at Liswyn farm ! ”

“ And tell me, had you rather be,”
 I said, and held him by the arm,
 “ At Kilve’s smooth shore by the green sea,
 Or here at Liswyn farm ! ” 1798.

“ Now little Edward, say why so :
 My little Edward, tell me why.”—
 “ I cannot tell, I do not know.”—
 “ Why, this is strange,” said I ;

“ For, here are woods, hills smooth and warm :¹
 There surely must some reason be
 Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
 For Kilve by the green sea.”

At this, my boy hung down his head,
 He blushed with shame, nor made reply ;²
 And three times to the child I said,
 “ Why, Edward, tell me why ? ”³

His head he raised—there was in sight,
 It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
 Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
 A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
 And eased his mind with this reply :⁴
 “ At Kilve there was no weather-cock ;
 And that’s the reason why.”

¹ 1836.

For, here are woods and green-hills warm. 1798.

² 1800.At this, my boy, so fair and slim,
 Hung down his head, nor made reply ; 1798.³ 1845.

And five times did I say to him, 1798.

And five times to the child I said, 1800.

⁴ 1836.

And thus to me he made reply. 1798.

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
 For better lore would seldom yearn,
 Could I but teach the hundredth part
 Of what from thee I learn.

In edd. 1798 to 1843 the title of this Poem is "Anecdote for Fathers, showing how the practice of lying may be taught."—ED.

THE THORN.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Written at Alfoxden. Arose out of my observing, on the ridge of Quantock Hill, on a stormy day, a thorn which I had often past in calm and bright weather, without noticing it. I said to myself, "Cannot I by some invention do as much to make this Thorn permanently an impressive object as the storm has made it to my eyes at this moment?" I began the poem accordingly, and composed it with great rapidity. Sir George Beaumont painted a picture from it which Wilkie thought his best. He gave it me: though when he saw it several times at Rydal Mount afterwards, he said, "I could make a better, and would like to paint the same subject over again." The sky in this picture is nobly done, but it reminds one too much of Wilson. The only fault, however, of any consequence is the female figure, which is too old and decrepit for one likely to frequent an eminence on such a call.]

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 grey.
 Not higher than a two years' child
 It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
 No leaves it has, no prickly points;¹
 It is a mass of knotted joints,
 A wretched thing forlorn.
 It stands erect, and like a stone
 With lichens is it overgrown.

¹ 1836.

No leaves it has, no thorny points.

1798.

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 ¹
 With plain and manifest intent
 To drag it to the ground;
 And all have joined in one endeavour ²
 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.³

¹ 1836.

So close you'd say that they were bent 1798.

² 1836.

And all had joined 1798.

³ 1820.

I've measured it from side to side;
 'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide. 1798.

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 colours there you see,
 All colours 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 any where,
 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,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!
 Oh woe is me! oh 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,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!
 Oh woe is me! oh 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,¹
 The pond—the Thorn, so old and grey;
 Pass by her door—'tis 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?"²

¹ 1827.

The heap that's like an infant's grave,

1798.

² In edd. 1798 to 1815.

Nay rack your brain—'tis all in vain,
 I'll tell you everything I know;
 But to the Thorn, and to the pond
 Which is a little step beyond,
 I wish that you would go:
 Perhaps when you are at the place
 You something of her tale may trace.

XI.

I'll give you the best help I can:
 Before you up the mountain go,
 Up to the dreary mountain top,
 I'll tell you all I know.

" Full twenty years are past and gone ¹
 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 ²
 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 woeful 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. ³

¹ 1845.

'Tis now some two and twenty years. 1798.

'Tis known that twenty years are passed. 1820.

² 1820.

And she was happy, happy still
 Whene'er she thought of Stephen Hill. 1798.

³ 1815.

Poor Martha ! on that woeful day
 A cruel, cruel fire, they say,
 Into her bones was sent :
 It dried her body like a cinder,
 And almost turned her brain to tinder. 1798.

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;¹
 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!²

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 grey-haired Wilfred of the glen³
 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.

¹ 1836.

'Tis said, a child was in her womb,
 As now to any eye was plain;

1798.

'Tis said, her lamentable state
 Even to a careless eye was plain;

1820.

Alas! her lamentable state

1827.

² 1820.

Oh me! ten thousand times I'd rather
 That he had died, that cruel father!

1798.

³ 1820.

Last Christmas when we talked of this,
 Old farmer Simpson did maintain,

1798.

XIV.

More know I not, I wish I did,
 And it should all be told to you ;¹
 For what became of this poor child
 No mortal ever knew ;²
 Nay—if a child to her was born
 No earthly tongue could ever tell ;³
 And if 'twas born alive or dead,
 Far less could this with proof be said ;⁴
 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,
 'Twas 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.

¹ 1827.

More know I not, I wish I did,
 And I would tell it all to you ; 1798.

² 1827.

For what became of this poor child
 There's none that ever knew ; 1798.

³ 1827.

And if a child was born or no,
 There's no one that could ever tell ; 1798.

⁴ 1827.

There's no one knows as I have said 1798.

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.

'Twas 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,
' Oh misery ! oh 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,
 ' Oh misery ! oh 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 ¹
 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, 'tis plain
 The baby looks at you again.

¹ 1800.

I've heard the scarlet moss is red

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 ¹
 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 the mountain high,
 By day, and in the silent night,
 When all the stars shone clear and bright
 That I have heard her cry,
 ' Oh misery ! oh misery !
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !' ”

¹ 1846.

But then the beauteous hill of moss,	1798.
It might not be—the hill of moss	1827.
(Return to 1798 version.)	1832.
But then the speckled hill of moss	1836.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Written at Alfoxden. The incident from Dr Darwin's "Zoonomia." See "Zoonomia," Vol. IV., pp. 68-9, ed. 1801. It is the story of a man named Tullis, narrated by an Italian, Signor L. Storgosi, in a work called "Il Narratore Italiano."—Ed.]

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
 What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.
 Remote from sheltered village-green,¹
 On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
 Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
 And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
 Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
 Will often live in one small cottage ;
 But she, poor Woman ! housed alone.²
 'Twas well enough when summer came,
 The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
 Then at her door the *canty* Dame
 Would sit, as any linnet, gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
 Oh then how her old bones would shake !
 You would have said, if you had met her,
 'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
 Her evenings then were dull and dead :
 Sad case it was, as you may think,
 For very cold to go to bed ;
 And then for cold not sleep a wink.

¹ 1827.

This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
 Her hut was on a cold hill side,
 And in that county coals are dear,
 For they come far by wind and tide. 1798.

Remote from sheltering village green,
 Upon a bleak hill-side she dwelt, 1820.

² 1820.

But she, poor woman, dwelt alone. 1798.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter
 The winds at night had made a rout;
 And scattered many a lusty splinter
 And many a rotten bough about.
 Yet never had she, well or sick,
 As every man who knew her says,
 A pile beforehand, turf or stick,¹
 Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
 And made her poor old bones to ache,
 Could anything be more alluring
 Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
 And, now and then, it must be said,
 When her old bones were cold and chill,
 She left her fire, or left her bed,
 To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
 This trespass of old Goody Blake;
 And vowed that she should be detected—
 That he on her would vengeance take.
 And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
 And to the fields his road would take;
 And there, at night, in frost and snow,
 He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
 Thus looking out did Harry stand:
 The moon was full and shining clearly,
 And crisp with frost the stubble land.

¹ 1827.

A pile beforehand, wood or stick,

—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
 Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
 He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake;
 She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
 Stick after stick did Goody pull:
 He stood behind a bush of elder,
 Till she had filled her apron full.
 When with her load she turned about,
 The by-way back again to take;¹
 He started forward with a shout,
 And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
 And by the arm he held her fast,
 And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
 And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"—
 Then Goody, who had nothing said,
 Her bundle from her lap let fall;
 And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
 To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
 While Harry held her by the arm—
 "God! who art never out of hearing,
 O may he never more be warm!"
 The cold, cold moon above her head,
 Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
 Young Harry heard what she had said:
 And icy cold he turned away.

¹ 1827.

The bye road back again to take.

He went complaining all the morrow
 That he was cold and very chill :
 His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
 Alas ! that day for Harry Gill !
 That day he wore a riding-coat,
 But not a whit the warmer he :
 Another was on Thursday brought,
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
 And blankets were about him pinned ;
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
 And all who see him say, 'tis plain
 That, live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
 A-bed or up, to young or old ;
 But ever to himself he mutters,
 " Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
 A-bed or up, by night or day,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill !

HER EYES ARE WILD.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Written at Alfoxden. The subject was reported to me by a lady of Bristol, who had seen the poor creature.]

This Poem was published in edd. 1798 to 1805 under the title, "The Mad Mother."—ED.

I.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair ;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone :
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

II.

“ Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad ;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing :
Then, lovely baby, do not fear !
I pray thee have no fear of me ;
But safe as in a cradle, here
My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :
To thee I know too much I owe ;
I cannot work thee any woe.

III.

A fire was once within my brain ;
And in my head a dull, dull pain ;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me ;
But then there came a sight of joy ;
It came at once to do me good ;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood ;
Oh joy for me that sight to see !
For he was here, and only he.

IV.

Suck, little babe, oh suck again !
 It cools my blood ; it cools my brain ;
 Thy lips I feel them, baby ! they
 Draw from my heart the pain away.
 Oh ! press me with thy little hand ;
 It loosens something at my chest ;
 About that tight and deadly band
 I feel thy little fingers prest.
 The breeze I see is in the tree :
 It comes to cool my babe and me.

V.

Oh ! love me, love me, little boy !
 Thou art thy mother's only joy ;
 And do not dread the waves below,
 When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;
 The high crag cannot work me harm,
 Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;
 The babe I carry on my arm,
 He saves for me my precious soul ;
 Then happy lie ; for blest am I ;
 Without me my sweet babe would die.

VI.

Then do not fear, my boy ! for thee
 Bold as a lion will I be ;
 And I will always be thy guide,
 Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
 I'll build an Indian bower ; I know
 The leaves that make the softest bed :
 And, if from me thou wilt not go,
 But still be true till I am dead,
 My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing
 As merry as the birds in spring.

VII.

Thy father cares not for my breast,
 'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest ;
 'Tis all thine own !—and, if its hue
 Be changed, that was so fair to view,
 'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !
 My beauty, little child, is flown,
 But thou wilt live with me in love ;
 And what if my poor cheek be brown ?
 'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
 How pale and wan it else would be.

VIII.

Dread not their taunts, my little Life ;
 I am thy father's wedded wife ;
 And underneath the spreading tree
 We two will live in honesty.
 If his sweet boy he could forsake,
 With me he never would have stayed :
 From him no harm my babe can take ;
 But he, poor man ! is wretched made ;
 And every day we two will pray
 For him that's gone and far away.

IX.

I'll teach my boy the sweetest things :
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
 My little babe ! thy lips are still,
 And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
 —Where art thou gone, my own dear child ?
 What wicked looks are those I see ?
 Alas ! alas ! that look so wild,
 It never, never came from me :

If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

x.

Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear mother am:
My love for thee has well been tried:
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade;
I know the earth-nuts fit for food:
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[This old man had been huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden, which, at the time we occupied it, belonged to a minor. The old man's cottage stood upon the common, a little way from the entrance to Alfoxden Park. But it had disappeared. Many other changes had taken place in the adjoining village, which I could not but notice with a regret more natural than well considered. Improvements but rarely appear such to those who, after long intervals of time, revisit places they have had much pleasure in. It is unnecessary to add, the fact was as mentioned in the poem; and I have, after an interval of forty-five years, the image of the old man as fresh before my eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The expression when the hounds were out, "I dearly love their voice," was word for word from his own lips.]

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,

An old Man dwells, a little man,—
 'Tis said he once was tall.^{1 2}
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived³
 A running huntsman merry ;
 And still the centre of his cheek
 Is red as a ripe cherry.⁴

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And hill and valley rang with glee
 When Echo bandied, round and round,
 The halloo of Simon Lee.
 In those proud days, he little cared
 For husbandry or tillage ;
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse
 The sleepers of the village.⁵

¹ 1827.

I've heard he once was tall.

1798.

² In edd. 1798 to 1815 the following is inserted :—

Of years he has upon his back,
 No doubt, a burden weighty ;
 He says he is three score and ten,
 But others say he's eighty.

A long blue livery-coat has he,
 That's fair behind and fair before ;
 Yet, meet him when you will, you see
 At once that he is poor.

³ 1827.

Full five and twenty 1798.

⁴ 1846.

And though he has but one eye left,
 His cheek is like a cherry. 1798.

And still the centre of his cheek
 Is blooming as a cherry. 1820.

⁵ 1832.

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And no man was so full of glee ;
 To say the least, four counties round
 Had heard of Simon Lee ;

both

He all the country could outrun,
 Could leave both man and horse behind ;
 And often, ere the chase was done,
 He reeled, and was stone blind.
 And still there's something in the world
 At which his heart rejoices ;
 For when the chiming hounds are out,
 He dearly loves their voices !

But, oh the heavy change !—bereft
 Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !
 Old Simon to the world is left
 In liveried poverty.
 His Master's dead,—and no one now
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
 He is the sole survivor. ¹

His master's dead, and no one now
 Dwells in the hall of Ivor ;
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
 He is the sole survivor.

1798.

Worn out by hunting feats—bereft
 By time of friends and kindred, see !
 Old Simon to the world is left
 In liveried poverty.
 His master's dead, &c.

1827.

¹ 1832.

His hunting feats have him bereft
 Of his right eye, as you may see ;
 And then, what limbs these feats have left
 To poor old Simon Lee !
 He has no son, he has no child,
 His wife, an aged woman,
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,
 Upon the village common.

1798.

And he is lean, and he is sick ;
 His body, dwindled and awry,
 Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ;
 His legs are thin and dry.
 One prop he has, and only one :
 His wife, an aged woman,
 Lives with him, near the waterfall :
 Upon the village Common.¹

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
 Not twenty paces from the door,
 A scrap of land they have, but they
 Are poorest of the poor.

His hunting feats have him bereft
 Of his right eye, as you may see ;
 And Simon to the world is left,
 In liveried poverty.
 When he was young he little knew
 Of husbandry or tillage ;
 And now is forced to work, though weak,
 —The weakest in the village.

1820.

¹ 1827.

And he is lean, and he is sick,
 His little body's half awry,
 His ankles they are swollen and thick ;
 His legs are thin and dry.
 When he was young he little knew
 Of husbandry or tillage ;
 And now he's forced to work, though weak,
 —The weakest in the village.

1798.

His dwindled body's half awry, 1800.
 His ankles, too, are swollen and thick ; 1815.

His dwindled body, half awry,
 Rests upon ankles swollen and thick ;
 His legs are thin and dry.
 He has no son, he has no child,
 His wife, an aged woman,
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,
 Upon the village Common.

1820.

This scrap of land he from the heath
 Enclosed when he was stronger ;
 But what to them avails the land
 Which he can till no longer ?¹

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,
 Is stouter of the two.²
 And, though you with your utmost skill
 From labour could not wean them,
 'Tis little, very little—all³
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
 As he to you will tell,
 For still, the more he works, the more
 Do his weak ankles swell.⁴

¹ 1845.

But what avails the land to them, Which they can till no longer ?	1798.
"But what," saith he, "avails the land, Which I can till no longer ?"	1827.
But what avails it now, the land, Which he can till no longer ?	1832.
'Tis his, but what avails the land, Which he can till no longer ?	1836.
The time, alas ! is come, when he Can till the land no longer.	1843.
The time is also come, when he Can till the land no longer.	C.

² 1827.

Old Ruth works out of doors with him, And does what Simon cannot do ; For she, not over stout of limb, Is stouter of the two.	1798.
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³ 1843.

Alas ! 'tis very little, all	179
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⁴ 1815.

His poor old ankles swell.	1798.
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My gentle Reader, I perceive
 How patiently you've waited,
 And now I fear that you expect
 Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,
 O gentle Reader! you would find
 A tale in every thing.
 What more I have to say is short,
 And you must kindly take it:¹
 It is no tale; but, should you think,
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
 This old Man doing all he could
 To unearth the root of an old tree,²
 A stump of rotten wood.
 The mattock tottered in his hand;
 So vain was his endeavour,
 That at the root of the old tree
 He might have worked for ever.

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
 Give me your tool," to him I said;
 And at the word right gladly he
 Received my proffered aid.
 I struck, and with a single blow
 The tangled root I severed,
 At which the poor old Man so long
 And vainly had endeavoured.

¹ 1820.

I hope you'll kindly take it.

1798.

² 1815.

About the root of an old tree.

1798.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
 And thanks and praises seemed to run
 So fast out of his heart, I thought
 They never would have done.
 —I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning ;
 Alas ! the gratitude of men
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine. The brook ran down a sloping rock so as to make a waterfall considerable for that county, and across the pool below had fallen a tree, an ash if I rightly remember, from which rose perpendicularly, boughs in search of the light intercepted by the deep shade above. The boughs bore leaves of green, that for want of sunshine had faded into almost lily-white ; and from the underside of this natural sylvan bridge depended long and beautiful tresses of ivy, which waved gently in the breeze, that might, poetically speaking, be called the breath of the waterfall. This motion varied of course in proportion to the power of water in the brook. When, with dear friends, I revisited this spot, after an interval of more than forty years, this interesting feature of the scene was gone. To the owner of the place I could not but regret that the beauty of this retired part of the grounds had not tempted him to make it more accessible by a path, not broad or obtrusive, but sufficient for persons who love such scenes to creep along without difficulty.]

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,¹
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made,
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,²
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man ?

¹ 1826.

. . . in that sweet bower. 1798.

² 1827.

If I these thoughts may not prevent,
 If such be of my creed the plan, 1798.

If this belief from Heaven is sent. 1820.

This Alfoxden dell, once known locally as "The Mare's Pool," was a trysting-place of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their friends. Coleridge thus describes it, in Lines addressed to Charles Lamb—

The roaring dell, o'er-wooded, narrow, deep,
 And only speckled by the midday sun ;
 Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock
 Flings arching-like a bridge ;—that branchless ash,
 Unsunn'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
 Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
 Fanned by the waterfall !

This grove is, of all the localities around Alfoxden, the one chiefly associated with Wordsworth. There is as yet no path to the waterfall,

as suggested by the Poet to the owner of the place ; but, in 1880, I found the "natural sylvan bridge" restored—an ash tree having fallen across the glen, and reproduced the scene described in the Fenwick note.—ED.

TO MY SISTER.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Composed in front of Alfoxden House. My little boy-messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu. The larch mentioned in the first stanza was standing when I revisited the place in May 1841, more than forty years after. I was disappointed that it had not improved in appearance as to size, nor had it acquired anything of the majesty of age, which, even though less perhaps than any other tree, the larch sometimes does. A few score yards from this tree, grew, when we inhabited Alfoxden, one of the most remarkable beech-trees ever seen. The ground sloped both towards and from it. It was of immense size, and threw out arms that struck into the soil like those of the banyan tree, and rose again from it. Two of the branches thus inserted themselves twice, which gave to each the appearance of a serpent moving along by gathering itself up in folds. One of the large boughs of this tree had been torn off by the wind before we left Alfoxden, but five remained. In 1841 we could barely find the spot where the tree had stood. So remarkable a production of nature could not have been wilfully destroyed.]

It is the first mild day of March :
 Each minute sweeter than before
 The redbreast sings from the tall larch
 That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield
 To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
 And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
 Now that our morning meal is done,
 Make haste, your morning task resign ;
 Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you—and, pray,
 Put on with speed your woodland dress;
 And bring no book: for this one day
 We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
 Our living calendar:
 We from to-day, my Friend, will date
 The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
 From heart to heart is stealing,
 From earth to man, from man to earth:
 —It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
 Than years of toiling reason:¹
 Our minds shall drink at every pore
 The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,²
 Which they shall long obey:
 We for the year to come may take
 Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
 About, below, above,
 We'll frame the measure of our souls:
 They shall be tuned to love.

¹ 1836.

Than fifty years of reason.

1798.

² 1826.

Some silent laws our hearts may make

1798.

Then come, my Sister ! come, I pray,
 With speed put on your woodland dress;
 And bring no book : for this one day
 We'll give to idleness.

In editions 1798 to 1815 the title of this poem was, "Lines written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy to the person to whom they were addressed." From 1820 to 1843 the title was, "To my Sister ; written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy." After 1845 it was simply "To my Sister."

The larch is now gone ; but the place where it stood can easily be identified.—Ed.

THE WHIRL-BLAST.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1800.

[Observed in the holly-grove at Alfoxden, where these verses were written in the spring of 1799. I had the pleasure of again seeing, with dear friends, this grove in unimpaired beauty forty-one years after.]

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.¹
 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 every where

¹ 1820.

You could not lay a hair between,
 And all the year the bower is green.

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.^{1 2}

¹ 1815.

And all those leaves, that jump and spring,
 Were each a joyous living thing.

1800.

² In edd. 1800 to 1805, the following lines are added—

Oh! grant me Heaven a heart at ease
 That I may never cease to find,
 Even in appearances like these
 Enough to nourish and to stir my mind!

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[This poem is a favourite among the Quakers, as I have learned on many occasions. It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798.]

“WHY, William, on that old grey stone
 Thus for the length of half a day,
 Why, William, sit you thus alone,
 And dream your time away?”

Where are your books?—that light bequeathed
 To Beings else forlorn and blind!
 Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
 From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your Mother Earth,
 As if she for no purpose bore you;
 As if you were her first-born birth,
 And none had lived before you!”

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
 When life was sweet, I knew not why,
 To me my good friend Matthew spake,
 And thus I made reply :

“The eye—it cannot choose but see ;
 We cannot bid the ear be still ;
 Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
 Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
 Which of themselves our minds impress ;
 That we can feed this mind of ours
 In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
 Of things for ever speaking,
 That nothing of itself will come,
 But we must still be seeking ?

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
 Conversing as I may,
 I sit upon this old grey stone,
 And dream my time away.”

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books ;¹
 Or surely you'll grow double :
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

¹ 1820.

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,
 Why all this toil and trouble ?
 Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
 Or surely you'll grow double.

The sun, above the mountain's head,
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
 How sweet his music! on my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
 He, too, is no mean preacher:¹
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
 Our meddling intellect
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
 We murder to dissect.

¹ 1815.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert ; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, "Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.

I.

BEFORE I see another day,
 Oh let my body die away !
 In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;
 The stars, they were among my dreams ;
 In rustling conflict through the skies,
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,¹
 And yet they are upon my eyes,
 And yet I am alive ;
 Before I see another day,
 Oh let my body die away !

¹ 1827.

I saw the crackling flashes drive ;

1798.

I heard and saw the flashes drive ;

1820.

II.

My fire is dead: it knew no pain ;
 Yet is it dead, and I remain :
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;
 And they are dead, and I will die.
 When I was well, I wished to live,
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;
 But they to me no joy can give,
 No pleasure now, and no desire.
 Then here contented will I lie !
 Alone, I cannot fear to die.

III.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on
 Another day, a single one !
 Too soon I yielded to despair ;
 Why did ye listen to my prayer ?¹
 When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;
 And oh, how grievously I rue,
 That, afterwards, a little longer,
 My friends, I did not follow you !
 For strong and without pain I lay,
 Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

IV.

My Child ! they gave thee to another,
 A woman who was not thy mother.
 When from my arms my Babe they took,
 On me how strangely did he look !

¹ 1815.

Too soon despair o'er me prevailed,
 Too soon my heartless spirit failed

Through his whole body something ran,
 A most strange working did I see ;¹
 —As if he strove to be a man,
 That he might pull the sledge for me :
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild !
 Oh mercy ! like a helpless child.²

V.

My little joy ! my little pride !
 In two days more I must have died.
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;
 I feel I must have died with thee.
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying
 The way my friends their course did bend,
 I should not feel the pain of dying,
 Could I with thee a message send ;
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;
 For I had many things to say.

VI.

I'll follow you across the snow ;
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;
 In spite of all my weary pain
 I'll look upon your tents again.
 —My fire is dead, and snowy white
 The water which beside it stood :
 The wolf has come to me to-night,
 And he has stolen away my food.
 For ever left alone am I ;
 Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

¹ 1815.

A most strange something did I see.

1798.

² 1815.

Oh mercy ! like a little child.

1798.

VII. ¹

Young as I am, my course is run,²
 I shall not see another sun ;
 I cannot lift my limbs to know
 If they have any life or no.
 My poor forsaken Child, if I
 For once could have thee close to me,
 With happy heart I then would die,
 And my last thought would happy be ;
 But thou, dear Babe, art far away,³
 Nor shall I see another day.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Produced at the same time (as "The Complaint") and for the same purpose. The incident occurred in the village of Holford, close by Alfoxden.]

I.

IN distant countries have I been,⁴
 And yet I have not often seen
 A healthy man, a man full grown,
 Weep in the public roads, alone.

¹ This stanza is omitted in edd. 1815 to 1832.² 1836.

. . . My journey will be shortly run, 1798.

³ 1836.I feel my body die away,
I shall not see another day. 1798.⁴ 1815.

In distant countries I have been, 1798.

But such a one, on English ground,
 And in the broad highway, I met ;
 Along the broad highway he came,
 His cheeks with tears were wet :
 Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad ;
 And in his arms a Lamb he had.

II.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
 As if he wished himself to hide :
 And with his coat did then essay¹
 To wipe those briny tears away.
 I followed him, and said, " My friend,
 What ails you ? wherefore weep you so ?"
 —" Shame on me, Sir ! this lusty Lamb,
 He makes my tears to flow.
 To-day I fetched him from the rock ;
 He is the last of all my flock.

III.

When I was young, a single man,
 And after youthful follies ran,
 Though little given to care and thought,
 Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought ;
 And other sheep from her I raised,
 As healthy sheep as you might see ;
 And then I married, and was rich
 As I could wish to be ;
 Of sheep I numbered a full score,
 And every year increased my store.

¹ 1836.

Then with his coat he made essay

IV.

Year after year my stock it grew ;
 And from this one, this single ewe,
 Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
 As fine a flock as ever grazed !
 Upon the Quantock hills they fed ;¹
 They throve, and we at home did thrive :
 —This lusty Lamb of all my store
 Is all that is alive ;
 And now I care not if we die,
 And perish all of poverty.

V.

Six Children, Sir ! had I to feed ;²
 Hard labour in a time of need !
 My pride was tamed, and in our grief
 I of the Parish asked relief.
 They said, I was a wealthy man ;
 My sheep upon the uplands fed,³
 And it was fit that thence I took
 Whereof to buy us bread.
 ‘Do this : how can we give to you,’
 They cried, ‘what to the poor is due ?’

VI.

I sold a sheep, as they had said,
 And bought my little children bread,
 And they were healthy with their food ;
 For me—it never did me good.

¹ 1836.

Upon the mountain did they feed.

1798.

² 1800.

Ten children, Sir,

1798.

³ 1836.

My sheep upon the mountain fed,

1798.

A woeful time it was for me,
 To see the end of all my gains,
 The pretty flock which I had reared
 With all my care and pains,
 To see it melt like snow away—
 For me it was a woeful day.

VII.

Another still ! and still another !
 A little lamb, and then its mother !
 It was a vein that never stopped—
 Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped.
 Till thirty were not left alive
 They dwindled, dwindled, one by one ;
 And I may say that many a time
 I wished they all were gone—
 Reckless of what might come at last
 Were but the bitter struggle past.¹

VIII.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,
 And wicked fancies crossed my mind ;
 And every man I chanced to see,
 I thought he knew some ill of me :
 No peace, no comfort could I find,
 No ease, within doors or without ;
 And, crazily and wearily
 I went my work about ;

¹ 1827.

They dwindled one by one away ;
 For me it was a woeful day.

And oft was moved to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam,¹

IX.

Sir ! 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be ;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas ! it was an evil time ;
God cursed me in my sore distress ;
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less ;
And every week, and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away.

X.

They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see !
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe ;—
And then at last from three to two ;
And, of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one :
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas ! and I have none ;—
To-day I fetched it from the rock ;
It is the last of all my flock."

¹ 1836.

Offtimes I thought to run way ;
For me it was a woeful day.

1798.

Bent oftentimes to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

1827.

THE IDIOT BOY.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[Alfoxden, 1798. The last stanza, "The cocks did crow to-who, to-who, and the sun did shine so cold," was the foundation of the whole. The words were reported to me by my dear friend Thomas Pcole; but I have since heard the same reported of other idiots. Let me add, that this long poem was composed in the groves of Alfoxden, almost extempore; not a word, I believe, being corrected, though one stanza was omitted. I mention this in gratitude to those happy moments, for, in truth I never wrote anything with so much glee.]

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
The moon is up,—the sky is blue,
The owlet, in the moonlight air,
Shouts from nobody knows where;¹
He lengthens out his lonely shout,
Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

—Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
Why are you in this mighty fret?
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?²

Scarcely a soul is out of bed;³
Good Betty, put him down again;

¹ 1827.

He shouts from nobody knows where.

1798.

² Inserted in edd. 1798 to 1820.

Beneath the moon that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let Betty Foy
With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle;
But wherefore set upon a saddle
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy?

³ 1836.

There's scarce a soul that's out of bed;

1798.

His lips with joy they burr at you ;
 But, Betty ! what has he to do
 With stirrup, saddle, or with rein ? ¹

But Betty's bent on her intent ;
 For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
 Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
 As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
 No hand to help them in distress ;
 Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
 And sorely puzzled are the twain,
 For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
 Where by the week he doth abide,
 A woodman in the distant vale ;
 There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;
 What must be done ? what will betide ?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
 Her Pony, that is mild and good ;
 Whether he be in joy or pain,
 Feeding at will along the lane,
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

¹ Inserted in edd. 1798 to 1820.

The world will say 'tis very idle,
 Bethink you of the time of night ;
 There's not a mother, no not one,
 But when she hears what you have done,
 Oh ! Betty she'll be in a fright.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
 And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
 Has on the well-girt saddle set ¹
 (The like was never heard of yet)
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
 Across the bridge and through the dale,
 And by the church, and o'er the down,
 To bring a Doctor from the town,
 Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
 There is no need of whip or wand ;
 For Johnny has his holly-bough,
 And with a *hurly-burly* now
 He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
 The Boy, who is her best delight,
 Both what to follow, what to shun,
 What do, and what to leave undone,
 How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
 Was, "Johnny ! Johnny ! mind that you
 Come home again, nor stop at all,—
 Come home again, whate'er befall,
 My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

¹ 1836.

Has up upon the saddle set,

To this did Johnny answer make,
 Both with his head and with his hand,
 And proudly shook the bridle too ;
 And then ! his words were not a few,
 Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
 Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,
 She gently pats the Pony's side,
 On which her Idiot Boy must ride,
 And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,
 Oh ! then for the poor Idiot Boy !
 For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
 For joy his head and heels are idle,
 He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,
 In Johnny's left hand you may see
 The green bough motionless and dead :
 The Moon that shines above his head
 Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
 That till full fifty yards were gone,
 He quite forgot his holly whip,
 And all his skill in horsemanship :
 Oh ! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,
 Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,¹

¹ 1827.

And Betty's standing at the door,
 And Betty's face with joy o'erflows,

Proud of herself, and proud of him,
 She sees him in his travelling trim,
 How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
 What hopes it sends to Betty's heart !
 He's at the guide-post—he turns right ;
 She watches till he's out of sight,
 And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
 As loud as any mill, or near it ;
 Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
 And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
 And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale :
 Her Messenger's in merry tune ;¹
 The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
 And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
 As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree ;
 For of this Pony there's a rumour,
 That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
 And should he live a thousand years,
 He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks !
 And when he thinks, his pace is slack
 Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
 Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
 What he has got upon his back.

1820.

: And Johnny's in a merry tune.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
 And far into the moonlight dale,
 And by the church, and o'er the down,
 To bring a Doctor from the town,
 To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
 Is in the middle of her story,
 What speedy help her Boy will bring,¹
 With many a most diverting thing,
 Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
 By this time is not quite so flurried:²
 Demure with porringer and plate
 She sits, as if in Susan's fate
 Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good Woman! she,
 You plainly in her face may read it,
 Could lend out of that moment's store
 Five years of happiness or more
 To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
 With Betty all was not so well;
 And to the road she turns her ears,
 And thence full many a sound she hears,
 Which she to Susan will not tell.

¹ 1836.

What comfort Johnny soon will bring, 1798.

What comfort soon her boy will bring, 1827.

² 1827.

By this time she's not quite so flurried. 1798.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
 " As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"
 Cries Betty, " he'll be back again ;
 They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—
 Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
 The clock gives warning for eleven ;
 'Tis on the stroke—" He must be near,"¹
 Quoth Betty, " and will soon be here,
 As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
 And Johnny is not yet in sight :
 —The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
 But Betty is not quite at ease ;
 And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
 On Johnny vile reflections cast :
 " A little idle sauntering Thing !"
 With other names, an endless string ;
 But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
 That happy time all past and gone,
 " How can it be he is so late ?
 The Doctor, he has made him wait ;
 Susan ! they'll both be here anon."

¹ 1827.

'Tis on the stroke—" If Johnny's near,"
 Quoth Betty, " he will soon be here,"

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
 And Betty's in a sad *quandary* ;
 And then there's nobody to say
 If she must go or she must stay !
 —She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one ;
 But neither Doctor nor his Guide
 Appears along the moonlight road ;¹
 There's neither horse nor man abroad,
 And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear²
 Of sad mischances not a few,
 That Johnny may perhaps be drowned ;
 Or lost, perhaps, and never found ;
 Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
 With, " God forbid it should be true !"
 At the first word that Susan said
 Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
 " Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

I must be gone, I must away :
 Consider, Johnny's but half-wise ;
 Susan, we must take care of him,
 If he is hurt in life or limb"—
 " Oh God forbid !" poor Susan cries.

¹ 1827.

Appear along the moonlight road ;

1798.

² 1827.

And Susan she begins to fear

1798.

“What can I do?” says Betty, going,
 “What can I do to ease your pain?
 Good Susan tell me, and I’ll stay;
 I fear you’re in a dreadful way,
 But I shall soon be back again.”

“Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!
 There’s nothing that can ease my pain.”
 Then off she hies; but with a prayer
 That God poor Susan’s life would spare,
 Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,
 And far into the moonlight dale;
 And how she ran, and how she walked,
 And all that to herself she talked,
 Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
 In great and small, in round and square,
 In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
 In bush and brake, in black and green;
 ’Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

And while she crossed the bridge, there came
 A thought with which her heart is sore—¹
 Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
 To hunt the moon within the brook,
 And never will be heard of more.

¹ 1836.

She’s past the bridge that’s in the dale,
 And now the thought torments her sore.

1798.

She’s past the bridge far in the dale,

1820.

The bridge is past,—far in the dale,

1827.

Now is she high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide ;
There's neither Johnny nor his Horse
Among the fern or in the gorse ;
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

“ Oh saints ! what is become of him ?
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,
Where he will stay till he is dead ;
Or, sadly he has been misled,
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

Or him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall,
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his own undoing ;
Or playing with the waterfall.”

At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posts away ;
“ If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas ! I should have had him still,
My Johnny, till my dying day.”

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
The Doctor's self could hardly spare :
Unworthy things she talked, and wild ;
Even he, of cattle the most mild,
The Pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,
And to the Doctor's door she hies ;
'Tis silence all on every side ;
The town so long ; the town so wide,
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,
 She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap ;
 The Doctor at the casement shows
 His glimmering eyes that peep and doze !
 And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

" Oh Doctor ! Doctor ! where's my Johnny ? "
 " I'm here, what is't you want with me ? "
 " Oh Sir ! you know I'm Betty Foy,
 And I have lost my poor dear Boy,
 You know him—him you often see ;

He's not so wise as some folks be : "
 " The devil take his wisdom ! " said
 The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,
 " What, Woman ! should I know of him ? "
 And grumbling, he went back to bed !

" O woe is me ! O woe is me !
 Here will I die ; here will I die ;
 I thought to find my lost one here,¹
 But he is neither far nor near,
 Oh ! what a wretched mother I ! "

She stops, she stands, she looks about ;
 Which way to turn she cannot tell.
 Poor Betty ! it would ease her pain
 If she had heart to knock again ;
 —The clock strikes three—a dismal knell !

¹ 1827.

I thought to find my Johnny here,

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail ;
This piteous news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road :
" O cruel ! I'm almost threescore ;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man ;
The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still :
Fond lovers ! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;
Such tears she never shed before ;
" Oh dear, dear Pony ! my sweet joy !
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy !
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head :
 The Pony he is mild and good,
 And we have always used him well ;
 Perhaps he's gone along the dell,
 And carried Johnny to the wood.

Then up she springs as if on wings ;
 She thinks no more of deadly sin ;
 If Betty fifty ponds should see,
 The last of all her thoughts would be
 To drown herself therein.

O Reader ! now that I might tell
 What Johnny and his Horse are doing !
 What they've been doing all this time,
 Oh could I put it into rhyme,
 A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !
 He with his Pony now doth roam
 The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
 To lay his hands upon a star,
 And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
 His face unto his horse's tail,
 And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
 All silent as a horseman-ghost,¹
 He travels slowly down the vale.

¹ 1836.

All like a silent horseman-ghost,

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
 A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;
 Yon valley, now so trim and green,¹
 In five months' time, should he be seen,
 A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
 And like the very soul of evil,
 He's galloping away, away,
 And so will gallop on for aye,
 The bane of all that dread the devil !

I to the Muses have been bound
 These fourteen years by strong indentures :
 O gentle Muses ! let me tell
 But half of what to him befel ;
 He surely met with strange adventures.

Oh gentle Muses ! is this kind ?
 Why will ye thus my suit rebel ?
 Why of your further aid bereave me ?
 And can ye thus unfriended leave me ;
 Ye Muses ! whom I love so well !

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
 Which thunders down with headlong force
 Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
 As careless as if nothing were,
 Sits upright on a feeding horse ?

¹ 1820.

Yon valley, that's so trim and green,

Unto his horse—there feeding free,
 He seems, I think, the rein to give ;
 Of moon or stars he takes no heed ;
 Of such we in romances read :
 —'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very Pony, too !
 Where is she, where is Betty Foy !
 She hardly can sustain her fears ;
 The roaring waterfall she hears,
 And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold :
 Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !
 She's coming from among the trees,
 And now all full in view she sees
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too :
 Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?
 It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
 'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
 He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
 She screams—she cannot move for joy
 She darts, as with a torrent's force,
 She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
 And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud ;
 Whether in cunning or in joy
 I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,
 Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
 To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail,
 And now is at the Pony's head—¹
 On that side now, and now on this ;
 And, almost stifled with her bliss,
 A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;
 She's happy here, is happy there,
 She is uneasy every where ;
 Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
 She knows not, happy Betty Foy !
 The little Pony glad may be,
 But he is milder far than she,
 You hardly can perceive his joy.

“ Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor ;
 You've done your best and that is all ; ”
 She took the reins, when this was said,
 And gently turned the Pony's head
 From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
 The moon was setting on the hill,
 So pale you scarcely looked at her :
 The little birds began to stir,
 Though yet their tongues were still.

¹ 1827.

And now she's at the pony's head,

1798.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
 Wind slowly through the woody dale ;
 And who is she, betimes abroad,
 That hobbles up the steep rough road ?
 Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought ;¹
 And many dreadful fears beset her,
 Both for her Messenger and Nurse :
 And, as her mind grew worse and worse,
 Her body—it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
 On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;
 Point after point did she discuss ;
 And, while her mind was fighting thus,
 Her body still grew better.

“ Alas ! what is become of them ?
 These fears can never be endured ;
 I'll to the wood.”—The word scarce said,
 Did Susan rise up from her bed,
 As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,
 And to the wood at length is come ;
 She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting ;
 Oh me ! it is a merry meeting
 As ever was in Christendom.

¹ 1827.

Long Susan lay deep lost in thought,

The owls have hardly sung their last,
 While our four travellers homeward wend ;
 The owls have hooted all night long,
 And with the owls began my song,
 And with the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
 Cried Betty, " Tell us, Johnny, do,
 Where all this long night you have been,
 What you have heard, what you have seen :
 And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard
 The owls in tuneful concert strive ;
 No doubt too he the moon had seen :
 For in the moonlight he had been
 From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
 Made answer, like a traveller bold,
 (His very words I give to you,)
 " The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
 And the sun did shine so cold !"
 —Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
 And that was all his travel's story.

LINES,

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

JULY 13, 1798.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this, I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the

evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my Sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol. It was published almost immediately after in the little volume of which so much has been said in these Notes.—(The Lyrical Ballads, as first published at Bristol by Cottle.)]

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. ¹*—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.² 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 !³
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,

¹ 1845.

With a sweet inland murmur.

1798.

² 1845.Among the woods and copses lose themselves,
 Nor with their green and simple hue, disturb
 The wild green landscape.

1798.

Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
 The wild green landscape.

1802.

³

And the low copses—coming from the trees,

1798.

 The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern. 1798.

Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

Those beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me ¹
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 ²
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 burthen 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

¹ 1827.

Though absent long
These forms of beauty have not been to me, 1798.

² 1820.

As may have had no trivial influence 1798.

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 thro' 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 colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,

That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought 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. Nor 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 recognise
 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,

* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's, the exact expression of which I do not recollect. 1798.

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. Oh ! 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 ; 'tis 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
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 ; oh ! 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 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!

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

The class of Beggars to which the Old Man here described belongs will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and mostly old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

[Observed, and with great benefit to my own heart, when I was a child. Written at Racedown and Alfoxden in my twenty-third year. The Political Economists were about that time beginning their war upon mendicity in all its forms, and by implication, if not directly, on alms-giving also. This heartless process has been carried as far as it can go by the AMENDED Poor Law Bill, tho' the inhumanity that prevails in this measure is somewhat disguised by the profession that one of its objects is to throw the poor upon the voluntary donations of their neighbours; that is, if rightly interpreted, to force them into a condition between relief in the Union Poor House and Alms robbed of their Christian grace and spirit, as being *forced* rather from the avaricious and selfish: and all, in fact, but the humane and charitable are at liberty to keep all they possess from their distressed brethren.]

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk ;
 And he was seated by the highway side,
 On a low structure of rude masonry
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
 Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
 May thence remount at ease. The aged Man
 Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ;
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
 Of idle computation. In the sun,
 Upon the second step of that small pile,
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
 He sat, and eat his food in solitude :
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
 That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
 Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,
 Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ; and then
 He was so old, he seems not older now ;
 He travels on, a solitary Man,
 So helpless in appearance, that for him
 The sauntering horseman throws not with a slack ¹
 And careless hand his alms upon the ground,
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
 Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits him so,
 But still, when he has given his horse the rein,

¹ 1836.

The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw
 With careless hand

Watches the aged Beggar with a look ¹
 Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends
 The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
 She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
 The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
 And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
 The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
 The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
 Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned ²
 The old man does not change his course, the boy
 Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
 And passes gently by, without a curse
 Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man;
 His age has no companion. On the ground
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
 Instead of common and habitual sight
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
 He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,³
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left

¹ 1827.

Towards the aged Beggar turns a look 1800.

² 1827.

. and if perchance 1800.

³ 1827.

And never knowing that he sees, . . . 1800.

Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
 At distance still the same. Poor traveller!
 His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
 Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
 In look and motion that the cottage curs,
 Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
 The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—Statesmen! ye
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate
 Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not
 A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law
 That none, the meanest of created things,
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
 A life and soul, to every mode of being
 Inseparably linked. Then be assured
 That least of all can aught—that ever owned
 The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
 Which man is born to—sink, how'er depressed,
 So low as to be scorned without a sin;
 Without offence to God cast out of view;
 Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
 Worn out and worthless.¹ While from door to door

¹ From "then be assured" to "worthless" added in 1836.

This old Man creeps,¹ the villagers in him
 Behold a record which together binds
 Past deeds and offices of charity,
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
 Among the farms and solitary huts,
 Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
 Where'er the aged Beggar takes his round
 The mild necessity of use compels
 To acts of love; and habit does the work
 Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed
 To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,

By their good works exalted, lofty minds
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds²
 In childhood from this solitary Being,
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received³
 (A thing more precious far than all that books
 Or the solitudes of love can do!)

¹ 1836.

From door to door, while thus he creeps 1800.

² 1827.

minds like these 1800.

³ 1827.

These helpless wanderers have perchance received. 1800.

That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
 In which they found their kindred with a world
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy man
 Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear
 That overhangs his head from the green wall,
 Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,
 The prosperous and unthinking, they who live
 Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
 Of their own kindred;—all behold in him
 A silent monitor, which on their minds
 Must needs impress a transitory thought
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
 His charters and exemptions; and perchance,
 Though he to no one give the fortitude
 And circumspection needful to preserve
 His present blessings, and to husband up
 The respite of the season, he, at least,
 And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.— Many I believe, there are
 Who live a life of virtuous decency,
 Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
 No self-reproach; who of the moral law
 Established in the land where they abide
 Are strict observers; and not negligent¹
 In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
 Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
 Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
 —But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
 Go, and demand of him, if there be here

¹ Inserted in edd. 1800 to 1820.

Meanwhile in any tenderness of heart,

In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
 And these inevitable charities,
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?
 No—man is dear to man ; the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life
 When they can know and feel that they have been,
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
 Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such
 As needed kindness, for this single cause,
 That we have all of us one human heart.
 —Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,
 My neighbour, when with punctual care, each week
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself
 By her own wants, she from her store of meal ¹
 Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
 Of this old Mendicant, and from her door
 Returning with exhilarated heart,
 Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
 And while in that vast solitude to which
 The tide of things has borne him, he appears ²
 To breathe and live but for himself alone,
 Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
 The good which the benignant law of Heaven
 Has hung around him : and, while life is his,
 Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.

¹ 1827.

. . . . from her chest of meal 1800.

² 1827.

The tide of things has led him, . . . 1800.

—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
 And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
 The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
 Beat his grey locks against his withered face.
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.
 May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
 Make him a captive !—for that pent-up din,
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
 Be his the natural silence of old age !
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;
 And have around him, whether heard or not,
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
 Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now
 Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
 That not without some effort they behold
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,¹
 Rising or setting, let the light at least
 Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
 Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
 Of highway side, and with the little birds
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die !

¹ 1836.

. . . . if his eyes, which now
 Have been so long familiar with the earth,
 No more behold the horizontal sun, 1800.

. . . . if his eyes have now
 Been doomed so long to settle on the earth, 1815.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

Comp. 1798. — Pub. 1798.

[If I recollect right, these verses were an overflow from the Old Cumberland Beggar.]

In the edition of 1798 this Poem was called, "Old Man travelling ; animal tranquillity and decay."—Ed.

THE little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the road, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression : every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but moves
With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet : he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten ; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy what the Old Man hardly feels. ¹

¹ Added in edition 1798.

—I asked him whither he was bound, and what
The object of his journey ; he replied,
" Sir ! I am going many miles to take
A last leave of my son, a mariner,
Who from a sea-fight has been brought to Falmouth,
And there is lying in an hospital."—

he replied
That he was going many miles to take
A last leave of his son, a mariner,
&c.



A P P E N D I X.



APPENDIX.

LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT HAWKSHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14.

1785. — 1850.

“AND has the Sun his flaming chariot driven
Two hundred times around the ring of heaven,
Since Science first, with all her sacred train,
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly reign?
While thus I mused, methought, before mine eyes,
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to rise ;
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the boy
Dead to the sense of every finer joy ;
Nor that vile wretch who bade the tender age
Spurn Reason's law and humour Passion's rage ;
But she who trains the generous British youth
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth :
Emerging slow from Academus' grove
In heavenly majesty she seemed to move.
Stern was her forehead, but a smile serene
'Softened the terrors of her awful mien.'
Close at her side were all the powers, design'd
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind :
With panting breast, now pale as winter snows,
Now flushed as Hebe, Emulation rose ;
Shame follow'd after with reverted eye,
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian dye ;
Last Industry appear'd with steady pace,
A smile sat beaming on her pensive face.
I gazed upon the visionary train,
Threw back my eyes, return'd, and gazed again.
When lo ! the heavenly goddess thus began,
Through all my frame the pleasing accents ran.

“When Superstition left the golden light
And fled indignant to the shades of night ;
When pure Religion rear'd the peaceful breast
And lull'd the warring passions into rest,
Drove far away the savage thoughts that roll
In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,

Enlivening Hope display'd her cheerful ray,
And beam'd on Britain's sons a brighter day ;
So when on Ocean's face the storm subsides,
Hush'd are the winds and silent are the tides ;
The God of day, in all the pomp of light,
Moves through the vault of heaven, and dissipates the night ;
Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling blaze
Science with joy saw Superstition fly
Before the lustre of Religion's eye ;
With rapture she beheld Britannia smile,
Clapp'd her strong wings, and sought the cheerful isle,
The shades of night no more the soul involve
She sheds her beam, and, lo ! the shades dissolve ;
No jarring monks, to gloomy cell confined,
With mazy rules perplex the weary mind ;
No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,
Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.
Britain, who long her warriors had adored,
And deemed all merit centred in the sword ;
Britain, who thought to stain the field was fame
Now honour'd Edward's less that Bacon's name.
Her sons no more in listed fields advance
To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance ;
No longer steel their indurated hearts
To the mild influence of the finer arts ;
Quick to the secret grotto they retire
To court majestic truth, or wake the golden lyre ;
By generous Emulation taught to rise,
The seats of learning brave the distant skies.
Then noble Sandys, inspir'd with great design,
Rear'd Hawkshead's happy roof, and call'd it mine.
There have I loved to show the tender age
The golden precepts of the classic page ;
To lead the mind to those Elysian plains
Where, throned in gold, immortal Science reigns ;
Fair to the view is sacred Truth display'd,
In all the majesty of light array'd,
To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul
To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole to pole,
From thence to search the mystic cause of things
And follow Nature to her secret springs ;
Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,
To regulate the mind's disorder'd frame,
And quench the passions kindling into flame ;

The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,
 And purge from Vice's dross my tender charge.
 Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pursue,
 And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do ;
 Go to the world, peruse the book of man,
 And learn from thence thy own defects to scan ;
 Severely honest, break no plighted trust,
 But coldly rest not here—be more than just ;
 Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome
 The gentler manners of the private dome ;
 When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,
 Teach from the heart the tender tear to flow ;
 If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul entice,
 Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,
 Arise superior to the Siren's power,
 The wretch, the short-lived vision of an hour ;
 Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties fly,
 As fades the chequer'd bow that paints the sky,
 So shall thy sire, whilst hope his breast inspires,
 And wakes anew life's glimmering trembling fires,
 Hear Briton's sons rehearse thy praise with joy,
 Look up to heaven, and bless his darling boy.
 If e'er these precepts quell'd the passions' strife,
 If e'er they smooth'd the rugged walks of life,
 If e'er they pointed forth the blissful way
 That guides the spirit to eternal day,
 Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,
 Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.
 Awake, awake ! and snatch the slumbering lyre,
 Let this bright morn and Sandys the song inspire.'

“ I look'd obedience : the celestial Fair
 Smiled like the morn, and vanished into air.”

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

Comp. 1795. ? — Pub. 1795.

Translated from some French stanzas by Francis Wrangham, and Printed in “Poems by Francis Wrangham, M.A., Member of Trinity College, Cambridge, London (1795), Sold by J. Mawman, 22 Poultry,” pp. 106-111. The original French lines are printed side by side with Wordsworth's translation, which closes the volume.—Ed.

WHEN Love was born of heavenly line,
 What dire intrigues disturb'd Cythera's joy !
 Till Venus cried, “ A mother's heart is mine ;
 None but myself shall nurse my boy.”

But, infant as he was, the child
 In that divine embrace enchanted lay ;
 And, by the beauty of the vase beguiled,
 Forgot the beverage—and pined away.

“ And must my offspring languish in my sight ?”
 (Alive to all a mother’s pain,
 The Queen of Beauty thus her court address’d)
 “ No : Let the most discreet of all my train
 Receive him to her breast :
 Think all, he is the God of young delight.”

Then TENDERNESSE with CANDOUR join’d,
 And GAIETY the charming office sought ;
 Nor even DELICACY stay’d behind :
 But none of those fair Graces brought
 Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pined.
 Some fond hearts to COMPLIANCE seem’d inclined ;
 But she had surely spoil’d the boy :
 And sad experience forbade a thought
 On the wild Goddess of VOLUPTUOUS JOY.

Long undecided lay th’ important choice,
 Till of the beauteous court, at length, a voice
 Pronounced the name of HOPE :—The conscious child
 Stretch’d forth his little arms, and smiled.

’Tis said ENJOYMENT (who averr’d
 The charge belong’d to her alone)
 Jealous that HOPE had been preferr’d
 Laid snares to make the babe her own.

Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,
 The blushing mien and downcast look ;
 And came her services to proffer :
 And HOPE (what has not Hope believed !)
 By that seducing air deceived,
 Accepted of the offer.

It happen’d that, to sleep inclined,
 Deluded HOPE for one short hour
 To that false INNOCENCE’s power
 Her little charge consign’d.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats fill’d
 And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacherous store :
 A wild delirium first the infant thrill’d ;
 But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.

Comp. 1791-2. — Pub. 1793.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES, IN VERSE, TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR
 IN THE ITALIAN, GRISON, SWISS, AND SAVOYARD ALPS, BY W.
 WORDSWORTH, B.A., OF ST JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE. "LOCA PASTORUM
 DESERTA ATQUE OTIA DIA."—*Lucret.* "CASTELLA IN TUMULIS—ET
 LONGE SALTUS LATEQUE VACANTES."—*Virgil.* LONDON: PRINTED
 FOR J. JOHNSTON, ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, 1793.

TO THE REV. ROBERT JONES, FELLOW OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of my having accompanied you amongst the Alps, seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessaries upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!

I am happy in being conscious I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together, consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory. With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets which give such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgelert, Menai and her druids, the Alpine steeps of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem. I am, Dear Sir, Your most obedient very humble Servant, W. WORDSWORTH.

ARGUMENT.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on Earth) amongst the Charms of Nature—Pleasures of the Pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grand Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning, its Voluptuous Character; Old Man and Forest Cottage Music—River Tusa—Via Mala and Grison Gypsy—Valley of Schellenenthal—Lake of Uri—Stormy Sunset—Chapel of William Tell—Force of Local Emotion—Chamois Chaser—View of the Higher Alps—Manner of Life of a Swiss Mountaineer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps—Golden Age of the Alps—Life and views continued—Kanz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedlen and its Pilgrims—Valley of Chamouny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of Liberty on Cottage Happiness—France—Wish for the Extirpation of Slavery—Conclusion.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground,
 By Pain and her sad family unfound,
 Sure, Nature's God that spot to man had giv'n,
 Where murmuring rivers join the song of ev'n ;
 Where falls the purple morning far and wide
 In flakes of light upon the mountain-side ;
 Where summer Suns in ocean sink to rest,
 Or moonlight Upland lifts her hoary breast ;
 Where Silence, on her night of wing, o'er-broods
 Unfathom'd dells and undiscover'd woods ;
 Where rocks and groves the power of waters shakes
 In cataracts, or sleeps in quiet lakes.
 But doubly pitying Nature loves to show'r
 Soft on his wounded heart her healing pow'r,
 Who plods o'er hills and vales his road forlorn,
 Wooing her varying charms from eve to morn.
 No sad vacuities his heart annoy,
 Blows not a Zephyr but it whispers joy ;
 For him lost flowers their idle sweets exhale ;
 He tastes the meanest note that swells the gale ;
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn,
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn !
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
 And dear the green-sward to his velvet tread ;
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye ?
 Upward he looks—and calls it luxury ;
 Kind Nature's charities his steps attend,
 In every babbling brook he finds a friend,
 While chast'ning thoughts of sweetest use, bestow'd
 By Wisdom, moralize his pensive road.
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bower,
 To his spare meal he calls the passing poor ;
 He views the Sun uprear his golden fire,
 Or sink, with heart alive like * Memnon's lyre ;

* The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the Sun's evening or morning rays.

Blesses the Moon that comes with kindest ray
 To light him shaken by his viewless way.
 With bashful fear no cottage children steal
 From him, a brother at the cottage meal,
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart,
 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.
 While unsuspended wheels the village dance,
 The maidens eye him with enquiring glance,
 Much wondering what sad stroke of crazing Care
 Or desperate Love could lead a wanderer there.

Me, lur'd by hope her sorrows to remove,
 A heart, that could not much itself approve,
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,
 * Her road elms rustling thin above my head,
 Or through her truant pathway's native charms,
 By secret villages and lonely farms,
 To where the Alps, ascending white in air,
 Joy with the Sun, and glitter from afar.

Even now I sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom,
 Weeping beneath his chill of mountain gloom.
 Where now is fled that Power whose frown severe
 Tamed "sober Reason" till she crouched in fear?
 That breathed a death-like peace these woods around,
 Broke only by th' unvaried torrents sound,
 Or prayer-bell by the dull cicada drowned.
 The cloister startles at the gleam of arms,
 And Blasphemy the shuddering fane alarms;
 Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled heads,
 Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night o'erspreads.
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,
 And start the astonished shades at female eyes.
 The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
 And swells the groaning torrent with his tears.
 From Bruno's forest screams the frightened jay,
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
 The cross with hideous laughter Demons mock,
 By † angels planted on the aerial Rock.
 The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath
 Along the mystic streams ‡ of Life and Death,
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
 Portentous, thro' her old woods' trackless bounds,

* There are few people whom it may be necessary to inform, that the sides of many of the post-roads in France are planted with a row of trees.

† Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spiry Rocks of the Chartreuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.

‡ Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

Deepening her echoing torrents' awful peal,
 And bidding paler shades her form conceal,
 * Vallombre, 'mid her falling fanes, deploras,
 For ever broke, the Sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves
 Of Como bosomed deep in chestnut groves.
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
 Tower, bare or silvan, from the narrow deeps.
 To towns, whose shades of no rude sound complain,
 To ringing team unknown and grating wain,
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
 Or from the bending rocks obtrusive cling,
 And o'er the whitened wave their shadows fling ;
 Wild round the steeps the little † pathway twines,
 And silence loves its purple roof of vines.
 The viewless lingerer hence, at evening, sees
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees ;
 Or marks, mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids
 Tend the small harvest of their garden glades,
 Or, led by distant warbling notes, surveys,
 With hollow ringing ears and darkening gaze,
 Binding the charmed soul in powerless trance,
 Lip-dewing Song and ringlet-tossing Dance,
 Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine
 The bosomed cabin's lyre-enlivened gloom ;
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view,
 Stretch, o'er their pictured mirror, broad and blue,
 Tracking the yellow sun from steep to steep,
 As up the opposing hills, with tortoise foot, they creep.
 Here half a village shines, in gold arrayed,
 Bright as the moon, half hides itself in shade.
 From the dark sylvan roofs the restless spire,
 Inconstant glancing, mounts like springing fire,
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
 Rich golden verdure on the waves below.
 Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar.
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
 And amorous music on the water dies.

* Name of one of the vallies of the Chartreuse.

† If any of my readers should ever visit the Lake of Como, I recommend it to him to take a stroll along this charming little pathway ; he must chuse the evening, as it is on the western side of the lake. We pursued it from the foot of the water to its head : it is once interrupted by a ferry.

Heedless how Pliny, musing here, surveyed
 Old Roman boats and figures thro' the shade,
 Pale passion, overpowered, retires and woos
 The thicket, where the unlistened stock-dove coos.

How bless'd, delicious Scene ! the eye that greets
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats ;
 The unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs that scales,
 The never-ending waters of thy vales ;
 The cots, those dim religious groves embower,
 Or, under rocks that from the water tower
 Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore,
 Each with his household boat beside the door,
 Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic droop,
 Brightening the gloom where thick the forests stoop ;
 —Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky,
 Thy towns, like swallows' nests that cleave on high ;
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descry'd
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
 Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods,
 While Evening's solemn bird melodious weeps,
 Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the steeps ;
 —Thy Lake, mid smoking woods, that blue and grey
 Gleams, streaked or dappled, hid from morning's ray,
 Slow-travelling down the western hills, to fold
 Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold ;
 From thickly-glittering spires the matin-bell
 Calling the woodman from his desert cell,
 A summons to the sound of oars, that pass,
 Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass ;
 Slow swells the service o'er the water borne,
 While fill each pause the ringing woods of morn.

Farewell ! those forms that, in thy noon-tide shade,
 Rest, near their little plots of wheaten glade ;
 Those stedfast eyes, that beating breasts inspire
 To throw the "sultry ray" of young Desire ;
 Those lips, whose tides of fragrance come, and go,
 Accordant to the cheek's unquiet glow ;
 Those shadowy breasts in love's soft light arrayed,
 And rising, by the moon of passion swayed.
 —Thy fragrant gales and lute-resounding streams,
 Breathe o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams ;
 While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell
 On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,
 Her shameless timbrel shakes along thy marge,
 And winds between thine isles the vocal barge.

Yet, arts are thine that rock the unsleeping heart,
 And smiles to Solitude and Want impart.
 I loved, mid thy most desert woods astray,
 With pensive step to measure my slow way,*
 By lonely, silent cottage-doors to roam,
 The far-off peasant's day-deserted home ;
 Once did I pierce to where a cabin stood,
 The red-breast peace had bury'd it in wood,
 There, by the door a hoary-headed sire
 Touched with his withered hand an aged lyre ;
 Beneath an old-grey oak as violets lie,
 Stretched at his feet with stedfast, upward eye,
 His children's children join the holy sound,
 A hermit—with his family around.
 Hence shall we seek where fair Locarno smiles
 Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles,
 Or charms that smile on Tusa's evening stream,
 While mid dim towers and woods her † waters gleam :
 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
 The dull-red steeps, and darkening still, aspire,
 To where afar rich orange lustres glow
 Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks, and snow ;
 Or, led where Viamala's chasms confine
 The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
 Bend o'er the abyss ?—The else impervious gloom
 His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.
 The Grison gypsey here her tent has placed,
 Sole human tenant of the piny waste ;
 Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy locks,
 Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath the rocks.

—The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go
 O'er life's long deserts with its charge of woe,
 With sad congratulation joins the train,
 Where beasts and men together o'er the plain
 Move on,—a mighty caravan of pain ;
 Hope, strength, and courage, social suffering brings,
 Freshening the waste of sand with shades and springs.
 —She solitary through the desert drear
 Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand with Fear.

* Solo, e pensoso i piu deserté campi
 Vò misurando à passi turdí, e lenté.—*Petrarch.*

† The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the
 Semplon pass. From the striking contrast of its features, this pass I should
 imagine to be the most interesting among the Alps.

A giant moan along the forest swells
 Protracted, and the twilight storm foretells,
 And, running from the cliffs their deafening load
 Tumbles, the wildering Thunder slips abroad ;
 On the high summits Darkness comes and goes,
 Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and snows ;
 The torrent, traversed by the lustre broad,
 Starts like a horse beside the flashing road ;
 In the roofed * bridge, at that despairing hour,
 She seeks a shelter from the battering shower,
 —Fierce comes the river down ; the crashing wood
 Gives way, and half its pines torment the flood ;
 † Fearful, beneath, the Water-spirits call,
 And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its fall.
 —Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the night,
 No star supplies the comfort of its light,
 Glimmer the dim-lit Alps, dilated, round,
 And one sole light shifts in the vale profound ;
 While, opposite, the waning moon hangs still,
 And red, above her melancholy hill
 By the deep quiet gloom appalled, she sighs,
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes.
 —Breaking the ascending roar of desert floods,
 And insect buzz, that stuns the sultry woods,
 She hears, upon the mountain forest's brow,
 The death-dog, howling loud and long, below ;
 On viewless fingers counts the valley-clock,
 Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.
 —Bursts from the troubled Larch's giant boughs
 The pie, and chattering breaks the night's repose.
 Low barks the fox : by Havoc rouz'd the bear,
 Quits, growling, the white bones that strew his lair ;
 The dry leaves stir as with the serpent's walk,
 And, far beneath, Banditti voices talk ;
 Behind her hill the Moon, all crimson, rides,
 And his red eyes the slinking water hides ;
 Then all is hushed ; the bushes rustle near,—
 And with strange tinglings sings her fainting ear.
 —Vexed by the darkness, from the piny gulf
 Ascending, nearer howls the famished wolf,

* Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood and covered : these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.

† “ Red came the river down, and loud, and oft
 The angry Spirit of the water shrieked.”—*Home's Douglas*.

While thro' the stillness scatters wild dismay,
Her babe's small cry, that leads him to his prey.

Now, passing Ursern's open vale serene,
Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green,
Plunge with the Russ embrowned by Terror's breath,
Where danger roofs the narrow walks of death ;
By floods, that, thundering from their dizzy height,
Swell more gigantic on the stedfast sight ;
Black drizzling craggs, that beaten by the din,
Vibrate, as if a voice complained within ;
Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks, afraid,
Unstedfast, by a blasted yew upstay'd ;
By * cells whose image, trembling as he prays,
Awe struck, the kneeling peasant scarce surveys ;
Loose-hanging rocks the Day's bless'd eye that hide,
And † crosses reared to Death on every side,
Which with cold kiss Devotion planted near,
And, bending, watered with the human tear,
Soon fading " silent " from her upward eye,
Unmoved with each rude form of Danger nigh,
Fixed on the anchor left by him who saves
Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

On as we move, a softer prospect opes,
Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes.
While mists, suspended on the expiring gale,
Moveless o'er-hang the deep secluded vale,
The beams of Evening, slipping soft between,
Light up of tranquil joy a sober scene ;
Winding its dark-green wood and emerald glade,
The still vale lengthens underneath the shade ;
While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,
Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead,
Where solitary forms illumin'd stray
Turning with quiet touch the valley's hay,
On the low ‡ brown wood-huts delighted sleep
Along the brighten'd gloom reposing deep.
While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,
And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,

* The Catholic religion prevails here. These cells are, as is well-known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like Roman tombs, along the road side.

† Crosses commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents, very common along this dreadful road:

‡ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

Huge convent domes with pinnacles and towers,
And antique castles seen thro' drizzling showers.

From such romantic dreams my soul awake,
Lo ! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake,
By whose unpathway'd margin still and dread
Was never heard the plodding peasant's tread.
Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach
Far o'er the secret water dark with beech,
More high to where creation seems to end,
Shade above shade the desert pines ascend,
And still, below, where mid the savage scene
Peeps out a little speck of smiling green,
There with his infants man undaunted creeps
And hangs his small wood-hut upon the steeps.
A garden-plot the desert air perfumes,
'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms,
A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff
Threading the painful cragg surmounts the cliff.
—Before those hermit doors, that never know
The face of traveller passing to and fro,
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell,
Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark forgoes,
Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes,
The grassy seat beneath their casement shade
The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never stayed.
—There, did the iron Genius not disdain
The gentle Power that haunts the myrtle plain,
There might the love-sick maiden sit, and chide
The insuperable rocks and severing tide,
There watch at eve her lover's sun-gilt sail
Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale,
There list at midnight till is heard no more,
Below, the echo of his parting oar,
There hang in fear, when growls the frozen stream,
To guide his dangerous tread the taper's gleam.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,
Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry,
Where hardly given the hopeless waste to cheer
Deny'd the bread of life the foodful ear,
Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray,
And apple sickens pale in summer's ray,
Ev'n here Content has fixed her smiling reign
With Independence child of high Disdain.

Exalting 'mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
 And often grasps her sword, and often eyes,
 Her crest a bough of Winter's bleakest pine,
 Strange "weeds" and alpine plants her helm entwine,
 And wildly-pausing oft she hangs aghast,
 While thrills the "Spartan fife" between the blast.

'Tis storm ; and hid in mist from hour to hour
 All day the floods a deeper murmur pour,
 And mournful sounds, as of a Spirit lost,
 Pipe wild along the hollow-blustering coast,
 'Till the Sun walking on his western field
 Shakes from behind the clouds his flashing shield.
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
 Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form ;
 Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
 The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline ;
 Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,
 At once to pillars turned that flame with gold ;
 Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun
 The west that burns like one dilated sun,
 Where in a mighty crucible expire
 The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire.*
 But lo ! the boatman, over-awed, before
 The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar ;
 Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
 While burn in his full eyes the glorious tears.
 And who but feels a power of strong controul,
 Felt only there, oppress his labouring soul,
 Who walks, where honoured men of ancient days
 Have wrought with god-like arm the deeds of praise ?

* I had once given to these sketches the title of Picturesque ; but the Alps are insulted in applying to them that term. Who ever, in attempting to describe their sublime features, should confine himself to the cold rules of painting would give his reader but a very imperfect idea of those emotions which they have the irresistible power of communicating to the most impassive imaginations. The fact is, that controlling influence, which distinguishes the Alps from all other scenery, is derived from images which disdain the pencil. Had I wished to make a picture of this scene I had thrown much less light into it. But I consulted nature and my feelings. The ideas excited by the stormy sunset I am here describing, owed their sublimity to that deluge of light, or rather of fire, in which nature had wrapped the immense forms around me ; any intrusion of shade, by destroying the unity of the impression, had necessarily diminished its grandeur.

Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
 On Zutphen's plain ; or where with softened gaze
 The old grey stones the plaided chief surveys,
 Can guess the high resolve, the cherished pain
 Of him whom passion rivets to the plain,
 Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,
 And the last sun-beam fell on Bayard's eye,
 Where bleeding Sydney from the cup retired,
 And glad Dundee in "faint huzza's" expired.

But now with other soul I stand alone
 Sublime upon this far-surveying cone,
 And watch from *pike to pike amid the sky
 Small as a bird the chamois-chaser fly.
 'Tis his with fearless step at large to roam
 Thro' wastes, of Spirits winged the solemn home,
 † Thro' vacant worlds where Nature never gave
 A brooke to murmur or a bough to wave,
 Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep ;
 Thro' worlds where Life and Sound, and Motion sleep,
 Where Silence still her death-like reign extends,
 Save when the startling cliff unfrequent rends ;
 In the deep snow the mighty river drowned,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive Sound ;
 —To mark a planet's pomp and steady light
 In the least star of scarce-appearing night,
 And neighbouring moon, that coasts the vast profound,
 Wheel pale and silent her diminished round,
 While far and wide the icy summits blaze
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays ;
 The star of noon that glitters small and bright,
 Shorn of his beams, insufferably white,
 And flying fleet behind his orb to view
 The interminable sea of sable blue.
 —Of cloudless suns no more ye frost-built spires
 Refract in rainbow hues the restless fires !
 Ye dewy mists the arid rocks o'er-spread
 Whose slippery face derides his deathful tread !
 —To wet the peak's impracticable sides
 He opens of his feet the sanguine tides,

* Pike is a word very commonly used in the north of England, to signify a high mountain of the conic form, as Langdale pike, &c.

† For most of the images in the next sixteen verses I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting observations annexed to his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

Weak and more weak the issuing current eyes
 Lapped by the panting tongue of thirsty skies.*
 —At once bewildering mists around him close,
 And cold and hunger are his least of woes ;
 The Demon of the snow with angry roar
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
 Crazy by the strength of hope at morn he eyes
 As sent from heaven the raven of the skies,
 Then with despair's whole weight his spirits sink,
 No bread to feed him, and the snow his drink,
 While ere his eyes can close upon the day,
 The eagle of the Alps o'ershades his prey.
 —Meanwhile his wife and child with cruel hope
 All night the door at every moment ope ;
 Haply that child in fearful doubt may gaze,
 Passing his father's bones in future days,
 Start at the reliques of that very thigh,
 On which so oft he prattled when a boy.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with fear afar,
 Thunders thro' echoing pines the headlong Aar †
 Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive † Underwalden's pastoral heights ?
 —Is there who mid these awful wilds has seen
 The native genii walk the mountain green ?
 Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
 Soft music from the ærial summit steal
 While o'er the desert, answering every close
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.
 —And sure there is a secret Power that reigns
 Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
 Nought but the herds that pasturing upward creep,
 Hung dim-discovered from the dangerous steep,
 ‡ Or summer hamlet, flat and bare, on high
 Suspended, 'mid the quiet of the sky.
 How still ! no irreligious sound or sight
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.

* The rays of the sun drying the rocks frequently produce on their surface a dust so subtle and slippery, that the wretched chamois-chasers are obliged to bleed themselves in the legs and feet in order to secure a footing.

† The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps ; this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

‡ These summer hamlets are most probably (as I have seen observed by a critic in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) what Virgil alludes to in the expression "Castella in tumulis."

An idle voice the sabbath region fills
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
 Broke only by the melancholy sound
 Of drowsy bells for ever tinkling round ;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods steady sugh ; *
 The solitary heifer's deepened low ;
 Or rumbling heard remote of falling snow.
 Save that, the stranger seen below, the boy
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas,
 Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze, †
 When hums the mountain bee in May's glad ear,
 And emerald isles to spot the heights appear,
 When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,
 And louder torrents stem the noon-tide hill,
 When fragrant scents beneath the enchanted tread
 Spring up, his little all around him spread,
 The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale,
 To silence leaving the deserted vale,
 Up the green mountain tracking Summer's feet,
 Each twilight earlier called the Sun to meet,
 With earlier smile the ray of morn to view
 Fall on his shifting hut that gleams 'mid smoking dew ;
 Blessed with his herds as in the patriarch's age,
 The summer long to feed from stage to stage ;
 O'er azure pikes serene and still, they go,
 And hear the rattling thunder far below ;
 Or lost at eve in sudden mist the day
 Attend, or dare with minute-steps their way ;
 Hang from the rocks that tremble o'er the steep,
 And tempt the icy valley yawning deep,
 O'er-walk the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed,
 Rocked on the dizzy larch's narrow tread,
 Whence danger leans, and pointing ghastly, joys
 To mock the mind with "desperation's toys ;"
 Or steal beneath loose mountains, half-deterred,
 That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.
 —I see him up the midway cliff he creeps
 To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,

* Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

† This wind, which announces the spring to the Swiss, is called in their language Fœu ; and is, according to M. Raymond, the Syroco of the Italians.

Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws,
 The fodder of his herds in winter snows.
 Far different life to what tradition hoar
 Transmits of days more blest in times of yore.*
 Then Summer lengthened out his season bland,
 And with rock-honey flowed the happy land.
 Continual fountains welling cheared the waste,
 And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste.
 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled
 Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled ;
 Nor Hunger forced the herds from pastures bare
 For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to dare.
 Then the milk-thistle bad those herds demand
 Three times a day the pail and welcome hand.
 But human vices have provoked the rod
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
 Thus does the father to his sons relate,
 On the lone mountain top, their changed estate.
 Still, Nature ever just, to him imparts
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.
 —'Tis morn : with gold the verdant mountain glows
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
 Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea ! whose vales and mountains round
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.
 A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
 And bottomless, divides the midway tide.
 Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear
 The pines that near the coast their summits rear ;
 Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant shore
 Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar ;
 Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound
 Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound.
 Mounts thro' the nearer mist the chaunt of birds,
 And talking voices, and the low of herds,
 The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
 And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.

* This tradition of the golden age of the Alps, as M. Raymond observes, is highly interesting, interesting not less to the philosopher than to the poet. Here I cannot help remarking that the superstitions of the Alps appear to be far from possessing that poetical character which so eminently distinguishes those of Scotland and the other mountainous northern countries. The Devil with his horns, &c., seems to be, in their idea, the principal agent that brings about the sublime natural revolutions that take place daily before their eyes.

Think not, suspended from the cliff on high
 He looks below with undelighted eye.
 —No vulgar joy is his, at even tide
 Stretched on the scented mountain's purple side.
 For as the pleasures of his simple day
 Beyond his native valley hardly stray,
 Nought round its darling precincts can he find,
 But brings some past enjoyment to his mind,
 While Hope that ceaseless leans on Pleasure's urn
 Binds her wild wreathes, and whispers his return.

Once Man entirely free, alone and wild,
 Was blessed as free—for he was Nature's child.
 He, all superior but his God disdained,
 Walked none restraining, and by none restrained,
 Confessed no law but what his reason taught,
 Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.
 As Man in his primæval dower arrayed
 The image of his glorious sire displayed,
 Even so, by vestal Nature guarded, here
 The traces of primæval Man appear.
 The native dignity no forms debase,
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace.
 The slave of none, of beasts alone the Lord,
 He marches with his flute, his book, and sword,
 Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared
 With this "the blessings he enjoys to guard."

And as on glorious ground he draws his breath,
 Where Freedom oft, with Victory and Death,
 Hath seen in grim array amid their Storms
 Mixed with auxiliar Rocks, three *hundred Forms ;
 While twice ten thousand corselets at the view
 Dropped loud at once, oppression shrieked, and flew.
 Oft as those sainted Rocks before him spread,
 An unknown power connects him with the dead.
 For images of other worlds are there,
 Awful the light, and holy is the air.
 Uncertain thro' his fierce uncultured soul
 Like lighted tempests troubled transports roll ;

* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria ; and in particular, to one fought at Naeffels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians attempting to make a stand were repulsed anew.

To viewless realms his Spirit towers amain,
 Beyond the senses and their little reign.
 And oft, when passed that solemn vision by,
 He holds with God himself communion high,
 When the dread peal of swelling torrents fills
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills,
 And savage Nature humbly joins the rite,
 While flash her upward eyes severe delight.
 Or gazing from the mountain's silent brow,
 Bright stars of ice and azure worlds of snow,
 Where needle peaks of granite shooting bare
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of air,
 Great joy by horror tamed dilates his heart,
 And the near heavens their own delights impart.
 —When the Sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell,
 Alps overlooking Alps their state upswell ;
 Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of * Fear and Storms,
 Lift, all serene, their still, illumined forms,
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,
 Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows,
 The hut which from the hills his eyes employs
 So oft, the central point of all his joys.
 And as a swift by tender cares oppressed
 Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,
 So to the untrodden floor, where round him looks
 His father helpless as the babe he rocks,
 Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair,
 Till storm and driving ice blockade him there ;
 There hears protected by the woods behind,
 Secure, the chiding of the baffled wind,
 Hears Winter, calling all his Terrors round,
 Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound.
 Thro' Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide
 Unstained by envy, discontent, or pride,
 The bound of all his vanity to deck
 With one bright bell a favourite heifer's neck ;
 Content upon some simple annual feast,
 Remembered half the year, and hoped the rest,
 If dairy produce, from his inner hord,
 Of thrice ten summers consecrate the board.
 —Alas ! in every clime a flying ray
 Is all we have to chear our wintry way,

* As Schriek-Horn, the pike of terror. Wetter-horn the pike of storms,
 &c. &c.

Condemned, in mists and tempests ever rife,
 To pant slow up the endless Alp of life.
 "Here," cried a swain, whose venerable head
 Bloomed with the snow-drops of Man's narrow bed,
 Last night, while by his dying fire, as closed
 The day, in luxury my limbs reposed,
 "Here Penury oft from misery's mount will guide
 Ev'n to the summer door his icy tide,
 And here the avalanche of Death destroy
 The little cottage of domestic joy.
 But, ah ! the unwilling mind may more than trace
 The general sorrows of the human race :
 The churlish gales that unremitting blow
 Cold from necessity's continual snow,
 To us the gentle groups of bliss deny
 That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
 Yet more ; the tyrant Genius, still at strife
 With all the tender charities of life,
 When close and closer they begin to strain,
 No fond hand left to staunch the unclosing vein,
 Tearing their bleeding ties leaves Age to groan
 On his wet bed, abandoned and alone.
 For ever, fast as they of strength become
 To pay the filial debt, for food to roam,
 The father forced by Powers that only deign
 That Solitary Man disturb their reign,
 From his bare nest amid the storms of heaven
 Drives, eagle-like, his sons as he was driven,
 His last dread pleasure ! watches to the plain—
 And never, eagle-like, beholds again."

When the poor heart has all its joys resigned,
 Why does their sad remembrance cleave behind ?
 Lo ! by the lazy Seine the exile roves,
 Or where thick sails illumine Batavias' groves ;
 Soft o'er the waters mournful measures swell,
 Unlocking bleeding Thought's "memorial cell ;"
 At once upon his heart Despair has set
 Her seal, the mortal tear his cheek has wet ;
 Strong poison not a form of steel can brave
 Bows his young hairs with sorrow to the grave.*

Gay Lark of hope thy silent song resume !
 Fair smiling lights the purpled hills illumine !

* The effect of the famous air, called in French *Ranz des vaches*, upon the Swiss troops removed from their native country is well known, as also the injunction of not playing it on pain of death, before the regiments of that nation, in the service of France and Holland.

Soft gales and dews of Life's delicious morn,
 And thou ! lost fragrance of the heart return !
 * Soon flies the little joy to man allowed,
 And tears before him travel like a cloud.
 For come Diseases on, and Penury's rage,
 Labour, and Pain, and Grief, and joyless Age,
 And Conscience dogging close his bleeding way
 Cries out, and leads her Spectres to their prey,
 Till Hope-deserted, long in vain his breath
 Implores the dreadful untried sleep of Death.
 —'Mid savage rocks and seas of snow that shine
 Between interminable tracts of pine,
 Round a lone fane the human Genii mourn,
 Where fierce the rays of woe collected burn.
 —From viewless lamps a ghastly dimness falls,
 And ebbs uncertain on the troubled walls,
 Dim dreadful faces thro' the gloom appear,
 Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in fear,
 While strives a secret Power to hush the crowd,
 Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her rights aloud.
 Oh give not me that eye of hard disdain
 That views undimmed Einfielen's † wretched fane,
 'Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torment meet,
 Dire clap of hands, distracted chase of feet,
 While loud and dull ascends the weeping cry,
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
 One flower of hope—Oh pass and leave it there.
 —The tall Sun, tip-toe on an Alpine spire,
 Flings o'er the desert blood-red streams of fire.
 At such an hour there are who love to stray,
 And meet the gladdening pilgrims on their way.
 —Now with joy's tearful kiss each other greet,
 Nor longer naked be your way-worn feet,
 For ye have reached at last the happy shore,
 Where the charmed worm of pain shall gnaw no more.
 How gayly murmur and how sweetly taste
 The fountains ‡ reared for you amid the waste !

* Optima quæque dies, &c.

† This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.

‡ Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain. Under those sheds the sentimental traveller and the philosopher may find interesting sources of meditation.

Yes I will see you when ye first behold
 Those turrets tipped by hope with morning gold,
 And watch, while on your brows the cross ye make,
 Round your pale eyes a wintry lustre wake.
 —Without one hope her written griefs to blot.
 Save in the land where all things are forgot,
 My heart, alive to transports long unknown,
 Half wishes your delusion were its own.
 Last let us turn to where Chamouny * shields,
 Bosomed in gloomy woods, her golden fields,
 Five streams of the ice amid her cots descend,
 And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend,
 A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
 Of purple lights and even vernal plains.
 Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
 Here all the Seasons revel hand in hand.

Red stream the cottage lights ; the landscape fades,
 Erroneous wavering 'mid the twilight shades.
 Alone ascends that mountain named of white †
 That dallies with the Sun the summer night.
 Six thousand years amid his lonely bounds
 The voice of Ruin, day and night, resounds.
 Where Horror-led his sea of ice assails,
 Havoc and Chaos blast a thousand vales,
 In waves, like two enormous serpents, wind
 And drag their length of deluge train behind.
 Between the pines enormous boughs descry'd
 Serene he towers, in deepest purple dy'd ;
 Glad Day-light laughs upon his top of Snow,
 Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

At such an hour I heaved the human sigh,
 When roared the sullen Arve in anger by,
 That not for thee, delicious vale ! unfold
 Thy reddening orchards, and thy fields of gold ;
 That thou, the ‡ slave of slaves, are doomed to pine,
 While no Italian arts their charms combine
 To teach the skirt of thy dark cloud to shine ;
 For thy poor babes that, hurrying from the door,
 With pale-blue hands, and eyes that fixed implore,

* This word is pronounced upon the spot Chàmouny. I have taken the liberty of reading it long, thinking it more musical.

† It is only from the higher part of the valley of Chàmouny that Mont Blanc is visible.

‡ It is scarce necessary to observe that these lines were written before the emancipation of Savoy.

Dead muttering lips, and hair of hungry white,
 Besiege the traveller whom they half affright.
 —Yes, were it mine, the cottage meal to share,
 Forced from my native mountains bleak and bare ;
 O'er * Anet's hopeless seas of marsh to stray,
 Her shrill winds roaring round my lonely way ;
 To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose,
 And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows ;
 In the wide range of many a weary round,
 Still have my pilgrim feet unfailing found,
 As despot courts their blaze of gems display,
 Ev'n by the secret cottage far away
 The lily of domestic joy decay ;
 While Freedom's farthest hamlets blessings share,
 Found still beneath her smile, and only there.
 The casement shade more luscious woodbine binds,
 And to the door a neater pathway winds,
 At early morn the careful house-wife, led
 To cull her dinner from its garden bed,
 Of weedless herbs a healthier prospect sees,
 While hum with busier joy her happy bees ;
 In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,
 And laugh with merrier blaze her evening fires ;
 Her infant's cheeks with fresher roses glow,
 And wilder graces sport around their brow ;
 By clearer taper lit a cleanlier board
 Receives at supper hour her tempting hoard ;
 The chamber hearth with fresher boughs is spread,
 And whiter is the hospitable bed.
 —And thou ! fair favoured region ! which my soul
 Shall love, till Life has broke her golden bowl,
 Till Death's cold touch her cistern-wheel assail,
 And vain regret and vain desire shall fail ;
 Tho' now, where erst the grey-clad peasant strayed,
 To break the quiet of the village shade
 Gleam war's † discordant habits thro' the trees,
 And the red banner mock the sullen breeze ;
 Tho' now no more thy maids their voices suit
 To the low-warbled breath of twilight lute,
 And heard, the pausing village hum between,
 No solemn songstress lull the fading green,
 Scared by the fife, and rumbling drum's alarms,
 And the short thunder, and the flash of arms ;

* A vast extent of marsh so called near the Lake of Neuf-chatel.

† This, as may be supposed, was written before France became the seat of war.

While, as night bids the startling uproar die,
 Sole sound, the *sourd renews his mournful cry :
 —Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power
 Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage door :
 All nature smiles ; and owns beneath her eyes
 Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
 Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's† waters glide
 Thro' rustling aspens heard from side to side,
 When from October clouds a milder light
 Fell, where the blue flood rippled into white,
 Methought from every cot the watchful bird
 Crowed with ear-piercing power 'till then unheard ;
 Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,
 Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams ,
 Chasing those long long dreams the falling leaf
 Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief ;
 The measured echo of the distant flail
 Winded in sweeter cadence down the vale ;
 A more majestic tide the‡ water rolled
 And glowed the sun-gilt groves in richer gold :

* An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard, at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

† The river Loiret, which has the honour of giving name to a department, rises out of the earth at a place, called La Source, a league and a half south-east of Orleans, and taking at once the character of a considerable stream, winds under a most delicious bank on its left, with a flat country of meadows, woods, and vineyards on its right, till it falls into the Loire about three or four leagues below Orleans. The hand of false taste has committed on its banks those outrages which the Abbé de Lille so pathetically deprecates in those charming verses descriptive of the Seine, visiting in secret the retreat of his friend Watelet. Much as the Loiret, in its short course, suffers from injudicious ornaments, yet there are spots to be found upon its banks as soothing as meditation could wish for : the curious traveller may meet with some of them where it loses itself among the mills in the neighbourhood of the villa called La Fontaine. The walks of La Source, where it takes its rise, may, in the eyes of some people, derive an additional interest from the recollection that they were the retreat of Bolingbroke during his exile, and that here it was that his philosophical works were chiefly composed. The inscriptions of which he speaks in one of his letters to Swift descriptive of this spot, are not, I believe, now extant. The gardens have been modelled within these twenty years according to a plan evidently not dictated by the taste of the friend of Pope.

‡ The duties upon many of the French rivers were so exorbitant that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water-carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

—Tho' Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise
 Red on his hills his beacon's comet blaze ;
 Bid from on high his lonely cannon sound,
 And on ten thousand hearths his shout rebound ;
 His 'larum-bell from village tower to tower
 Swing on the astounded ear it's dull undying roar :
 Yet, yet rejoice, tho' Pride's perverted ire
 Rouse Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills in fire.
 Lo ! from the innocuous flames a lonely berth !
 With it's own Virtues springs another earth :
 Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
 Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train ;
 With pulseless hand, and fixed unwearied gaze,
 A breathing Justice her still beam surveys :
 No more, along thy vales and viny groves,
 Whole hamlets disappearing as he moves,
 With cheeks o'erspread by smiles of baleful glow,
 On his pale horse shall fell Consumption go.

Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride
 Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride,
 To break, the vales where Death with Famine scowers,
 And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers ;
 Where Machination her fell soul resigns,
 Fled panting to the centre of her mines ;
 Where Persecution decks with ghastly smiles
 Hatred, his mountains mad Ambition piles ;
 Where Discord stalks dilating, every hour,
 And crouching fearful at the feet of Power,
 Like Lightnings eager for the Almighty word,
 Look up for sign of havoc, Fire and Sword,*
 —Give them, beneath their breast while gladness springs,
 To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings ;
 And grant that every sceptred child of clay,
 Who cries, presumptuous, " here their tides shall stay,"
 Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
 With all his creatures sink—to rise no more.

To-night, my friend, within this humble cot
 Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot,
 Renewing, when the rosy summits glow
 At morn, our various journey, sad and slow.

* ——— And, at his heels,
 Leashed in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
 Crouch for employment.

The following is the itinerary of the tour, taken by Wordsworth and his friend, which gave rise to the *Descriptive Sketches*.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| July | 24. Splugen. |
| 13. Calais. | 25. Flems. |
| 14. Ardres. | 26. Dissentis. |
| 17. Peronne. | 27. Village on the Reusse. |
| 18. Village near Couçy. | 28. Fluelan. |
| 19. Soissons. | 29. Lucerne. |
| 20. Château Thierry. | 30. Village on the Lake of Zurich. |
| 21. Sezanne. | 31. Einsiedeln. |
| 22. Village near Troyes. | |
| 23. Bar le Duc. | September |
| 24. Chatillon sur Seine. | 1. Glaris. |
| 26. Nuits. | 2. Glaris. |
| 27. Châlons. | 3. Village beyond Lake of Wal- |
| 28. Châlons. | lenstadt. |
| 29. On the Saone. | 4. Village on road to Appenzell. |
| 30. Lyons. | 5. Appenzell. |
| 31. Condrieu. | 6. Keswill, on Lake of Constance. |
| | 7. On the Rhine. |
| August | 8. On the Rhine. |
| 1. Moreau. | 9. On road to Lucerne. |
| 2. Voreppe. | 10. Lucerne. |
| 3. Village near Chartreuse. | 11. Saxeln. |
| 4. Chartreuse. | 12. Village on the Aar. |
| 6. Aix. | 13. Grindelwald. |
| 7. Town in Savoy. | 14. Lanterbrunnen. |
| 8. Town on Lake of Geneva. | 15. Village three leagues from |
| 9. Lausanne. | Berne. |
| 10. Villeneuve. | 16. Avranches. |
| 11. St Maurice in the Valais. | 19. Village beyond Pierre Per- |
| 12. Chamouny. | tuises. |
| 13. Chamouny. | 20. Village four leagues from Basle. |
| 14. Martigny. | 21. Basle. |
| 15. Village beyond Sion. | 22. Town six leagues from Stras- |
| 16. Brig. | burg. |
| 17. Spital on Alps. | 23. Spires. |
| 18. Margozza. | 24. Village on Rhine. |
| 19. Village beyond Lago Maggiore. | 25. Mentz. |
| 20. Village on Lago di Como. | 27. Village on Rhine, two leagues |
| 21. Village beyond Gravedona. | from Coblentz. |
| 22. Jones at Chiavenna ; W.W., | 28. Cologne. |
| at Samolaco. | 29. Village three leagues from Aix- |
| 23. Sovozza. | la-Chapelle. |

The pedestrians bought a boat at Basle, and therein floated down the Rhine as far as Cologne, having intended so to travel to Ostend, but they returned by Calais.

In the course of this tour, Wordsworth wrote the following letter to his sister, dated *Sept. 6, 1790, Keswill (a small village on the Lake of Constance)*.

MY DEAR SISTER,—My last letter was addressed to you from St Valier and the Grande Chartreuse. . . . My spirits have been kept in a perpetual hurry of delight, by the almost uninterrupted succession of sublime and beautiful objects which have passed before my eyes during the course of the last month. I will endeavour to give you some idea of our route. . . . On quitting the Grande Chartreuse, where we remained two days, contemplating, with increased pleasure, its wonderful scenery, we passed through Savoy to Geneva, thence along the Pays de Vaud side of the lake, to Villeneuve, a small town seated at its head. The lower part of the lake did not afford us a pleasure equal to what might have been expected from its celebrity; this owing partly to its width, and partly to the weather, which was one of those hot gleamy days in which all distant objects are veiled in a species of bright obscurity. But the higher part of the lake made us ample amends: 'tis true we had some disagreeable weather, but the banks of the water are infinitely more picturesque, and, as it is much narrower, the landscape suffered proportionally less from that pale steam which before almost entirely hid the opposite shore. From Villeneuve we proceeded up the Rhine to Martigny, where we left our bundles, and struck over the mountains to Chamouny, and visited the glaciers of Savoy.

. . . . After passing two days in the environs of Chamouny, we returned to Martigny, and pursued our mount up the Valais, along the Rhine, to Brig. At Brig we quitted the Valais, and passed the Alps at the Simplon, in order to visit part of Italy. The impressions of three hours of our walk among these Alps will never be effaced. From Duomo d'Ossola, a town of Italy which lay in our route, we proceeded to the Lake of Locarno, to visit the Boromean Islands, and thence to Como. A more charming path was scarcely ever travelled over. The banks of many of the Italian and Swiss lakes are so steep and rocky, as not to admit of roads; that of Como is partly of this character. A small footpath is all the communication by land between one village and another, on the side along which we passed, for upwards of thirty miles. We entered upon this path about noon, and, owing to the steepness of the banks, were soon unmolested by the sun, which illuminated the woods, rocks, and villages of the opposite shore. The lake is narrow, and the shadows of the mountains were early thrown across it. It was beautiful to watch them travelling up the side of the hills,—for several hours to remark one side of a village covered with shade, and the other bright with the strongest sunshine. It was with regret that we passed every turn of this charming path, where every new picture was pur-

chased by the loss of another which we should never have been tired of gazing upon. The shores of the lake consist of steeps covered with large, sweeping woods of chestnut, spotted with villages; some clinging from the summits of the advancing rocks, and others hiding themselves within their recesses. Nor was the surface of the lake less interesting than its shores; half of it glowing with the richest green and gold, the reflection of the illuminated wood and path, shaded with a soft blue tint. The picture was still further diversified by the number of sails which stole lazily by us as we paused in the wood above them. After all this we had the moon. It was impossible not to contrast that repose, that complacency of spirit, produced by these lovely scenes, with the sensations I had experienced two or three days before, in passing the Alps. At the Lake of Como, my mind ran through a thousand dreams of happiness, which might be enjoyed upon its banks, if heightened by conversation and the exercise of the social affections. Among the more awful scenes of the Alps, I had not a thought of man, or a single created being; my whole soul was turned to Him who produced the terrible majesty before me. But I am too particular for the limits of my paper.

We followed the Lake of Como to its head, and thence proceeded to Chiavenna, where we began to pass a range of the Alps, which brought us into the country of the Grisons at Sovozza. From Sovozza we pursued the valley of Myssen, in which it is situated, to its head; passed Mount Adula to Hinter Rhine, a small village near one of the sources of the Rhine. We pursued this branch of the Rhine downward through the Grisons to Michenem, where we turned up the other branch of the same river, and following it to Chiamut, a small village near its source. Here we quitted the Grisons, and entered Switzerland at the valley of Urseren, and pursued the course of the Reuss down to Altorf; thence we proceeded, partly on the lake and partly behind the mountains on its banks, to Lucerne, and thence to Zurich. From Zurich, along the banks of the lake, we continued our route to Richtenschwyl: here we left the lake to visit the famous church and convent of Einsiedeln, and thence to Glaris. But this catalogue must be shockingly tedious. Suffice it to say, that, after passing a day in visiting the romantic valley of Glaris, we proceeded by the lake of Wallenstadt and the canton of Appenzell to the lake of Constance, where this letter was begun nine days ago. From Constance we proceeded along the banks of the Rhine to Schaffhausen, to view the falls of the Rhine there. Magnificent as this fall certainly is, I must confess I was disappointed in it. I had raised my ideas too high.

We followed the Rhine downwards about eight leagues from Schaffhausen, where we crossed it, and proceeded by Baden to Lucerne. I am at this present moment (14th September) writing at a small village on the road from Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen. By consulting your maps, you will find these villages in the south-east part of the canton of Berne, not far from the lakes of Thun and Brienz. After

viewing the valley of Lauterbrunnen, we shall have concluded our tour of the more Alpine part of Switzerland. We proceed thence to Berne, and intend, after making two or three small excursions about the lake of Heufchatel, to go to Basle, a town in Switzerland upon the Rhine, whence we shall, if we find we can afford it, take advantage of the river down to Cologne, and so cross to Ostend, where we shall take the packet to Margate. To-day is the 14th of September, and I hope we shall be in England by the 10th of October. I have had, during this delightful tour, a great deal of uneasiness from an apprehension of your anxiety on my account. I have thought of you perpetually; and never have my eyes burst upon a scene of particular loveliness, but I have almost instantly wished that you could for a moment be transported to the place where I stood to enjoy it. I have been more particularly induced to form those wishes, because the scenes of Switzerland have no resemblance to any I have found in England; consequently it may probably never be in your power to form an idea of them. We are now, as I observed above, upon the point of quitting these most sublime and beautiful parts; and you cannot imagine the melancholy regret which I feel at the idea. I am a perfect enthusiast in my admiration of nature in all her various forms; and I have looked upon, and, as it were, conversed with, the objects which this country has presented to my view so long, and with such increasing pleasure, that the idea of parting from them oppresses me with a sadness similar to what I have always felt in quitting a beloved friend.

There is no reason to be surprised at the strong attachment which the Swiss have always shown to their native country. Much of it must undoubtedly have been owing to those charms which have already produced so powerful an effect upon me, and to which the rudest minds cannot possibly be indifferent. Ten thousand times in the course of this tour have I regretted the inability of my memory to retain a more strong impression of the beautiful forms before me; and again and again, in quitting a fortunate station, have I returned to it with the most eager avidity, in the hope of bearing away a more lively picture. At this moment, when many of these landscapes are floating before my mind, I feel a high enjoyment in reflecting that perhaps scarcely a day of my life will pass in which I shall not derive some happiness from these images.

With regard to the manners of the inhabitants of this singular country, the impressions which we have had often occasion to receive have been unfavourable; but it must be remembered that we have had little to do but with innkeepers, and those corrupted by perpetual intercourse with strangers. Had we been able to speak the language, which is German, and had we time to insinuate ourselves into their cottages, we should probably have had as much occasion to admire the simplicity of their lives as the beauties of their country. My partiality to Switzerland, excited by its natural charms, induces me to hope that the manners of

the inhabitants are amiable; but at the same time I cannot help frequently comparing them with those of the French, and, as far as I have had opportunity to observe, they lose very much by the comparison. We not only found the French a much less imposing people, but that politeness diffused through the lowest ranks had an air so engaging that you could scarce attribute it to any other cause than real benevolence. During the time, which was near a month, that we were in France, we had not once to complain of the smallest deficiency in courtesy in any person, much less of any positive rudeness. We had also perpetual occasion to observe that cheerfulness and sprightliness for which the French have always been remarkable? But I must remind you that we crossed at the time when the whole nation was mad with joy in consequence of the revolution. It was a most interesting period to be in France; and we had many delightful scenes, where the interest of the picture was owing solely to this cause. I was also much pleased with what I saw of the Italians during the short time we were among them. We had several times occasion to observe a softness and elegance which contrasted strongly with the severe austereness of their neighbours on the other side of the Alps. It was with pleasure I observed, at a small inn on the Lake of Como, the master of it playing upon his harpsichord, with a large collection of Italian music about him. The outside of the instrument was such that it would not much have graced an English drawing-room; but the tones he drew from it were by no means contemptible.

.....

We have both enjoyed most excellent health; and we have been so inured to walking, that we are become almost insensible to fatigue. We have several times performed a journey of thirteen leagues over the most mountainous parts of Switzerland without any more weariness than if we had been walking an hour in the groves of Cambridge.

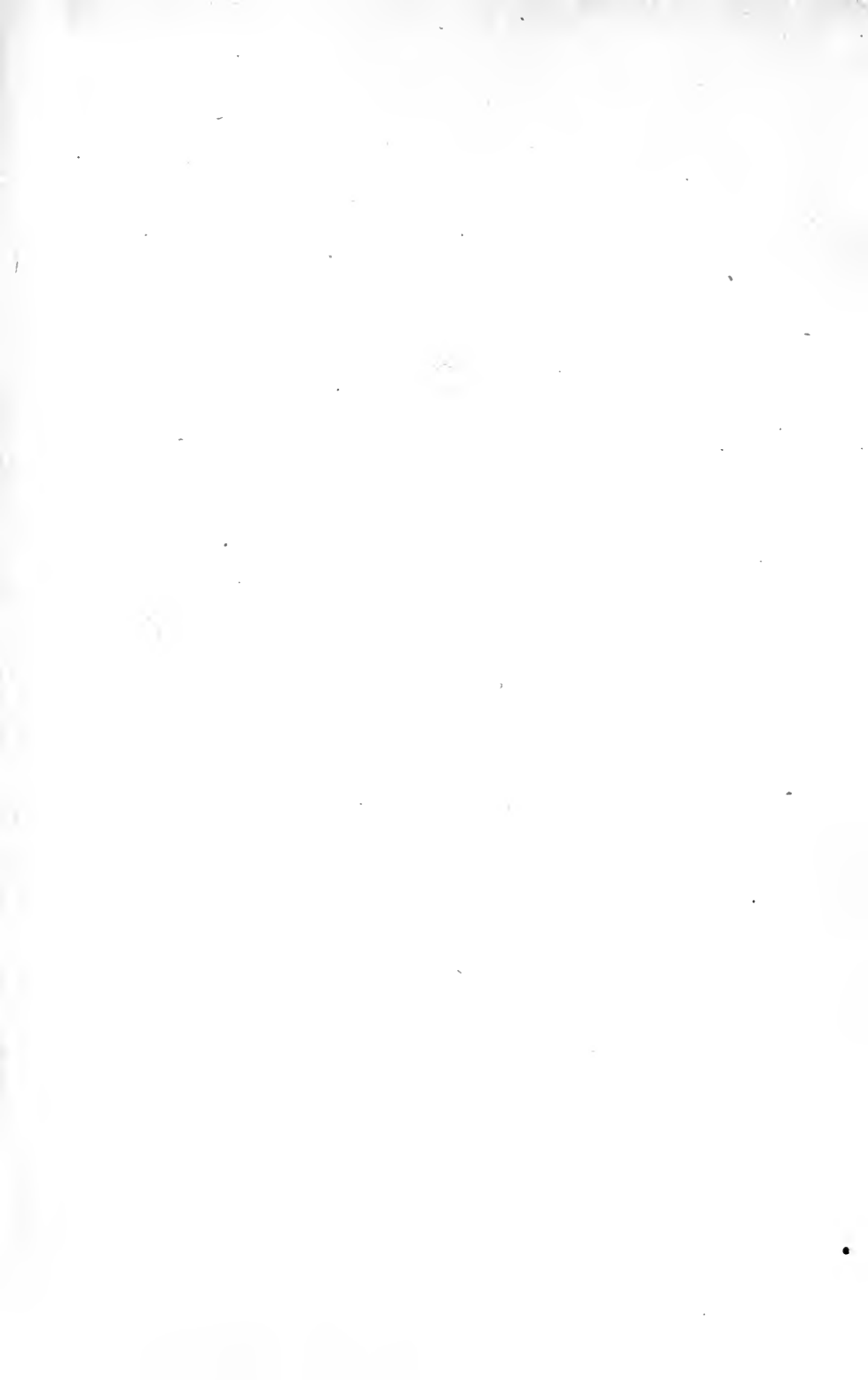
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I remain,

Most affectionately yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.







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