



THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
WITH A MEMOIR  
SEVEN VOLUMES IN THREE  
VOL. II.



BOSTON  
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge  
1880

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by  
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massa-  
chusetts

The Riverside Press, Cambridge :  
*Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company*



PR  
E54  
v 2

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

COMPRISING VOLS. III., IV., AND V.



VOL. III.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803

	Page
Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, August, 1803 . . .	1
At the Grave of Burns, 1803, Seven Years after his Death . . .	2
Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet's Residence . . . . .	6
To the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father . . . . .	9
Ellen Irwin: or, The Braes of Kirtle . . . . .	11
To a Highland Girl . . . . .	13
Glen-Almain: or, The Narrow Glen . . . . .	16
Stepping Westward . . . . .	18
The Solitary Reaper . . . . .	19
Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe . . . . .	20
Rob Roy's Grave . . . . .	23
Sonnet, composed at ——— Castle . . . . .	28
Yarrow Unvisited . . . . .	29
Sonnet, in the Pass of Killieranky . . . . .	32
The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband . . . . .	33
Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale . . . . .	36
The Blind Highland Boy . . . . .	37

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814.

The Brownie's Cell . . . . .	48
Composed at Cora Linn, in sight of Wallace's Tower . . . . .	53

Effusion, in the Pleasure-ground on the Banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld . . . . .	55
Yarrow Visited, September, 1814 . . . . .	60

POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE  
AND LIBERTY.

PART I.

Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August, 1802 . . . . .	64
Is it a reed that 's shaken by the wind . . . . .	65
Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802 . . . . .	65
I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain . . . . .	66
Festivals have I seen that were not names . . . . .	67
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic . . . . .	67
The King of Sweden . . . . .	68
To Toussaint L'Ouverture . . . . .	69
We had a female Passenger who came . . . . .	69
Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the Day of Land- ing . . . . .	70
Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood . . . . .	71
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland . . . . .	71
Written in London. September, 1802 . . . . .	72
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour . . . . .	73
Great men have been among us ; hands that penned . . . . .	73
It is not to be thought of, that the Flood . . . . .	74
When I have borne in memory what has tamed . . . . .	74
One might believe that natural miseries . . . . .	75
There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear . . . . .	76
These times strike moneyed worldlings with dismay . . . . .	76
England! the time has come when thou shouldst wean . . . . .	77
When, looking on the present face of things . . . . .	78
To the Men of Kent, October, 1803 . . . . .	78
What if our numbers barely could defy . . . . .	79
Lines on the Expected Invasion, 1803 . . . . .	80
Anticipation, October, 1803 . . . . .	81
Another year! — another deadly blow! . . . . .	81
Ode. Who rises on the banks of Seine . . . . .	82

## PART II.

On a Celebrated Event in Ancient History . . . . .	85
Upon the same Event . . . . .	86
To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave-Trade . . . . .	86
A Prophecy, February, 1807 . . . . .	87
Composed by the Side of Grasmere Lake . . . . .	88
Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes . . . . .	88
Composed while the Author was engaged in writing a Tract, occasioned by the Convention of Cintra . . . . .	89
Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion . . . . .	90
Hoffer . . . . .	90
Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground . . . . .	91
Feelings of the Tyrolese . . . . .	92
Alas! what boots the long, laborious quest . . . . .	92
And is it among rude, untutored Dales . . . . .	93
O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain . . . . .	93
On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese . . . . .	94
Hail, Zaragoza! If with unvet eye . . . . .	95
Say, what is Honor? — 'T is the finest sense . . . . .	95
The martial courage of a day is vain . . . . .	96
Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight . . . . .	96
Call not the royal Swede unfortunate . . . . .	97
Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid . . . . .	98
Is there a power that can sustain and cheer . . . . .	98
Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen . . . . .	99
In due observance of an ancient rite . . . . .	99
Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals . . . . .	100
The Oak of Guernica . . . . .	101
Indignation of a High-minded Spaniard . . . . .	102
Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind . . . . .	102
O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied . . . . .	103
The French and the Spanish Guerillas . . . . .	104
Spanish Guerillas . . . . .	104
The power of Armies is a visible thing . . . . .	105
Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise . . . . .	106
The French Army in Russia . . . . .	106
On the same Occasion . . . . .	108

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze . . . . .	109
The Germans on the Heights of Hockheim . . . . .	109
Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright . . . . .	110
Ode, 1814.— When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch . . . . .	111
Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duc d'Enghien . . . . .	117
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo . . . . .	117
Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski . . . . .	118
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo . . . . .	119
Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung . . . . .	119
Ode, 1815.— Imagination — ne'er before content . . . . .	120
Ode.— The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, January 18, 1816 . . . . .	126

#### MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820.

Dedication . . . . .	136
Fish-women. — On Landing at Calais . . . . .	135
Bruges . . . . .	136
Bruges . . . . .	137
Incident at Bruges . . . . .	137
After visiting the Field of Waterloo . . . . .	138
Between Namur and Liege . . . . .	140
Aix-la-Chapelle . . . . .	140
In the Cathedral at Cologne . . . . .	141
In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine . . . . .	142
Hymn, for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg . . . . .	142
The Source of the Danube . . . . .	144
On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen . . . . .	144
The Fall of the Aar, Handec . . . . .	145
Memorial, near the Outlet of the Lake of Thun . . . . .	146
Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons . . . . .	147
After-thought . . . . .	148
Scene on the Lake of Brientz . . . . .	149
Engelberg, the Hill of Angels . . . . .	149
Our Lady of the Snow . . . . .	150

CONTENTS.

vii

Effusion, in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell, at Altorf . . . . .	152
The Town of Schwytz . . . . .	154
On hearing the "Ranz des Vaches" on the Top of the Pass of St. Gothard . . . . .	154
Fort Fuentes . . . . .	155
The Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano . . . . .	157
The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd. — Part I.	159
Part II.	162
The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refec- tory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia, Milan .	163
The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820 . . . . .	164
The Three Cottage Girls . . . . .	168
The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan, now lying by the Way-side in the Simplon Pass . . . . .	171
Stanzas, composed in the Simplon Pass . . . . .	172
Echo, upon the Gemmi . . . . .	173
Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny . . . . .	174
Elegiac Stanzas . . . . .	177
Sky-Prospect, — from the Plain of France . . . . .	182
On being stranded near the Harbor of Boulogne . . . .	182
After Landing, — The Valley of Dover . . . . .	183
At Dover . . . . .	184
Desultory Stanzas . . . . .	181

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837.

To Henry Crabb Robinson . . . . .	189
Musings near Aquapendente . . . . .	190
The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome . . . . .	203
At Rome . . . . .	204
At Rome. — Regrets. — In Allusion to Niebuhr and other Modern Historians . . . . .	204
Continued . . . . .	205
Plea for the Historian . . . . .	206

At Rome . . . . .	208
Near Rome, in Sight of St. Peter's . . . . .	207
At Albano . . . . .	208
Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove . . . . .	208
From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome . . . . .	209
Near the Lake of Thrasymene . . . . .	210
Near the same Lake . . . . .	210
The Cuckoo at Laverna . . . . .	211
At the Convent of Camaldoli . . . . .	215
Continued . . . . .	216
At the Eremitic or Upper Convent of Camaldoli . . . . .	217
At Vallombrosa . . . . .	218
At Florence . . . . .	220
Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gal- lery at Florence . . . . .	220
At Florence. — From Michael Angelo . . . . .	221
At Florence. — From Michael Angelo . . . . .	222
Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines . . . . .	222
In Lombardy . . . . .	223
After leaving Italy . . . . .	224
Continued . . . . .	224
Composed at Rydal on May Morning, 1838 . . . . .	225
The Pillar of Trajan . . . . .	226
THE EGYPTIAN MAID: OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER-LILY . . . . .	229

THE RIVER DUDDON. — A SERIES OF SONNETS.

To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth . . . . .	246
Not envying Latian shades, — if yet they throw . . . . .	249
Child of the clouds! remote from every taint . . . . .	249
How shall I paint thee? — Be this naked stone . . . . .	250
Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take . . . . .	250
Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played . . . . .	251
Flowers . . . . .	252
“Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!” . . . . .	252
What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled . . . . .	253
The Stepping-stones . . . . .	254

The same Subject . . . . .	254
The Faëry Chasm . . . . .	255
Hints for the Fancy . . . . .	256
Open Prospect . . . . .	256
O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot . . .	257
From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play	258
American Tradition . . . . .	258
Return . . . . .	259
Seathwaite Chapel . . . . .	260
Tributary Stream . . . . .	260
The Plain of Donnerdale . . . . .	261
Whence that low voice? — A whisper from the heart .	262
Tradition . . . . .	262
Sheep-washing . . . . .	263
The Resting-place . . . . .	264
Methinks 't were no unprecedented feat . . . . .	264
Return, Content! for fondly I pursued . . . . .	265
Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap . . . . .	265
Journey renewed . . . . .	266
No record tells of lance opposed to lance . . . . .	267
Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce . .	267
The KIRK of ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye . . . . .	268
Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep . . . . .	269
Conclusion . . . . .	269
After-thought . . . . .	270

### YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

Composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831.

The gallant Youth, who may have gained . . . . .	271
On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples . . . . .	276
A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland . . . . .	276
On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland . .	277
Composed in Roslin Chapel, during a Storm . . . . .	278
The Trosachs . . . . .	278

The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute . . . . .	279
Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive . . . . .	280
Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban . . . . .	280
In the Sound of Mull . . . . .	281
Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm . . . . .	282
The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion, and Family Burial-place, near Killin . . . . .	282
"Rest and be Thankful!" At the Head of Glencroe . . . . .	283
Highland Hut . . . . .	284
The Highland Broach . . . . .	285
The Brownie . . . . .	288
To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star. Composed at Loch Lomond . . . . .	289
Bothwell Castle. Passed unseen, on Account of Stormy Weather . . . . .	290
Picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, at Hamilton Palace . . . . .	291
The Avon. A Feeder of the Annan . . . . .	291
Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest . . . . .	292
Hart's-Horn Tree, near Penrith . . . . .	293
Fancy and Tradition . . . . .	293
Countess' Pillar . . . . .	294
Roman Antiquities. From the Roman Station at Old Penrith . . . . .	295
Apology for the foregoing Poems . . . . .	296
NOTES . . . . .	298

---

 VOL. IV.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.—Dedication . . . . .	1
Canto I. . . . .	4
Canto II. . . . .	16
Canto III. . . . .	25
Canto IV. . . . .	37



CONTENTS.

xi

Canto V. . . . .	45
Canto VI. . . . .	52
Canto VII. . . . .	59

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

PART I.—FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY  
INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL  
DOMINION.

Introduction . . . . .	72
Conjectures . . . . .	73
Trepidation of the Druids . . . . .	74
Druidical Excommunication . . . . .	74
Uncertainty . . . . .	75
Persecution . . . . .	76
Recovery . . . . .	76
Temptations from Roman Refinements . . . . .	77
Dissensions . . . . .	78
Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians . . . . .	78
Saxon Conquest . . . . .	79
Monastery of Old Bangor . . . . .	80
Casual Incitement . . . . .	80
Glad Tidings . . . . .	81
Paulinus . . . . .	82
Persuasion . . . . .	82
Conversion . . . . .	83
Apology . . . . .	84
Primitive Saxon Clergy . . . . .	84
Other Influences . . . . .	85
Seclusion . . . . .	86
Continued . . . . .	86
Reproof . . . . .	87
Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Re- ligion . . . . .	88
Missions and Travels . . . . .	88
Alfred . . . . .	89
His Descendants . . . . .	90
Influence abused . . . . .	90

Danish Conquests . . . . .	91
Canute . . . . .	92
The Norman Conquest . . . . .	92
Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered . . . . .	93
The Council of Clermont . . . . .	94
Crusades . . . . .	94
Richard I. . . . .	95
An Interdict . . . . .	96
Papal Abuses . . . . .	96
Scene in Venice . . . . .	97
Papal Dominion . . . . .	98

PART II. — TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE  
REIGN OF CHARLES I.

How soon, alas! did Man, created pure . . . . .	98
From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed . . . . .	99
<b>C</b> istertian Monastery . . . . .	100
Deplorable his lot who tills the ground . . . . .	100
Monks and Schoolmen . . . . .	101
Other Benefits . . . . .	102
Continued . . . . .	102
Crusaders . . . . .	103
As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest . . . . .	104
Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root . . . . .	104
Transubstantiation . . . . .	105
The Vaudois . . . . .	105
Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs . . . . .	106
Waldenses . . . . .	107
Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V. . . . .	107
Wars of York and Lancaster . . . . .	108
Wicliffe . . . . .	109
Corruptions of the Higher Clergy . . . . .	109
Abuse of Monastic Power . . . . .	110
Monastic Voluptuousness . . . . .	111
Dissolution of the Monasteries . . . . .	111
The same Subject . . . . .	112
Continued . . . . .	113

Saints . . . . .	113
The Virgin . . . . .	114
Apology . . . . .	114
Imaginative Regrets . . . . .	115
Reflections . . . . .	116
Translation of the Bible . . . . .	116
The Point at Issue . . . . .	117
Edward VI. . . . .	118
Edward signing the Warrant for the Execution of Joan of Kent . . . . .	118
Revival of Popery . . . . .	119
Latimer and Ridley . . . . .	120
Cranmer . . . . .	120
General View of the Troubles of the Reformation . . . . .	121
English Reformers in Exile . . . . .	122
Elizabeth . . . . .	122
Eminent Reformers . . . . .	123
The Same . . . . .	124
Distractions . . . . .	124
Gunpowder Plot . . . . .	126
Illustration. The Jung-Frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen . . . . .	126
Troubles of Charles the First. . . . .	126
Laud . . . . .	127
Afflictions of England . . . . .	128

PART III.—FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT  
TIMES.

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid . . . . .	128
Patriotic Sympathies . . . . .	129
Charles the Second . . . . .	130
Latitudinarianism . . . . .	130
Walton's Book of Lives . . . . .	131
Clerical Integrity . . . . .	132
Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters . . . . .	132
Acquittal of the Bishops . . . . .	133
William the Third . . . . .	134

Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty . . . . .	134
Sacheverel . . . . .	135
Down a swift stream, thus far, a bold design . . . . .	135
<b>ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.</b>	
I. The Pilgrim Fathers . . . . .	136
II. Continued . . . . .	137
III. Concluded.— American Episcopacy . . . . .	137
Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep . . . . .	138
Places of Worship . . . . .	139
Pastoral Character . . . . .	139
The Liturgy . . . . .	140
Baptism . . . . .	141
Sponsors . . . . .	141
Catechizing . . . . .	142
Confirmation . . . . .	143
Confirmation, Continued . . . . .	143
Sacrament . . . . .	144
The Marriage Ceremony . . . . .	144
Thanksgiving after Childbirth . . . . .	145
Visitation of the Sick . . . . .	146
The Communion Service . . . . .	146
Forms of Prayer at Sea . . . . .	147
Funeral Service . . . . .	148
Rural Ceremony . . . . .	148
Regrets . . . . .	149
Mutability . . . . .	150
Old Abbeys . . . . .	150
Emigrant French Clergy . . . . .	151
Congratulation . . . . .	152
New Churches . . . . .	152
Church to be erected . . . . .	153
Continued . . . . .	154
New Churchyard . . . . .	154
Cathedrals, etc. . . . .	155
Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. . . . .	156
The Same . . . . .	156
Continued . . . . .	157
Ejaculation . . . . .	158
Conclusion . . . . .	158

## EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose . . . . .	160
On a High Part of the Coast of Cumberland . . . . .	161
By the Sea-side . . . . .	162
Not in the lucid intervals of life . . . . .	164
By the Side of Rydal Mere . . . . .	165
Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge, — the Mere . . . . .	167
The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill . . . . .	168
The sun has long been set . . . . .	170
Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendor and Beauty . . . . .	170
Composed by the Sea-shore . . . . .	174
The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love . . . . .	175
To the Moon. (Composed by the Sea-side, on the Coast of Cumberland) . . . . .	175
To the Moon. Rydal . . . . .	178
To Lucca Giordano . . . . .	180
Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high . . . . .	181
Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed . . . . .	182

POEMS, COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A  
TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown . . . . .	183
Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle . . . . .	184
They called thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time . . . . .	184
To the River Greta, near Keswick . . . . .	185
To the River Derwent . . . . .	186
In Sight of the Town of Cockermouth . . . . .	186
Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle . . . . .	187
Nun's Well, Brigham . . . . .	188
To a Friend. (On the Banks of the Derwent) . . . . .	188
Mary Queen of Scots. (Landing at the Mouth of the Derwent, Workington) . . . . .	189
Stanzas suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees' Heads, on the Coast of Cumberland . . . . .	190
In the Channel, between the Coast of Cumberland and the Isle of Man . . . . .	196

At Sea off the Isle of Man . . . . .	197
Desire we past illusions to recall? . . . . .	197
On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man . . . . .	198
By the Sea-shore, Isle of Man . . . . .	199
Isle of Man . . . . .	200
Isle of Man . . . . .	200
By a Retired Mariner. (A Friend of the Author) . .	201
At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man. (Supposed to be written by a Friend) . . . . .	202
Tynwald Hill . . . . .	202
Despond who will, — <i>I</i> heard a voice exclaim . . . .	203
In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag. (During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17) . . . . .	204
On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steamboat) . . . . .	204
On revisiting Dunolly Castle . . . . .	205
The Dunolly Eagle . . . . .	206
Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian . . .	206
Cave of Staffa . . . . .	209
Cave of Staffa. After the Crowd had departed . . .	210
Cave of Staffa . . . . .	211
Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave . . . . .	211
Iona . . . . .	212
Iona. Upon Landing . . . . .	213
The Black Stones of Iona . . . . .	214
Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell . . . .	214
Greenock . . . . .	215
"There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride .	216
The River Eden, Cumberland. . . . .	216
Monument of Mrs. Howard, (by Nollekens,) in Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the Banks of the Eden . .	217
Suggested by the foregoing . . . . .	218
Nunnery . . . . .	218
Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways . . . . .	219
The Monument commonly called Long Meg and her Daughters, near the River Eden . . . . .	220
Lowther . . . . .	221
To the Earl of Lonsdale . . . . .	221
The Somnambulist . . . . .	222

To Cordelia M——, Hallsteads, Ullswater . . . . .	228
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes . . . . .	229

## POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Expostulation and Reply . . . . .	230
The Tables Turned. An Evening Scene on the same Subject . . . . .	232
Lines written in Early Spring . . . . .	233
A Character . . . . .	234
To my Sister . . . . .	235
Simon Lee, the Old Huntsman: with an Incident in which he was concerned . . . . .	237
Written in Germany, on one of the Coldest Days of the Century . . . . .	241
A Poet's Epitaph . . . . .	243
To the Daisy . . . . .	246
Matthew . . . . .	247
The Two April Mornings . . . . .	248
The Fountain. A Conversation . . . . .	251
Personal Talk . . . . .	254
Illustrated Books and Newspapers . . . . .	257
To the Spade of a Friend. (An Agriculturist.) Com- posed while we were laboring together in his Pleas- ure-Ground . . . . .	257
A Night Thought . . . . .	259
Incident characteristic of a Favorite Dog . . . . .	260
Tribute to the Memory of the same Dog . . . . .	262
Fidelity . . . . .	263
Ode to Duty . . . . .	266
Character of the Happy Warrior . . . . .	268
The Force of Prayer; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory. A Tradition . . . . .	271
A Fact, and an Imagination; or, Canute and Alfred, on the Sea-shore . . . . .	274
A little onward lend thy guiding hand . . . . .	276
Ode to Lycoris . . . . .	279
To the same . . . . .	281

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields . . . . .	283
Upon the same Occasion . . . . .	284
Memory . . . . .	287
This Lawn, a carpet all alive . . . . .	288
Humanity . . . . .	289
The unremitting voice of nightly streams . . . . .	293
Thoughts on the Seasons . . . . .	294
Go ——, upon the Birth of her First-born Child, March, 1833 . . . . .	295
The Warning. A Sequel to the foregoing . . . . .	298
If this great world of joy and pain . . . . .	304
The Laborer's Noonday Hymn . . . . .	305
Ode, composed on May Morning . . . . .	306
To May . . . . .	309
Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stoue	313
The foregoing Subject resumed . . . . .	318
So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive . . . . .	319
Upon seeing a Colored Drawing of the Bird of Paradise in an Album . . . . .	320

## SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

Composed after reading a Newspaper of the Day . . . . .	323
Upon the late General Fast. March, 1832 . . . . .	324
Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud . . . . .	324
Blest Statesman he, whose Mind's unselfish will . . . . .	325
In Allusion to various recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution . . . . .	325
Continued . . . . .	326
Concluded . . . . .	327
Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book . . . . .	327
To the Pennsylvanians . . . . .	328
At Bologna, in Remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837 . . . . .	328
Continued . . . . .	329
Concluded . . . . .	330
Young England, — what is then become of Old . . . . .	330
Feel for the wrongs to universal ken . . . . .	331



## SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle (on the Road from the South) . . . . .	332
Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law . . . . .	333
The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die . . . . .	333
Is <i>Death</i> , when evil against good has fought . . . . .	334
Not to the object specially designed . . . . .	334
Ye brood of conscience, Spectres! that frequent . . . . .	335
Before the world had passed her time of youth . . . . .	236
Fit retribution, by the moral code . . . . .	336
Though to give timely warning and deter . . . . .	337
Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine . . . . .	337
Ah! think how one compelled for life to abide . . . . .	338
See the Condemned alone within his cell . . . . .	329
Conclusion . . . . .	339
Apology . . . . .	340
NOTES . . . . .	341

## VOL. V.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart. From the Southwest Coast of Cumberland. — 1811 . . . . .	1
Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle Thirty Years after its Composition . . . . .	13
Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase . . . . .	13
Liberty. (Sequel to the Preceding.) [Addressed to a Friend; the Gold and Silver Fishes having been re- moved to a Pool in the Pleasure-Ground of Rydal Mount.] . . . . .	15
Poor Robin . . . . .	21
The Gleaner. (Suggested by a Picture) . . . . .	22
To a Redbreast — (in Sickness) . . . . .	24
I know an aged Man constrained to dwell . . . . .	24

Sonnet. (To an Octogenarian) . . . . .	28
Floating Island . . . . .	27
How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high . . . . .	28
Once I could hail (how'er serene the sky) . . . . .	28
To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the Foundation preparing for the Erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland . . . . .	30
On the same Occasion . . . . .	35
The Horn of Egremont Castle . . . . .	33
Goody Blake and Harry Gill. A true Story . . . . .	41
Prelude, prefixed to the Volume entitled "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years" . . . . .	46
To a Child. Written in her Album . . . . .	4 <sup>a</sup>
Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale. Nov. 5, 1834 . . . . .	48
Grace Darling . . . . .	52
The Russian Fugitive. — Part I. . . . .	56
Part II. . . . .	59
Part III. . . . .	62
Part IV. . . . .	65

## INSCRIPTIONS.

In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., Leicestershire . . . . .	70
In a Garden of the Same . . . . .	71
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 . . . . .	72
For a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton . . . . .	73
Written with a Pencil upon a Stone in the Wall of the House (an Out-house), on the Island at Grasmere . . . . .	74
Written with a Slate Pencil on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black Comb . . . . .	75
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 . . . . .	76
In these fair vales hath many a Tree . . . . .	78

The massy Ways, carried across these heights . . . .	78
Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell.	
I. — Hopes, what are they? — Beads of morning . . . .	79
II. — Inscribed upon a Rock . . . . .	81
III. — Hast thou seen, with flash incessant . . . .	82
IV. — Near the Spring of the Hermitage . . . . .	83
V. — Not seidom, clad in radiant vest . . . . .	83
For the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Herbert's Island, Derwent-Water . . . . .	84
On the Banks of a Rocky Stream . . . . .	86

## SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER, MODERNIZED.

The Prioress' Tale . . . . .	87
The Cuckoo and the Nightingale . . . . .	97
Troilus and Cresida . . . . .	112

## POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

The Old Cumberland Beggar . . . . .	119
The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale . . . . .	126
The Small Celandine . . . . .	131
The Two Thieves; or, The Last Stage of Avarice . . . .	132
Animal Tranquillity and Decay . . . . .	134

## EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

## Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera.

Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air . . . .	136
Perhaps some needful service of the State . . . .	136
O thou who movest onward with a mind . . . .	137
There never breathed a man who, when his life . . . .	138
True is it that Ambrosio Salinero . . . . .	139
Destined to war from very infancy . . . . .	140
O flower of all that springs from gentle blood . . . .	141
Not without heavy grief of heart did he . . . .	142
Pause, courteous Spirit! — Balbi supplicates . . . .	143

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came . . . . .	144
Six months to six years added he remained . . . . .	145
Cenotaph . . . . .	145
Epitaph in the Chapel-Yard of Langdale, Westmoreland	146
Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ——	147
Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle, in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont . . .	150
To the Daisy . . . . .	153
Elegiac Verses, in Memory of my Brother, John Words- worth, Commander of the E. I. Company's Ship, the Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished by a Ca- lamitous Shipwreck, Feb. 6, 1805 . . . . .	156
Sonnet . . . . .	159
Lines composed at Grasmere, during a Walk one Even- ing, after a Stormy Day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the Dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected . . . . .	160
Invocation to the Earth. February, 1816 . . . . .	161
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 . . . . .	163
Elegiac Stanzas. (Addressed to Sir G. H. B. upon the Death of his Sister-in-Law) . . . . .	163
Elegiac Musings in the Grounds of Coleorton Hall, the Seat of the late Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart. . . . .	166
Written after the Death of Charles Lamb . . . . .	168
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg . .	173
Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick . . . . .	175
ODE. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOL- LECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD . . . . .	177
NOTES . . . . .	185

## APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC., ETC.

Preface to the Second Edition of several of the foregoing Poems, published, with an additional Volume, under the Title of "Lyrical Ballads" . . . . .	189
---	-----

## CONTENTS.

x xiii

Appendix . . . . .	227
Essay, supplementary to the Preface . . . . .	235
Dedication, prefixed to the Edition of 1815 . . . . .	278
Preface to the Edition of 1815 . . . . .	280
Postscript . . . . .	303
Index to the Poems . . . . .	339
Index to the First Lines . . . . .	349



# MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1803.

---

## I.

### DEPARTURE

FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE. AUGUST, 1803.

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains  
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains ;  
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies  
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,  
Methinks 't would heighten joy, to overleap  
At will the crystal battlements, and peep  
Into some other region, though less fair,  
To see how things are made and managed there.  
Change for the worse might please, incursion bold  
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold ;  
O'er Limbo Lake with aëry flight to steer,  
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.  
Such animation often do I find,  
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,  
Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,  
Perchance without one look behind me cast,

Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth  
 Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.  
 O pleasant transit, Grasmere ! to resign  
 Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine ;  
 Not like an outcast with himself at strife ;  
 The slave of business, time, or care for life,  
 But moved by choice ; or, if constrained in part,  
 Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart ; —  
 To cull contentment upon wildest shores,  
 And luxuries extract from bleakest moors ;  
 With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,  
 And having rights in all that we behold.  
 Then why these lingering steps ? — A bright adieu,  
 For a brief absence, proves that love is true ;  
 Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn  
 That winds into itself for sweet return.

---

 II.

## AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,  
 At thought of what I now behold :  
 As vapors breathed from dungeons cold  
     Strike pleasure dead,  
 So sadness comes from out the mould  
     Where Burns is laid.



And have I then thy bones so near,  
And thou forbidden to appear?  
As if it were thyself that 's here,  
    I shrink with pain;  
And both my wishes and my fear  
    Alike are vain.

Off weight, — nor press on weight! — away  
Dark thoughts! — they came, but not to stay;  
With chastened feelings would I pay  
    The tribute due  
To him, and aught that hides his clay  
    From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth  
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,  
Rose like a star that, touching earth,  
    For so it seems,  
Doth glorify its humble birth  
    With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,  
The struggling heart, where be they now? —  
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,  
    The prompt, the brave,  
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low  
    And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one  
More deeply grieved, for He was gone

Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
 And showed my youth  
 How Verse may build a princely throne  
 On humble truth.

Alas ! where'er the current tends,  
 Regret pursues and with it blends, —  
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends  
     By Skiddaw seen, —  
 Neighbors we were, and loving friends  
     We might have been ;

True friends, though diversely inclined ;  
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,  
 Where the main fibres are entwined,  
     Through Nature's skill,  
 May even by contraries be joined  
     More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow ;  
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"  
 At this dread moment — even so —  
     Might we together  
 Have sat and talked where gowans blow,  
     Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed  
 Within my reach ; of knowledge graced  
 By fancy what a rich repast !  
     But why go on ? —

Oh ! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,  
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,  
(Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)  
Lies gathered to his Father's side,  
Soul-moving sight !  
Yet one to which is not denied  
Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed  
Hath early found among the dead,  
Harbored where none can be misled,  
Wronged, or distrest ;  
And surely here it may be said  
That such are blest.

And oh ! for Thee, by pitying grace  
Checked oftentimes in a devious race,  
May He who halloweth the place  
Where Man is laid  
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace  
For which it prayed !

Sighing, I turned away ; but ere  
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,  
Music that sorrow comes not near, —  
A ritual hymn,  
Chanted in love that casts out fear  
By Seraphim.

## III.

## THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS OF NITH,  
NEAR THE POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow  
That must have followed when his brow  
Was wreathed — "The Vision" tells us how —  
    With holly spray,  
He faltered, drifted to and fro,  
    And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, throng  
Our minds when, lingering all too long,  
Over the grave of Burns we hung  
    In social grief, —  
Indulged as if it were a wrong  
    To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme  
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,  
And prompt to welcome every gleam  
    Of good and fair,  
Let us beside this limpid Stream  
    Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;  
Think rather of those moments bright,  
When to the consciousness of right  
    His course was true,

When Wisdom prospered in his sight  
And Virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,  
Freely as in youth's season bland,  
When, side by side, his Book in hand,  
We wont to stray,  
Our pleasure varying at command  
Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod  
These pathways, yon far-stretching road !  
There lurks his home ; in that Abode,  
With mirth elate,  
Or in his nobly pensive mood,  
The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,  
Before it humbly let us pause,  
And ask of Nature, from what cause  
And by what rules  
She trained her Burns to win applause  
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen  
Are felt the flashes of his pen ;  
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when  
Bees fill their hives ;  
Deep in the general heart of men  
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime  
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,  
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme  
    From genuine springs,  
Shall dwell together till old Time  
    Folds up his wings ?

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of Heaven  
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;  
The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
    With vain endeavor,  
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,  
    Effaced for ever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,  
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear  
On the frail heart the purest share  
    With all that live ? —  
The best of what we do and are,  
    Just God, forgive ! \*

\* See note.

## IV.

## TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

## AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

“The Poet’s grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses, —

‘Is there a man whose judgment clear,’ &c.”

*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-traveller.*

’MID crowded obelisks and urns  
I sought the untimely grave of Burns ;  
Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns  
    With sorrow true,  
And more would grieve, but that it turns  
    Trembling to you !

Through twilight shades of good and ill  
Ye now are panting up life’s hill,  
And more than common strength and skill  
    Must ye display,  
If ye would give the better will  
    Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear  
Intemperance with less harm, beware  
But if the Poet’s wit ye share, —  
    Like him can speed  
The social hour, — of tenfold care  
    There will be need ;

For honest men delight will take  
 To spare your failings for his sake,  
 Will flatter you, — and fool and rake  
     Your steps pursue ;  
 And of your Father's name will make  
     A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,  
 And add your voices to the choir  
 That sanctify the cottage fire  
     With service meet ;  
 There seek the genius of your Sire,  
     His spirit greet ;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"  
 He paid to Nature tuneful vows ;  
 Or wiped his honorable brows  
     Bedewed with toil,  
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs  
     Upturned the soil ;

His judgment with benignant ray  
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way ;  
 But ne'er to a seductive lay  
     Let faith be given ;  
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray  
     Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave ;  
 Be independent, generous, brave ;



Your Father such example gave,  
 And such revere ;  
 But be admonished by his grave,  
 And think, and fear !

---

## V.

ELLEN IRWIN :

OR, THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.\*

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sat  
 Upon the braes of Kirtle,  
 Was lovely as a Grecian maid  
 Adorned with wreaths of myrtle ;  
 Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,  
 And there did they beguile the day  
 With love and gentle speeches,  
 Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires  
 The Bruce had been selected ;  
 And Gordon, fairest of them all,  
 By Ellen was rejected.  
 Sad tidings to that noble Youth !  
 For it may be proclaimed with truth,

\* The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on the banks of which the events here related took place.

If Bruce hath loved sincerely,  
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,  
His shattered hopes and crosses,  
To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,  
Reclined on flowers and mosses?  
Alas that ever he was born!  
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,  
Sees them and their caressing;  
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts  
That through his brain are travelling,  
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce  
He launched a deadly javelin!  
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,  
And, starting up to meet the same,  
Did with her body cover  
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,  
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
Thus from the heart of her True-love  
The mortal spear repelling.  
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain  
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain,  
And fought with rage incessant  
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,  
And many years ensuing,  
This wretched Knight did vainly seek  
The death that he was wooing.  
So, coming his last help to crave,  
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave  
His body he extended,  
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard  
The tale I have been telling,  
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view  
The grave of lovely Ellen:  
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;  
And, for the stone upon his head,  
May no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn *Hic jacet!*

---

  
VI.

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head:  
And these gray rocks; that household lawn;  
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;

This fall of water that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay ; a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy Abode, —  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
But, O fair Creature ! in the light  
Of common day, so heavenly bright,  
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart ;  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away :  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and homebred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered, like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness :  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a Mountaineer :  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !

And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech :  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful ?  
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality :  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighborhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
Thy elder Brother I would be,  
Thy Father, — anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.

Joy have I had ; and going hence  
 I bear away my recompense.  
 In spots like these it is we prize  
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
 Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
 I feel this place was made for her ;  
 To give new pleasure like the past,  
 Continued long as life shall last.  
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
 Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;  
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 As fair before me shall behold,  
 As I do now, the cabin small,  
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
 And thee, the Spirit of them all !

---

 VII.

## GLEN-ALMAIN :

## OR, THE NARROW GLEN.

IN this still place, remote from men,  
 Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN ;  
 In this still place, where murmurs on  
 But one meek streamlet, only one :  
 He sang of battles, and the breath  
 Of stormy war, and violent death ;

And should, methinks, when all was past,  
 Have rightfully been laid 'at last  
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
 As by a spirit turbulent ;  
 Where sights were rough and sounds were wild,  
 And everything unreconciled ;  
 In some complaining, dim retreat,  
 For fear and melancholy meet ;  
 But this is calm ; there cannot be  
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?  
 Or is it but a groundless creed ?  
 What matters it ? — I blame them not  
 Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot  
 Was moved ; and in such way expressed  
 Their notion of its perfect rest.  
 A convent, even a hermit's cell,  
 Would break the silence of this Dell :  
 It is not quiet, it is not ease ;  
 But something deeper far than these :  
 The separation that is here  
 Is of the grave ; and of austere  
 Yet happy feelings of the dead :  
 And therefore was it rightly said  
 That Ossian, last of all his race !  
 \* Lies buried in this lonely place.

## VIII.

## STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward?"

"WHAT, you are stepping westward?" — "Yea."  
— 'T would be a *wildish* destiny,

If we, who thus together roam  
In a strange Land, and far from home,  
Were in this place the guests of Chance:  
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;  
Behind, all gloomy to behold;  
And stepping westward seemed to be  
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:  
I liked the greeting; 't was a sound  
Of something without place or bound;  
And seemed to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native lake:



The salutation had to me  
The very sound of courtesy :  
Its power was felt ; and while my eye  
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,  
The echo of the voice inwrought  
A human sweetness with the thought  
Of travelling through the world that lay  
Before me in my endless way.

---

## IX.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands :  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago:  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending; —  
 I listened, motionless and still;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

---

X.

ADDRESS

TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE.

“From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view, — a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water, — mists rested upon the mountain-side, with spots of

sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately, — not dismantled of turrets, nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin." — *Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream  
 Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest  
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;  
 Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are  
 caught

Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.  
 O there is life that breathes not! Powers there are  
 That touch each other to the quick, in modes  
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,  
 No soul to dream of. What art thou, from care  
 Cast off, abandoned by thy rugged Sire,  
 Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in place  
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem  
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,  
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills  
 Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm,)  
 Yet he, not loth, in favor of thy claims  
 To reverence, suspends his own; submitting  
 All that the God of Nature hath conferred,  
 All that he holds in common with the stars,  
 To the memorial majesty of Time  
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!  
 Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreprieved!  
 Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light  
 's fondly lingering on thy shattered front,

Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule  
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene  
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods unite  
To pay thee homage; and with these are joined,  
In willing admiration and respect,  
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called  
Youthful as Spring. — Shade of departed Power,  
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,  
The chronicle were welcome that should call  
Into the compass of distinct regard  
The toils and struggles of thy infant years!  
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;  
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,  
Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,  
To the perception of this Age, appear  
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued  
And quieted in character, — the strife,  
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,  
Lost on the aërial heights of the Crusades!\*

\* The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

## XI.

## ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pinfold-like burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,  
 The English ballad-singer's joy !  
 And Scotland has a thief as good,  
 An outlaw of as daring mood ;  
 She has her brave ROB ROY !  
 Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,  
 And let us chant a passing stave,  
 In honor of that Hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart  
 And wondrous length and strength of arm :  
 Nor craved he more to quell his foes,  
     Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;  
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong ; —  
 A Poet worthy of Rob Roy  
     Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;  
 As wise in thought as bold in deed :  
 For in the principles of things  
     *He* sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?  
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:  
They stir us up against our kind;  
    And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, — make a law,  
Too false to guide us or control!  
And for the law itself we fight  
    In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
Distinctions that are plain and few:  
These find I graven on my heart:  
    *That* tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,  
And those that travel on the wind!  
With them no strife can last; they live  
    In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why? — because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the **power**,  
    And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,  
A signal this which all can see!  
Thus nothing here provokes the strong  
    To wanton cruelty.

“ All freakishness of mind is checked ;  
He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;  
While to the measure of his might  
    Each fashions his desires.

“ All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall  
By strength of prowess or of wit :  
’T is God’s appointment who must sway,  
    And who is to submit.

“ Since, then, the rule of right is plain,  
And longest life is but a day ;  
To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
    I ’ll take the shortest way.”

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
Through summer heat and winter snow  
The Eagle, he was lord above,  
    And Rob was lord below.

So was it, — *would*, at least, have been  
But through untowardness of fate ;  
For Polity was then too strong, —  
    He came an age too late ;

Or shall we say an age too soon ?  
For, were the bold Man living *now*,  
How might he flourish in his pride,  
    With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,  
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,  
Would all have seemed but paltry things,  
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,  
To these few meagre Vales confined ;  
But thought how wide the world, the times  
How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,  
“ Do thou my sovereign will enact  
From land to land through half the earth !  
Judge thou of law and fact !

“ 'T is fit that we should do our part,  
Becoming that mankind should learn  
That we are not to be surpassed  
In fatherly concern.

“ Of old things all are over old,  
Of good things none are good enough ; —  
We 'll show that we can help to frame  
A world of other stuff.

“ I, too, will have my kings, that take  
From me the sign of life and death :  
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,  
Obedient to my breath.”



And if the word had been fulfilled,  
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !  
France would have had her present Boast,  
And we our own Rob Roy !

O, say not so ! compare them not ;  
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !  
Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all  
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,  
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan !  
Hadst this to boast of : thou didst love  
The *liberty* of man.

And had it been thy lot to live  
With us who now behold the light,  
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,  
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,  
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;  
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,  
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays  
Alone upon Loch Vool's heights,  
And by Loch Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
 Are faces that attest the same ;  
 The proud heart flashing through the eyes,  
 At sound of ROB ROY's name.

---

## XII.

## SONNET.

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas ! O the unworthy Lord !  
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,  
 And love of havoc, (for with such disease  
 Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word  
 To level with the dust a noble horde,  
 A brotherhood of venerable Trees,  
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,  
 Beggared and outraged !— Many hearts deplored  
 The fate of those old Trees ; and oft with pain  
 The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze  
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed  
 For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,  
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,  
 And the green, silent pastures, yet remain.

## XIII.

## YARROW UNVISITED.

See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning,

“Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!”

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my “*winsome Marrow,*”  
“Whate’er betide, we’ll turn aside,  
And see the braes of Yarrow.”

“Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, ’t is their own:  
Each maiden to her dwelling!  
On Yarrow’s banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

“There’s Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;

And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed  
 The lintwhites sing in chorus ;  
 There 's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land  
 Made blithe with plough and harrow :  
 Why throw away a needful day  
 To go in search of Yarrow ?

“ What 's Yarrow but a river bare,  
 That glides the dark hills under ?  
 There are a thousand such elsewhere,  
 As worthy of your wonder.”  
 Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn ;  
 My True-love sighed for sorrow ;  
 And looked me in the face, to think  
 I thus could speak of Yarrow !

“ O, green,” said I, “ are Yarrow's holms,  
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,\*  
 But we will leave it growing.  
 O'er hilly path, and open Strath,  
 We 'll wander Scotland thorough ;  
 But, though so near, we will not turn  
 Into the dale of Yarrow.

\* Let beeves and homebred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;

\* See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!  
We will not see them; will not go  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
Enough, if in our hearts we know  
There 's such a place as Yarrow.

“Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
It must, or we shall rue it:  
We have a vision of our own;  
Ah! why should we undo it?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We 'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
For when we 're there, although 't is fair,  
'T will be another Yarrow!

“If Care with freezing years should come,  
And wandering seem but folly, —  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy, —  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow!”

## XIV.

## SONNET.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY,

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.

SIX thousand veterans, practised in war's game,  
Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed  
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,  
Shepherds and herdsmen. — Like a whirlwind  
came

The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame;  
And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,  
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the  
load

Of the dead bodies. — 'T was a day of shame  
For them whom precept and the pedantry  
Of cold, mechanic battle do enslave.  
O for a single hour of that Dundee,  
Who on that day the word of onset gave!  
Like conquest would the Men of England see;  
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

## XV.

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND HER  
HUSBAND.

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private lodgings for a few days; and the following Verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,  
And call a train of laughing Hours;  
And bid them dance, and bid them sing;  
And thou, too, mingle in the ring!  
Take to thy heart a new delight;  
If not, make merry in despite  
That there is One who scorns thy power:—  
But dance! for under Jedborough Tower  
A Matron dwells, who, though she bears  
The weight of more than seventy years,  
Lives in the light of youthful glee,  
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that Figure—there!  
Him who is rooted to his chair!  
Look at him,—look again! for he  
Hath long been of thy family.  
With legs that move not, if they can,  
And useless arms, a trunk of man,  
He sits, and with a vacant eye;  
A sight to make a stranger sigh!

Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :  
 His world is in this single room :  
 Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?  
 Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Matron  
 Of him in that forlorn estate !  
 He breathes a subterraneous damp ;  
 But bright as Vesper shines her lamp :  
 He is as mute as Jedborough Tower ;  
 She jocund as it was of yore,  
 With all its bravery on ; in times  
 When all alive with merry chimes,  
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,  
 It roused the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due  
 Is praise, heroic praise, and true !  
 With admiration I behold  
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :  
 Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
 The picture of a life well spent :  
 This do I see ; and something more ;  
 A strength unthought of heretofore ;  
 Delighted am I for thy sake ;  
 And yet a higher joy partake :  
 Our Human-nature throws away  
 Its second twilight, and looks gay ;  
 A land of promise and of pride  
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.



An ! see her helpless Charge ! inclosed  
Within himself as seems, composed ;  
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,  
The strife of happiness and pain,  
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise  
Of little infants, when their eyes  
Begin to follow to and fro  
The persons that before them go,  
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.  
Her buoyant spirit can prevail  
Where common cheerfulness would fail ;  
She strikes upon him with the heat  
Of July suns ; he feels it sweet ;  
An animal delight, though dim !  
'T is all that now remains for him !

The more I looked, I wondered more, —  
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,  
Some inward trouble suddenly  
Broke from the Matron's strong black eye —  
A remnant of uneasy light,  
A flash of something over-bright !  
Nor long this mystery did detain  
My thoughts ; — she told in pensive strain  
That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;  
Ill health of body ; and had pined  
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it ! — but let praise ascend  
To Him who is our lord and friend !

Who from disease and suffering  
Hath called for thee a second spring ;  
Repaid thee for that sore distress  
By no untimely joyousness ;  
Which makes of thine a blissful state,  
And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

---

## XVI.

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale !  
Say that we come, and come by this day's light ;  
Fly upon swiftest wing round field and height,  
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;  
There let a mystery of joy prevail,  
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,  
And Rover whine, as at a second sight  
Of near-approaching good that shall not fail :  
And from that infant's face let joy appear ;  
Yea, let our Mary's one companion child —  
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled  
With intimations manifold and dear,  
While we have wandered over wood and wild —  
Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

## XVII.

## THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

4 TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE, AFTER RETURNING TO  
THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

NOW we are tired of boisterous joy,  
Have romped enough, my little Boy!  
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,  
And you shall bring your stool and rest;  
This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see  
That you can listen quietly:  
And, as I promised, I will tell  
That strange adventure which befell  
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland* Boy! — why call him so?  
Because, my Darlings, ye must know  
That, under hills which rise like towers,  
Far higher hills than these of ours!  
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight, —  
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;  
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,  
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
Nor had a melancholy mind ;  
For God took pity on the Boy,  
And was his friend ; and gave him joy  
Of which we nothing know

His Mother, too, no doubt, above  
Her other children him did love :  
For was she here, or was she there,  
She thought of him with constant care,  
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad  
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
And bonnet with a feather gay,  
To Kirk he on the Sabbath-day  
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he ; not for need,  
But one to play with and to feed ;  
Which would have led him, if bereft  
Of company or friends, and left  
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow, —  
And thus from house to house would go  
And all were pleased to hear and see,  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;  
Both when he heard the eagles scream,  
And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,  
Not small, like ours, a peaceful flood ;  
But one of mighty size, and strange ;  
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,  
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,  
The great Sea-water finds its way,  
Through long, long windings of the hills,  
And drinks up all the pretty rills  
And rivers large and strong :

Then hurries back the road it came, —  
Returns, on errand still the same ;  
This did it when the earth was new ;  
And this for evermore will do,  
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the tide,  
Come boats and ships that safely ride  
Between the woods and lofty rocks ;  
And to the shepherds with their flocks  
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,  
The blind Boy always had his share ;  
Whether of mighty towns, or vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,  
When from the water-side he heard  
The shouting, and the jolly cheers ;  
The bustle of the mariners  
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail ?  
For he must never handle sail ;  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,  
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this : " My Son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;  
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side,  
Still sounding with the sounding tide,  
And heard the billows leap and dance,  
Without a shadow of mischance,  
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,  
Ye soon shall know how this befell)  
He in a vessel of his own,  
On the swift flood is hurrying down,  
Down to the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more  
May human creature leave the shore !  
If this or that way he should stir,  
Woe to the poor blind Mariner !  
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him ? — Ye have seen  
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,  
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright ;  
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,  
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men  
Spread round that haven in the glen ;  
Each hut, perchance, might have its own ;  
And to the Boy they were all known, —  
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle-shell  
Which he, poor child, had studied well ;  
A shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,  
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves  
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,  
This shell upon the deep would swim,  
And gaily lift its fearless brim  
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew :  
And he a story strange, yet true,  
Had heard, how in a shell like this  
An English Boy, O thought of bliss !  
Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launched from the margin of a bay  
Among the Indian isles, where lay  
His father's ship, and had sailed far,  
To join that gallant ship of war,  
In his delightful shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited  
The house that held this prize ; and, led  
By choice or chance, did thither come  
One day when no one was at home,  
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sat, alone and blind,  
That story flashed upon his mind ; —  
A bold thought roused him, and he took  
The shell from out its secret nook,  
And bore it on his head.



He launched his vessel, — and in pride  
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,  
Stepped into it, — his thoughts all free  
As the light breezes that with glee  
Sang through the adventurer's hair.

Awhile he stood upon his feet ;  
He felt the motion, — took his seat ;  
Still better pleased, as more and more  
The tide retreated from the shore,  
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.  
How rapidly the Child is driven !  
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,  
He thus had gone, ere he was seen .  
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, O me !  
What shrieking and what misery !  
For many saw ; among the rest  
His Mother, she who loved him best,  
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy,  
It is the triumph of his joy !  
The bravest traveller in balloon,  
Mounting as if to reach the moon,  
Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,  
Alone, and innocent, and gay !  
For, if good Angels love to wait  
On the forlorn unfortunate,  
    This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,  
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
The cries which broke from old and young  
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
    Are stifled, — all is still.

And quickly, with a silent crew,  
A boat is ready to pursue ;  
And from the shore their course they take,  
And swiftly down the running lake  
    They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace ;  
So have ye seen the fowler chase,  
On Grasmere's clear, unruffled breast,  
A youngling of the wild-duck's nest,  
    With deftly lifted oar ;

Or as the wily sailors crept  
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)  
The hapless creature which did dwell  
Erewhile within the dancing shell,  
    They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,  
They follow, more and more afraid,  
More cautious as they draw more near ;  
But in his darkness he can hear,  
    And guesses their intent.

“*Lei-gha, — Lei-gha,*” — he then cried out,  
“*Lei-gha, — Lei-gha,*” — with eager shout ;  
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
And what he meant was, “Keep away,  
    And leave me to myself !”

Alas ! and when he felt their hands ——  
You ’ve often heard of magic wands,  
That with a motion overthrow  
A palace of the proudest show,  
    Or melt it into air :

So all his dreams, — that inward light  
With which his soul had shone so bright, —  
All vanished ; — ’t was a heartfelt cross  
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
    As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice,  
With which the very hills rejoice :  
’T is from the crowd, who tremblingly  
Have watched the event, and now can see  
    That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,  
Full sure they were a happy band,  
Which, gathering round, did on the banks  
Of that great Water give God thanks,  
And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart  
The blind Boy's little dog took part ;  
He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,  
She who had fainted with her fear,  
Rejoiced when waking she espies  
The Child ; when she can trust her eyes,  
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,  
When he was in the house again :  
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;  
She kissed him, — how could she chastise ?  
She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;  
And, though his fancies had been wild,  
Yet he was pleased and reconciled  
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell  
Still do they keep the Turtle-shell;  
And long the story will repeat  
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,  
And how he was preserved.

*Note.*—It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War, seated himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind Voyager did actually intrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eyewitness

# MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

---

## I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

### THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

#### I.

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,  
Or depth of labyrinthine glen ;  
Or into trackless forest set  
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ;  
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore,  
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store,)  
And in the wilderness were bound  
To such apartments as they found,  
Or with a new ambition raised,  
That God might suitably be praised.

#### II.

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey,  
Or where broad waters round him lay :

But this wild Ruin is no ghost  
 Of his devices, — buried, lost !  
 Within this little, lonely isle  
 There stood a consecrated Pile ;  
 Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,  
 For them whose timid Spirits clung  
 To mortal succor, though the tomb  
 Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom !

## III.

Upon those servants of another world  
 When madding Power her bolts had hurled,  
 Their habitation shook ; — it fell,  
 And perished, save one narrow cell ;  
 Whither, at length, a Wretch retired,  
 Who neither grovelled nor aspired :  
 He, struggling in the net of pride,  
 The future scorned, the past defied ;  
 Still tempering, from the unguilty forge  
 Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

## IV.

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,  
 Who stood and flourished face to face  
 With their perennial hills ; — but Crime,  
 Hastening the stern decrees of Time,  
 Brought low a Power, which from its home  
 Burst, when repose grew wearisome ;  
 And, taking impulse from the sword,  
 And mocking its own plighted word,

Had found, in ravage widely dealt,  
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

## v.

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose **smile**  
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!  
No right had he but what he made  
To this small spot, his leafy shade;  
But the ground lay within that ring  
To which he only dared to cling;  
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
The craven few who bowed the head  
Beneath the change; who heard a claim  
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

## vi.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went  
(So seemed it) down a strange descent:  
Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;  
Him, free from all malicious taint,  
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,  
A pen unwearied, to indite,  
In this lone Isle, the dreams of night;  
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
The faded glories of his Clan!

## vii.

Suns that through blood their western harbor sought,  
And stars that in their courses fought;



Towers rent, winds combating with woods,  
Lands deluged by unbridled floods ;  
And beast and bird that from the spell  
Of sleep took import terrible ; —  
These types mysterious (if the show  
Of battle and the routed foe  
Had failed) would furnish an array  
Of matter for the dawning day !

## VIII.

How disappeared He ? — ask the newt and toad,  
Inheritors of his abode ;  
The otter crouching undisturbed,  
In her dank cleft ; — but be thou curbed,  
O froward Fancy ! 'mid a scene  
Of aspect winning and serene ;  
For those offensive creatures shun  
The inquisition of the sun !  
And in this region flowers delight,  
And all is lovely to the sight.

## IX.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
When she applies her annual test  
To dead and living ; when her breath  
Quickens, as now, the withered heath ; —  
Nor flaunting Summer, when he throws  
His soul into the brier-rose ;  
Or calls the lily from her sleep  
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep ;

Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren  
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

## x.

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen spot  
In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot;  
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,  
(High Servant of paternal Love,)  
Young Bacchus was conveyed, — to lie  
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;  
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage glowed,  
Close crowding round the infant god;  
All colors, — and the liveliest streak  
A foil to his celestial cheek!

## II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

“ — How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name  
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild-flower,  
All over his dear Country; left the deeds  
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,  
To people the steep rocks and river-banks,  
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
Of independence and stern liberty.” — *MS.*

LORD of the vale! astounding Flood;  
The dullest leaf in this thick wood

Quakes, conscious of thy power ;  
The caves reply with hollow moan ;  
And vibrates, to its central stone,  
Yon time-cemented Tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !  
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
Beneficent as strong ;  
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
The little, trembling flowers that peep  
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love  
To look on thee, — delight to rove  
Where they thy voice can hear ;  
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,  
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid  
In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night,  
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;  
Or stands, in warlike vest,  
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
A Champion worthy of the stream,  
Yon gray tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide  
A Form not doubtfully descried : —  
Their transient mission o'er,  
O say to what blind region flee

These Shapes of awful fantasy ?  
To what untrodden shore ?

Less than divine command they spurn ;  
But this we from the mountains learn,  
And this the valleys show ;  
That never will they deign to hold  
Communion where the heart is cold  
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain  
Shall walk the Marathonian plain ;  
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,  
That still invests the guardian Pass,  
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas  
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,  
Or kneel, before the votive shrine  
By Uri's lake, where Tell  
Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land,  
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand  
That day the Tyrant fell.

## III.

## EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN,  
NEAR DUNKELD.

“The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle, — flying asunder as by the touch of magic, — and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls.” — *Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.*

WHAT! he who, 'mid the kindred throng  
Of Heroes that inspired his song,  
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,  
The stars dim-twinkling through their forms! —  
What! Ossian here, — a painted Thrall,  
Mute fixture on the stuccoed wall;  
To serve, an unsuspected screen,  
For show that must not yet be seen;  
And, when the moment comes, to part  
And vanish by mysterious art;  
Head, harp, and body split asunder,  
For ingress to a world of wonder;  
A gay saloon, with waters dancing  
Upon the sight wherever glancing;

One loud cascade in front, and lo!  
A thousand like it, white as snow, —  
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam  
As active round the hollow dome,  
Illusive cataracts! of their terrors  
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,  
That catch the pageant from the flood  
Thundering adown a rocky wood.  
What pains to dazzle and confound!  
What strife of color, shape, and sound  
In that quaint medley, that might seem  
Devised out of a sick man's dream!  
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy  
As ever made a maniac dizzy,  
When disenchanted from the mood  
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature! — in thy changeful visions,  
Through all thy most abrupt transitions  
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime, —  
Ever averse to pantomime,  
Thee neither do they know nor us  
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;  
Else verily the sober powers  
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,  
Exalted by congenial sway  
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,  
And Names that moulder not away,  
Had wakened some redeeming thought  
More worthy of this favored Spot;

Recalled some feeling, to set free  
The Bard from such indignity!

The Effigies\* of a valiant Wight  
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;  
Not prostrate, not like those that rest  
On tombs, with palms together prest,  
But sculptured out of living stone,  
And standing upright and alone,  
Both hands in rival energy  
Employed in setting his sword free  
From its dull sheath, — stern sentinel  
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;  
As if with memory of the affray  
Far distant, when, as legends say,  
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force  
From its dear home the Hermit's corse.  
That in their keeping it might lie,  
To crown their abbey's sanctity.  
So had they rushed into the grot  
Of sense despised, a world forgot,  
And torn him from his loved retreat,  
Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat  
Still hint that quiet best is found,  
Even by the *Living*, under ground;  
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim  
Defeating, put the Monks to shame,  
There where you see his Image stand  
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand,

\* On the banks of the river Nid, near Knaresborough.

Which lingering NID is proud to show  
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,  
Our sires set forth their grateful praise :  
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude !  
But, nursed in mountain solitude,  
Might some aspiring artist dare  
To seize whate'er, through misty air,  
A ghost, by glimpses, may present  
Of imitable lineament,  
And give the phantom an array  
That less should scorn the abandoned **clay** ;  
Then let him hew with patient stroke  
An Ossian out of mural rock,  
And leave the figurative Man —  
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran ! —  
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,  
An everlasting watch to keep ;  
With local sanctities in trust,  
More precious than a hermit's dust ;  
And virtues through the mass infused,  
Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny  
All fervor to the sightless eye ;  
And touch from rising suns in vain  
Solicit a Memuonian strain ;  
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,  
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp  
To utter melancholy moans.



Not unconnected with the tones  
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;  
While grove and river notes would lend,  
Less deeply sad, with these to blend !

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,  
For ever with yourselves at strife ;  
Through town and country both deranged  
By affectations interchanged,  
And all the perishable gauds  
That heaven-deserted man applauds ;  
When will your hapless patrons learn  
To watch and ponder, — to discern  
The freshness, the everlasting youth,  
Of admiration sprung from truth ;  
From beauty infinitely growing  
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing,  
To sound the depths of every Art  
That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced  
With bawbles of theatric taste,  
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers  
On motley bands of alien flowers  
In stiff confusion set or sown,  
Till Nature cannot find her own,  
Or keep a remnant of the sod  
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)  
I mused ; and, thirsting for redress,  
Recoiled into the wilderness.

## IV.

## YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

(See page 29.)

AND is this — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished!  
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender, hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes

All profitless dejection ;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding :  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
The haunts of happy Lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers :  
And Pity sanctifies the Verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love ;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation :  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy ;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature ;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a Ruin hoary !  
The shattered front of Newark's Towers  
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in ;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
And age to wear away in !  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there, —  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
And on my True-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather !  
And what if I inwreathed my own !  
'T were no offence to reason ;  
The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see, — but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;  
A ray of fancy still survives, —

Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure ;  
And gladsome notes my nps can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,  
They melt, and soon must vanish ;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine, —  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine inage, Yarrow !  
Will dwell with me, — to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

## POEMS

DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND  
LIBERTY.

---

### PART I.

#### I.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,  
AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendor of the west,  
Star of my Country! — on the horizon's brink  
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink  
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,  
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest  
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,  
Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and shouldst  
wink,  
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest  
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot  
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.  
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,  
One life, one glory! — I, with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heart-felt sighs,  
Among men who do not love her, linger here

## II.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that 's shaken by the wind,  
 Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
 Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,  
 Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and  
     blind,  
 Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,  
 With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee  
 In France, before the new-born Majesty.  
 'T is ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,  
 A seemly reverence may be paid to power;  
 But that 's a loyal virtue, never sown  
 In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:  
 When truth, when sense, when liberty, were frown,  
 What hardship had it been to wait an hour?  
 Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

## III.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO  
ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you and I  
 Went pacing side by side, this public Way  
 Strèamed with the pomp of a too credulous day,\*  
 When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:

\* 14th July, 1790.

A homeless sound of joy was in the sky :  
 From hour to hour the antiquated Earth,  
 Beat like the heart of Man : songs, garlands, mirth,  
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh !  
 And now, sole register that these things were,  
 Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
 " *Good morrow, Citizen !* " a hollow word,  
 As if a dead man spake it ! Yet despair  
 Touches me not, though pensive as a bird  
 Whose vernal coverts Winter hath laid bare.\*

## IV.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain  
 And an unthinking grief ! The tenderest mood  
 Of that Man's mind, — what can it be ? what food  
 Fed his first hopes ? what knowledge could *he* gain ?  
 'T is not in battles that from youth we train  
 The Governor who must be wise and good,  
 And temper with the sternness of the brain  
 Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.  
 Wisdom doth live with children round her knees :  
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk  
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
 Of the mind's business : these are the degrees  
 By which true Sway doth mount ; this is the stalk  
 True Power doth grow on ; and her rights are these.

\* See Note



## V.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names :  
 This is young Buonaparté's natal day,  
 And his is henceforth an established sway, —  
 Consul for life. With worship France proclaims  
 Her approbation, and with pomps and games.  
 Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay !  
 Calais is not : and I have bent my way  
 To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames  
 His business as he likes. Far other show  
 My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time :  
 The senselessness of joy was then sublime !  
 Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,  
 Consul, or King, can sound himself to know  
 The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

## VI.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,  
 And was the safeguard of the West : the worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
 She was a maiden City, bright and free ;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
 And when she took unto herself a Mate,

She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reached its final day :  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
 Of that which once was great is passed away.

## VII.

## THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE Voice of Song from distant lands shall call  
 To that great King ; shall hail the crownèd Youth  
 Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,  
 By one example hath set forth to all  
 How they with dignity may stand ; or fall,  
 If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend ?  
 And what to him and his shall be the end ?  
 That thought is one which neither can appall  
 Nor cheer him ; for the illustrious Swede hath done  
 The thing which ought to be ; is raised *above*  
 All consequences : work he hath begun  
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love,  
 Which all his glorious ancestors approve :  
 The heroes bless him, him their rightful son.\*

\* See note

## VIII.

## TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !  
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ; —  
 O miserable Chieftain ! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;  
 There 's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

## IX.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

We had a female Passenger who came  
 From Calais with us, spotless in array, —  
 A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,

Yet downcast, as a woman fearing blame ;  
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim  
 She sat, from notice turning not away,  
 But on all proffered intercourse did lay  
 A weight of languid speech, or to the same  
 No sign of answer made by word or face :  
 Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,  
 That, burning independent of the mind,  
 Joined with the lustre of her rich attire  
 To mock the Outcast. — O ye Heavens, be kind !  
 And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race !

## X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF  
 LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.  
 The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound  
 Of bells ; — those boys who in yon meadow-ground  
 In white-sleeved shirts are playing ; and the roar  
 Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore ; —  
 All, all are English. Oft have I looked round  
 With joy in Kent's green vales ; but never found  
 Myself so satisfied in heart before.  
 Europe is yet in bonds ; but let that pass,  
 Thought for another moment. Thou art free,  
 My Country ! and 't is joy enough and pride  
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass  
 Of England once again, and hear and see,  
 With such a dear Companion at my side.

## XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;  
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,  
 The coast of France, — the coast of France how  
     near !

Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.  
 I shrunk ; for verily the barrier flood  
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,  
 A span of waters ; yet what power is there !  
 What mightiness for evil and for good !  
 Even so doth God protect us, if we be  
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,  
 Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity ;  
 Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree  
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul  
 Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

## XII.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF  
SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :  
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee

Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :  
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :  
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;  
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

## XIII.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look  
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
 To think that now our life is only drest  
 For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,  
 Or groom ! — We must run glittering like a brock  
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest :  
 The wealthiest man among us is the best :  
 No grandeur now in nature or in book  
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
 This is idolatry ; and these we adore :  
 Plain living and high thinking are no more :  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

## XIV.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 O, raise us up, return to us again;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

## XV.

GREAT men have been among us; hands that penned  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom, — better none:  
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and comprehend:  
 They knew how genuine glory was put on;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendor: what strength was, that would not bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France, 't is strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !  
 No single volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road ;  
 But equally a want of books and men !

## XVI.

It is not to be thought of, that the Flood  
 Of British freedom, which to the open sea  
 Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
 Roused though it be full often to a mood  
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands, —  
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
 Should perish ; and to evil and to good  
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
 Armory of the invincible Knights of old :  
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold  
 Which Milton held. — In everything we are sprung  
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

## XVII.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart



When men change swords for legers, and desert  
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
 I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?  
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
 And I by my affection was beguiled:  
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
 Among the many movements of his mind,  
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

## XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural miseries  
 Had blasted France, and made of it a land  
 Unfit for men; and that in one great band  
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.  
 But 't is a chosen soil, where sun and breeze  
 Shed gentle favors: rural works are there,  
 And ordinary business without care;  
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!  
 How piteous then that there should be such dearth  
 Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite  
 To work against themselves such fell despite.—  
 Should come in frenzy and in drunken mirth,  
 Impatient to put out the only light  
 Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

## XIX.

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear,  
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,  
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :  
'T is his who walks about in the open air,  
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear  
Their fetters in their souls. For who could be,  
Who, even the best, in such condition, free  
From self-reproach, reproach that he must share  
With Human-nature? Never be it ours  
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,  
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,  
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine ;  
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers  
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

## XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike moneyed worldlings with dis-  
may :  
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air  
With words of apprehension and despair :  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,  
Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven,

And cheerful as the rising sun in May.  
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith  
 That every gift of noble origin  
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;  
 That virtue and the faculties within  
 Are vital, — and that riches are akin  
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death ?

## XXI.

ENGLAND ! the time is come when thou shouldst  
 wean

Thy heart from its emasculating food ;  
 The truth should now be better understood ;  
 Old things have been unsettled ; we have seen  
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been  
 But for thy trespasses ; and, at this day,  
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,  
 Aught good were destined, thou wouldst step be  
 tween.

England ! all nations in this charge agree :  
 But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,  
 Far, far more abject, is thine Enemy :  
 Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight  
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight :  
 O grief, that Earth's best hopes rest all with thee !

## XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of things,  
I see one man — of men the meanest, too! —  
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,  
With mighty Nations for his underlings,  
The great events with which old story rings  
Seem vain and hollow ; I find nothing great :  
Nothing is left which I can venerate ;  
So that a doubt almost within me springs  
Of Providence, such emptiness at length  
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God !  
I measure back the steps which I have trod ;  
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength  
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime  
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

## XXIII.

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,  
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance  
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,  
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !  
To France be words of invitation sent !  
They from their fields can see the countenance  
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,

And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.  
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,  
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;  
Confirmed the charters that were yours before ;—  
No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;  
We all are with you now from shore to shore : —  
Ye men of Kent, 't is victory or death !

## XXIV.

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy  
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,  
Slaves vile as ever were befooled by words,  
Striking through English breasts the anarchy  
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie  
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords ?  
Yields everything to discipline of swords ?  
Is man as good as man, none low, none high ? —  
Nor discipline nor valor can withstand  
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,  
When in some great extremity breaks out  
A people, on their own beloved Land  
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight  
Of a just God for liberty and right.

## XXV.

## LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION.

1803.

COME ye, who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land  
Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,  
Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,  
And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride; --  
Come ye, who, not less zealous, might display  
Banners at enmity with regal sway,  
And, like the Pym and Miltons of that day,  
Think that a State would live in sounder health  
If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth; --  
Ye too, whom no discreditable fear  
Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,  
Uncertain what to choose and how to steer; --  
And ye, who might mistake for sober sense  
And wise reserve the plea of indolence; --  
Come ye, — whate'er your creed, — O waken all  
Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call;  
Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)  
To have one Soul, and perish to a man,  
Or save this honored Land from every Lord  
But British reason and the British sword.

## XXVI.

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won !  
 On British ground the invaders are laid low ;  
 The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow.  
 And left them lying in the silent sun,  
 Never to rise again ! — the work is done.  
 Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show,  
 And greet your sons ! drums beat and trumpets  
     blow !

Make merry, wives ! ye little children, stun  
 Your grandame's ears with pleasure of your noise !  
 Clap, infants, clap your hands ! Divine must be  
 That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,  
 And even the prospect of our brethren slain,  
 Hath something in it which the heart enjoys : —  
 In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

## XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year ! — another deadly blow !  
 Another mighty Empire overthrown !  
 And we are left, or shall be left, alone ;  
 The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.  
 'T is well ! from this day forward we shall know  
 That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;

That by our own right hands it must be wrought ;  
 That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.  
 O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer !  
 We shall exult, if they who rule the land  
 Be men who hold its many blessings dear,  
 Wise, upright, valiant ; not a servile band,  
 Who are to judge of danger which they fear,  
 And honor which they do not understand.

---

 XXVIII.

## O D E.

## I.

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,  
 And binds her temples with the civic wreath ?  
 What joy to read the promise of her mien !  
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath  
     But they are ever playing,  
     And twinkling in the light,  
     And, if a breeze be straying,  
     That breeze she will invite ;  
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,  
 And calls a look of love into her face,  
 And spreads her arms, as if the general air  
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.  
 — Melt, Principalities, before her melt !  
 Her love ye hailed, — her wrath have felt !  
 But she through many a change of form hath gone,



And stands amidst you now an armèd creature,  
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,  
 But the live scales of a portentous nature ;  
 That, having forced its way from birth to birth,  
 Stalks round, abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the  
 Earth !

## II.

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest ;  
 My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,  
 In many a midnight vision bowed  
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear ;  
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,  
 Threatened her foes, — or, pompously at rest,  
 Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,  
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud  
 Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

## III.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy !  
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,  
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure.  
 — Have we not known, — and live we not to tell, —  
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell ?  
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast  
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure !  
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell  
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest.  
 Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe, —  
 Is this the only change that time can show ?

How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient  
 Heavens, how long?  
 — Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue  
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong  
 Up to the measure of accorded might,  
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

## iv.

Weak Spirits are there, — who would ask,  
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,  
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;  
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade,  
     Among the lurking powers  
     Of herbs and lowly flowers,  
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid, —  
 That Man may be accomplished for a task  
 Which his own nature hath enjoined; — and why?  
 If, when that interference hath relieved him,  
     He must sink down to languish  
 In worse than former helplessness, — and lie  
     Till the caves roar, — and, imbecility  
     Again engendering anguish,  
 The same weak wish returns, that had before de-  
 ceived him.

## v.

But Thou, supreme Disposer! mayst not speed  
 The course of things, and change the creed  
 Which hath been held aloft before men's sight  
 Since the first framing of societies,

Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,  
Built up by soft seducing harmonies ;  
Or prest together by the appetite,  
And by the power, of wrong.

---

## PART II.

## I.

'ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,  
And to the people at the Isthmian Games  
Assembled he, by a herald's voice, proclaims  
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE :—the words rebound  
Until all voices in one voice are drowned ;  
Glad acclamation by which air was rent !  
And birds, high flying in the element,  
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound !  
Yet were the thoughtful grieved ; and still that voice  
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear :  
Ah ! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear :  
Ah ! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys !  
A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

## II.

## UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn  
 The tidings passed of servitude repealed,  
 And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,  
 The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.  
 "T is known," cried they, "that he, who would  
       adorn

His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,  
 Must either win, through effort of his own,  
 The prize, or be content to see it worn  
 By more deserving brows. — Yet so ye prop,  
 Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon,  
 Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath bowed,  
 As if the wreath of liberty thereon  
 Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,  
 Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

## III.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE  
 BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:  
 How toilsome — nay, how dire — it was, by thee  
 Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly:  
 But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,

Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,  
 Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,  
 Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,  
 First roused thee. — O true yoke-fellow of Time,  
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm  
 Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn !  
 The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn ;  
 And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,  
 A great man's happiness ; thy zeal shall find  
 Repose at length, firm friend of human kind !

## IV.

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you !  
 Thus in your books the record shall be found :  
 " A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound, —  
 ARMINIUS ! — all the people quaked like dew  
 Stirred by the breeze ; they rose, a Nation, true,  
 True to herself, — the mighty Germany,  
 She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,  
 She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.  
 All power was given her in the dreadful trance ;  
 Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."  
 — Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame  
 To that Bavarian who could first advance  
 His banner in accursed league with France,  
 First open traitor to the German name !

## V.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERK LAKE. 1807.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars  
 Through the gray west; and lo! these waters  
     steeled  
 By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield  
 A vivid repetition of the stars;  
 Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars,  
 Amid his fellows beauteously revealed  
 At happy distance from Earth's groaning field,  
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.  
 Is it a mirror? — or the nether Sphere  
 Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds  
 Her own calm fires? — But list! a voice is rear;  
 Great Pan himself low whispering through the  
     reeds,  
 “Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds  
 Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!”

## VI.

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes  
 The genuine mien and character would trace  
 Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,  
 Prompting the world's audacious vanities!  
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise;  
 The pyramid extend its monstrous base,

For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,  
 Anxious an aery name to immortalize.  
 There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute  
 Gave specious coloring to aim and act,  
 See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute,  
 To chase mankind, with men in armies packed  
 For his field-pastime high and absolute,  
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked !

## VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING  
 A TRACT, OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

1808.

NOT 'mid the World's vain objects, that enslave  
 The free-born Soul, — that World whose vaunted  
     skill  
 In selfish interest perverts the will,  
 Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave, —  
 Not there ; but in dark wood and rocky cave,  
 And hollow vale, which foaming torrents fill  
 With omnipresent murmur as they rave  
 Down their steep beds, that never shall be still :  
 Here, mighty Nature ! in this school sublime  
 I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain ;  
 For her consult the auguries of time,  
 And through the human heart explore my way ;  
 And look and listen, — gathering, whence I may,  
 Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

## VIII.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME  
OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen ; and listened to the Wind  
That sang of trees upturn and vessels tost, —  
A midnight harmony ; and wholly lost  
To the general sense of men by chains confined  
Of business, care, or pleasure ; or resigned  
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,  
Which, without aid or numbers, I sustain,  
Like acceptance from the World will find.  
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink  
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past ;  
And to the attendant promise will give heed, —  
The prophecy, — like that of this wild blast,  
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,  
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.

## IX.

HOFFER.

OF mortal parents is the Hero born  
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?  
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead  
Returned to animate an age forlorn ?  
He comes like Phœbus through the gates of **morn**  
When dreary darkness is discomfited,



Yet mark his modest state ! upon his head,  
 That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.  
 O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock  
 From van to rear, — and with one mind would flee,  
 But half their host is buried : — rock on rock  
 Descends : — beneath this godlike Warrior, see !  
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock  
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

## X.

ADVANCE, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,  
 Dear Liberty ! stern Nymph of soul untamed ;  
 Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named !  
 Through the long chain of Alps from mound to  
 mound  
 And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound ;  
 Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn  
 Have roused her from her sleep : and forest-lawn,  
 Cliffs, woods, and caves, her viewless steps resound,  
 And babble of her pastime ! — On, dread Power !  
 With such invisible motion speed thy flight,  
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to  
 height,  
 Through the green vales and through the herds-  
 man's bower,  
 That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,  
 Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

## XI.

## FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE Land we from our fathers had in trust,  
And to our children will transmit, or die :  
This is our maxim, this our piety ;  
And God and Nature say that it is just.  
That which we *would* perform in arms, — we must  
We read the dictate in the infant's eye ;  
In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;  
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust  
Of them that were before us. — Sing aloud  
Old songs, the precious music of the heart !  
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind !  
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,  
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert  
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

## XII.

ALAS ! what boots the long, laborious quest  
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill ;  
Or pains abstruse, to elevate the will,  
And lead us on to that transcendent rest  
Where every passion shall the sway attest  
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;  
What is it but a vain and curious skill,  
If sapient Germany must lie deprest

Beneath the brutal sword?— Her haughty Schools  
 Shall blush ; and may not we with sorrow say,  
 A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,  
 Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought  
 More for mankind at this unhappy day  
 Than all the pride of intellect and thought ?

## XIII.

AND is it among rude, untutored Dales,  
 There, and there only, that the heart is true ?  
 And, rising to repel or to subdue,  
 Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails ?  
 Ah no ! though Nature's dread protection fails,  
 There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew  
 Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew  
 In Zaragoza, naked to the gales  
 Of fiercely breathing war. The truth was felt  
 By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,  
 Like him of noble birth and noble mind ;  
 By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear :  
 And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt  
 The bread which without industry they find.

## XIV.

•'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,  
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of man

A Godhead, like the universal PAN ;  
But more exalted, with a brighter train :  
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,  
Showered equally on city and on field,  
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield  
In these usurping times of fear and pain ?  
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven !  
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws  
To which the triumph of all good is given,  
High sacrifice, and labor without pause,  
Even to the death : — else wherefore should the eye  
Of man converse with immortality ?

## XV.

## ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

IT was a *moral* end for which they fought ;  
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,  
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,  
A resolution, or enlivening thought ?  
Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought ;  
For in their magnanimity and fame  
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim  
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.  
Sleep, Warriors, sleep ! among your hills repose !  
We know that ye, beneath the stern control  
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul :  
And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,  
Europe breaks forth ; then, Shepherds ! shall ye rise  
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

## XVI.

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye  
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,  
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;  
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.  
These desolate remains are trophies high  
Of more than martial courage in the breast  
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest  
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.  
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;  
Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved  
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force:  
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained  
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,  
And law was from necessity received.

## XVII.

SAY, what is Honor? — 'T is the finest sense  
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,  
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
And guard the way of life from all offence  
Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale  
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,  
Honor is hopeful elevation, — whence  
Glory and triumph. Yet with politic skill  
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;

Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust, —  
 A Foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil:  
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
 Are forfeited ; but infamy doth kill.

## XVIII.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,  
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,  
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,  
 Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,  
 Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a strain  
 Of triumph, how the laboring Danube bore  
 A weight of hostile corses: drenched with gore  
 Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.  
 Yet see, (the mighty tumult overpast,)  
 Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!  
 And her Tyrolean Champion we behold  
 Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,  
 Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,  
 To think that such assurance can stand fast!

## XIX.

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight  
 From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest  
 With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,  
 Or in the fields of empyrean light.  
 A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night:

Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,  
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,  
 Fixed as a star : such glory is thy right.  
 Alas ! it may not be : for earthly fame  
 Is Fortune's frail dependant ; yet there lives  
 A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives ;  
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,  
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed ;  
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

## XX.

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,  
 Who never did to Fortune bend the knee ;  
 Who slighted fear ; rejected steadfastly  
 Temptation ; and whose kingly name and state  
 Have " perished by his choice, and not his fate " <sup>2</sup>  
 Hence lives he, to his inner self endeared ;  
 And hence, wherever virtue is revered,  
 He sits a more exalted Potentate,  
 Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven  
     ordain  
 That this great servant of a righteous cause  
 Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,  
 Yet may a sympathizing spirit pause,  
 Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain  
 In thankful joy and gratulation pure.\*

\* See note to Sonnet VII., page 68.

## XXI.

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath paid  
His vows to Fortune ; who, in cruel slight  
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,  
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made  
By the blind Goddess, — ruthless, undismayed ;  
And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,  
Round which the elements of worldly might  
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.  
O joyless power that stands by lawless force !  
Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate,  
Internal darkness and unquiet breath ;  
And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,  
Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate  
By violent and ignominious death.

## XXII.

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer  
The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,  
Forced to descend into his destined tomb, —  
A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the year,  
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear,  
What time his injured country is a stage  
Whereon deliberate Valor and the rage  
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,  
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene



With deeds of hope and everlasting praise ; —  
 Say, can he think of this with mind serene  
 And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright  
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the days  
 When he himself was tried in open light.

## XXIII.

1810.

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen  
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!  
 Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?  
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken  
 Of pitying human-nature? Once again  
 Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,  
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,  
 And through all Europe cheer desponding men  
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might  
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.  
 Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly  
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,  
 Like his own lightning, over mountains high,  
 On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

## XXIV.

IN due observance of an ancient rite,  
 The rude Biscayans, when their children lie

Dead in the sinless time of infancy,  
 Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white ;  
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,  
 They bind the unoffending creature's brows  
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose :  
 Then do a festal company unite  
 In choral song ; and, while the uplifted cross  
 Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne  
 Uncovered to his grave : 't is closed, — her loss  
 The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn ;  
 But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued ;  
 And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

## XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THOSE  
 FUNERALS.

1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans ! we must meet our Foes  
 With firmer soul, yet labor to regain  
 Our ancient freedom ; else 't were worse than vain  
 To gather round the bier these festal shows.  
 A garland fashioned of the pure white rose  
 Becomes not one whose father is a slave :  
 O, bear the infant covered to his grave !  
 These venerable mountains now inclose  
 A people sunk in apathy and fear.  
 If this endure, farewell, for us, all good !  
 The awful light of heavenly innocence

Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier ;  
 And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,  
 Descend on all that issues from our blood.

## XXVI.

## THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1810.

OAK of Guernica ! Tree of holier power  
 Than that which in Dodona did enshrine  
 (So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine,  
 Heard from the depths of its aërial bower,  
 How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour ?  
 What hope, what joy, can sunshine bring to thee,  
 Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,  
 The dews of morn, or April's tender shower ?  
 Stroke merciful and welcome would that be  
 Which should extend thy branches on the ground,  
 If never more within their shady round  
 Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,  
 Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,  
 Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

## XXVII.

## INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD.

1810.

WE can endure that he should waste our lands,  
 Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame  
 Return us to the dust from which we came ;  
 Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands :  
 And we can brook the thought that by his hands  
 Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,  
 For his delight, a solemn wilderness  
 Where all the brave lie dead. But when of bands  
 Which he will break for us he dares to speak,  
 Of benefits, and of a future day  
 When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway ;  
*Then*, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak ;  
 Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks, declare  
 That he has power to inflict what we lack strength  
 to bear.

## XXVIII.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
 In men of low degree, all smooth pretence !  
 I better like a blunt indifference,  
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
 To win me at first sight : and be there joined  
 Patience and temperance with this high reserve,

Honor that knows the path and will not swerve,  
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind,  
 And piety towards God. Such men of old  
 Were England's native growth ; and, throughout  
     Spain,  
 ('Thanks to high God !) forests of such remain :  
 Then for that Country let our hopes be bold ;  
 For matched with these shall Policy prove vain,  
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

## XXIX.

1810.

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied  
 On fleets and armies, and external wealth :  
 But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health ;  
 Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with  
     pride  
 To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,  
 In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,  
 As being all unworthy to detain  
 A Soul by contemplation sanctified.  
 There are who cannot languish in this strife  
 Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good  
 Of such high course was felt and understood ;  
 Who to their Country's cause have bound a life  
 Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given  
 To labor and to prayer, to nature and to heaven.\*

\* See Laborde's character of the Spanish people; from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

## XXX.

## THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and ripping blast  
 From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night  
 Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height, —  
 These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers past,  
 The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,  
 Charged, and dispersed like foam: but as a flight  
 Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,  
 So these, — and, heard of once again, are chased  
 With combinations of long-practised art  
 And newly-kindled hope; but they are fled, —  
 Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead:  
 Where now? — Their sword is at the Foeman's  
                   heart!  
 And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,  
 And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

## XXXI.

## SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

1811.

THEY seek, are sought; to daily battle led,  
 Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their Foes,  
 For they have learnt to open and to close  
 The ridges of grim war; and at their head  
 Are captains such as erst their country bred

Or fostered, self-supported chiefs, — like those  
 Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose ;  
 Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.  
 In one who lived unknown a shepherd's life  
 Redoubted Viriatus breathes again ;  
 And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,  
 With that great Leader\* vies, who, sick of strife  
 And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid  
 In some green island of the western main.

## XXXII

1811.

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,  
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space ;  
 But who the limits of that power shall trace  
 Which a brave people into light can bring  
 Or hide, at will, — for freedom combating  
 By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,  
 No eye can follow, to a fatal place  
 That power, that spirit, whether on the wing  
 Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind  
 Within its awful caves. — From year to year  
 Springs this indigenious produce far and near ;  
 No craft this subtle element can bind,  
 Rising like water from the soil, to find  
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

\* Sertorius

## XXXIII.

1811.

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this praise,  
 That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope  
 Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope  
 In the worst moment of these evil days ;  
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,  
 For its own honor, on man's suffering heart.  
 Never may from our souls one truth depart, —  
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze  
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;  
 Nor — touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt  
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,  
 And justice labors in extremity —  
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,  
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

## XXXIV.

## THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

1812 - 13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold  
 A fond reflection of her own decay,  
 Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,  
 Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,



In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,  
 As though his weakness were disturbed by pain :  
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow  
 An undisputed symbol of command,  
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,  
 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.  
 These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn ;  
 But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was, dread Winter ! who beset,  
 Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,  
 That host, when from the regions of the Pole  
 They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal, —  
 That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied  
 Their God, and placed their trust in human pride !  
 As fathers persecute rebellious sons,  
 He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth ;  
 He called on Frost's inexorable tooth  
 Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold ;  
 Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs ;  
 For why, — unless for liberty enrolled  
 And sacred home, — ah ! why should hoary Age  
     be bold ?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,  
 But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,  
 Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,  
 And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,  
 And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,  
     And to the battle ride.  
 No pitying voice commands a halt,

No courage can repel the dire assault ;  
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,  
 Whole legions sink, — and, in one instant, find  
 Burial and death : look for them, — and descry,  
 When morn returns, beneath the clear, blue sky,  
 A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy !

## XXXV.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King !  
 And ye, mild Seasons, — in a sunny clime,  
 Midway on some high hill, while Father Time  
 Looks on delighted, — meet in festal ring,  
 And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing !  
 Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruit, and  
     flowers,  
 Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,  
 And the dire flapping of his hoary wing !  
 Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass ;  
 With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain ;  
 Whisper it to the billows of the main,  
 And to the aërial zephyrs as they pass,  
 That old decrepit Winter, — *He* hath slain  
 That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain !

## XXXVI.

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze  
Of dreadful sacrifice ; by Russian blood  
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood ;  
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise  
To rob our Human-nature of just praise  
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure  
Of a deliverance absolute and pure  
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways  
Of Providence. But now did the Most High  
Exalt his still, small voice, — to quell that Host  
Gathered his power, a manifest ally ;  
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast  
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,  
“ Finish the strife by deadliest victory ! ”

## XXXVII.

## THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCKHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife ;— the field throughout,  
Resting upon his arms, each warrior stood,  
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,  
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.  
O Silence ! thou wert mother of a shout  
That through the texture of yon azure dome  
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest-home  
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout !

The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-  
 smoke,  
 On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,  
 As if all Germany had felt the shock !  
 — Fly, wretched Gauls ! ere they the charge renew  
 Who have seen — themselves now casting off the  
 yoke —  
 The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

## XXXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,  
 Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow  
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,  
 Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,  
 And lamentably wrapped in twofold night,  
 Whom no weak hopes deceived ; whose mind ensued,  
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
 Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.  
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray divine  
 To his forlorn condition ! let thy grace  
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine ;  
 Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace  
 (Though it were only for a moment's space)  
 The triumphs of this hour ; for they are THINE !

## XXXIX.

## O D E.

1814.

Carmina possumus

Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.  
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem ducibus . . . . .  
 . . . . . clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam . . . . . Pierides; neque,  
 Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,  
 Mercedem tuleris. — HOR. CAR. 8, LIB. 4.

## I.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch  
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,  
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
 Was free her choicest favors to dispense ;  
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
 A landscape more august than happiest skill  
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade :  
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,  
 City, and naval stream, suburban grove,  
 And stately forest where the wild deer rove ;  
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,  
 And scattered rural farms of aspect bright ;  
 And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,  
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.  
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows !  
 But not a living creature could be seen

Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,  
 And even to sadness, lonely and serene,  
 Lay hushed ; till — through a portal in the sky  
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,  
 Opening before the sun's triumphant eye, —  
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form !  
 Earthward it glided with a swift descent ;  
 Saint George himself this Visitant must be ;  
 And, ere a thought could ask on what intent  
 He sought the regions of humanity,  
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified  
 City and field and flood ; — aloud it cried : —

“ Though from my celestial home,  
 Like a Champion, armed I come,  
 On my helm the dragon crest,  
 And the red cross on my breast,  
 I, the Guardian of this Land,  
 Speak not now of toilsome duty ;  
 Well obeyed was that command, —  
 Whence bright days of festive beauty ;  
 Haste, Virgins, haste ! — the flowers which sum-  
 mer gave  
 Have perished in the field ;  
 But the green thickets plenteously shall yield  
 Fit garlands for the brave,  
 That will be welcome, if by you entwined ;  
 Haste, Virgins, haste ! and you, ye Matrons grave,  
 Go forth with rival usefulness of mind,  
 And gather what ye find

Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs,  
 To deck your stern Defenders' modest brow! —  
 Such simple gifts prepare,  
 Though they have gained a worthier meed ;  
 And in due time shall share  
 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths  
 Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,  
 In realms where everlasting freshness breathes ! ”

## II.

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,  
 And upright weapons innocently gleaming,  
 Along the surface of a spacious plain  
 Advance in order the redoubted Bands,  
 And there receive green chaplets from the hands  
 Of a fair female train, —  
 Maids and Matrons, dight  
 In robes of dazzling white ;  
 While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise,  
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted ;  
 And a throng of rosy boys  
 In loose fashion tell their joys ;  
 And gray-haired sires, on staffs supported,  
 Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,  
 Thus strives a grateful Country to display  
 The mighty debt which nothing can repay .

## III.

Anon before my sight a palace rose  
 Suit of all precious substances, — so pure

And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows  
 Ability like splendor to endure :  
 Entered, with streaming thousands, through the  
     gate,  
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,  
 A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate  
 The heaven of sable night  
 With starry lustre ; yet had power to throw  
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,  
 Upon a princely company below,  
 While the vault rang with choral harmony,  
 Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roar-  
     ing sea.  
 — No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge  
 Of exultation hung a dirge  
 Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,  
     That kindled recollections  
     Of agonized affections ;  
 And, though some tears the strain attended,  
     The mournful passion ended  
 In peace of spirit, and sublime content !

## iv.

But garlands wither ; festal shows depart,  
 Like dreams themselves ; and sweetest sound  
     (Albeit of effect profound)  
     It was, — and it is gone !  
 Victorious England ! bid the silent Art  
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,  
 Those high achievements ; even as she arrayed



With second life the deed of Marathon  
 Upon Athenian walls ;  
 So may she labor for thy civic halls :  
 And be the guardian spaces  
 Of consecrated places  
 As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil ;  
 And let imperishable Columns rise,  
 Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil ;  
 Expressive signals of a glorious strife,  
 And competent to shed a spark divine  
 Into the torpid breast of daily life ; —  
 Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,  
 The morning sun may shine  
 With gratulation thoroughly benign !

## v.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from *Jove*  
 And sage Mnemosyne, — full long debarred  
 From your first mansions, exiled all too long  
 From many a hallowed stream and grove,  
 Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,  
 Chanting for patient heroes the reward  
 Of never-dying song !  
 Now (for, though Truth descending from above  
 The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye  
 Your kindred Deities, *ye* live and move,  
 Spared for obeisance from perpetual love  
 For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)  
 Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,  
 Or top serene of unmolested mountain,

Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,  
And for a moment meet the soul's desires !  
That I, or some more favored Bard, may hear  
What ye, celestial Maids ! have often sung  
Of Britain's acts, — may catch it with rapt ear,  
And give the treasure to our British tongue !  
So shall the characters of that proud page  
Support their mighty theme from age to age ;  
And, in the desert places of the earth,  
When they to future empires have given birth,  
So shall the people gather and believe  
The bold report, transferred to every clime ;  
And the whole world, not envious, but admiring,  
    And to the like aspiring,  
Own, that the progeny of this fair Isle  
Had power as lofty actions to achieve  
As were performed in man's heroic prime ;  
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held  
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,  
A corresponding virtue to beguile  
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time, —  
That not in vain they labored to secure,  
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,  
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,  
By Works of spirit high and passion pure :

## XL.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT  
OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR Relics ! from a pit of vilest mould  
Uprisen, to lodge among ancestral kings,  
And to inflict shame's salutary stings  
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old  
In a blind worship, — men perversely bold  
Even to this hour, — yet some shall now forsake  
Their monstrous Idol, if the dead e'er spake  
To warn the living ; if truth were ever told  
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave :  
O murdered Prince ! meek, loyal, pious, brave !  
The power of retribution once was given :  
But 't is a rueful thought, that willow bands  
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands  
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven !

## XLI.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(The last six lines intended for an inscription )

1 FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion ! not by you  
Is life despised ; ah no ! the spacious earth

Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,  
 So many objects to which love is due :  
 Ye slight not life, — to God and Nature true ;  
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,  
 When duty bids you bleed in open war :  
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew  
 Heroes ! — for instant sacrifice prepared,  
 Yet filled with ardor and on triumph bent  
 Mid direst shocks of mortal accident, —  
 To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared  
 To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,  
 Your Country rears this sacred Monument !

## XLII.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

O FOR a kindling touch from that pure flame  
 Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice  
 Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,  
 In words like these : “ Up, Voice of song ! proclaim  
 Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim :  
 For lo ! the Imperial City stands released  
 From bondage threatened by the embattled East,  
 And Christendom respire ; from guilt and shame  
 Redeemed, from miserable fear set free,  
 By one day's feat, one mighty victory.  
 — Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue !  
 The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim ;

He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,  
 HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY  
 HIM." \*

## XLIII.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE Bard, — whose soul is meek as dawning day,  
 Yet trained to judgments righteously severe,  
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,  
 As recognizing one Almighty sway :  
 He, — whose experienced eye can pierce the array  
 Of past events ; to whom, in vision clear,  
 The aspiring heads of future things appear,  
 Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away, —  
 Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time, †  
 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout  
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime ;  
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,  
 The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime  
 Angels might welcome with a choral shout !

## XLIV.

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung  
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn !

\* See Filicain's Ode.

† "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil."

*Spenser.*

How oft above their altars have been hung  
 Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn  
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,  
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung !  
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is  
                   sprung ;  
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.  
 Glory to arms ! But, conscious that the nerve  
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed  
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve !  
 Be just, be grateful ; nor, the oppressor's creed  
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve  
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

---

 XLV.

## O D E .

1815.

## I.

IMAGINATION — ne'er before content,  
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride  
 From all that martial feats could yield  
 To her desires, or to her hopes present —  
 Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,  
 Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,  
                   And with the embrace was satisfied.

Fly, ministers of Fame,  
 With every help that ye from earth and heaven  
     may claim!  
 Bear through the world these tidings of delight!  
 — Hours, Days, and Months *have* borne them in  
     the sight  
 Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower  
     That landward stretches from the sea,  
     The morning's splendors to devour;  
 But this swift travel scorns the company  
 Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power.  
     — *The shock is given, the Adversaries bleed!*  
     *Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!*  
 Joyful annunciation! — it went forth, —  
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North, —  
     It found no barrier on the ridge  
 Of Andes, — frozen gulfs became its bridge, —  
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight, —  
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 't is bestowed, —  
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road  
     Across her burning breast,  
 For this refreshing incense from the West! —  
     — Where snakes and lions breed,  
 Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,  
 Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er  
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed,  
 While the Sun rules, and 'cross the shades of night,  
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!  
 The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,  
     And in its sparkling progress read

Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed :  
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,  
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats  
     are done ;  
 Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted  
     borders  
 This messenger of good was launched in air,  
 France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders  
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,  
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,  
 And utter England's name with sadly plausive voice.

## II.

O genuine glory, pure renown !  
 And well might it beseem that mighty Town  
 Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,  
 To whom all persecuted men retreat,  
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow  
 High on the shore of silver Thames, to greet  
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar.  
 Bright be the Fabric, as a star  
 Fresh risen, and beautiful within ! — there meet  
 Dependence infinite, proportion just ;  
 A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust  
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

## III.

But if the valiant of this land  
 In reverential modesty demand,  
 That all observance, due to them, be paid  
 Where their serene progenitors are laid ;



Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages,  
 England's illustrious sons of long, long ages ;  
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,  
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,  
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;  
 Commemoration holy that unites  
 The living generations with the dead ;  
     By the deep, soul-moving sense  
     Of religious eloquence, —  
     By visual pomp, and by the tie  
     Of sweet and threatening harmony ;  
     Soft notes, awful as the omen  
     Of destructive tempests coming,  
     And escaping from that sadness  
     Into elevated gladness ;  
     While the white-robed choir attendant,  
     Under mouldering banners pendant,  
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
     Songs of victory and praise,  
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled  
 With medicable wounds, or found their graves  
 Upon the battle-field, or under ocean's waves ;  
 Or were conducted home in single state,  
 And long procession, — there to lie,  
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,  
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate !

## IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love  
 Such martial service disapprove.

He guides the Pestilence, the cloud  
 Of locusts travels on his breath ;  
 The region that in hope was ploughed  
 His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death ;  
 He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,  
 He puts the Earthquake on her still design,  
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,  
 And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink  
 Cities and towns ; — 'tis Thou, — the work is thine  
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts, —  
     He hears the word, — he flies, —  
     And navies perish in their ports :  
 For Thou art angry with thine enemies !  
     For these, and mourning for our errors,  
     And sins, that point their terrors,  
 We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud  
 And magnify thy name, Almighty God !  
     But Man is thy most awful instrument,  
     In working out a pure intent ;  
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,  
 And for thy righteous purpose they prevail ;  
     Thine arm from peril guards the coasts  
     Of them who in thy laws delight ;  
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,  
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts !

## v.

Forbear : — to Thee,  
 Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue  
     But in a gentler strain

Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong  
 (Too quick and keen) incited to disdain  
 Of pity pleading from the heart in vain, —

To THEE, — TO THEE,

Just God of Christianized Humanity,  
 Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,  
 That thou hast brought our warfare to an end,  
 And that we need no second victory!  
 Blest, above measure blest,  
 If on thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,  
 And all the Nations labor to fulfil  
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure  
 good-will.

## XLVI.

## O D E.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL  
 THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 18, 1816.

## I

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!  
 Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude  
 On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;  
 Whether thy punctual visitations smite  
 The haughty towers where monarchs dwell,  
 Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright,

Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!  
 Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky  
 In naked splendor, clear from mist or haze,  
 Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
 Which even in deepest winter testify  
     Thy power and majesty,  
 Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.  
 — Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;  
 As aptly suits therewith that modest pace  
     Submitted to the chains  
 That bind thee to the path which God ordains  
     That thou shalt trace,  
 Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away  
 Nor less the stillness of these frosty plains,  
 Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
 Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,  
 (Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity  
     Report of storms gone by  
     To us who tread below,)  
 Do with the service of this Day accord.  
 — Divinest Object which the uplifted eye  
 Of mortal man is suffered to behold;  
 Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights hast poured  
 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;  
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,  
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored  
     By pious men of old;  
 Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!  
 Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise  
     fail!

## II.

Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,  
 All nature seems to hear me while I speak,  
 By feelings urged that do not vainly seek  
 Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes  
 That stream in blithe succession from the throats  
     Of birds, in leafy bower,  
 Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.  
 — There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,  
 That burns for Poets in the dawning east;  
 And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,  
 When the captivity of sleep had ceased;  
 But He who fixed immovably the frame  
 Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,  
     A solid refuge for distress, —  
     The towers of righteousness, —  
 He knows that from a holier altar came  
 The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;  
 Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise  
     The current of this matin song;  
     That deeper far it lies  
 Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

## III.

Have we not conquered? — by the vengeful  
     sword?  
 Ah no! by dint of Magnanimity;  
 That curbed the baser passions, and left free  
 A loyal band to follow their liege Lord,  
 Clear-sighted Honor, and his staid Compeers,

Along a track of most unnatural years ;  
 In execution of heroic deeds  
 Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads  
 Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,  
 Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.  
 He who, in concert with an earthly string,  
     Of Britain's acts would sing,  
     He with enraptured voice will tell  
 Of one whose spirit no reverse could quell ;  
 Of one that 'mid the failing never failed ; —  
 Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed  
 Shall represent her laboring with an eye  
     Of circumspect humanity ;  
 Shall show her clothed with strength and skill  
     All martial duties to fulfil ;  
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight ;  
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam :  
 Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight  
 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream, —  
 Woe, woe to all that face her in the field !  
 Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

## iv.

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory  
 That can belong to human story !  
 At which they only shall arrive  
     Who through the abyss of weakness dive.  
 The very humblest are too proud of heart ;  
 And one brief day is rightly set apart  
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low ;

For that Almighty God to whom we owe,  
 Say not that we have vanquished, — but that we  
       survive.

## v.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure !  
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim  
 That less than power unbounded could not tame  
 That soul of Evil, — which, from hell let loose,  
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse  
 As boundless patience only could endure ?  
 — Wide-wasted regions, — cities wrapt in flame, —  
 Who sees, may lift a streaming eye  
 To Heaven ; — who never saw, may heave a sigh ;  
 But the foundation of our nature shakes,  
 And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,  
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,  
       Are but the avowed attire  
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind  
 Against the life of virtue in mankind,  
       Assaulting without ruth  
       The citadels of truth ;  
 While the fair gardens of civility,  
       By ignorance defaced,  
       By violence laid waste,  
 Perish without reprieve for flower or tree.

## vi

A crouching purpose, — a distracted will, —  
 Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,

And to desires whose ever-waxing horn  
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill ;  
 Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,  
 And to celerities of lawless force ;  
 Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse, —  
 What could they gain but shadows of redress ?  
 — So bad proceeded propagating worse ;  
 And discipline was passion's dire excess.  
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,  
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.  
 When will your trials teach you to be wise ?  
 — O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies !

## VII.

No more, — the guilt is banished,  
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled ;  
 And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath  
     vanished,  
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head !  
 - - No more, — these lingerings of distress  
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.  
 What robe can Gratitude employ  
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy ?  
 What steps so suitable as those that move  
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures  
 Of glory, and felicity, and love,  
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleas-  
     ures ?



## VIII.

O Britain ! dearer far than life is dear,  
 If one there be  
 Of all thy progeny  
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more  
 Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear  
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.  
 As springs the lion from his den,  
 As from a forest-brake  
 Upstarts a glistening snake,  
 The bold Arch-despot reappeared ; — again  
 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,  
 With all her armèd Powers,  
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thou-  
 sand shores.

The trumpet blew a universal blast !  
 But thou art foremost in the field : — there stand :  
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand !  
 All States have glorified themselves ; their claims  
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even ;  
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,  
 To thee the exterminating sword is given.  
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained !  
 Exalted office, worthily sustained !

## IX.

Preserve, O Lord ! within our hearts  
 The memory of thy favor,  
 That else insensibly departs,  
 And loses its sweet savor !

Lodge it within us ! — as the power of light  
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,  
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,  
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright !  
What offering, what transcendent monument  
Shall our sincerity to Thee present ?  
— Not work of hands ; but trophies that may reach  
To highest Heaven, — the labor of the Soul ;  
That builds, as Thy unerring precepts teach,  
Upon the internal conquests made by each,  
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.  
Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay  
The outward service of this day ;  
Whether the worshippers entreat  
Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat ;  
Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend,  
That He has brought our warfare to an end,  
And that we need no second victory ! —  
Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;  
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,  
    For a brief moment, terrible ;  
But, to Thy sovereign penetration, fair,  
Before whom all things are, that we're,  
All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be ;  
Links in the chain of Thy tranquillity !  
Along the bosom of this favored Nation,  
Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation !  
    Let all who do this land inherit  
    Be conscious of Thy moving spirit !  
O, 't is a goodly Ordinance, — the sight,

Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure  
 delight ;  
 Bless 'Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,  
 When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,  
 And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive  
 With lip and heart to tell their gratitude  
     For Thy protecting care,  
 Their solemn joy, praising the Eternal Lord  
     For tyranny subdued,  
 And for the sway of equity renewed,  
 For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

## x.

But hark the summons!—down the placid lake  
 Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells ;  
 Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake  
 The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;  
 Bright shines the Sun,—and not a breeze to shake  
 The drops that tip the melting icicles.

*O, enter now His temple gate !*

Inviting words, — perchance already flung  
 (As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle  
 Of some old Minster's venerable pile)  
 From voices into zealous passion stung,  
 While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,  
 And has begun its clouds of sound to cast  
     Forth towards empyreal Heaven,  
     As if the fretted roof were riven.  
*Us*. humbler ceremonies now await ;  
 But in the bosom, with devout respect,

The banner of our joy we will erect,  
 And strength of love our souls shall elevate :  
 For to a few collected in his name,  
 Their Heavenly Father will incline an ear  
 Gracious to service hallowed by his aim ; —  
 Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go, and with foreheads meekly bowed  
 Present your prayers, — go, and rejoice aloud, —  
 The Holy One will hear !

And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,  
 Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,  
 Shall simply feel and purely meditate, —  
 Of warnings, from the unprecedented might,  
 Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed ;  
 And of more arduous duties thence imposed  
 Upon the future advocates of right ;  
 Of mysteries revealed,  
 And judgments unrepealed,  
 Of earthly revolution,  
 And final retribution. —

To his omniscience will appear  
 An offering not unworthy to find place,  
 On this high DAY of THANKS, before the **Throne**  
 of Grace !

# MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

---

## DEDICATION.

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS., TO —.)

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse  
To you presenting these memorial Lays,  
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,  
As on a mirror that gives back the hues  
Of living Nature; no, — though free to choose  
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,  
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days, —  
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.  
For you she wrought: ye only can supply  
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides  
In that enjoyment which with you abides,  
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;  
Thus far contented, that for you her verse  
Shall lack not power the “meeting soul to pierce”!

RYDAL MOUNT, *November*, 1821.

W. WORDSWORTH

---

## I.

### FISH-WOMEN. — ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'T is said, fantastic Ocean doth enfold  
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen;

But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,  
 Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,  
 The Dames resemble whom we here behold,  
 How fearful were it down through opening waves  
 To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,  
 Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,  
 And shrill and fierce in accent! — Fear it not :  
 For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel ;  
 Pure undecaying beauty is their lot ;  
 Their voices into liquid music swell,  
 Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,  
 The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell !

## II.

## BRUGES.

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light  
 (Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power :  
 The splendor fled ; and now the sunless hour,  
 That, slowly making way for peaceful night,  
 Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight  
 Offers the beauty, the magnificence,  
 And sober graces, left her for defence  
 Against the injuries of time, the spite  
 Of fortune, and the desolating storms  
 Of future war. Advance not, — spare to hide,  
 O gentle Power of darkness ! these mild hues ;  
 Obscure not yet these silent avenues  
 Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms  
 Of nun-like females, with soft motion, glide !

## III.

## BRUGES.

THE Spirit of Antiquity — enshrined  
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,  
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,  
And with devout solemnities entwined —  
Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind :  
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along,  
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,  
To an harmonious decency confined :  
As if the streets were consecrated ground,  
The city one vast temple, dedicate  
To mutual respect in thought and deed ;  
To leisure, to forbearances sedate ;  
To social cares from jarring passions freed ;  
A deeper peace than that in deserts found !

---

## IV.

## INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

IN Bruges town is many a street  
Whence busy life hath fled ;  
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet  
The grass-grown pavement tread.

There heard we, halting in the shade  
 Flung from a Convent-tower,  
 A harp that tuneful prelude made  
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,  
 Was fit for some gay throng ;  
 Though from the same grim turret fell  
 The shadow and the song.  
 When silent were both voice and chords,  
 The strain seemed doubly dear,  
 Yet sad as sweet, — for *English* words  
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve ;  
 And pinnacle and spire  
 Quivered, and seemed almost to heave,  
 Clothed with innocuous fire ;  
 But where we stood, the setting sun  
 Showed little of his state ;  
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,  
 'T was through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,  
 Nor pity idly born,  
 If even a passing Stranger sighs  
 For them who do not mourn.  
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
 Captive, whoe'er thou be !  
 O, what is beauty, what is love  
 And opening life to thee ?



Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
 A feeling sanctified  
 By one soft trickling tear that stole  
 From the Maiden at my side ;  
 Less tribute could she pay than this,  
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
 Of English liberty ?

---

## V.

## AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOG.

A WINGÈD Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought  
 Of rainbow colors, — one whose port was bold,  
 Whose overburdened hand could scarcely hold  
 The glittering crowns and garlands which it  
 brought, —  
 Hovered in air above the far-famed spot.  
 She vanished ; leaving prospect blank and cold  
 Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled  
 In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,  
 And monuments that soon must disappear :  
 Yet a dread local recompense we found ;  
 While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot zeal<sup>1</sup>  
 Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should* feel  
 With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,  
 And horror breathing from the silent ground !

## VI.

## BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?  
Is this the stream whose cities, heights, and plains,  
War's favorite playground, are with crimson stains  
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew's?  
The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,  
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains  
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,  
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews  
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes  
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,  
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,  
With its gray rocks clustering in pensive shade,  
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise  
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

## VII.

## AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,  
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?  
To sweep from many an old romantic strain  
That faith which no devotion may renew!  
Why does this puny Church present to view  
Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair!  
This sword that one of our weak times might wear!

Objects of false pretence, or meanly true !  
 If from a traveller's fortune I might claim  
 A palpable memorial of that day,  
 Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach  
 That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,  
 And to the enormous labor left his name,  
 Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

## VIII.

## IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete  
 This Temple, — Angels governed by a plan  
 Thus far pursued (how gloriously !) by Man,  
 Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat  
 Who dwells in heaven ! But that aspiring heat  
 Hath failed ; and now, ye Powers ! whose gor-  
     geous wings  
 And splendid aspect yon emblazonings  
 But faintly picture, 't were an office meet  
 For you, on these unfinished shafts to try  
 The midnight virtues of your harmony : —  
 This vast design might tempt you to repeat  
 Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground  
 Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound  
 Of penetrating harps and voices sweet !

## IX.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals  
 O'er the defrauded heart, — while sweeping by,  
 As in a fit of Thespian jollity,  
 Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:  
 Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels  
 The venerable pageantry of Time,  
 Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,  
 And what the Dell unwillingly reveals  
 Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied  
 Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?  
 To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze, —  
 Such sweet wayfaring, — of life's spring the pride,  
 Her summer's faithful joy, — *that* still is mine,  
 And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

## X.

## HYMN,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS  
 UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

JESU! bless our slender Boat,  
 By the current swept along;

Loud its threatenings, — let them not  
Drown the music of a song  
Breathed thy mercy to implore,  
Where these troubled waters roar !

Saviour, for our warning, seen  
Bleeding on that precious Rood !  
If, while through the meadows green  
Gently wound the peaceful flood,  
We forgot Thee, do not Thou  
Disregard thy Suppliants now !

Hither, like yon ancient Tower  
Watching o'er the River's bed,  
Fling the shadow of thy power,  
Else we sleep among the dead ;  
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,  
Shield us in our jeopardy !

Guide our Bark among the waves ;  
Through the rocks our passage smooth ,  
Where the whirlpool frets and raves,  
Let thy love its anger soothe :  
All our hope is placed in Thee ;  
*Miserere Domine !* \*

\* See Note.

## XI.

## THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly  
Doth DANUBE spring to life\*! The wandering  
Stream

(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam  
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee  
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free  
To follow in his track of silver light,  
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight  
Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea  
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet  
In conflict, whose rough winds forgot their jars  
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece,  
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece, —  
ARGO, — exalted for that daring feat  
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

## XII.

## ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN.

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired, designed  
For what strange service, does this concert reach  
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind, —  
Mid fields familiarized to human speech? —

\* See Note.

No Mermaids warble — to allay the wind  
 Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach, —  
 More thrilling melodies ; Witch answering Witch,  
 To chant a love-spell, never intertwined  
 Notes shrill and wild with art more musical :  
 Alas ! that from the lips of abject Want  
 Or Idleness in tatters mendicant  
 The strain should flow, free Fancy to inthrall,  
 And with regret and useless pity haunt  
 This bold, this bright, this sky-born WATERFALL !\*

## XIII.

## THE FALL OF THE AAR, HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River, throwing  
 His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,  
 Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :  
 But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
 Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing ;  
 Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and  
     chink,  
 And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink  
 Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :  
 They suck — from breath that, threatening to  
     destroy,  
 Is more benignant than the dewy eve —

\* See Note.

Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:  
 Nor doubt but HE to whom yon pine-trees nod  
 Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,  
 These humbler adorations will receive.

---

XIV.

MEMORIAL,

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

"*DEM  
 ANDENKEN  
 MEINES FREUNDES  
 ALOYS REDING  
 MDCCCXVIII.*"

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill,  
 A gravelled pathway treading,  
 We reached a votive Stone that bears  
 The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the Friend who placed it **there**  
 For silence and protection;  
 And haply with a finer care  
 Of dutiful affection.



The Sun regards it from the West :  
And, while in summer glory  
He sets, his sinking yields a type  
Of that pathetic story :

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss  
Amid the grove to linger ;  
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone  
Touched by his golden finger.

---

XV.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC  
CANTONS.

DOOMED as we are our native dust  
To wet with many a bitter shower,  
It ill befits us to disdain  
The altar, to deride the fane,  
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust  
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,  
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze :  
Hail to the firm, unmoving cross,  
Aloft, where pines their branches toss !  
And to the chapel far withdrawn,  
That lurks by lonely ways !

Where'er we roam, along the brink  
Of Rhine, or by the sweeping Po,  
Through Alpine vale, or champaigne wide,  
Whate'er we look on, at our side  
Be Charity! — to bid us think,  
And feel, if we would know.

---

## XVI.

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

O LIFE! without thy checkered scene  
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,  
Success and failure, could a ground  
For magnanimity be found;  
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?  
Or whence could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach, —  
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;  
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;  
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,  
Mercy has placed within our reach  
A portion of God's peace.

XVII.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

“WHAT know we of the Blest above  
 But that they sing and that they love?”  
 Yet, if they ever did inspire  
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,  
 Now, where those harvest Damsels float  
 Homeward in their rugged Boat,  
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled,  
 Each slumbering on some mountain’s head,)  
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid  
 Been felt, that influence is displayed.  
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand  
 The rustic Maidens, every hand  
 Upon a Sister’s shoulder laid, —  
 To chant, as glides the boat along,  
 A simple, but a touching, song ;  
 To chant, as Angels do above,  
 The melodies of Peace in love !

---

XVIII.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.\*

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes  
 The work of Fancy from her willing hands ;

\* See Note.

And such a beautiful creation makes  
 As renders needless spells and magic wands,  
 And for the boldest tale belief commands.  
 When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill,  
 The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,  
 With intermingling motions soft and still,  
 Hung round its top, on wings that changed their  
                   hues at will.

Clouds do not name those Visitants ; they were  
 The very Angels whose authentic lays,  
 Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,  
 Made known the spot where piety should raise  
 A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.  
 Resplendent Apparition ! if in vain  
 My ears did listen, 't was enough to gaze ;  
 And watch the slow departure of the train,  
 Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to  
                   detain.

---

 XIX.

## OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign  
 Than fairest Star, upon the height  
 Of thy own mountain \* set to keep

\* Mount Righi.

Lone vigils through the hour of sleep,  
What eye can look upon thy shrine  
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings, as they hang  
In sight of misery relieved,  
Even these, without intent of theirs,  
Report of comfortless despairs,  
Of many a deep and cureless pang,  
And confidence deceived.

To thee, in this aerial cleft,  
As to a common centre, tend  
All sufferers that no more rely  
On mortal succor, — all who sigh  
And pine, of human hope bereft,  
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!  
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,  
Not only from the dreary strife  
Of Winter, but the storms of life,  
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,  
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

ven for the Man who stops not here,  
But down the irriguous valley hies,  
Thy very name, O Lady! flings  
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs  
A tender sense of shadowy fear,  
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade  
 To summer-gladness unkind :  
 It chastens only to requite  
 With gleams of fresher, purer light ;  
 While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,  
 More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on ! — a tempting downward way,  
 A verdant path, before us lies ;  
 Clear shines the glorious sun above ;  
 Then give free course to joy and love,  
 Deeming the evil of the day  
 Sufficient for the wise.

---

 XX.

## EFFUSION,

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT  
 ALTORF.

THIS Tower stands upon the spot where grew the Linden-  
 Tree against which his son is said to have been placed, when  
 the father's archery was put to proof under circumstances  
 so famous in Swiss story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,  
 Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow  
 On Marathonian valor, yet the tear  
 Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,  
 While narrow cares their limits overflow.

Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,  
Infants in arms, and ye, that, as ye go  
Homeward or school-ward, aye what ye behold ;  
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold !

And when that calm Spectatress from on high  
Looks down, — the bright and solitary Moon,  
Who never gazes but to beautify ;  
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon  
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune  
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls ;  
*Then* might the passing Monk receive a boon  
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,  
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre  
falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come  
Yield not to terror or despondency,  
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,  
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he  
Expectant stands beneath the linden-tree :  
He quakes not like the timid forest game,  
But smiles, — the hesitating shaft to free ;  
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,  
And to his father give its own unerring aim.

## XXI.

## THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

BY antique Fancy trimmed, — though lowly, bred  
 To dignity, — in thee, O SCHWYTZ ! are seen  
 The genuine features of the golden mean ;  
 Equality by Prudence governèd,  
 Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead ;  
 And therefore art thou blest with peace, serene  
 As that of the sweet fields and meadows green  
 In unambitious compass round thee spread.  
 Majesty BERNE, high on her guardian steep,  
 Holding a central station of command,  
 Might well be styled this noble body's HEAD ;  
 Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous intrenchments  
     deep,  
 Its HEART ; and ever may the heroic Land  
 Thy name, O SCHWYTZ ! in happy freedom keep.\*

## XXII.

IN HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP OF  
 THE PASS OF ST. GOTTHARD.

I LISTEN, — but no faculty of mine  
 Avails those modulations to detect,

\* Nearly five hundred years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.



Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect  
 With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine  
 (So fame reports) and die, — his sweet-breath'd  
     kine

Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked  
 With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject  
 The tale as fabulous. — Here while I recline,  
 Mindful how others by this simple Strain  
 Are moved, for me, — upon this Mountain named  
 Of God himself from dread pre-eminence, —  
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,  
 Yield to the Music's touching influence ;  
 And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

---

 XXIII.

## FORT FUENTES.

THE Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterized by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favored with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary, — scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet stand-

ing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendor, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-colored pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years. — *Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged Chereb of Parian stone  
So far from the holy inclosure was cast,

To couch in this thicket of brambles alone,—

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm

Of his half-open hand, pure from blemish or speck,  
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the  
calm

Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his  
neck;

Where haply, (kind service to Piety due!)

When Winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,

Some bird (like our own honored redbreast) may  
strew

The desolate Slumberer with moss and with  
leaves.

FUENTES once harbored the good and the brave,  
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure un-  
known ;

Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave  
While the thrill of her fifes through the moun-  
tains was blown :

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent :—  
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,  
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,  
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed  
away !

---

XXIV.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR.

SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

THIS Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2,000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich

woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky, and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps, unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile ! whose turrets rise  
 From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,  
 Guarded by lone San Salvador ;  
 Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,  
 To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,  
 But ne'er to human rage !

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned  
 To rest the Universal Lord :  
 Why leap the fountains from their cells  
 Where everlasting Bounty dwells ? —  
 That, while the Creature is sustained,  
 His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times, —  
 Let all remind the soul of heaven ;  
 Our slack devotion needs them all ;  
 And Faith — so oft of sense the thrall,  
 While she, by aid of Nature, climbs —  
 May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,  
 And all the Poms of this frail " spot  
 Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,

Associate with the simply meek,  
 Religion in the sainted grove,  
 And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,  
 Of fainting hopes and backward wills,  
 Did mighty Tell repair of old, —  
 A Hero cast in Nature's mould,  
 Deliverer of the steadfast rocks  
 And of the ancient hills !

*He*, too, of battle-martyrs chief !  
 Who, to recall his daunted peers,  
 For victory shaped an open space,  
 By gathering with a wide embrace,  
 Into his single breast, a sheaf  
 Of fatal Austrian spears.\*

---

 XXV.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS  
 GOATHERD.

PART I.

I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,  
 Heaven prosper thee, be Hope thy guide !

\* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the

Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy !  
 The wages of thy travel, joy !  
 Whether for London bound, to trill  
 Thy mountain notes with simple skill ;  
 Or on thy head to poise a show  
 Of Images in seemly row, —  
 The graceful form of milk-white Steed,  
 Or Bird that soared with Ganymede ;  
 Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear  
 The sightless Milton, with his hair  
 Around his placid temples curled ;  
 And Shakespeare at his side, — a freight,  
 If clay could think and mind were weight,  
 For him who bore the world !  
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy !  
 The wages of thy travel, joy !

## II.

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free,  
 Though serving sage philosophy,)  
 Wilt ramble over hill and dale,  
 A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,  
 Whose sentient tube instructs to time  
 A purpose to a fickle clime :  
 Whether thou choose this useful part,  
 Or minister to finer art,  
 Though robbed of many a cherished dream,  
 And crossed by many a shattered scheme,

most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism ; and pictures and  
 prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

What stirring wonders wilt thou see  
 In the proud Isle of Liberty!  
 Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine  
 With thoughts which no delights can chase,  
 Recall a Sister's last embrace,  
 His Mother's neck entwine;  
 Nor shall forget the Maiden coy  
 That *would* have loved the bright-haired Boy!

## III.

My Song, encouraged by the grace  
 That beams from his ingenuous face,  
 For this Adventurer scruples not  
 To prophesy a golden lot;  
 Due recompense, and safe return  
 To Como's steeps, — his happy bourne!  
 Where he, aloft in garden glade,  
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,  
 The towering maize, and prop the twig  
 That ill supports the luscious fig;  
 Or feed his eyes in paths sun-proof  
 With purple of the trellis-roof,  
 That through the jealous leaves escapes  
 From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.  
 — O might he tempt that Goatherd-child  
 To share his wanderings! him whose look  
 Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,  
 So touchingly he smiled, —  
 As with a rapture caught from heaven, —  
 For unasked alms in pity given.

## PART II.

## I.

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest,  
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,  
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground  
For Tell's dread archery renowned,  
Before the target stood, — to claim  
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.  
Loud was the rifle-gun's report, —  
A startling thunder quick and short!  
But, flying through the heights around,  
Echo prolonged a telltale sound  
Of hearts and hands alike "prepared  
The treasures they enjoy to guard"!  
And, if there be a favored hour  
When Heroes are allowed to quit  
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit  
With tutelary power,  
On their descendants shedding grace,  
This was the hour, and that the place.

## II.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old  
When of an iron age they told,  
Which to unequal laws gave birth,  
And drove Astræa from the earth.  
— A gentle Boy, (perchance with blood  
As noble as the best ended,



But seemingly a thing despised ;  
 Even by the sun and air unprized ;  
 For not a tinge or flowery streak  
 Appeared upon his tender cheek,)

Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,  
 Apart, beside his silent goats,  
 Sat watching in a forest shed,  
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head ;  
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,  
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.  
 Ah, what avails heroic deed ?  
 What liberty ? if no defence  
 Be won for feeble Innocence.  
 Father of all ! though wilful Manhood read  
 His punishment in soul-distress,  
 Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness !

---

 XXVI.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE RE-  
 FECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA,  
 MILAN.\*

THOUGH searching damps and many an envious flaw  
 Have marred this work ; the calm, ethereal grace,  
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,  
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe

\* See Note.

The Elements; as they do melt and thaw  
 The heart of the beholder, — and erase  
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace  
 Of disobedience to the primal law.  
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth  
 Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, ~~cheek~~,  
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth  
 Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek  
 Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak  
 A labor-worthy of eternal youth!

---

 XXVII.

## THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

HIGH on her speculative tower  
 Stood Science waiting for the hour  
 When Sol was destined to endure  
*That* darkening of his radiant face  
 Which Superstition strove to chase,  
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,  
 Through regions fair as Paradise  
 We gayly passed, — till Nature wrought  
 A silent and unlooked-for change,  
 That checked the desultory range  
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,  
The waves danced round us as before,  
As lightly, though of altered hue,  
'Mid recent coolness, such as falls  
At noontide from umbrageous walls  
That screen the morning dew.

No vapor stretched its wings ; no cloud  
Cast far or near a murky shroud ;  
The sky an azure field displayed ;  
'T was sunlight sheathed and gently charmed  
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,  
And as in slumber laid, —

Or something night and day between,  
Like moonshine, — but the hue was green ;  
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread  
On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,  
Where gazed the peasant from his door  
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps, — it lay,  
Lugano ! on thy ample bay ;  
The solemnizing veil was drawn  
O'er villas, terraces, and towers ;  
To Albogasio's olive bowers,  
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire  
Hath passed to Milan's loftiest spire,

And there alights 'mid that aerial host  
 Of figures human and divine,\*  
 White as the snows of Apennine  
 Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array  
 That guards the Temple night and day ;  
 Angels she sees, that might from heaven have flown,  
 And Virgin-saints, who not in vain  
 Have striven by purity to gain  
 The beatific crown, —

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings  
 Each narrowing above each ;—the wings,  
 The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,  
 The starry zone of sovereign height,† —  
 All steeped in this portentous light !  
 All suffering dim eclipse !

Thus after Man had fallen, (if aught  
 These perishable spheres have wrought  
 May with that issue be compared,)  
 Throngs of celestial visages,  
 Darkening like water in the breeze,  
 A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the laboring Sun  
 His glad deliverance has begun:

\* See Note.

† Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic etc. :

The cypress waves her sombre plume  
More cheerily ; and town and tower,  
The vineyard and the olive-bower  
Their lustre reassume !

O Ye, who guard and grace my home  
While in far-distant lands we roam,  
What countenance hath this Day put on for you ?  
While we looked round with favored eyes,  
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies  
And mountains from your view ?

Or was it given you to behold  
Like vision, pensive though not cold,  
From the smooth breast of gay Winandermere ?  
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil  
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,  
Helvellyn's brow severe ?

I ask in vain, — and know far less  
If sickness, sorrow, or distress  
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour ;  
Sad blindness ! but ordained to prove  
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love  
And all-controlling power.

## XXVIII.

## THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

## I.

How blest the Maid whose heart — yet free  
 From Love's uneasy sovereignty —  
 Beats with a fancy running high,  
 Her simple cares to magnify ;  
 Whom Labor, never urged to toil,  
 Hath cherished on a healthful soil ;  
 Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf ;  
 Whose heaviest sin it is to look  
 Askance upon her pretty Self  
 Reflected in some crystal brook ;  
 Whom grief hath spared, — who sheds no tear  
 But in sweet pity ; and can hear  
 Another's praise from envy clear.

## II.

Such, (but, O lavish Nature ! why  
 That dark, unfathomable eye,  
 Where lurks a Spirit that replies  
 To stillest mood of softest skies,  
 Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,  
 Another's first, and then her own ?)  
 Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,  
 Our Lady's laggard Votress,  
 Halting beneath the chestnut shade

To accomplish there her loveliness :  
 Nice aid maternal fingers lend ;  
 A Sister serves with slacker hand ,  
 Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band

## III.

How blest (if truth may entertain  
 Coy faney with a bolder strain)  
 The HELVETIAN Girl, — who daily braves,  
 In her light skiff, the tossing waves,  
 And quits the bosom of the deep  
 Only to climb the rugged steep !  
 — Say whence that modulated shout !  
 From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?  
 Or does the greeting to a rout  
 Of giddy Bacchanals belong ?  
 Jubilant outcry ! rock and glade  
 Resounded, — but the voice obeyed  
 The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

## IV.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;  
 Her courage animates the flood ;  
 Her steps the elastic greensward meets,  
 Returning unreluctant sweets ;  
 The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice  
 Aloud, saluted by her voice !  
 Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,  
 Be as thou art, — for through thy veins  
 The blood of Heroes runs its race !

And nobly wilt thou brook the chains  
 That, for the virtuous, Life prepares ;  
 The fetters which the Matron wears ;  
 The patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares !

## v.

\* " Sweet HIGHLAND Girl ! a very shower  
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"  
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes,  
 Gay Vision under sullen skies,  
 While Hope and Love around thee played,  
 Near the rough falls of Inversneyd !  
 Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen  
 No breach of promise in the fruit ?  
 Was joy, in following joy, as keen  
 As grief can be in grief's pursuit ?  
 When youth had flown, did hope still bless  
 Thy goings, — or the cheerfulness  
 Of innocence survive to mitigate distress ?

## vi.

But from our course why turn, to tread  
 A way with shadows overspread ;  
 Where what we gladliest would believe  
 Is feared as what may most deceive ?  
 Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned,  
 But heath-bells from thy native ground,  
 I'me cannot thin thy flowing hair,

\* See address to a Highland Girl, p. 13.



Nor take one ray of light from thee ;  
 For in my Fancy thou dost share  
 The gift of immortality ;  
 And there shall bloom, with thee allied,  
 The Votaresse by Lugano's side,  
 And that intrepid Nymph on Uri's steep descried !

## XXIX.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL  
 EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE  
 SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, — following down this far-famed slope  
 Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,  
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won, —  
 Perchance, in future ages, here may stop ;  
 Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope  
 By admonition from this prostrate Stone !  
 Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown ;  
 Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope  
 In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,  
 Rest where thy course was stayed by Power Divine !  
 The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,  
 Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,  
 Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath :  
 What groans ! what shrieks ! what quietness in death !

## XXX.

## STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest wood  
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,  
 To listen to ANIO'S precipitous flood,  
 When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar;  
 To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM, to muse  
 In POMPEII preserved by her burial in earth ;  
 On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues ;  
 And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their  
 birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,  
 Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret?  
 With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,  
 Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt?  
 Thou fortunate Region ! whose Greatness inurned  
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust ;  
 Twice-glorified fields ! if in sadness I turned  
 From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires  
 From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with  
 snow,  
 Toward the mists that hang over the land of my  
 Sires,  
 From the climate of myrtles contented I go.

My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines  
 On the steep's lofty verge : how it blackened the air !  
 But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines  
 With threads that seem part of his own silver hair

Though the toil of the way with dear Friends we  
 divide,

Though by the same zephyr our temples be fanned  
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,  
 A yearning survives which few hearts shall with-  
 stand :

Each step hath its value while homeward we  
 move ; —

O joy when the girdle of England appears !  
 What moment in life is so conscious of love,  
 Of love in the heart made more happy by tears ?

---

 XXXI.

## ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover ?  
 Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,  
 As multitudinous a harmony  
 Of sounds, as rang the heights of Latmos over,  
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover  
 Upstarting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew  
 In keen pursuit, — and gave, where'er she flew

Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.  
 A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on  
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous  
     chime  
 Of aery voices locked in unison, —  
 Faint, — far-off, — near, — deep, — solemn and sub-  
     lime ! —  
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,  
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts,  
     proceed !

---

 XXXII.

## PROCESSIONS.

Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny.

To appease the Gods ; or public thanks to yield ;  
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,  
 Which in her breast Futurity concealed ;  
 And that the Past might have its true intents  
 Feelingly told by living monuments, —  
 Mankind of yore were prompted to devise  
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents  
 Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities  
 That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state  
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,

Marched round the altar, — to commemorate  
How, when their course they through the desert  
took,

Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,  
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low ;  
Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast that  
shook

Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,  
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trum-  
pets blow !

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove  
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,  
The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove  
Provoked responses with shrill canticles ;  
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,  
They round his altar bore the hornèd God,  
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells  
Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,  
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Pòmps? the haughty claims  
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars ;  
The feast of Neptune, — and the Cereal Games,  
With images, and crowns, and empty cars ;  
The dancing Salii, — on the shields of Mars  
Smiting with fury ; and a deeper dread  
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars  
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head  
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft  
 Appeared, to govern Christian pageantries :  
 The Cross, in calm procession borne aloft,  
 Moved to the chant of sober litanies.  
 Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze  
 From a long train, — in hooded vestments fair  
 Enwraught, — and winding, between Alpine trees  
 Spiry and dark, around their House of Prayer,  
 Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,  
 The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes !  
 Still, with those white-robed Shapes, — a living  
 Stream, —

The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise \*  
 For the same service, by mysterious ties ;  
 Numbers exceeding credible account  
 Of number, pure and silent Votaries  
 Issuing or issued from a wintry fount ;  
 The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount !

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam  
 While they the Church engird with motion slow,  
 A product of that awful Mountain seem,  
 Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow ;  
 Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,  
 Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,  
 A livelier sisterly resemblance show,

\* See Note.

Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,  
 Bear to the glacier band, — those Shapes aloft  
 described.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs  
 Of that licentious craving in the mind  
 To act the God among external things,  
 To blind, on apt suggestion, or unbind ;  
 And marvel not that antique Faith inclined  
 To crowd the world with metamorphosis,  
 Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned ;  
 Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,  
 Avoid these sights ; nor brood o'er Fable's dark  
 abyss !

---

 XXXIII.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

THE lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighborhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour, when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in

pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. Goddard and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of Our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the Lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,  
 Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,  
 From the dread summit of the Queen \*  
 Of Mountains, through a deep ravine,  
 Where, in her holy chapel, dwells  
 "Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;  
 Free were the streams and green the bowers:  
 As if, to rough assaults unknown,

\* Mount Righi, — Regina Montium.



The genial spot had *ever* shown  
A countenance that as sweetly smiled, —  
The face of summer hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease ;  
With pleasure dancing through the frame  
We journeyed ; all we knew of care,  
Our path that straggled here and there ;  
Of trouble, but the fluttering breeze ;  
Of Winter, but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil  
Of three short days — but hush ! — no more !  
Calm is the grave, and calmer none  
Than that to which thy cares are gone,  
Thou Victim of the stormy gale,  
Asleep on ZURICH'S shore !

O GODDARD ! — what art thou ? — a name, —  
A sunbeam followed by a shade !  
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,  
The great, the experienced, and the wise :  
Too much from this frail earth we claim,  
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,  
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,  
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,  
A sea-green river, proud to lave,  
With current swift and undefiled,  
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground  
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky ;  
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,  
That gives to common pleasures birth ;  
And nothing in our hearts we found  
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathizing Powers of Air,  
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,  
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,  
A most untimely grave to strew,  
Whose turf may never know the care  
Of *kindred* human hands !

Beloved by every gentle Muse  
He left his Transatlantic home :  
Europe, a realized romance,  
Had opened on his eager glance ;  
What present bliss ! — what golden **views** !  
What stores for years to come !

Though lodged within no vigorous frame.  
His soul her daily tasks renewed,  
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings  
High poised, — or as the wren that sings  
In shady places, to proclaim  
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise ;  
The words of truth's memorial vow  
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed

From flowers 'mid GOLDAU'S ruins bred ;  
 As evening's fondly-lingering rays,  
 On RIGHT'S silent brow.

Lamented Youth ! to thy cold clay  
 Fit obsequies the Stranger paid ;  
 And piety shall guard the Stone  
 Which hath not left the spot unknown  
 Where the wild waves resigned their prey, —  
 And *that* which marks thy bed.

And when thy Mother weeps for thee,  
 Lost Youth ! a solitary Mother ;  
 This tribute from a casual Friend  
 A not unwelcome aid may lend,  
 To feed the tender luxury,  
 The rising pang to smother.\*

\* The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt was derived from this tribute to her Son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards. — Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain *Rosberg*.

## XXXIV.

SKY-PROSPECT, — FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape  
 Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,  
 The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!  
 Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;  
 There, combats a huge crocodile, agape  
 A golden spear to swallow! and that brown  
 And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,  
 Stirs and recedes, destruction to escape!  
 Yet all is harmless, — as the Elysian shades  
 Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose, —  
 Silently disappears, or quickly fades:  
 Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows,  
 That for oblivion take their daily birth  
 From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

## XXXV.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOR OF BOULOGNE.\*

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,  
 Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son  
 Of England, who in hope her coast had won,  
 His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er?  
 Well, let him pace this noted beach once more.  
 That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;  
 That saw the Corsican his cap and bells

\* See Note.

Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror! —  
 Enough : my Country's cliffs I can behold,  
 And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,  
 'T check'd ambition, tyranny controlled,  
 And folly cursed with endless memory :  
 These local recollections ne'er can cloy ;  
 Such ground I from my very heart enjoy !

## XXXVI.

AFTER LANDING. — THE VALLEY OF DOVER. NOV., 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game  
 Which faction breeds ; the turmoil where ? that  
     passed  
 Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,  
 And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.  
 Peace greets us ; — rambling on without an aim,  
 We mark majestic herds of cattle, free  
 To ruminatè, couched on the grassy lea ;  
 And hear far off the mellow horn proclaim  
 The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound  
 Stirs not ; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,  
 While consciousnesses, not to be disowned.  
 Here only serve a feeling to invite  
 That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,  
 And makes this rural stillness more profound.

## XXXVII.

AT DOVER.

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and with increase  
 Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side Town,  
 Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,  
 Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace:  
 The streets and quays are thronged, but why disown  
 Their natural utterance? whence this strange re-  
 lease

From social noise, — silence elsewhere unknown? —  
 A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease;  
 Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set free  
 Thy sense from pressure of life's common din:  
 As the dread Voice that speaks from out the sea  
 Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of Time  
 Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,  
 The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

## XXXVIII.

## DESULTORY STANZAS.

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE  
 PRESS.

Is then the final page before me spread,  
 Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?  
 Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read,  
 How can I give thee license to depart?

One tribute more : unbidden feelings start  
Forth from their coverts ; slighted objects rise ;  
My spirit is the scene of such wild art  
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,  
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,  
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,  
All that I felt this moment doth renew ;  
And where the foot with no unmanly fear  
Recoiled, — and wings alone could travel, — there  
I move at ease ; and meet contending themes  
That press upon me, crossing the career  
Of recollections vivid as the dreams  
Of midnight, — cities, plains, forests, and mighty  
streams.

Where Mortal never breathed, I dare to sit  
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,  
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power ! — and yet  
What are they but a wreck and residue,  
Whose only business is to perish ? — true  
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time  
Labor their proper greatness to subdue ;  
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime  
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge  
Across thy long, deep Valley, furious Rhone !  
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge

Of Monte Rosa, — *there* on frailer stone  
 Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone ;  
 And from that arch down-looking on the Vale,  
 The aspect I behold of every zone ;  
 A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,  
 Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy  
 mail !

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern FORKS,\*  
 Down the main avenue my sight can range :  
 And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks  
 Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,  
 For my enjoyment meet in vision strange ;  
 Snows, torrents ; — to the region's utmost bound,  
 Life, Death, in amicable interchange ; —  
 But list ! the avalanche, — the hush profound  
 That follows, — yet more awful than that awful  
 sound !

Is not the chamois suited to his place ?  
 The eagle worthy of her ancestry ?  
 — Let Empires fall ; but ne'er shall ye disgrace  
 Your noble birthright, ye that occupy  
 Your council-seats beneath the open sky,  
 On Sarnen's Mount, † there judge of fit and right,  
 In simple democratic majesty ;  
 Soft breezes fanning your rough brows, — the might  
 And purity of nature spread before your sight !

\* At the head of the Vallais. See Note. † See Note.



From this appropriate Court, renowned LUCERNE  
Calls me to pace her honored Bridge,\* — that  
cheers

The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,  
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.  
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears  
That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake  
Just at the point of issue, where it fears  
The form and motion of a stream to take ;  
Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,  
This long-roofed vista penetrate, — but see,  
One after one, its tablets, that unfold  
The whole design of Scripture history ;  
From the first tasting of the fatal tree,  
Till the bright star appeared in eastern skies,  
Announcing, ONE was born mankind to free ;  
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice ;  
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

*Our* pride misleads, our timid likings kill.  
— Long may these homely Works devised of old,  
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,  
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold  
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould ;  
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust  
Of servile opportunity to gold ;

\* See Note.

Filling the soul with sentiments august, —  
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just !

No more ; Time halts not in his noiseless march,  
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood ;  
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch  
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,  
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighborhood  
Go forth, my little Book ! pursue thy way ;  
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good ;  
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say  
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some  
future Lay.

# MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

1837.

---

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,  
In whose experience trusting, day by day  
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared  
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,  
These records take, and happy should I be  
Were but the gift a meet return to thee  
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe  
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RIDAL MOUNT, *Feb. 14th, 1842.*

---

THE Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

## I.

## MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

A. P. R. I., 1831.

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales  
 Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores  
 Of either sea, an Islander by birth,  
 A Mountaineer by habit, would resound  
 Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims  
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds  
 Inherited: — presumptuous thought! — it fled  
 Like vapor, like a towering cloud, dissolved.  
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sad-  
 ness; —

Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops,  
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,  
 Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,  
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site,  
 Its neighbor and its namesake, — town, and flood  
 Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm  
 Bright sunbeams, — the fresh verdure of this lawn  
 Strewn with gray rocks, and on the horizon's verge,  
 O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,  
 Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill  
 With fractured summit, no indifferent sight  
 To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,  
 Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy, —  
 These are before me; and the varied scene  
 May well suffice, till noontide's sultry heat

Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind  
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in  
 flower

Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet  
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired  
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet  
 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given,  
 Given with a voice and by a look returned  
 Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes,  
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,  
 The local Genius hurries me aloft,  
 Transported over that cloud-wooing hill,  
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,  
 With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,  
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,  
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,  
 Of visual sovereignty, — hills multitudinous,  
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer,) hills  
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,  
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped  
 By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk  
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan  
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed  
 The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence  
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,  
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,  
 Places forsaken now, though loving still  
 The Muses, as they loved them in the days  
 Of the old minstrels and the border bards. —  
 But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,

The simple rapture ; — who that travels far  
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share  
 Or wish to share it ? — One there surely was,  
 “ The Wizard of the North,” with anxious hope  
 Brought to this genial climate, when disease  
 Preyed upon body and mind, — yet not the less  
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words  
 That spake of bards and minstrels ; and his spirit  
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn’s brow,  
 Where once together, in his day of strength,  
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free  
 From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve  
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,  
 Or by another’s sympathy was led,  
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,  
 Knowledge no help ; Imagination shaped  
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,  
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive,  
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words  
 To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile,  
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,  
 He said, “ When I am there, although ’t is fair,  
 ’T will be another Yarrow.” Prophecy  
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania’s shores  
 Soon witnessed, and the City of Seven Hills.  
 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs ;  
 And more than all, that Eminence which showed  
 Her splendors, seen, not felt, the while he stood

A few short steps (painful they were) apart  
From Tasso's Convent-haven and retired grave.

Peace to their Spirits ! why should Poesy  
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover  
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread  
To move in sunshine ? — Utter thanks, my Soul !  
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion  
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,  
That I — so near the term to human life  
Appointed by man's common heritage,  
Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that  
Deserve a thought) but little known to fame —  
Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,  
Art's noblest relics, History's rich bequests,  
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered  
The whole world's Darling, — free to rove at will  
O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,  
Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth  
For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings,  
thanks

Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe  
Where gladness seems a duty, — let me guard  
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit  
Already gathered in this favored Land  
Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,  
That He who guides and governs all, approves  
When gratitude, though disciplined to look  
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown.

Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand ;  
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,  
 Reflected through the mists of age, from hours  
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,  
 Shoot but a little way — 't is all they can —  
 Into the doubtful future. Who would keep  
 Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,  
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.  
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown  
 If' one — while tossed, as was my lot to be,  
 In a frail bark urged by two slender oars  
 Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,  
 Dashed their white foam against the palace-walls  
 Of Genoa the superb — should there be led  
 To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,  
 However humble in themselves, with thoughts  
 Raised and sustained by memory of him  
 Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds  
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength  
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship  
 To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized  
 Be those impressions which incline the heart  
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,  
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm, —  
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops  
 On the small hyssop destined to become,  
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept.  
 A purifying instrument, — the storm  
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,



And as it shook, enabling the blind roots  
 Further to force their way, endowed its trunk  
 With magnitude and strength fit to uphold  
 The glorious temple, — did alike proceed  
 From the same gracious will, were both an offspring  
 Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim  
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled  
 By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive  
 By conflict, and their opposites, that trust  
 In lowliness, — a mid-way tract there lies  
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind  
 Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and  
 Old,

From century on to century, must have known  
 The emotion, — nay, more fitly were it said, —  
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep  
 Into my spirit, when I paced, inclosed  
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor  
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,  
 And through each window's open fret-work looked  
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth  
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved  
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,  
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought  
 For its deliverance, — a capacious field  
 That to descendants of the dead it holds  
 And to all living mute memento breathes,  
 More touching far than aught which on the walls  
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,

Of the changed City's long-departed power,  
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,  
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.  
 And, high above that length of cloistral roof,  
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,  
 To kindred contemplations ministers  
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which swells  
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain  
 Conjoined, in prospect mutable or fixed,  
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,  
 Or pause,) the summit of the Leaning Tower.  
 Nor less remuneration waits on him  
 Who, having left the Cemetery, stands  
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall  
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,  
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight  
 Of splendor unextinguished, pomp unseathed,  
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,  
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair  
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye  
 A type of age in man, upon its front  
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence  
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more  
 Struggling against the stream of destiny,  
 But with its peaceful majesty content.  
 — O what a spectacle at every turn  
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with  
     moss,  
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot  
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;

Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short  
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe  
 Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps  
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care  
 Those images of genial beauty, oft  
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves,  
 But by reflection made so, which do best  
 And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths  
 Life's cup, when almost filled with years, like mine.  
 — How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,  
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,  
 Savona, Queen of territory fair  
 As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its length  
 Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds  
 As a selected treasure thy one cliff,  
 That, while it wore for melancholy crest  
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have  
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs  
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how  
 kind  
 The breath of air can be where earth had else  
 Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,  
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,  
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze  
 Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved  
 Into a natural port, a tideless sea,  
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice  
 Softly responsive; and, attuned to all  
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared

Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort  
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,  
 In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here  
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay  
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,  
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve  
 From mortal change aught that is born on earth  
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink  
 Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,  
 Modest Savona ! over all did brood  
 A pure poetic Spirit, — as the breeze,  
 Mild, — as the verdure, fresh, — the sunshine,  
 bright, —

Thy gentle Chiabrera ! — not a stone,  
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,  
 In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest  
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name  
 Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,  
 To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse  
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed  
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,  
 Say rather, one in native fellowship  
 With all who want not skill to couple grief  
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.  
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,  
 Yet in his page the records of that worth  
 Survive, uninjured : — glory then to words,  
 Honor to word-preserving Arts, and hail,  
 Ye kindred local influences, that still,

If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,  
Await my steps when they the breezy height  
Shall range of philosophic Tusculum ;  
Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish  
To meet the shade of Horace by the side  
Of his Blandusian fount ; or I invoke  
His presence to point out the spot where once  
He sat, and eulogized with earnest pen  
Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires ;  
And all the immunities of rural life  
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.  
Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given,  
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,  
Parthenope's Domain, Virgilian haunt,  
Illustrated with never-dying verse,  
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,  
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands  
Endeared.

And who, — if not a man as cold  
In heart as dull in brain, — while pacing ground  
Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds  
Out of her early struggles well inspired  
To localize heroic acts, — could look  
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,  
Though even to their last syllable the Lays  
And very names of those who gave them birth  
Have perished ? — Verily, to her utmost depth,  
Imagination feels what Reason fears not  
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged  
In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned

To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,  
 And others like in fame, created Powers  
 With attributes from History derived,  
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,  
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,  
 With something more propitious to high aims  
 Than either, pent within her separate sphere,  
 Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining

Union with those primeval energies  
 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height,  
 Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call  
 Descend, and on the brow of ancient Rome,  
 As she survives in ruin, manifest  
 Your glories mingled with the brightest hues  
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,  
 But never to be extinct while Earth endures.  
 O, come, if undishonored by the prayer,  
 From all her Sanctuaries! — Open for my feet,  
 Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse  
 Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened  
 For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross  
 On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned  
 Their orisons with voices half suppressed,  
 But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,  
 Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,

Into that vault receive me from whose depth  
 Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,  
 Albeit lifting human to divine,

A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys  
 Grasped in his hand ; and lo ! with upright sword  
 Prefiguring his own impendent doom,  
 The Apostle of the Gentiles ; both prepared  
 To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate  
 Inflicted ; — blessed Men, for so to Heaven  
 They follow their dear Lord !

Time flows, — nor winds,  
 Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,  
 But many a benefit borne upon his breast  
 For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,  
 No one knows how ; nor seldom is put forth  
 An angry arm that snatches good away,  
 Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream  
 Has to our generation brought, and brings  
 Innumerable gains ; yet we, who now  
 Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely  
 To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out  
 From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,  
 Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact  
 Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,  
 Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,  
 By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed  
 Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be  
 Her conquests, in the world of sense made known  
 So with the internal mind it fares ; and so  
 With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear  
 Of vital principle's controlling law,  
 To her purblind guide, Expediency ; and so  
 Suffers religious faith. Elate with view

Of what is won, we overlook or scorn  
 The best that should keep pace with it, and must,  
 Else more and more the general mind will droop,  
 Even as if bent on perishing. There lives  
 No faculty within us which the Soul  
 Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,  
 For dignity not placed beyond her reach,  
 Zealous coöperation of all means  
 Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,  
 And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.  
 By gross Utilities enslaved, we need  
 More of ennobling impulse from the past,  
 If to the future aught of good must come  
 Sounder and therefore holier than the ends  
 Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,  
 We covet as supreme. O grant the crown  
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff  
 From Knowledge! — If the Muse, whom I have  
 served

This day, be mistress of a single pearl  
 Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,  
 Then not in vain, under these chestnut-boughs  
 Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul  
 To transports from the secondary founts  
 Flowing of time and place, and paid to both  
 Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,  
 By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse  
 Accordant meditations, which in times  
 Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed  
 Influence, at least among a scattered few,



To soberness of mind and peace of heart  
 Friendly ; as here to my repose hath been  
 This flowering broom's dear neighborhood, the light  
 And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,  
 And all the varied landscape. Let us now  
 Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.\*

---

 II.

## THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I SAW far off the dark top of a Pine  
 Look like a cloud, — a slender stem the tie  
 That bound it to its native earth, — poised high  
 'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,  
 Striving in peace each other to outshine.  
 But when I learned the Tree was living there,  
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,  
 O what a gush of tenderness was mine !  
 The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright  
 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,  
 Death-parted friends, and days' too swift in flight,  
 Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome  
 (Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)  
 Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.†

\* See Note.

† See Note.

## III.

## AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?  
 Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,  
 Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still  
 That name, a local Phantom proud to mock  
 The Traveller's expectation? — Could our Will  
 Destroy the ideal Power within, 't were done  
 Through what men see and touch, — slaves wan-  
     dering on,  
 Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.  
 Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;  
 Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,  
 From that depression raised, to mount on high  
 With stronger wing, more clearly to discern  
 Eternal things; and, if need be, defy  
 Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

## IV.

AT ROME. — REGRETS. — IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND  
OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,  
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock  
 Of History, stripped naked as a rock  
 'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?  
 The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,

Her morning splendors vanish, and their place  
 Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face  
 With those bright beams, yet hid it not, must steer  
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow,  
 One solace yet remains for us who came  
 Into this world in days when story lacked  
 Severe research, that in our hearts we know  
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,  
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

## V.

## CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same  
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,  
 History that proves by inward evidence  
 From what a precious source of truth it came.  
 Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared  
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,  
 But for coeval sympathy prepared  
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.  
 None but a noble people could have loved  
 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style:  
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved;  
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile  
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call  
 For the bloodthirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

## VI.

## PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,  
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,  
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth  
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,  
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,  
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,  
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies  
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.  
 Such was her office while she walked with men,  
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire,  
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be,  
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,  
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre  
 Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.\*

## VII.

## AT ROME.

THEY who have seen the noble Roman's scorn  
 Break forth at thought of laying down his head,  
 When the blank day is over, garreted  
 In his ancestral palace, where, from morn  
 To night, the desecrated floors are worn

\* Quem virum . . . . lyra . . . .  
 . . . . sumes celebrare Clio?

By feet of purse-proud strangers; they who have  
read

In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,  
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;  
They who have heard some learned Patriot treat  
Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme,  
From ancient Rome, downwards through that  
bright dream

Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat  
Of rival glory; — they, fallen Italy,  
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

## VIII.

## NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;  
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon  
Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;  
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn,  
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,  
Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,  
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,  
Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.  
— Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve  
Shrinks from the note as from a mistimed thing  
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,  
Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting  
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair  
And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear

## IX.

## AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed, — and Monte Calvo would not clear  
His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through  
Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,  
My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear  
Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer;  
Our yesterday's procession did not sue  
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,  
Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,  
But not in scorn: — the Matron's Faith may lack  
The heavenly sanction needed to insure  
Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track  
Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure  
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,  
For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

## X.

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove  
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing  
'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,  
While all things present told of joy and love.  
But restless Fancy left that olive grove  
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing  
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,  
On the great flood were spared to live and move.

O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough  
 Brought to the ark are coming evermore,  
 Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough  
 This sea of life without a visible shore,  
 Do neither promise ask nor grace implore  
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

## XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,  
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown  
 With monuments decayed or overthrown,  
 For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,  
 Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,  
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;  
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gandy crown;  
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.  
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain? — Fallen  
     Power,  
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke  
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour  
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,  
 And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,  
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

## XII.

## NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,  
 An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,  
 Checked not its rage ; unfelt the ground did rock,  
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim. —  
 Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,  
 Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,  
 Save in this Rill that took from blood the name \*  
 Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.  
 So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof  
 From the true guidance of humanity,  
 Through Time and Nature's influence, purify  
 Their spirit ; or, unless they for reproof  
 Or warning serve, thus let them ail, on ground  
 That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

## XIII.

## NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

FOR action born, existing to be tried,  
 Powers manifold we have that intervene  
 To stir the heart that would too closely screen  
 Her peace from images to pain allied.  
 What wonder if at midnight, by the side

\* Sanguinetto.



Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymene,  
 The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,  
 Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen ;  
 And singly thine, O vanquished chief! whose corse,  
 Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain?  
 But who is he? — the Conqueror. Would he force  
 His way to Rome? Ah, no! round hill and plain  
 Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,  
 This spot, — his shadowy death-cup in his hand.

---

 XIV.

## THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25TH, 1837.

LIST! — 't was the Cuckoo. — O, with what delight  
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,  
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,  
 Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!  
 Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,  
 Although invisible as Echo's self,  
 Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,  
 For this unthought-of greeting!

Wfile allured

From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,  
 We have pursued, through various lands, a long  
 And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,  
 Embellishing the ground that gave them birth

With aspects novel to my sight ; but still  
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew  
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,  
 For old remembrance' sake. And oft, — where  
     Spring

Displayed her richest blossoms among files  
 Of Orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit  
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade  
 Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,  
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy, —  
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush  
 Blending as in a common English grove  
 Their love-songs ; but, where'er my feet might roam,  
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old,  
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,  
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice  
 Was wanting ; — and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna ! mark the far-famed Pile,  
 High on the brink of that precipitous rock,  
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth  
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned  
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,  
 By a few Monks, a stern society,  
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.  
 Nay, — though the hopes that drew, the fears that  
     drove,  
 St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide  
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,  
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have  
     ceased

To bind his spiritual progeny with rules  
Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live, --  
His milder Genius (thanks to the good God  
That made us) over those severe restraints  
Of mind, that dread, heart-freezing discipline,  
Doth sometimes here predominate, and works  
By unsought means for gracious purposes ;  
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by change-  
ful earth  
Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though he were above the power of  
sense,  
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart  
Of that once sinful Being overflowed  
On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,  
And every shape of creature they sustain,  
Divine affections ; and with beast and bird  
(Stilled from afar — such marvel story tells —  
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,  
And from their own pursuits in field or grove  
Drawn to his side by look or act of love  
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)  
He went to hold companionship so free,  
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,  
As to be likened in his Followers' minds  
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall  
From their high state darkened the Earth with  
fear,  
Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band  
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he  
     trod,

Some true partakers of his loving spirit  
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts  
 Consorted, others, in the power, the faith,  
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt  
 To catch from Nature's humblest monitors  
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale  
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,  
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,  
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,  
 Seated alone, with forehead skyward raised,  
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore  
 Appended to his bosom, and lips closed  
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood  
 And habit of his vow. That ancient Man, —  
 Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,  
 As we approached the Convent gate, aloft  
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,  
 A young Ascetic, — Poet, Hero, Sage,  
 He might have been, Lover belike he was, —  
 If they received into a conscious ear  
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,  
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy  
 My heart, may have been moved like me to  
     think,  
 Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,

On the great Prophet, styled *the Vowe of One*  
*Crying amid the wilderness*, and given,  
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and  
                   flowers

Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,  
 That awful name to thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,  
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore  
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave  
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies  
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights  
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the desert, fare thee well; sweet Bird!  
 If that substantial title please thee more,  
 Farewell! — but go thy way; no need hast thou  
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower  
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,  
 Thee gentle breezes waft, — or airs that meet  
 Thy course and sport around thee softly fan, —  
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,  
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,  
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

---

 XV.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,  
 And seeking consolation from above;

Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left  
 To paint this picture of his lady-love :  
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve ?  
 And O good Brethren of the cowl ! a thing  
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,  
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.  
 That bloom, — those eyes, — can they assist to  
     bind  
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven ? The  
     dream must cease  
 To be ; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live ;  
 Else will the enamored Monk too surely find  
 How wide a space can part from inward peace  
 The most profound repose his cell can give.

### XVI.

#### CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares  
 And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,  
 All trust abandoned in the healing might  
 Of virtuous action, — all that courage dares,  
 Labor accomplishes, or patience bears, —  
 Those helps rejected, they whose minds perceive  
 How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may  
     heave  
 For such a one beset with cloistral snares.  
 Father of Mercy ! rectify his view,  
 If with his vows this object ill agree ;

Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue  
Imperious passion in a heart set free : —  
That earthly love may to herself be true,  
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.\*

---

## XVII.

AT THE EREMITTE OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the pair of Monks, in size  
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sat,  
By panting steers up to this convent gate ?  
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,  
Dare they confront the lean austerities  
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait  
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate  
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies ?  
Strange contrast ! — verily the world of dreams,  
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,  
Things in their very essences at strife,  
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes  
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,  
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.\*

\* See Note

## XVIII.

## AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades  
 High over-arched embower.\*

PARADISE LOST.

“VALLOMBROSA, — I longed in thy shadiest wood  
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor !”  
 Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,  
 That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more.  
 Its murmur how soft ! as it falls down the steep,  
 Near that Cell — yon sequestered Retreat high  
                   in air —

Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep  
 For converse with God, sought through study and  
                   prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,  
 And its truth who shall doubt ? for his Spirit is  
                   here ;

In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,  
 In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty  
                   austere ;

In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace  
 Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might  
                   confide,

\* See for the two *first lines*, “Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass.”



That would yield him fit help while prefiguring  
that Place  
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had  
died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate  
time,  
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,  
With a thought he would flee to these haunts of  
his prime,  
And here once again a kind shelter be found.  
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse  
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,  
Here also, on some favored height, he would choose  
To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa ! of thee I first heard in the page  
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind  
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age  
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.  
And now, ye Miltonian shades ! under you  
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,  
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they  
will strew,  
And the realized vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may  
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense :  
Unblamed, if the Soul be intent on the day  
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence

For he and he only with wisdom is blest  
 Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,  
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,  
 To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

---

XIX.

AT FLORENCE.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,  
 The Dome of Florence, pensive and alone,  
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,  
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,  
 The laurelled Dante's favorite seat. A throne,  
 In just esteem, it rivals; though no style  
 Be there of decoration to beguile  
 The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown.  
 As a true man, who long had served the lyre,  
 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.  
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore  
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.  
 Bold with the thought, in reverence I sat down,  
 And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, IN  
 THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordained to cry  
 Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein

His father served Jehovah ; but how win  
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy  
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry  
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin  
And folly, if they with united din  
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy ?  
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence  
To her, as to her opposite in peace,  
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,  
To her and to all lands its warning sent,  
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,  
“ Make straight a highway for the Lord, — repent ! ”

## XXI.

AT FLORENCE. — FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,  
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,  
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights  
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.  
With Him who made the Work that Work accords  
So well, that by its help and through his grace  
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,  
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.  
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,  
I feel how in their presence doth abide  
Light which to God is both the way and guide,  
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,  
My noble fire emits the joyful ray  
That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

## XXII.

AT FLORENCE. — FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,  
And loosened from the world, I turn to thee;  
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee  
To thy protection for a safe abode.  
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,  
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,  
To a sincere repentance promise grace,  
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.  
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,  
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;  
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;  
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline  
More readily the more my years require  
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

---

## XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN  
THE APENNINES.

YE Trees! whose slender roots entwine  
Altars that piety neglects;  
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine  
Which no devotion now respects;

If not a straggler from the herd  
 Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,  
 Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride  
 In aught that ye would grace or hide, —  
 How sadly is your love misplaced,  
 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!  
 Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,  
 And ye — full often spurned as weeds, —  
 In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness  
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall —  
 Do but more touchingly recall  
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,  
 Making the precincts ye adorn  
 Appear to sight still more forlorn.

---

 XXIV.

## IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man wins,  
 Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves! — most hard  
 Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's compared,  
 For whom his toil with early day begins.  
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will  
 (As if her labor and her ease were twins)  
*She* seems to work, at pleasure to lie still; —  
 And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.  
 So fare they, — the Man serving as her Slave.  
 Ere long their fates do each to each conform:

Both pass into new being ; — but the Worm,  
 Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave ;  
*His* volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend  
 To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

## XXV.

## AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR Land ! Thee all men greet with joy ; how  
 few,  
 Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,  
 Part from thee without pity dyed in shame :  
 I could not, — while from Venice we withdrew,  
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view  
 Within its depths, and to the shore we came  
 Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,  
 Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder coloring threw.  
 Italia ! on the surface of thy spirit,  
 (Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake,)  
 Shall a few partial breezes only creep ? —  
 Be its depths quickened ; what thou dost inherit  
 Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil ; awake,  
 Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep !

## XXVI.

## CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue  
 Spake bitter words ; words that did ill agree  
 With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,

And divine Art, that fast to memory clung, —  
 Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young  
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight  
 How beautiful! how worthy to be sung  
 In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!  
 I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock  
 That followed the first sound of German speech,  
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.  
 In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock  
 Parting; the casual word had power to reach  
 My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

## XXVII.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838.

IF with old love of you, dear Hills! I share  
 New love of many a rival image brought  
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:  
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare  
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,  
 So rich to me in favors. For my lot  
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot  
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air  
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning, too,  
 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming  
 Amid the sunny, shadowy Coliseum;  
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,  
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,  
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

## XXVIII.

## THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds  
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds :  
And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold  
A new magnificence that vies with old ;  
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood  
A votive Column, spared by fire and flood : —  
And, though the passions of man's fretful race  
Have never ceased to eddy round its base,  
Not injured more by touch of meddling hands  
Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,  
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save  
From death the memory of the good and brave.  
Historic figures round the shaft embost  
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost :  
Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees  
Group winding after group, with dream-like ease ;  
Triumphs in sun-bright gratitude displayed,  
Or softly stealing into modest shade.  
— So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine  
Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine ;  
The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes  
Wide-spreading odors from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears  
Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,  
I gladly commune with the mind and heart



Of him who thus survives by classic art,  
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,  
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;  
 Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering  
                   sword  
 Stretched far as earth might own a single lord ;  
 In the delight of moral prudence schooled,  
 How feelingly at home the sovereign ruled ;  
 Best of the good, — in pagan faith allied  
 To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar ! 'mid the wrecks of Time  
 Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime, —  
 The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,  
 Whence half the breathing world received its doom ;  
 Things that recoil from language ; that, if shown  
 By apter pencil, from the light had flown.  
 A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,  
*There* greets an Embassy from Indian shores ;  
 Lo ! he harangues his cohorts, — *there* the storm  
 Of battle meets him in authentic form !  
 Unharnessed, naked troops of Moorish horse  
 Sweep to the charge ; more high, the Dacian force,  
 To hoof and finger mailed ; — yet, high or low,  
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe ;  
 In every Roman, through all turns of fate,  
 Is Roman dignity inviolate ;  
 Spirit in him præëminent, who guides,  
 Supports, adorns, and over all presides ;  
 Distinguished only by inherent state

From honored Instruments that round him wait ;  
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test  
Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest  
On aught by which another is deprest.  
— Alas ! that One thus disciplined could toil  
To enslave whole nations on their native soil ;  
So emulous of Macedonian fame,  
That, when his age was measured with his aim,  
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,  
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs.  
O weakness of the Great ! O folly of the wise !

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread  
With such fond hope ? her very speech is dead :  
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,  
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,  
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies :  
Still are we present with the imperial Chief,  
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief,  
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,  
Becomes with all her years a vision of the **Mind**.

## THE EGYPTIAN MAID:

OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER-LILY.

---

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the Renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table"; for the rest, the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

---

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,  
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,  
The pleased Enchanter was aware  
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air;  
Yet was she work of mortal hands,  
And took from men her name, — THE WATER-  
LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;  
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,  
Grows from a little edge of light  
To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright

Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,  
 More glorious, with spread sail and streaming  
 pendant.

Upon this wingèd Shape so fair  
 Sage Merlin gazed with admiration :  
 Her lineaments, thought he, surpass  
 Aught that was ever shown in magic glass ;  
 Was ever built with patient care ;  
 Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill  
 Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,  
 Grave Merlin (and belike the more  
 For practising occult and perilous lore)  
 Was subject to a freakish will  
 That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with  
 defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast  
 An altered look upon the advancing Stranger  
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,  
 " My Art shall help to tame her pride." —  
 Anon the breeze became a blast,  
 And the waves rose, and sky portended danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign  
 Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges ;  
 The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,  
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish. crossed

By Fiends of aspect more malign ;  
 And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer  
 scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore  
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley ;  
 Supreme in loveliness and grace  
 Of motion, whether in the embrace  
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er  
 The main flood roughened into hill and valley

Behold, how wantonly she laves  
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding ;  
 Like something out of Ocean sprung  
 To be for ever fresh and young.  
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves  
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding !

But Ocean under magic heaves,  
 And cannot spare the Thing he cherished :  
 Ah ! what avails that she was fair,  
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair ?  
 The storm has stripped her of her leaves ;  
 The Lily floats no longer ! — She hath perished.

Grieve for her, she deserves no less ;  
 So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature !  
 No heart had she, no busy brain ;  
 Though loved, she could not love again ;  
 Though pitied, *feel* her own distress ;  
 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears ;  
 So richly was this Galley laden,  
 A fairer than herself she bore,  
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore ;  
 A lovely One, who nothing hears  
 Of wind or wave, — a meek and guileless Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled,  
 From mischief caused by spells himself had  
     muttered ;  
 And while, repentant all too late,  
 In moody posture there he sate,  
 He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised  
     head,  
 A Visitant by whom these words were uttered:—

“ On Christian service this frail Bark  
 Sailed, (hear me, Merlin !) under high protec-  
     tion,  
 Though on her brow a sign of heathen power  
 Was carved, — a Goddess with a Lily flower,  
 The old Egyptian’s emblematic mark  
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

“ Her course was for the British strand ;  
 Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless ;  
 God reigns above, and Spirits strong  
 May gather to avenge this wrong  
 Done to the Princess, and her Land  
 Which she in duty left, sad but not cheerless.

“ And to Caerleon’s loftiest tower  
Soon will the Knights of Arthur’s Table  
A cry of lamentation send ;  
And all will weep who there attend,  
To grace that Stranger’s bridal hour,  
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

“ Shame ! should a Child of royal line  
Die through the blindness of thy malice ? ”  
Thus to the Necromancer spake  
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,  
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,  
Who ne’er embittered any good man’s chalice.

“ What boots,” continued she, “ to mourn ?  
To expiate thy sin endeavor :  
From the bleak isle where she is laid,  
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid  
May yet to Arthur’s court be borne,  
Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

“ My pearly Boat, a shining Light,  
That brought me down that sunless river  
Will bear me on from wave to wave,  
And back with her to this sea-cave ; —  
Then, Merlin ! for a rapid flight  
Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver.

“ The very swiftest of thy cars  
Must, when my part is done, be ready ;

Meanwhile, for further guidance, look  
 Into thy own prophetic book ;  
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars  
 To learn thy course. Farewell! be prompt and  
 steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again  
 Was seated in her gleaming shallop,  
 That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,  
 Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
 Or like a steed, without a rein,  
 Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
 That Isle without a house or haven ;  
 Landing, she found not what she sought,  
 Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
 But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach  
 By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relic, but how fair the while !  
 For gently each from each retreating  
 With backward curve, the leaves revealed  
 The bosom half, and half concealed,  
 Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile  
 On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
 Of tortured hope and purpose shaken ;  
 Following the margin of a bay,



She spied the lonely Cast-away,  
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
But with closed eyes, — of breath and bloom for-  
saken.

'Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,  
With tenderness and mild emotion,  
The Damsel, in that trance embound ;  
And, while she raised her from the ground,  
And in the pearly shallop placed,  
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
Of music opened, and there came a blending  
Of fragrance, underived from earth,  
With gleams that owed not to the sun their birth,  
And that soft rustling of invisible wings  
Which Angels make, on works of love descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
Than if the Goddess of the flower had spoken :  
" Thou hast achieved, fair Dame ! what none  
Less pure in spirit could have done ;  
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice !  
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken.<sup>2</sup>

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,  
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster ;  
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,  
The self-illumined Brigantine

Shed, on the Slumberer's cold, wan cheek  
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they came  
To the dim cavern, whence the river  
Issued into the salt-sea flood,  
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,  
Was thus accosted by the Dame :  
" Behold, to thee my Charge I now deliver !

" But where attends thy chariot, — where ? " —  
Quoth Merlin, " Even as I was bidden,  
So have I done ; as trusty as thy barge  
My vehicle shall prove, — O precious Charge !  
If this be sleep, how soft ! if death, how fair !  
Much have my books disclosed, but the end is  
hidden."

He spake ; and gliding into view  
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber  
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky  
white  
Changed, as the pair approached the light,  
Drawing an ebon car, their hue  
( Like clouds of sunset ) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift  
The Princess, passive to all changes :  
' The car received her : — then up-went  
Into the ethereal element

The Birds, with progress smooth and swift  
As thought, when through bright regions memory  
                  ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,  
Instructs the Swans their way to measure ;  
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,  
And notes of minstrelsy were heard  
From rich pavilions spreading wide,  
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames,  
Ere on firm ground the car alighted ;  
Eftsoons astonishment was past,  
For in that face they saw the last,  
Last lingering look of clay, that tames  
All pride ; by which all happiness is blighted

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,  
Away with feast and tilt and tourney !  
Ye saw, throughout this royal House,  
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous  
Of turrets, and a clash of swords  
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

"Lo ! by a destiny well known  
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow ;  
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid  
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed  
Where she by shipwreck had been thrown ;  
Oh sight ! but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

“ Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,”  
Exclaimed the King, “ a mockery hateful ;  
Dutiful Child, her lot how hard !  
Is this her piety’s reward ?  
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek !  
O winds without remorse ! O shore ungrateful !

“ Rich robes are fretted by the moth ;  
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder ;  
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate  
A Father’s sorrow for her fate ?  
He will repent him of his troth ;  
His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

“ Alas ! and I have caused this woe ;  
For, when my prowess from invading Neighbors  
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word  
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,  
And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow  
Whom I should choose for love and matchless la-  
bors.

“ Her birth was heathen ; but a fence  
Of holy Angels round her hovered :  
A Lady added to my court  
So fair, of such divine report  
And worship, seemed a recompense  
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

“ Ask not for whom, O Champions true !  
She was reserved by me, her life’s betrayer ;

She who was meant to be a bride  
 Is now a corse : then put aside  
 Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due  
 Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close  
 Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty ;  
 Not froward to thy sovereign will  
 Esteem me, Liege ! if I, whose skill  
 Wafted her hither, interpose  
 To check this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me to lay bare  
 The secret thou art bent on keeping :  
 Here must a high attest be given,  
*What* Bridegroom was for her ordained by  
 Heaven :  
 And in my glass significant there are  
 Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping.

"For this, approaching one by one,  
 Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the  
 Virgin ;  
 So, for the favored one, the Flower may bloom  
 Once more : but, if unchangeable her doom,  
 If life departed be for ever gone,  
 Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

"May teach him to bewail his loss,  
 Not with a grief that, like a vapor, rises

And melts, but grief devout that shall endure,  
 And a perpetual growth secure  
 Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,  
 A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises.”

“So be it,” said the King; — “anon,  
 Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;  
 Knights, each in order as ye stand,  
 Step forth.” — To touch the pallid hand  
 Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he won  
 From Heaven or earth; — Sir Kaye had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;  
 Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;  
 Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere  
 He reached that ebon car, the bier  
 Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,  
 Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)  
 How in still air the balance trembled, —  
 The wishes, peradventure the despites  
 That overcame some not ungenerous Knights;  
 And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span  
 Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!  
 And there how many bosoms panted!  
 While drawing toward the car Sir Gawaine,  
 mailed

For tournament, his beaver veiled,  
 And softly touched ; but, to his princely cheer  
 And high expectancy, no sign was granted

Next, disencumbered of his harp,  
 Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,  
 Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued  
 No change ; — the fair Izonda he had wooed  
 With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,  
 From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot ; — from Heaven's grace  
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition ;  
 The royal Guinever looked passing glad  
 When his touch failed. — Next came Sir Ga-  
 lahad ;

He paused, and stood entranced by that still face,  
 Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream  
 He rested, 'mid an arbor green and shady,  
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed  
 A light around his mossy bed ;  
 And, at her call, a waking dream  
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,  
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with  
 ermine,  
 As o'er the insensate Body hung

The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,  
Belief sank deep into the crowd  
That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had worn  
That very mantle on a day of glory,  
The day when he achieved that matchless feat,  
The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,  
Which whosoe'er approached of strength was  
shorn,  
Though King or Knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand, —  
And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's  
dominions,  
The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;  
And their necks play, involved in rings,  
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land.  
"Mine is she," cried the Knight; — again they  
clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she, — mine she is, though dead,  
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow."  
Whereat, a tender twilight streak  
Of color dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;  
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,  
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,



When to the mouth relenting Death  
 Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,  
 Precursor to a timid sigh,  
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze  
 Upon the signs that pass away or tarry ;  
 In silence watched the gentle strife  
 Of Nature leading back to life ;  
 Then eased his soul at length by praise  
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen, — the blissful  
 Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,  
 Sir Galahad ! a treasure that God giveth,  
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
 Through mortal change and immortality ,  
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who art  
 A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liv-  
 eth !"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed ;  
 And sage tradition still rehearses  
 The pomp, the glory of that hour,  
 When toward the altar from her bower  
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,  
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses : —

Who shrinks not from alliance  
 Of evil with good Powers,

To God proclaims defiance,  
And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted  
From the Land of Nile did go;  
Alas! the bright Ship floated,  
An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,  
The Heaven-permitted vent  
Of purblind mortal passion,  
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,  
What served they in her need?  
Her port she could not win it,  
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,  
And she was seen no more;  
But gently, gently blame her, —  
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,  
And kept to him her faith,  
Till sense in death was darkened,  
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow  
Kept watch a viewless band;

And, billow favoring billow,  
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you  
Your faith in Him approve  
Who from frail earth can call you  
To bowers of endless love!

1836.

# THE RIVER DUDDON.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

---

THE RIVER DUDDON rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

---

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

{WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER  
POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.}

---

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest, with folded wings:  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,  
Nor check, the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened? — till was paid  
 Respect to every Inmate's claim:  
 The greeting given, the music played,  
 In honor of each household name,  
 Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
 And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice  
 That took thee from thy native hills;  
 And it is given thee to rejoice:  
 Though public care full often tills  
 (Heaven only witness of the toil)  
 A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,  
 Hadst heard this never-failing rite;  
 And seen on other faces shine  
 A true revival of the light  
 Which Nature and these rustic Powers,  
 In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
 On these expected annual rounds;  
 Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
 Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
 Or they are offered at the door  
 That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
 To hear — and sink again to sleep!  
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
 By blazing fire, the still suspense  
 Of self-complacent innocence; —

The mutual nod, — the grave disguise  
 Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;  
 And some unbidden tears that rise  
 For names once heard, and heard no more;

Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared  
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws:  
Hail, Usages of pristine mould!  
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought  
That slights this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

## I.

NOT envying Latian shades, — if yet they throw  
 A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,  
 Blandusia, prattling as when long ago  
 The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing ;  
 Careless of flowers that in perennial blow  
 Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling ;  
 Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering  
 Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow ;  
 I seek the birthplace of a native Stream. —  
 All hail, ye mountains ! hail, thou morning light !  
 Better to breathe at large on this clear height,  
 Than toil in heedless sleep from dream to dream :  
 Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,  
 For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme !

## II.

CHILD of the clouds ! remote from every taint  
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast ;  
 Thine are the honors of the lofty waste ;  
 Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,  
 Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint  
 Thy cradle decks ; — to chant thy birth, thou hast  
 No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,  
 And Desolation is thy Patron-saint !  
 She guards thee, ruthless Power ! who would not  
     spare

Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,  
 Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair,\*  
 Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green,  
 Thousands of years before the silent air  
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen !

## III.

How shall I paint thee ? — Be this naked stone  
 My seat, while I give way to such intent,  
 Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,  
 Make to the eyes of men thy features known.  
 But as of all those tripping lambs not one  
 Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent  
 To thy beginning naught that doth present  
 Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.  
 To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,  
 No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem  
 Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care ;  
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam  
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare ;  
 Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth !

## IV.

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take  
 This parting glance, no negligent adieu !

\* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.



A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue  
 The curves, a loosely scattered chain doth make ;  
 Or rather thou appear'st a glittering snake,  
 Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,  
 Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through  
 Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.  
 Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill  
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam ;  
 And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb  
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;  
 Else let the dastard backward wend, and roam,  
 Seeking less bold achievement, where he will !

## V.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that played  
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound  
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound. —  
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid  
 The sun in heaven ! — but now, to form a shade  
 For thee, green alders have together wound  
 Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms around ;  
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.  
 And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and gray ;  
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes  
 Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day.  
 Thy pleased associates : — light as endless May  
 On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

## VI.

## FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees,  
 It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,  
 Where small birds warbled to their paramours ;  
 And earlier still was heard the hum of bees ;  
 I saw them ply their harmless robberies,  
 And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,  
 Fed by the stream with soft, perpetual showers,  
 Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.  
 There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness ;  
 The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,  
 The thyme her purple, like blush of Even ;  
 And if the breath of some to no caress  
 Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,  
 All kinds alike seemed favorites of Heaven.

## VII.

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose!"  
 The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,  
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies  
 On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose ;  
 Or he would pass into her bird, that throws  
 The darts of song from out its wiry cage ;  
 Enraptured, — could he for himself engage  
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows ;

And what the little careless innocent  
 Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice  
 There are whose calmer mind it would content  
 To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,  
 Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren  
 That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

## VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,  
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell, — who first  
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?  
 What hopes came with him? what designs were  
     spread  
 Along his path? His unprotected bed  
 What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder  
     nursed  
 In hideous usages, and rites accursed,  
 'That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?'  
 No voice replies; — both air and earth are mute:  
 And thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no  
     more  
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit  
 Of ignorance thou mightst witness heretofore,  
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,  
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

## IX.

## THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling rill insensibly is grown  
 Into a brook of loud and stately march,  
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch ;  
 And, for like use, lo ! what might seem a zone  
 Chosen for ornament, — stone matched with stone  
 In studied symmetry, with interspace  
 For the clear waters to pursue their race  
 Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,  
 Succeeding. — still succeeding ! Here the Child  
 Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and  
 wild,  
 His budding courage to the proof ; and here  
 Declining Manhood learns to note the sly  
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near !

## X.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance  
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass ;  
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass ;  
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance ;  
 To stop ashamed, — too timid to advance :  
 She ventures once again, — another pause !

His outstretched hand he tauntingly withdraws,—  
 She sues for help with piteous utterance !  
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch  
 Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid :  
 Ah ! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,  
 Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.  
 The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock, see  
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory !

## XI.

## THE FAËRY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age :  
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
 Is of the very foot-marks unbereft  
 Which tiny Elves impressed ;— on that smooth  
     stage  
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage  
 In secret revels, — haply after theft  
 Of some sweet babe, — Flower stolen, and coarse  
     Weed left  
 For the distracted mother to assuage  
 Her grief with, as she might ! — But where, O,  
     where  
 Is traceable a ve-tige of the notes  
 That ruled those dances wild in character ? —  
 Deep underground ? Or in the upper air,  
 On the shrill wind of midnight ? or where floats  
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer ?

## XII.

## HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

ON, loitering Muse! — the swift Stream chides us,  
— on!

Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure  
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,  
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!  
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon  
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,  
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure  
When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,  
And the solidities of mortal pride,  
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust! —  
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide  
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set:  
Turn from the sight, enamored Muse, — we must;  
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret!

## XIII.

## OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields, — with dwellings sprinkled o'er,  
And one small hamlet, under a green hill  
Clustering, with barn and byre, and spouting mill!  
A glance suffices; — should we wish for more,  
Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak winds  
roar

Through the stiff, lance-like shoots of pollard ash,  
Dread swell of sound ! loud as the gusts that lash  
The matted forests of Ontario's shore  
By wasteful steel unsmitten, — then would I  
Turn into port ; and, reckless of the gale,  
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,  
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,  
Laugh with the generous household heartily  
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

## XIV.

O MOUNTAIN Stream ! the Shepherd and his Cot  
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude ;  
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude  
A field or two of brighter green, or plot  
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot  
Of stationary sunshine : — thou hast viewed  
These only, Duddon ! with their paths renewed  
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.  
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,  
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,  
Though simple thy companions were and few ;  
And through this wilderness a passage cleave,  
Attended but by thy own voice, save when  
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue !

## XV.

**FROM** this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams  
 play  
 Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold  
 A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold ;  
 A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray ;  
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,  
 Some Statue, placed amid these regions old  
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
 Startling the flight of timid Yesterday !  
 Was it by mortals sculptured ? — weary slaves  
 Of slow endeavor ! or abruptly cast  
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves ?  
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
 Then when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed ?

## XVI.

## AMERICAN TRADITION.

**SUCH** fruitless questions may not long beguile  
 Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured shows  
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows :  
*There* would the Indian answer with a smile  
 Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while  
 Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,  
 Covered the plains, and, wandering where they  
 chose.



Mounted through every intricate defile,  
 Triumphant. — Inundation wide and deep,  
 O'er which his fathers urged, to ridge and steep  
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant way ;  
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey ;  
 Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified !\*

## XVII.

## RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,  
 Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks ;  
 Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes  
 Departed ages, shedding where he flew  
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew  
 The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks,  
 And into silence hush the timorous flocks,  
 That, calmly couching while the nightly dew  
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars  
 Slept amid that lone camp on Hardknot's height, †  
 Whose guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars :  
 Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame  
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight  
 Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast  
 it came !

\* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

† See Note.

## XVIII.

## SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion ! “mother of form and fear,”  
 Dread arbitress of mutable respect,  
 New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,  
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper ;  
 Mother of Love ! (that name best suits thee here,)  
 Mother of Love ! for this deep vale, protect  
 Truth’s holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,  
 Gifted to purge the vapory atmosphere  
 That seeks to stifle it ; — as in those days  
 When this low Pile \* a Gospel teacher knew,  
 Whose good works formed an endless retinue :  
 A Pastor such as Chaucer’s verse portrays :  
 Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew ;  
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless  
 praise !

## XIX.

## TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with delight  
 When hope presented some far-distant good,  
 That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood  
 Of yon pure waters, from their aëry height

\* See Note.

Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite ;  
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprest  
 On the calm depth of his transparent breast,  
 Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,  
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !  
 And seldom hath ear listened to a tune  
 More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,  
 Sworn by that voice, — whose murmur musical  
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon  
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

## XX.

## THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,  
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains  
 Thy waters, Duddon ! 'mid these flowery plains, —  
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,  
 Transferred to bowers imperishably green, —  
 Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains  
 Will soon be broken ; — a rough course remains,  
 Rough as the past ; where thou, of placid mien,  
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,  
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,  
 Shalt change thy temper ; and, with many a shock  
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,  
 Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,  
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high !

## XXI.

WHENCE that low voice? — A whisper from the  
 heart,  
 That told of days long past, when here I rove<sup>d</sup>  
 With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ;  
 Some who had early mandates to depart,  
 Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart  
 By Duddon's side ; once more do we unite,  
 Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light ;  
 And smothered joys into new being start.  
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
 Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory ;  
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free  
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall  
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall  
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency !

## XXII.

## TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time,  
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass  
 In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass ;  
 And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime  
 Derives its name, reflected as the chime  
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound :  
 The starry treasure from the blue profound

She longed to ravish ; — shall she plunge, or climb  
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest  
 Of April, smiling high in upper air ?  
 Desperate alternative ! what fiend could dare  
 To prompt the thought ? — Upon the steep rock's  
     breast  
 The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,  
 Untouched memento of her hapless doom !

## XXIII.

## SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt ! — partake we their blithe  
     cheer  
 Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock  
 To wash the fleece, where haply bands of rock,  
 Checking the stream, make a pool smooth and clear  
 As this we look on. Distant Mountains hear,  
 Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites  
 Clamor of boys with innocent despites  
 Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.  
 And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive  
 Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise  
 Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive  
 Such wrong ; nor need *we* blame the licensed joys,  
 Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise :  
 Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

## XXIV.

## THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past ; — upon the sultry mead  
 No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws :  
 If we advance unstrengthened by repose,  
 Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed !  
 This Nook — with woodbine hung and straggling  
                   weed,  
 Tempting recess as ever pilgrim close,  
 Half grot, half arbor — proffers to inclose  
 Body and mind, from molestation freed,  
 In narrow compass, — narrow as itself :  
 Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,  
 Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt  
 From new incitements friendly to our task,  
 Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt  
 Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

## XXV.

METHINKS 't were no unprecedented feat  
 Should some benignant minister of air  
 Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,  
 The one for whom my heart shall ever beat  
 With tenderest love ; — or, if a safer seat  
 Atween his downy wings be furnished, there  
 Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear  
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat !  
 Rough ways my steps have trod ; — too rough and  
                   long

For her companionship ; here dwells soft ease :  
With sweets that she partakes not some distaste  
Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong ;  
Languish the flowers ; the waters seem to waste  
Their vocal charm ; their sparklings cease to please.

## XXVI.

RETURN, Content ! for fondly I pursued,  
Even when a child, the Streams, — unheard, un-  
seen ;  
Through tangled woods, impending rocks between ;  
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed  
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood —  
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,  
Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green —  
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude !  
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains ;  
They taught me random cares and truant joys,  
That shield from mischief and preserve from stains  
Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys ;  
Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise  
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

## XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,  
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,

Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep  
 Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold.  
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold ;  
 Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep  
 Of winds, — though winds were silent, — struck  
                   a deep

And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.  
 Its line of Warriors fled ; — they shrunk when tried  
 By ghostly power : — but Time's unsparing hand  
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the  
                   land ;

And now, if men with men in peace abide,  
 All other strength the weakest may withstand,  
 All worse assaults may safely be defied.

## XXVIII.

## JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-oppressed,  
 Crowded together under rustling trees  
 Brushed by the current of the water-breeze ;  
 And for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,  
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest ;  
 For all the startled scaly tribes that slink  
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link  
 Of dancing insects forged upon his breast ;  
 For these, and hopes and recollections worn  
 Close to the vital seat of human clay, —  
 Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay



The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn  
 In his pure presence near the trysting-thorn, —  
 I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

## XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,  
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains ;  
 Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins  
 Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,  
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
 Of victory, that struck through heart and reins  
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,  
 And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.  
 Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie  
 In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,  
 The passing Winds memorial tribute pay ;  
 The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn  
 Of power usurped ; with proclamation high,  
 And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

## XXX.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce  
 Of that serene companion, a good name,  
 Recovers not his loss ; but walks with shame,  
 With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse :  
 And ofttimes he, who, yielding to the force

Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,  
 From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend,  
 In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.  
 Not so with such as loosely wear the chain  
 That binds them, pleasant river ! to thy side : --  
 Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty  
     stride ;  
 I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,  
 Sure, when the separation has been tried,  
 That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

## XXXI.

THE KIRK of ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye  
 Is welcome as a star, that doth present  
 Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent  
 Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky ;  
 Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high  
 O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent ;  
 Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,  
 Take root again, a boundless canopy.  
 How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no more  
 Than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard to re-  
     cline,  
 From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine ;  
 Or there to pace, and mark the summits boar  
 Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,  
 Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

## XXXII.

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;  
 Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands  
 And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands  
 Held ; but in radiant progress toward the Deep,  
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep  
 Sink, and forget their nature, — *now* expands  
 Majestic Duddon, over smooth, flat sands  
 Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !  
 Beneath an ampler sky, a region wide  
 Is opened round him ; — hamlets, towers, and towns,  
 And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar ;  
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied,  
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,  
 With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

## XXXIII.

## CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale ;  
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast  
 A crimson splendor : lowly is the mast  
 That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail ;  
 While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale  
 Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,  
 The wanderer seeks that receptacle vast  
 Where all his unambitious functions fail.

And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free —  
 The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,  
 And each tumultuous working left behind  
 At seemly distance — to advance like Thee ;  
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind  
 And soul, to mingle with Eternity.

## XXXIV.

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

*I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,  
 As being passed away. — Vain sympathies!  
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,  
 I see what was, and is, and will abide ;  
 Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide ;  
 The Form remains, the Function never dies ;  
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied  
 The elements, must vanish ; — be it so!  
 Enough, if something from our hands have power  
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour :  
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcend-  
 ent dower,  
 We feel that we are greater than we know.*

# YARROW REVISITED,

## AND OTHER POEMS,

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,  
AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN  
OF 1831.

---

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTEL-  
LECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1831.

---

### I.

[The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Aobotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation, for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.]

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,  
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"  
Was but an Infant in the lap  
When first I looked on Yarrow;

Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate  
 Long left without a warder,  
 I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,  
 Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day  
 Their dignity installing  
 In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
 Were on the bough, or falling;  
 But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed,  
 The forest to embolden;  
 Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
 Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on  
 In foamy agitation;  
 And slept in many a crystal pool  
 For quiet contemplation:  
 No public and no private care  
 The freeborn mind enthraling,  
 We made a day of happy hours,  
 Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,  
 With freaks of graceful folly. —  
 Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,  
 Her Night not melancholy;  
 Past, present, future, all appeared  
 In harmony united,  
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
 By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
 And down the meadow ranging,  
 Did meet us with unaltered face,  
 Though we were changed and changing ;  
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
 Our inward prospect over,  
 The soul's deep valley was not slow  
 Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
 And her divine employment !  
 The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons  
 For hope and calm enjoyment ;  
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet,  
 Has o'er their pillow brooded ;  
 And Care waylays their steps, — a Sprite  
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT ! compelled to change  
 Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot  
 For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;  
 And leave thy Tweed and Teviot  
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;  
 May classic Fancy, linking  
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O, while they minister to thee,  
 Each vying with the other,  
 May Health return to mellow Age.  
 With Strength, her venturous brother ,

And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
 Renowned in song and story,  
 With unimagined beauty shine,  
 Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
 By tales of love and sorrow,  
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;  
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
 Wherever they invite thee,  
 At parent Nature's grateful call,  
 With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
 Such looks of love and honor  
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
 When first I gazed upon her;  
 Beheld what I had feared to see,  
 Unwilling to surrender  
 Dreams treasured up from early days,  
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
 That mortals do or suffer,  
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
 Memorial tribute offer?  
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?  
 Her features, could they win us,  
 Unhelped by the poetic voice  
 That hourly speaks within us?



Nor deem that localized Romance  
 Plays false with our affections ;  
 Unsanctifies our tears, — made sport  
 For fanciful dejections :  
 Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
 Sustain the heart in feeling  
 Life as she is, — our changeful Life,  
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, ye, whose thoughts that day  
 In Yarrow's groves were centred ;  
 Who through the silent portal arch  
 Of mouldering Newark entered ;  
 And clomb the winding stair that once  
 Too timidly was mounted  
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last !)  
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream !  
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
 Well pleased that future Bards should chant  
 For simple hearts thy beauty ;  
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
 Dear to the common sunshine,  
 And dearer still, as now I feel,  
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !

## II.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTS-  
FORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :  
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight ;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe  
strain,

Saddens his voice again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;  
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue  
Than seeptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

## III.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged steep  
'That curbs a foaming brook, a Graveyard lies ;  
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep ;  
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,

Enter in dance. Of church, or Sabbath ties,  
 No vestige now remains ; yet thither creep  
 Bereft ones, and in lowly anguish weep  
 Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.  
 Proud tomb is none ; but rudely sculptured knights,  
 By humble choice of plain old times, are seen  
 Level with earth, among the hillocks green :  
 Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites  
 The spangled turf, and neighboring thickets ring  
 With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring !

## IV.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills, —  
 Among the happiest-looking homes of men  
 Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,  
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills  
 His sky-born warblings, — does aught meet your ken  
 More fit to animate the Poet's pen,  
 Aught that more surely by its aspect fills  
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode  
 Of the good Priest : who, faithful through all hours  
 To his high charge, and truly serving God,  
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,  
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,  
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

## V.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM

THE wind is now thy organist ; — a clank  
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell  
 To mark some change of service. As the swell  
 Of music reached its height, and even when sank  
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN ! to a blank  
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,  
 Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,  
 Tho' Christian rites be wanting ! From what bank  
 Came those live herbs ? by what hand were they  
     sown,  
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem un-  
     known ?  
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche  
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-  
     grown,  
 Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,  
 Though mute, of all things blending into one.

## VI.

THE TROSACHS.

THERE 's not a nook within this solemn Pass,  
 But were an apt confessional for one  
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass

Withered at eve. Frem scenes of art which chase  
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than  
                   glass

Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice-happy quest,  
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
 (October's workmanship to rival May)  
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest !

## VII.

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute ;  
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy  
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy ;  
 The target mouldering like ungathered fruit ;  
 The smoking steamboat eager in pursuit,  
 As eagerly pursued ; the umbrella spread  
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head, —  
 All speak of manners withering to the root,  
 And of old honors, too, and passions high :  
 Then may we ask, though pleased that thought  
                   should range  
 Among the conquests of civility,  
 Survives Imagination, to the change  
 Superior ? Help to Virtue does she give ?  
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to live !

## VIII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

" THIS Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose  
     walls,  
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colored mists,—  
 Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never  
     rests,—  
 Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls,—  
 Of Mountains varying momentarily their crests,—  
 Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls  
 Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;  
 While native song the heroic Past recalls."  
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,  
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide  
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of pride  
 Has been diverted, other lessons taught,  
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head  
 Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

## IX.

EAGLES.

Composed at Dunolly Castle in the Bay of Oban.

DISHONORED Rock and Ruin! that, by law  
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarr'd  
 Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.  
 Vexed is he, and screams loud. 'The last I saw  
 Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe

Man, bird, and beast ; then, with a consort paired,  
 From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,  
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw  
 Light from the fountain of the setting sun.  
 Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes  
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,  
 Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes  
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,  
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

## X.

## IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute ! Oblivion, throw  
 Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung  
 Round strath and mountain, stamped by the an-  
 cient tongue  
 On rock and ruin darkening as we go, —  
 Spots where a word; ghost-like, survives to show  
 What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have  
 sprung ;  
 From honor misconceived, or fancied wrong,  
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.  
 Yet, though a wild, vindictive Race, untamed  
 By civil arts and labors of the pen,  
 Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,  
 Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed  
 For patriarchal occupations, named  
 Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive Glen?"\*

\* In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*

## XI.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,  
 And all that Greece and Italy have sung  
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!  
*Ours* couch on naked rocks, — will cross a brook  
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look  
 This way or that, or give it even a thought  
 More than by smoothest pathway may be brought  
 Into a vacant mind. Can written book  
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!  
 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be one  
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear  
 To what dread Powers He delegates his part  
 On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens,  
 alone.

## XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in  
 strains  
 'Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house." No style  
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains  
 The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile



With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,  
 For the departed, built with curious pains  
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand  
 Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
 To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
 That, for the living and the dead, demand  
 And prompt a harmony of genuine powers ;  
 Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

## XIII.

“REST AND BE THANKFUL!”

At the Head of Glencroe.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,  
 Who, that has gained at length the wished-for  
 Height,  
 This brief this simple way-side Call can slight,  
 And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by  
 talk  
 With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that  
 shine  
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
 Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,  
 Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
 And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —

So may the Soul, through powers that Faith be-  
 stows,  
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that  
 Angels share.

## XIV.

## HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild-flowers deck this earth-built  
 Cot,  
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it  
 may,  
 Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
 Like wreaths of vapor without stain or blot.  
 The limpid mountain rill avoids it not ;  
 And why shouldst thou ? — If rightly trained and  
 bred,  
 Humanity is humble, finds no spot  
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
 Undressed the pathway leading to the door ;  
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor ;  
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-  
 proof,  
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,  
 Belike less happy. — Stand no more aloof ! \*

\* See Note.

## XV.

## THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

THE exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and concurs, with the plaid and kilt, to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.

IF to Tradition faith be due,  
 And echoes from old verse speak true,  
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore  
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
 No common light of nature blest  
 The mountain region of the west,  
 A land where gentle manners ruled  
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
 That raised, for centuries, a bar  
 Impervious to the tide of war :  
 Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain  
 Where haughty Force had striven in vain ;  
 And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
 By wanderers brought from foreign lands  
 And various climes, was not unknown  
 The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown ;  
 The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,  
 Still in the Highland Broach is seen,  
 The silver Broach of massy frame,  
 Worn at the breast of some grave Dame  
 On road or path, or at the door  
 Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor :

But delicate of yore its mould,  
And the material finest gold ;  
As might beseem the fairest Fair,  
Whether she graced the royal chair,  
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,  
No fancied lustre on the wall  
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,  
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired, — it slept  
Deep in its tomb : — the bramble crept  
O'er Fingal's hearth ; the grassy sod  
Grew on the floors his sons had trod :  
Malvina ! where art thou ? Their state  
The noblest-born must abdicate ;  
The fairest, while with fire and sword  
Come Spoilers, horde impelling horde,  
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest  
By ruder hands in homelier vest.  
Yet still the female bosom lent,  
And loved to borrow, ornament ;  
Still was its inner world a place  
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace ;  
Still pity to this last retreat  
Clove fondly ; to his favorite seat  
Love wound his way by soft approach,  
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage  
Yet fiercer, in a darker age ;

And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,  
The weaker perished to a man ;  
For maid and mother, when despair  
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,  
One small procession lacked not power,  
Provided in a calmer hour,  
To meet such need as might befall, —  
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :  
For woman, even of tears bereft,  
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,  
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow ;  
Fate, fortune, sweeps strong powers away,  
And feeble, of themselves, decay ;  
What poor abodes the heirloom hide,  
In which the castle once took pride !  
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.  
Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
Mount along ways by man prepared ;  
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams  
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.  
Lo ! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;  
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
Among the novelties of morn,  
While young delights on old encroach,  
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,  
 Like vapors, years have rolled and spread ;  
 And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
 Shall yield no light of love or praise ;  
 Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,  
 Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
 Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
 Entombs, or forces into light ;  
 Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,  
 That oft befriends Antiquity,  
 And clears Oblivion from reproach,  
 May render back the Highland Broach.\*

---

 XVI.

## THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighborhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "The Brownie." See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 48, to which the following is a sequel.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;  
 Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell

\* How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had an opportunity of benefit-

How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode ;  
 Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood  
 Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
 Privation's worst extremities, and die  
 With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
 Verily so to live was an awful choice, —  
 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom ;  
 But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
 For Souls familiar with the Eternal Voice ;  
 And this forgotten Taper to the last  
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

## XVII.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

Composed at Loch Lomond

THOUGH joy attend thee orient at the birth  
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
 To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from  
 earth,  
 In the gray sky hath left his lingering Ghost,  
 Perplexed as if between a splendor lost

ing a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress

And splendor slowly mustering. Since the Sun  
 The absolute, the world-absorbing one,  
 Relinquished half his empire to the host  
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,  
 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
 Touching, as now, in thy humility,  
 The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light ?

## XVIII.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(Passed unseen, on account of stormy weather.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave  
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.  
 Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have  
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;  
 The river glides, the woods before me wave ;  
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave  
 Needless renewal of an old delight ?  
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
 For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
 Than blame the present, that our wish hath crossed.  
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams  
     obey,  
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :  
 How little that she cherishes is lost !



## XIX.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN, AT HAMILTON  
PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become  
 The ducal owner, in his palace-home  
 To naturalize this tawny Lion brood ;  
 Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood  
 (Couched in their den) with those that roam at  
     large  
 Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
 The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
 Satiated are *these* ; and stilled to eye and ear ;  
 Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear !  
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
 Daunt him, if his Companions, now bedrowsed,  
 Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused :  
 Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

## XX.

THE AVON.

(A feeder of the Annan.)

AVON, -- a precious, an immortal name !  
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear  
 Like this unheard of, and their channels wear  
 Like this contented, though unknown to Fame :

For great and sacred is the modest claim  
 Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;  
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,  
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.  
 But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
 Anguish, and death : full oft, where innocent blood  
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears :  
 Never for like distinction may the good  
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with unpleas'd  
 ears.

## XXI.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD  
 FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon  
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,  
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood :  
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone ;  
 Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,  
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might  
 deign  
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again.  
 To kill for merry feast their venison.  
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade  
 His church with monumental wreck bestrewn ;  
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,  
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

## XXII.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,  
 Whom the Dog Hercules pursued, — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride,  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
 Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-  
 HORN TREE!\*

## XXIII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove  
 Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs  
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings  
 For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove

\* See Note.

Sat musing ; on that hill the Bard would rove,  
 Not mute, where now the linnet only sings :  
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,  
 Or Fancy localizes Powers we love.  
 Were only History licensed to take note  
 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments  
 Would ill suffice for persons and events :  
 There is an ampler page for man to quote,  
 A readier book of manifold contents,  
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

## XXIV.

## COUNTESS' PILLAR.

[On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

“ This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*”]

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end of time  
 May this bright flower of Charity display  
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day ;  
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
 Lovelier, transplanted from heaven's purest clime !  
 “ Charity never faileth ” : on that creed,  
 More than on written testament or deed.

The pious Lady built with hope sublime.  
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*  
 "LAUS DEO." Many a Stranger passing by  
 Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,  
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavor;  
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be praised!"

## XXV.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(From the Roman Station at Old Penrith.)

How profitless the relies that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
 Too high, or idle agitations lull!  
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
 To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?  
 Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?  
 The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay? —  
 Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;  
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;  
 Urns without ashes, tearless lachrymals!

## XXVI.

## APOLOGY

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS.

No more : the end is sudden and abrupt,  
Abrupt, as without preconceived design  
Was the beginning ; yet the several Lays  
Have moved in order, to each other bound  
By a continuous and acknowledged tie,  
Though unapparent, — like those Shapes distinct  
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck  
Of famed Persepolis ; each following each,  
As might beseem a stately embassy,  
In set array ; these bearing in their hands  
Ensign of evil power, weapon of war,  
Or gift to be presented at the throne  
Of the Great King ; and others, as they go  
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,  
The Spirit of humanity, disdain  
A ministration humble but sincere,  
That from a threshold loved by every Muse  
Its impulse took, — that sorrow-stricken door,  
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed

(Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings  
fell

(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights;  
And every day brought with it tidings new  
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached  
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
More than enough; a fault so natural  
(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the *gay*)  
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

## NOTES.

---

Page 9.

THE following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:—

*“Dumfries, August, 1803.*

“On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns’s house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a by-situation; the front whitewashed, dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. ‘There,’ said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, ‘lies Mr. — (I have forgotten the name), — a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.’ We looked at Burns’s grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet’s epitaph:—

‘Is there a man,’ &c.

“The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes, — obelisk-wise, pillar wise, &c. When our guide had left us, we turned again to Burns’s grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time by



the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlor. The walls were colored with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlor on the left. In the room above the parlor the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. Burns's youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right, — his farm house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

“I cannot take leave of this country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland Mountains within half a mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighborhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say:

‘Scruffel, from the sky  
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye  
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,  
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him.’

“These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying:

‘If Skiddaw hath a cap  
Scruffel wots well of that.’

“We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions: indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes.”

Page 65.

*"Jones! as from Calais southward."*

(See Dedication to Descriptive Sketches.)

This excellent person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude; which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption, — and while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not displeasing sadness, that I trust the reader will excuse this passing mention of a man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part III.

Page 68. Sonnet VII.

In this and a succeeding sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOES; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and will, I fear, be thrown away on that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Page 82. Sonnet xxvii.

*Danger which they fear, and honor which they understand not."*

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sydney.

Page 95.

*"Zuragoza."*

In this sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to whom I cannot refer.

Page 109.

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day: —  
 "When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted, — not a gun was fired, — not a voice was heard; they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

Page 125.

*"Thanksgiving Ode."*

Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labors could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendor of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wis-

dom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burdens in imagination; in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valor in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) though a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise. But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favorable. The same insular position

which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the idea of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honorable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;— by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend, that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired;— by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;— by adequate rewards, and permanent honors, conferred upon the deserving;— by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;— and by especial care to provide and support institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add, that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject,

which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

The Ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through these volumes.

Page 130.

“Discipline the rule whereof is passion.”

LORD BROOKE.

Page 135. Sonnet 1.

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events, the resemblance was striking.

Page 136.

“Bruges.”

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr. Southey, in the “Poet’s Pilgrimage,” speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

“Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought  
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,  
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,  
When mutability, in drunken joy  
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,  
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

“But for the scars in that unhappy rage  
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;  
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age  
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;

And yet to her benignant stars may bring,  
 What fate denies to man, — a second spring.

“When I may read of tilts in days of old,  
 And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,  
 Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,  
 If fancy would portray some stately town,  
 Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,  
 Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.”

In this city are many vestiges of the splendor of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden, a little pond about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping-willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavors to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c. has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children. — *Extract from Journal.*

Page 141.

“*Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.*”

“Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms; let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose that in the very middle of the wall a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the ‘BRECHE DE ROLAND.’” —*Raymond's Pyrenees*.

Page 143.

“*Miserere Domine.*”

See the beautiful song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, “*The Remorse.*” Why is the harp of Quantock silent?

Page 144.

“*Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly  
Doth Danube spring to life!*”

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it; and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honor of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 145.

‘The Staub-bach’ is a narrow stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat



overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess; only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall,—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterized the peculiarity of this music: “While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description.”—See Notes to “A Tale of Paraguay.”

Page 146.

“*Engelberg.*”

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honor which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 163.

“*Though searching damps and many an envious flaw  
Have marred this work.*”

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs,—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 166.

“*Of figures human and divine.*”

The Statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labor, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup-d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half-way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach. — Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between!

Page 176.

“*Still, with those white-robed Shapes, — a living Stream, —  
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise.*”

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin. — but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1,000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving Figures* gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

## Page 182. Sonnet xxxv.

Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Bonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honor," a Column, — which was not completed at the time we were there.

## Page 183.

*"We mark majestic herds of cattle, free  
To ruminatè."*

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

## Page 186.

*"Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern Forks."*

LES FOURCHES, the point at which the two chains of mountains part that inclose the Valais, which terminates at ST. MAURICE.

## Page 186.

*"Ye that occupy  
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,  
On Sarnen's Mount."*

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose chateau formerly stood there. On the 1st of January, 1308, the great

day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their country, all the castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strong-holds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Page 187.

*"Calls me to pace her honored Bridge."*

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral Bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

Page 192.

*"Although 't is fair,  
'T will be another Yarrow."*

These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy: and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honor of conducting him thither.

Page 198.

*"His sepulchral verse."*

If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far

I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them in the fifth volume, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegiac P.eces."

Page 203.

*"Aquapendente."*

It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church; — a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps, in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labors I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.

Page 203.

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine-tree, as described in the Sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.

Page 215.

"Camaldoli."

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo (or Rumwald, as our ancestors Saxonized the name) in the eleventh century, the ground (*campo*) being given by a Count Maldo. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. The Society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolized by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large, unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wider region of the forest. It comprehends between 20 and 30 distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had, in the year 1831, fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about 40 years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaelo, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sanzio d' Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been 13 years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated *Scaramelli*, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *Saint Dionysius the Areopagite* (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

Page 217.

“*What aim had they, the pair of Monks*”

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice, that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size or complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 218.

“*At Vallombrosa.*”

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in “Paradise Lost” where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken, the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those

narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

Page 227.

*“More high, the Dacian force,  
To hoof and finger mailed.”*

Here and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 246.

*“The River Duddon.”*

A Poet whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the “Ruins of Rome”:

“The rising Sun  
Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
Towering aloft”;

and ends thus:

“The setting Sun displays  
His visible great round, between yon towers,  
As through two shady cliffs.”

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, “Lewesdon Hill,” is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

“To-morrow for severer thought, but now  
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.”

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years; — the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to



describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—"one calleth to another"; and I would gladly believe that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the "Flumina anem sylvasque inglorius" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns, (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook,")

"The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,  
Adown some trotting burn's meander,  
AND NA' THINK LANG."

Page 252.

*"There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;  
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue."*

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The

Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympton. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

" Glancing from their plumes,  
A changeful light the azure vault illumes.  
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn  
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,  
That, wavering to and fro, their radiance shed  
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread,  
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides  
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,  
And still the balance of his frame preserves,  
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,  
Sees at a glance, above him and below,  
Two rival heavens with equal splendor glow.  
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;  
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;  
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,  
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day."

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.

Pages 259, 260. Sonnets xvii. and xviii.

The EAGLE requires a large domain for its support; but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steeps of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Emmerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal Lake, and re-

mained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle. — There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the Passes of Kirkstone, Dunmailraise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal Lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately. — The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons. The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it "*Sunken Church*."

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets, (which together may be considered as a Poem,) will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive *Guide to the Lakes*, lately published: — "The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale; wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone.

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed; but its course is soon again ruffled, and the

current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water." — *Wilde Green's Guide to the Lakes*, Vol. I. pp. 98 — 100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favorable station, a rude footbridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the way-side. Rasset and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with gray rocks plumed with birch-trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, calls to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and color, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good morrows" as he passed the open doors; but at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light

gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook;— *then*, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and, at his return, being asked by his host, “What way he had been wandering?” replied, “As far as it is *finished!*”

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, “are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls,” (or rather waterbreaks, for none of them are high,) “displayed in the short space of half a mile.” That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. “The concussion,” says Mr. Green, speaking of the event, (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril,) “was heard, not without alarm, by the neighboring shepherds.” But to return to Seathwaite churchyard: it contains the following inscription:—

“In Memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the

25th of June, 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his Curacy at Seathwaite.

“Also, of Anne his wife, who die! the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age.”

In the parish register of Seathwaite Chapel is this notice:—

“Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity.”

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer, &c. In the seventh book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning,

“A Priest abides before whose life such doubts  
Fall to the ground”;—

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

---

#### MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

IN the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, *to breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labor. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses, the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in

that situation to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighborhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston, — the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, *viz.* five pounds *per annum*: but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted: —

"To Mr. —.

"SIR,

"Coniston, July 26, 1754.

"I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long, square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight

miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humor that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself."

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care, than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied, when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candor and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honor to the country he is in, and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

#### FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

SIR, — Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows: Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen



years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months, Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my Chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.*, of which is paid in cash, viz., 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P., Esq., of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

“I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behavior of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the Established Church, not one Dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for my wife’s fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavors, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written, (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge,) I hope you will not think your favor to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford’s effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself,

“Sir,

Ycar much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

“R. W., Curate of S——.

“To Mr. C.. of Lancaster.”

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop, (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me,) thus expresses himself. "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also, which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes: —

"MY LORD, — I have the favor of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE, —

“Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

“The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon’s orders at your Grace’s ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the College of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavors, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behavior, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace’s favorable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to

“Your Grace’s very dutiful and most obedient

“Son and servant,

“ROBERT WALKER.”

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their viats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible

that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately,

"ROBERT WALKER."

He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighboring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. — From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling the large amount at the end of the

year surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2,000*l.*; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of **WONDERFUL** is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details. — And to begin with his industry: eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labors of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labor, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighborhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labors (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labors of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres, in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbors in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented

him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere: but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the homespun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbors, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labor. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honor the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the

year, was salted and dried for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life," but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father's example, his precepts and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavored to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child's carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one, it might be thought, could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavorable, and where to the direct cultivation of the mind so small a portion of time was allotted? But in this extraordinary man things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away," — the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale, — the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbors, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Not

could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that, upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his goodwill and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also, — while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbors as themselves, and do as they would be done unto, — that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labors by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures: not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled



down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated will measure more than 1,000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact, that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no Dissenters in his cure, of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that, at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;— whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplimentary disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock; \* a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blamable need not be determined;— certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the tres-

\* Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than distrain for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.

passes of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties. — It would be unpardonable to omit, that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, “ She was no less excellent than her husband: she was good to the poor; she was good to everything! ” He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and, feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

“ O ’t is a burden, Cromwell, ’t is a burden  
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven! ”

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet inclosure of consecrated ground in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale, — masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn, — it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society, — changes which have proved especially unfavorable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely different effects.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the *Christian Remembrancer*, October, 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

“His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterized the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion, were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself, sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations.

“He sat up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter’s night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for

there was no school-house. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain-side.

“ It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information. — Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

“ Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his ninetieth year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of gray hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman without thinking of Mr. Walker. . . . He allowed no Dissenter or Methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his cure: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one Dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish. Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honor, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times

without thinking that one of the beloved Apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

“ Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife’s death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humored. He went to bed about twelve o’clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter’s arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. “ How clear the moon shines to-night!” He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing, followed him to the grave.”

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

“ Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat  
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great  
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,  
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.  
HENRY FOREST, Curate.”

“ Honor, the idol which the most adore,  
Receives no homage from my knee;  
Content in privacy I value more  
Than all uneasy dignity.”

“ Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being twenty-five years of age.”

“ This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne’s Boun-

ty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Y<sup>e</sup> said 9th of May. y<sup>e</sup> said Mr Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

“Hæc testor H. FOREST.”

In another place he records, that the sycamore-trees were planted in the churchyard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part: —

“Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu  
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;  
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas.”

---

Page 270.

“We feel that we are greater than we know.”

“And feel that I am happier than I know.”

MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

Page 284.

“Highland Hut.”

This sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the “Address to the Wind,” and other poems, in these volumes, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

' On our return from the Trosachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down, thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

" A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of a clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whiskey-bottle for his refreshment, at our request. ' She keeps a dram,' as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the way-side, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, ' Ye 'll get that,' bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased 'n ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an

hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' Our companion from the Trosachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master, going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o'Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to '*go ben,*' attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not '*sic as I had been used to.*' It was of chaff: there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up amongst the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colors were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the



unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trosachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colors!" — *MS.*

Page 290.

*"Once on those steeps I roamed."*

The following is from the same *MS.*, and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to: —

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neat-

ness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elm and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place; elm-trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled, below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man *is* to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the sea-side. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings: you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those

of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel." — *MS. Journal.*

Page 293.

"*Hart's-horn Tree.*"

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them: —

'Hercules killed Hart a greese,  
And Hart a greese killed Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place." — *Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighborhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity; viz. Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Cas-

ties; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, &c., &c.

END OF VOL. III

# THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

## THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

---

### ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1807, I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the WHITE DOE, founded upon a tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

---

### DEDICATION.

IN trellised shed with clustering roses gay,  
And, MARY! oft beside our blazing fire,  
When years of wedded life were as a day  
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,  
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay  
How Una, sad of soul, — in sad attire, —  
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,  
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Belovèd! pleasing was the smart,  
And the tear precious in compassion shed  
For her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,  
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited,

Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart,  
 The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led, --  
 And faithful, loyal in her innocence,  
 Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery snelt  
 Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;  
 Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,  
 And all its finer inspiration caught;  
 Till, in the bosom of our rustic Cell,  
 We by a lamentable change were taught  
 That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide":  
 How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,  
 For us the voice of melody was mute.  
 — But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow  
 And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,  
 Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow  
 A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,  
 Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content  
 From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us, it beguiled us, then, to hear  
 Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;  
 And griefs whose aery motion comes not near  
 The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:  
 Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,  
 High over hill and low adown the dell  
 Again we wandered, willing to partake  
 All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song *of mine* once more could please,  
 Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,  
 Is tempered and allayed by sympathies  
 Aloft ascending, and descending deep,  
 Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees  
 Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep  
 Of the sharp winds; — fair Creatures! — to whom Heaven  
 A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks  
 Of female patience winning firm repose;  
 And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,  
 A bright, encouraging example shows;  
 Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,  
 Needful amid life's ordinary woes; —  
 Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless  
 A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,  
 Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:  
 O that my mind were equal to fulfil  
 The comprehensive mandate which they give, —  
 Vain aspiration of an earnest will!  
 Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,  
 Belovèd Wife! such solace to impart  
 As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,  
*April 20, 1815.*

---

“ Action is transitory, — a step, a blow,  
 The motion of a muscle, — this way or that, —  
 'T is done; and in the after-vacancy  
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:  
 Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
 And has the nature of infinity.  
 Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem  
 And irremovable) gracious openings lie,  
 By which the soul — with patient steps of thought  
 Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer —  
 May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds  
 Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent  
 Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.”

## THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

---

“ They that deny a God, destroy Man’s nobility: for certainly Man is of kinn to the Beast by his Body; and if he be not of kinn to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Mellior Natura. Which courage is manifestly such, as that Creature without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain.”

LORD BACON.

---

## CANTO FIRST.

FROM Bolton’s old monastic tower  
 The bells ring loud with gladsome power ;  
 The sun shines bright ; the fields are gay  
 With people in their best array  
 Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,  
 Along the banks of crystal Wharf,  
 Through the Vale retired and lowly,  
 Trooping to that summons holy.  
 And, up among the moorlands, see  
 What sprinklings of blithe company !  
 Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,  
 That down the steep hills force their way  
 Like cattle through the budding brooms :  
 Path, or no path, what care they ?  
 And thus in joyous mood they lie  
 To Bolton’s mouldering Priory.



What would they there? — full fifty years  
That sumptuous Pile, with all its Peers,  
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
The bitterness of wrong and waste :  
Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower  
Is standing with a voice of power,  
That ancient voice which wont to call  
To mass or some high festival ;  
And in the shattered fabric's heart  
Remaineth one protected part ;  
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,  
Closely embowered and trimly drest ;  
And thither young and old repair,  
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard fills ; — anon,  
Look again, and they all are gone, —  
The cluster round the porch, and the folk  
Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak !  
And scarcely have they disappeared  
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard : —  
With one consent the people rejoice,  
Filling the church with a lofty voice !  
They sing a service which they feel :  
For 't is the sunrise now of zeal, —  
Of a pure faith the vernal prime, —  
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,  
And all is hushed, without and within ;  
For though the priest, more tranquilly,

Recites the holy liturgy,  
 The only voice which you can hear  
 Is the river murmuring near.  
 — When soft ! — the dusky trees between,  
 And down the path through the open green  
 Where is no living thing to be seen, —  
 And through yon gateway, where is found,  
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,  
 Free entrance to the churchyard ground, —  
 Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,  
 Soft and silent as a dream,  
 A solitary Doe !  
 White she is as lily of June,  
 And beauteous as the silver Moon  
 When out of sight the clouds are driven  
 And she is left alone in heaven ;  
 Or like a ship some gentle day  
 In sunshine sailing far away,  
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
 Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !  
 Lie quiet in your churchyard bed !  
 Ye living, tend your holy cares ;  
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ;  
 And blame not me if my heart and sight  
 Are occupied with one delight !  
 'Tis a work for Sabbath hours  
 If I with this bright Creature go :  
 Whether she be of forest bowers,

From the bowers of earth below ;  
Or a Spirit for one day given,  
A pledge of grace from purest heaven

What harmonious pensive changes  
Wait upon her as she ranges  
Round and through this Pile of state  
Overthrown and desolate !  
Now a step or two her way  
Leads through space of open day,  
Where the enamored sunny light  
Brightens her that was so bright ;  
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,  
Falls upon her like a breath,  
From some lofty arch or wall,  
As she passes underneath :  
Now some gloomy nook partakes  
Of the glory that she makes, —  
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,  
With perfect cunning framed as well  
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread  
Of the elder's bushy head ;  
Some jealous and forbidding cell,  
That doth the living stars repel,  
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe  
Fills many a damp, obscure recess  
With lustre of a saintly show ;  
And, reappearing, she no less

Sheds on the flowers that round her blow  
A more than sunny liveliness.  
But say, among these holy places,  
Which thus assiduously she paces,  
Comes she with a votary's task,  
Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?  
Fair Pilgrim ! harbors she a sense  
Of sorrow, or of reverence ?  
Can she be grieved for choir or shrine,  
Crushed as if by wrath divine ?  
For what survives of house where God  
Was worshipped, or where Man abode ;  
For old magnificence undone ;  
Or for the gentler work begun  
By Nature, softening and concealing,  
And busy with a hand of healing ?  
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth,  
That to the sapling ash gives birth ;  
For dormitory's length laid bare  
Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;  
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,  
Now rich with mossy ornament ?  
— She sees a warrior carved in stone,  
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ;  
A warrior, with his shield of pride  
Cleaving humbly to his side,  
And hands in resignation prest,  
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ;  
As little she regards the sight  
As a common creature might :

If she be doomed to inward care,  
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.  
— But hers are eyes serenely bright,  
And on she moves, — with pace how light !  
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste  
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;  
And thus she fares, until at last  
Beside the ridge of grassy grave  
In quietness she lays her down ;  
Gentle as a weary wave  
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,  
Against an anchored vessel's side ;  
Even so, without distress, doth she  
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,  
To a lingering motion bound,  
Like the crystal stream now flowing  
With its softest summer sound :  
So the balmy minutes pass,  
While this radiant Creature lies  
Couched upon the dewy grass,  
Pensively, with downcast eyes.  
— But now again the people raise  
With awful cheer a voice of praise ;  
It is the last, the parting song ;  
And from the temple forth they throng,  
And quickly spread themselves abroad,  
While each pursues his several road.  
But some, — a variegated band

Of middle-aged, and old, and young,  
 And little children by the hand  
 Upon their leading mothers hung, —  
 With mute obeisance gladly paid,  
 Turn towards the spot, where, full in view,  
 The white Doe, to her service true,  
 Her Sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound ;  
 Which two spears' length of level ground  
 Did from all other graves divide :  
 As if in some respect of pride ;  
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,  
 Still shy of human neighborhood ;  
 Or guilt, that humbly would express  
 A penitential loneliness.

“ Look, there she is, my Child ! draw near ;  
 She fears not, wherefore should we fear ?  
 She means no harm ” ; — but still the Boy,  
 To whom the words were softly said,  
 Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,  
 A shame-faced blush of glowing red !  
 Again the Mother whispered low,  
 “ Now you have seen the famous Doe ;  
 From Rylstone she hath found her way  
 Over the hills this Sabbath day ;  
 Her work, whate'er it be, is done,  
 And she will depart when we are gone ;  
 Thus doth she keep, from year to year,  
 Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair ”

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams  
The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright ;  
But is she truly what she seems ?  
He asks with insecure delight,  
Asks of himself and doubts, — and still  
The doubt returns against his will :  
Though he, and all the standers-by,  
Could tell a tragic history  
Of facts divulged, wherein appear  
Substantial motive, reason clear,  
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found  
Couchant beside that lonely mound ;  
And why she duly loves to pace  
The circuit of this hallowed place.  
Nor to the Child's inquiring mind  
Is such perplexity confined :  
For, spite of sober Truth that sees  
A world of fixed remembrances  
Which to this mystery belong,  
If, undeceived, my skill can trace  
The characters of every face,  
There lack not strange delusion here,  
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,  
And superstitious fancies strong,  
Which do the gentle creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire, —  
Who in his boyhood often fed  
Full cheerily on convent bread  
And heard old tales by the convent fire,

And to his grave will go with scars,  
Relics of long and distant wars, —  
That Old Man, studious to expound  
The spectacle, is mounting high  
To days of dim antiquity ;  
When Lady Aäliza mourned  
Her Son, and felt in her despair  
The pang of unavailing prayer ;  
Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,  
The noble Boy of Egremound.  
From which affliction, — when the grace  
Of God had in her heart found place, —  
A pious structure, fair to see,  
Rose up, this stately Priory !  
The Lady's work ; — but now laid low ;  
To the grief of her soul, that doth come and go,  
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe :  
Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to  
          sustain  
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,  
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright ;  
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, you chantry door ;  
And through the chink in the fractured floor  
Look down, and see a griesly sight ;  
A vault where the bodies are buried upright !  
There, face by face, and hand by hand,  
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand ;  
And, in his place, among son and sire,



Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,  
A valiant man, and a name of dread  
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red ;  
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church  
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch !  
Lock down among them, if you dare ;  
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,  
Prying into the darksome rent ;  
Nor can it be with good intent :  
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,  
Who hath a Page her Book to hold,  
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.  
Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree, —  
Who counts among her ancestry  
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously !

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,  
From Oxford come to his native vale,  
He also hath his own conceit :  
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,  
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet  
In his wanderings solitary :  
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,  
A song of Nature's hidden powers ;  
That whistled like the wind, and rang  
Among the rocks and holly bowers.  
'T was said that she all shapes could wear  
And oftentimes before him stood,  
Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
In semblance of a lady fair ;

And taught him signs, and showed him sights,  
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights ;  
When under cloud of fear he lay,  
A shepherd clad in homely gray ;  
Nor left him at his later day.  
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,  
Rode full of years to Flodden field,  
His eye could see the hidden spring,  
And how the current was to flow ;  
The fatal end of Scotland's King,  
And all that hopeless overthrow.  
But not in wars did he delight,  
*This* Clifford wished for worthier might ;  
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state ;  
Him his own thoughts did elevate, —  
Most happy in the shy recess  
Of Barden's lowly quietness.  
And choice of studious friends had he  
Of Bolton's dear fraternity ;  
Who, standing on this old church tower,  
In many a calm, propitious hour,  
Perused, with him, the starry sky ;  
Or, in their cells, with him did pry  
For other lore, — by keen desire  
Urged to close toil with chemic fire ;  
In quest, belike, of transmutations  
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.  
But they and their good works are fled,  
And all is now disquieted, —  
And peace is none, for living or dead !

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,  
But look again at the radiant Doe !  
What quiet watch she seems to keep,  
Alone, beside that grassy heap !  
Why mention other thoughts unmeet  
For vision so composed and sweet ?  
While stand the people in a ring,  
Gazing, doubting, questioning ;  
Yea, many overcome, in spite  
Of recollections clear and bright ;  
Which yet do unto some impart  
An undisturbed repose of heart.  
And all the assembly own a law  
Of orderly respect and awe ;  
But see, — they vanish one by one,  
And, last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp ! we have been full long beguiled  
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild ;  
To which, with no reluctant strings,  
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings ;  
And now before this Pile we stand  
In solitude, and utter peace :  
But, Harp ! thy murmurs may not cease. —  
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,  
In soft and breeze-like visitings,  
Has touched thee. — and a Spirit's hand ;  
A voice is with us, — a command  
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,  
A tale of tears, a mortal story !

•

## CANTO SECOND.

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed ;  
 And first we sung of the greenwood shade  
 And a solitary Maid ;  
 Beginning, where the song must end,  
 With her, and with her sylvan Friend ;  
 The Friend, who stood before her sight,  
 Her only unextinguished light ;  
 Her last companion in a dearth  
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For she it was, this Maid, who wrought  
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,  
 In vermeil colors and in gold,  
 An unblest work ; which, standing by,  
 Her Father did with joy behold,  
 Exulting in its imagery ;  
 A Banner, fashioned to fulfil  
 Too perfectly his headstrong will :  
 For on this Banner had her hand  
 Embroidered (such her Sire's command)  
 The sacred Cross ; and figured there  
 The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;  
 Full soon to be uplifted high,  
 And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's Queen  
 Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread

•Nor yet the restless crown had been  
Disturbed upon her virgin head ;  
But now the inly-working North  
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,  
A potent vassalage, to fight  
In Percy's and in Neville's right,  
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,  
Who gave their wishes open vent ;  
And boldly urged a general plea,  
The rites of ancient piety  
To be triumphantly restored,  
By the stern justice of the sword !  
And that same Banner on whose breast  
The blameless Lady had exprest  
Memorials chosen to give life  
And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;  
That Banner, waiting for the Call,  
Stood quietly in Rylstone hall.

It came ; and Francis Norton said,  
“ O Father ! rise not in this fray, —  
The hairs are white upon your head ;  
Dear Father, hear me when I say  
It is for you too late a day !  
Bethink you of your own good name :  
A just and gracious queen have we,  
A pure religion, and the claim  
Of peace on our humanity. —  
Tis meet that I endure your scorn ;  
I am your son, your eldest born ;

But not for lordship or for land,  
 My Father, do I clasp your knees ;  
 The Banner touch not, stay your hand,  
 This multitude of men disband,  
 And live at home in blameless ease ;  
 For these my brethren's sake, for me ;  
 And, most of all, for Emily !”

Tumultuous noises filled the hall ;  
 And scarcely could the Father hear  
 That name. — pronounced with a dying fall, —  
 The name of his only Daughter dear,  
 As on the Banner which stood near  
 He glanced a look of holy pride,  
 And his moist eyes were glorified ;  
 Then did he seize the staff, and say :  
 “ Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name :  
 Keep thou this ensign till the day  
 When I of thee require the same :  
 Thy place be on my better hand ; —  
 And seven as true as thou, I see,  
 Will cleave to this good cause and me.”  
 He spake, and eight brave sons straightway  
 All followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came,  
 The sight was hailed with loud acclaim,  
 And din of arms and minstrelsy,  
 From all his warlike tenantry,  
 All horsed and harnessed with him to ride, —  
 A voice to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall,  
Stood silent under dreary weight, —  
A phantasm, in which roof and wall  
Shook, tottered, swam before his sight ;  
A phantasm like a dream of night !  
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,  
He found his way to a postern-gate ;  
And when he waked, his languid eye  
Was on the calm and silent sky,  
With air about him breathing sweet,  
And earth's green grass beneath his feet ;  
Nor did he fail erelong to hear  
A sound of military cheer,  
Faint — but it reached that sheltered spot ;  
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance  
Which he had grasped unknowingly,  
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,  
That dimness of heart-agony ;  
There stood he, cleansed from the despair  
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.  
The past he calmly hath reviewed :  
But where will be the fortitude  
Of this brave man, when he shall see  
That Form beneath the spreading tree,  
And know that it is Emily ?

He saw her where in open view  
She sat beneath the spreading yew, —

Her head upon her lap, concealing  
 In solitude her bitter feeling :  
 “ Might ever *son command* a sire,  
 The act were justified to-day.”  
 This to himself, — and to the Maid,  
 Whom now he had approached, he said :  
 “ Gone are they, — they have their desire ;  
 And I with thee one hour will stay,  
 To give thee comfort if I may.”

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake ;  
 And sorrow moved him to partake  
 Her silence ; then his thoughts turned round,  
 And fervent words a passage found.

“ Gone are they, bravely, though misled ;  
 With a dear Father at their head !  
 The Sons obey a natural lord ;  
 The Father had given solemn word  
 To noble Percy ; and a force  
 Still stronger bends him to his course.  
 This said, our tears to-day may fall  
 As at an innocent funeral.  
 In deep and awful channel runs  
 This sympathy of Sire and Sons ;  
 Untried, our Brothers have been loved  
 With heart by simple nature moved ;  
 And now their faithfulness is proved ;  
 For faithful we must call them, bearing  
 That soul of conscientious daring.



There were they all in circle, — there  
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher.  
John with a sword that will not fail,  
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,  
And those bright Twins were side by side ;  
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,  
Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power  
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !  
I, by the right of eldest born,  
And in a second father's place,  
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,  
And meet their pity face to face ;  
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,  
I to my Father knelt and prayed ;  
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,  
Methought, was yielding inwardly,  
And would have laid his purpose by,  
But for a glance of his Father's eye,  
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

“ Then be we, each and all, forgiven !  
Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,  
Whose pangs are registered in heaven, —  
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,  
And smiles, that dared to take their place,  
Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,  
As that unhallowed Banner grew  
Beneath a loving old Man's view.  
Thy part is done, — thy painful part ;  
Be thou then satisfied in heart !

A further, though far easier, task  
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask :  
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,  
 I cannot for such cause contend ;  
 Their aims I utterly forswear ;  
 But I in body will be there.  
 Unarmed and naked will I go,  
 Be at their side, come weal or woe :  
 On kind occasions I may wait,  
 See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.  
 Bare breast I take and an empty hand.\* —  
 Therewith he threw away the lance  
 Which he had grasped in that strong trance ;  
 Spurned it, like something that would stand  
 Between him and the pure intent  
 Of love on which his soul was bent.

“ For thee, for thee, is left the sense  
 Of trial past without offence  
 To God or man ; such innocence,  
 Such consolation, and the excess  
 Of an unmerited distress ;  
 In that thy very strength must lie.  
 — O Sister, I could prophesy !  
 The time is come that rings the knell  
 Of all we loved, and loved so well :  
 Hope nothing, if I thus may speak  
 To thee, a woman, and thence weak :

\* See the Old Ballad, — “ The Rising of the North.”

Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we  
Are doomed to perish utterly :  
'T is meet that thou with me divide  
The thought while I am by thy side,  
Acknowledging a grace in this,  
A comfort in the dark abyss.  
But look not for me when I am gone,  
And be no further wrought upon ·  
Farewell all wishes, all debate,  
All prayers for this cause, or for that !  
Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend  
Upon no help of outward friend ;  
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
To fortitude without reprieve.  
For we must fall, both we and ours, —  
This mansion and these pleasant bowers,  
Walks, pools, and arbors, homestead, hall, —  
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all ;  
The young horse must forsake his manger,  
And learn to glory in a Stranger ;  
The hawk forget his perch ; the hound  
Be parted from his ancient ground :  
The blast will sweep us all away, —  
One desolation, one decay !  
And even this Creature !” which words saying  
He pointed to a lovely Doe,  
A few steps distant, feeding, straying ;  
Fair creature, and more white than snow !  
“ Even she will to her peaceful woods  
Return, and to her murmuring floods,

And be in heart and soul the same  
She was before she hither came ;  
Ere she had learned to love us all,  
Herself beloved in Rylstone hall.  
— But thou, my Sister, doomed to be  
The last leaf on a blasted tree ;  
If not in vain we breathed the breath  
Together of a purer faith ;  
If hand in hand we have been led,  
And thou (O happy thought this day !)  
Not seldom foremost in the way ;  
If on one thought our minds have fed,  
And we have in one meaning read ;  
If, when at home our private weal  
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,  
Together we have learned to prize  
Forbearance and self-sacrifice ;  
If we like combatants have fared,  
And for this issue been prepared ;  
If thou art beautiful, and youth  
And thought endue thee with all truth, —  
Be strong ; — be worthy of the grace  
Of God, and fill thy destined place :  
A Soul, by force of sorrows high,  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity !”

He ended, — or she heard no more ;  
He led her from the yew-tree shade,  
And at the mansion's silent door

He kissed the consecrated Maid ;  
And down the valley then pursued,  
Alone, the armèd Multitude.

---

## CANTO THIRD.

Now joy for you who from the towers  
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,  
'Telling melancholy hours !  
Proclaim it, let your Masters hear  
That Norton with his band is near !  
The watchmen from their station high  
Pronounced the word, — and the Earls descry,  
Well pleased, the armèd Company  
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair  
Gone forth to greet him on the plain :  
“ This meeting, noble Lords ! looks fair,  
I bring with me a goodly train ;  
Their hearts are with you : hill and dale  
Have helped us : Ure we crossed, and Swale,  
And horse and harness followed, — see  
The best part of their Yeomanry !  
— Stand forth, my Sons ! — these eight are mine,  
Whom to this service I commend ;  
Which way so'er our fate incline,  
These will be faithful to the end ;

They are my all," — voice failed him here, —  
 " My all save one, a Daughter dear!  
 Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,  
 The meekest Child on this blessed earth.  
 I had — but these are by my side,  
 These eight, and this is a day of pride!  
 The time is ripe. With festive din,  
 Lo! how the people are flocking in, —  
 Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand  
 When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near  
 From every side came noisy swarms  
 Of Peasants in their homely gear;  
 And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came  
 Grave Gentry of estate and name,  
 And Captains known for worth in arms;  
 And prayed the Earls in self-defence  
 To rise, and prove their innocence. —  
 " Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might,  
 For holy Church, and the People's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,  
 His eye upon Northumberland,  
 And said: " The Minds of Men will own  
 No loyal rest while England's Crown  
 Remains without an Heir, the bait  
 Of strife and factions desperate:  
 Who, paying deadly hate in kind  
 Through all things else, in this can find

A mutual hope, a common mind ;  
And plot, and pant to overwhelm  
All ancient honor in the realm.  
— Brave Earls ! to whose heroic veins  
Our noblest blood is given in trust,  
To you a suffering State complains,  
And ye must raise her from the dust.  
With wishes of still bolder scope  
On you we look, with dearest hope ;  
Even for our Altars, — for the prize  
In Heaven, of life that never dies ;  
For the old and holy Church we mourn,  
And must in joy to her return.  
Behold !” — and from his Son whose stand  
Was on his right, from that guardian hand  
He took the Banner, and unfurled  
The precious folds, — “ behold,” said he,  
“ The ransom of a sinful world ;  
Let this your preservation be ;  
The wounds of hands and feet and side,  
And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.  
— This bring I from an ancient hearth,  
These Records wrought in pledge of love  
By hands of no ignoble birth,  
A Maid o’er whom the blessed Dove  
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood  
While she the holy work pursued !”  
“ Uplift the Standard !” was the cry  
From all the listeners that stood round,  
“ Plant it, — by this we live or die.”

The Norton ceased not for that sound,  
 But said: "The prayer which ye have heard,  
 Much injured Earls! by these preferred,  
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh  
 Of tens of thousands, secretly."  
 "Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,  
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued:  
 "Uplift it!" said Northumberland, —  
 Whereat, from all the multitude  
 Who saw the Banner reared on high  
 In all its dread emblazonry,  
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out:  
 The transport was rolled down the river of Were,  
 And Durhan, the time-honored Durhan, did hear.  
 And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by  
 the shout!

Now was the North in arms: — they shine  
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,  
 At Percy's voice: and Neville sees  
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,  
 From Were, and all the little rills  
 Concealed among the forkèd hills, —  
 Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all  
 Of Neville, at their Master's call  
 Had sat together in Raby hall!  
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore,  
 Nor wanted at this time rich store  
 Of well-appointed chivalry.  
 — Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,



And greet the old paternal shield,  
They heard the summons ; and, furthermore,  
Horsemen and Foot of each degree,  
Unbound by pledge of fealty,  
Appeared, with free and open hate  
Of novelties in Church and State ;  
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire ;  
And Romish priest, in priest's attire.  
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band  
Proceeding under joint command,  
To Durham first their course they bear ;  
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat  
Sang mass, — and tore the book of prayer, —  
And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free,  
“They mustered their host at Wetherby,  
Full sixteen thousand fair to see” ; \*  
The Choicest Warriors of the North !  
But none for beauty and for worth  
Like those eight Sons, — who, in a ring,  
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring,)  
Each with a lance, erect and tall,  
A falchion, and a buckler small,  
Stood by their Sire, on Clifford moor,  
To guard the Standard which he bore.  
On foot they girt their Father round ;  
And so will keep the appointed ground

\* From the old Ba'tad.

Where'er their march: no steed will he  
 Henceforth bestride; — triumphantly,  
 He stands upon the grassy sod,  
 Trusting himself to the earth, and **God**.  
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire!  
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;  
 Of him the most; and, sooth to say,  
 No shape of man in all the array  
 So graced the sunshine of that day.  
 The monumental pomp of age  
 Was with this goodly Personage;  
 A stature undepressed in size,  
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
 In open victory o'er the weight  
 Of seventy years, to loftier height;  
 Magnific limbs of withered state;  
 A face to fear and venerate;  
 Eyes dark and strong; and on his head  
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,  
 Which a brown morion half concealed,  
 Light as a hunter's of the field;  
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,  
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest  
 At need, he stood, advancing high  
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him? — thousands see, and **one**  
 With unparticipated gaze,  
 Who 'mong those thousands friend hath **none**,  
 And treads in solitary ways.

He, following wheresoe'er he might,  
Hath watched the Banner from afar,  
As shepherds watch a lonely star,  
Or mariners the distant light  
That guides them through a stormy night.  
And now, upon a chosen plot  
Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!  
He takes alone his far-off stand,  
With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.  
Bold is his aspect; but his eye  
Is pregnant with anxiety,  
While, like a tutelary Power,  
He there stands fixed from hour to hour.  
Yet sometimes in more humble guise,  
Upon the turf-clad height he lies  
Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask  
In sunshine were his only task,  
Or by his mantle's help to find  
A shelter from the nipping wind:  
And thus, with short oblivion blest,  
His weary spirits gather rest.  
Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!  
The pageant glancing to and fro;  
And hope is wakened by the sight,  
He thence may learn, ere fall of night,  
Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;  
But what avails the bold intent?  
A Royal army is gone forth

To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH ;  
 They march with Dudley at their head,  
 And, in seven days' space, will to York be led!—  
 Can such a mighty Host be raised  
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near ?  
 The Earls upon each other gazed,  
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear  
 For, with a high and valiant name,  
 He bore a heart of timid frame ;  
 And bold if both had been, yet they  
 " Against so many may not stay." \*  
 Back therefore will they hie to seize  
 A stronghold on the banks of Tees ;  
 There wait a favorable hour,  
 Until Lord Dacre with his power  
 From Naworth come, and Howard's aid  
 Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,  
 A rumor of this purpose ran,  
 The Standard trusting to the care  
 Of him who heretofore did bear  
 That charge, impatient Norton sought  
 The Chieftains to unfold his thought,  
 And thus abruptly spake : " We yield  
 (And can it be ?) an unfought field! —  
 How oft has strength, the strength of Heaven,  
 To few triumphantly been given !

\* From the old Ballad.

Still do our very children boast  
Of mitred Thurston, — what a Host  
He conquered! — Saw we not the Plain  
(And flying shall behold again)  
Where faith was proved? — while to battle moved  
The Standard, on the Sacred Wain  
That bore it, compassed round by a bold  
Fraternity of Barons old;  
And with those gray-haired champions stood,  
Under the saintly ensigns three,  
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood —  
All confident of victory! —  
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?  
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame  
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,  
In that other day of Neville's Cross?  
When the Prior of Durham with holy hand  
Raised, as the Vision gave command,  
Saint Cuthbert's Relic, far and near  
Kenned, on the point of a lofty spear;  
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower  
To God descending in his power.  
Less would not at our need be due  
To us, who war against the Untrue; —  
The delegates of Heaven we rise,  
Convoked the impious to chastise:  
We, we, the sanctities of old  
Would re-establish and uphold:  
Be warned" — His zeal the Chiefs confounded,  
But word was given, and the trumpet sounded:

Back through the melancholy Host  
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.  
 Alas ! thought he, and have I borne  
 This Banner raised with joyful pride,  
 This hope of all posterity,  
 By those dread symbols sanctified ;  
 Thus to become at once the scorn  
 Of babbling winds as they go by,  
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,  
 To the light clouds a mockery !  
 — " Even these poor eight of mine would stem —"  
 Half to himself, and half to them  
 He spake — " would stem, or quell, a force  
 Ten times their number, man and horse ;  
 This by their own unaided might,  
 Without their father in their sight,  
 Without the Cause for which they fight ;  
 A Cause, which on a needful day  
 Would breed us thousands brave as they."  
 — So speaking, he his reverend head  
 Raised towards that Imagery once more :  
 But the familiar prospect shed  
 Despondency unfelt before :  
 A shock of intimations vain,  
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,  
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought  
 Of her by whom the work was wrought : —  
 O wherefore was her countenance bright  
 With love divine and gentle light ?  
 She would not, could not, disobey,

But her Faith leaned another way.  
Ill tears she wept ; I saw them fall,  
I overheard her as she spake  
Sad words to that mute Animal,  
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake ;  
She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,  
This Cross in tears : by her, and one  
Unworthier far we are undone, —  
Her recreant Brother ; he prevailed  
Over that tender Spirit, — assailed  
Too ott, alas ! by her whose head  
In the cold grave hath long been laid :  
She first in reason's dawn beguiled  
Her docile, unsuspecting Child :  
Far back, far back my mind must go  
To reach the well-spring of this woe !

While thus he brooded, music sweet  
Of border tunes was played, to cheer  
The footsteps of a quick retreat ;  
But Norton lingered in the rear,  
Stung with sharp thoughts ; and ere the last  
From his distracted brain was cast,  
Before his Father, Francis stood,  
And spake in firm and earnest mood.

“ Though here I bend a suppliant knee  
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear  
In your indignant thoughts my share ;  
Am grieved this backward march to see

So careless and disorderly.  
I scorn your Chiefs, — men who would lead  
And yet want courage at their need :  
Then look at them with open eyes !  
Deserve they further sacrifice ? —  
If, when they shrink, nor dare oppose  
In open field their gathering foes,  
(And fast, from this decisive day,  
Yon multitude must melt away,) —  
If now I ask a grace not claimed  
While ground was left for hope, unblamed  
Be an endeavor that can do  
No injury to them or you.  
My Father ! I would help to find  
A place of shelter, till the rage  
Of cruel men do like the wind  
Exhaust itself and sink to rest ;  
Be Brother now to Brother joined !  
Admit me in the equipage  
Of your misfortunes, that at least,  
Whatever fate remain behind,  
I may bear witness in my breast  
To your nobility of mind !”

“Thou Enemy, my bane and blight !  
O bold to fight the Coward's fight  
Against all good !” — but why declare,  
At length, the issue of a prayer  
Which love had prompted, yielding scope  
Too free to one bright moment's hope ?



Suffice it that the Son, who strove  
With fruitless effort to allay  
That passion, prudently gave way ;  
Nor did he turn aside to prove  
His Brothers' wisdom or their love,  
But calmly from the spot withdrew ;  
His best endeavors to renew,  
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

---

## CANTO FOURTH.

'T is night : in silence looking down,  
The Moon from cloudless ether sees  
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,  
And Castle like a stately crown  
On the steep rocks of winding Tees ; —  
And southward far, with moor between,  
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,  
The bright Moon sees that valley small  
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall  
A venerable image yields  
Of quiet to the neighboring fields ;  
While from one pillared chimney breathes  
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.  
— The courts are hushed ; — for timely sleep  
The greyhounds to their kennel creep ;  
The peacock in the broad ash-tree  
Aloft is roosted for the night,

He who in proud prosperity  
Of colors manifold and bright  
Walked round, affronting the daylight ;  
And higher still, above the bower  
Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower  
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine  
With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah ! who could think that sadness here  
Hath any sway ? or pain, or fear ?  
A soft and lulling sound is heard  
Of streams inaudible by day ;  
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred  
By the night insects in their play,  
Breaks into dimples small and bright ;  
A thousand, thousand rings of light  
That shape themselves and disappear  
Almost as soon as seen : — and lo !  
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe, —  
The same who quietly was feeding  
On the green herb, and nothing heeding,  
When Francis, uttering to the Maid  
His last words in the yew-tree shade,  
Involved whate'er by love was brought  
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,  
Or chance presented to his eye,  
In one sad sweep of destiny, —  
The same fair Creature, who hath found  
Her way into forbidden ground ;  
Where now, — within this spacious plot

For pleasure made, a goodly spot,  
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades  
Of trellis-work in long arcades,  
And cirque and crescent framed by wall  
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,  
Converging walks, and fountains gay,  
And terraces in trim array, —  
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,  
With pine and cedar spreading wide  
Their darksome boughs on either side,  
In open moonlight doth she lie ;  
Happy as others of her kind,  
That, far from human neighborhood,  
Range unrestricted as the wind,  
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid  
Emerging from a cedar shade  
To open moonshine, where the Doe  
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;  
Like a patch of April snow,  
Upon a bed of herbage green,  
Lingering in a woody glade  
Or behind a rocky screen, —  
Lonely relic ! which, if seen  
By the shepherd, is passed by  
With an inattentive eye.  
Nor more regard doth she bestow  
Upon the uncomplaining Doe,  
Now couched at ease, though oft this day

Not unperplexed nor free from pain,  
When she had tried, and tried in vain,  
Approaching in her gentle way,  
To win some look of love, or gain  
Encouragement to sport or play ;  
Attempts which the heart-sick Maid  
Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed ; — the breeze  
Came fraught with kindly sympathies.  
As she approached yon rustic shed  
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread  
Along the walls and overhead,  
The fragrance of the breathing flowers  
Revived a memory of those hours  
When here, in this remote alcove,  
(While from the pendent woodbine came  
Like odors, sweet as if the same,)  
A fondly anxious Mother strove  
To teach her salutary fears  
And mysteries above her years.  
Yes, she is soothed : an Image faint,  
And yet not faint, a presence bright  
Returns to her, — that blessèd Saint  
Who with mild looks and language mild  
Instructed here her darling Child,  
While yet a prattler on the knee,  
To worship in simplicity  
The invisible God, and take for guide  
The faith reformed and purified.

'T is flown, — the Vision, and the sense  
Of that beguiling influence ;  
“ But O thou Angel from above !  
Mute Spirit of maternal love,  
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear  
Than ghosts are fabled to appear  
Sent upon embassies of fear ;  
As thou thy presence hast to me  
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry  
Descend on Francis ; nor forbear  
To greet him with a voice, and say :  
' If hope be a rejected stay,  
Do thou, my Christian Son, beware  
Of that most lamentable snare,  
The self-reliance of despair !' ”

Then from within the embowered retreat  
Where she had found a grateful seat  
Perturbed she issues. She will go !  
Herself will follow to the war,  
And clasp her Father's knees ; — ah, no !  
She meets an insuperable bar,  
The injunction by her Brother laid ;  
His parting charge, — but ill obeyed, —  
That interdicted all debate,  
All prayer for this cause or for that ;  
All efforts that would turn aside  
The headstrong current of their fate :  
*Her duty is to stand and wait ;*  
In resignation to abide

The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE  
 O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.  
 — She feels it, and her pangs are checked.  
 But now, as silently she paced  
 The turf, and thought by thought was chased,  
 Came one who, with sedate respect,  
 Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake ;  
 “ An old man's privilege I take :  
 Dark is the time, a woful day !  
 Dear daughter of affliction, say,  
 How can I serve you ? point the way.”

“ Rights have you, and may well be bold :  
 You with my Father have grown old  
 In friendship, — strive, — for his sake go, —  
 Turn from us all the coming woe :  
 This would I beg ; but on my mind  
 A passive stillness is enjoined.  
 On you, if room for mortal aid  
 Be left, is no restriction laid ;  
 You not forbidden to recline  
 With hope upon the Will Divine.”

“ Hope,” said the old Man, “ Must abide  
 With all of us, whate'er betide.  
 In Craven's Wilds is many a den,  
 To shelter persecuted men :  
 Far under ground is many a cave,  
 Where they might lie as in the grave,  
 Until this storm hath ceased to rave :

Or let them cross the River Tweed,  
And be at once from peril freed!"

"Ah, tempt me not!" she faintly sighed;  
"I will not counsel nor exhort,  
With my condition satisfied;  
But you, at least, may make report  
Of what befalls; — be this your task, —  
This may be done; — 't is all I ask!"

She spake, and from the Lady's sight  
The Sire, unconscious of his age,  
Departed promptly as a Page  
Bound on some errand of delight.  
The noble Francis, wise as brave,  
Thought he, may want not skill to save.  
With hopes in tenderness concealed,  
Unarmed he followed to the field;  
Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers  
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers. —  
"Grant that the Moon which shines this night  
May guide them in a prudent flight!"

But quick the turns of chance and change,  
And knowledge has a narrow range;  
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,  
And wishes blind, and efforts vain. —  
The Moon may shine, but cannot be  
Their guide in flight, — already she  
Hath witnessed their captivity.

She saw the desperate assault  
Upon that hostile castle made ; —  
But dark and dismal is the vault  
Where Norton and his sons are laid !  
Disastrous issue ! — he had said :  
“ This night yon faithless Towers must yield,  
Or we for ever quit the field.  
— Neville is utterly dismayed,  
For promise fails of Howard’s aid ;  
And Dacre to our call replies  
That *he* is unprepared to rise.  
My heart is sick ; — this weary pause  
Must needs be fatal to our cause.  
The breach is open, — on the wall,  
This night, the Banner shall be planted ! ”  
— ’T was done : his Sons were with him, — all ;  
They belt him round with hearts undaunted  
And others follow : Sire and Son  
Leap down into the court : “ ’T is won, ” —  
They shout aloud, — but Heaven decreed  
That with their joyful shout should close  
The triumph of a desperate deed  
Which struck with terror friends and foes !  
The friend shrinks back, the foe recoils,  
From Norton and his filial band ;  
But they, now caught within the toils,  
Against a thousand cannot stand ; —  
The foe from numbers courage drew,  
And overpowered that gallant few.  
“ A rescue for the Standard ! ” cried



The Father from within the walls ;  
But, see, the sacred Standard falls ! —  
Confusion through the Camp spread wide :  
Some fled ; and some their fears detained :  
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest  
In her pale chambers of the west,  
Of that rash levy naught remained.

---

## CANTO FIFTH.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground  
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,  
Above the loftiest ridge or mound  
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,  
An edifice of warlike frame  
Stands single, — Norton Tower its name ;  
It fronts all quarters, and looks round  
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,  
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,  
Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent —  
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free  
As Pendle Hill or Pennygent  
From wind, or frost, or vapors wet —  
Had often heard the sound of glee  
When there the youthful Nortons met,  
'To practise games and archery :  
How proud and happy they ! the crowd

Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud !  
 And from the scorching noontide sun,  
 From showers, or when the prize was won,  
 They to the Tower withdrew, and there  
 Would mirth run round, with generous fare ;  
 And the stern old Lord of Rylstone hall  
 Was happiest, proudest, of them all !

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,  
 Upon the height walks to and fro ;  
 'T is well that she hath heard the tale,  
 Received the bitterness and woe :  
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,  
 Such right did feeble nature claim ;  
 And oft her steps had hither steered,  
 Though not unconscious of self-blame ;  
 For she her Brother's charge revered,  
 His farewell words ; and by the same,  
 Yea by her Brother's very name,  
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood  
 That gray-haired man of gentle blood,  
 Who with her Father had grown old  
 In friendship ; rival hunters they,  
 And fellow-warriors in their day :  
 To Rylstone he the tidings brought ;  
 Then on this height the Maid had sought,  
 And, gently as he could, had told  
 The end of that dire Tragedy,  
 Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned: "You said  
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"

"Your noble Brother hath been spared;  
To take his life they have not dared;  
On him and on his high endeavor  
The light of praise shall shine for ever!  
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain  
His solitary course maintain;  
Not vainly struggled in the night  
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;  
He was their comfort to the last,  
Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came, —  
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;  
They might deserve a good man's blame;  
But marks of infamy and shame, —  
These were their triumph, these their pride;  
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd  
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,  
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,  
'A Prisoner once, but now set free!  
'Tis well, for he the worst defied  
Through force of natural piety;  
He rose not in this quarrel, he,  
For concord's sake and England's good,  
Suit to his Brothers often made  
With tears, and of his Father prayed, —  
And when he had in vain withstood

Their purpose, then did he divide,  
He parted from them ; but at their side  
Now walks in unanimity.  
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,  
While to the prison they are borne,  
Peace, peace to all indignity !

“ And so in Prison were they laid, —  
O hear me, hear me, gentle Maid !  
For I am come with power to bless,  
By scattering gleams, through your distress,  
Of a redeeming happiness.  
Me did a reverent pity move  
And privilege of ancient love ;  
And, in your service making bold,  
Entrance I gained to that stronghold.

“ Your Father gave me cordial greeting ;  
But to his purposes, that burned  
Within him, instantly returned :  
He was commanding and entreating,  
And said, ‘ We need not stop, my Son !  
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on,’ —  
And so to Francis he renewed  
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

“ Might this our enterprise have sped,  
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,  
A renovation from the dead,  
A spring-tide of immortal green :

The darksome altars would have blazed  
 Like stars when clouds are rolled away ;  
 Salvation to all eyes that gazed,  
 Once more the Rood had been upraised  
 To spread its arms, and stand for aye.  
 Then, then, had I survived to see  
 New life in Bolton Priory ;  
 The voice restored, the eye of Truth  
 Reopened that inspired my youth ;  
 To see her in her pomp arrayed, —  
 This Banner (for such vow I made)  
 Should on the consecrated breast  
 Of that same Temple have found rest •  
 I would myself have hung it high,  
 Fit offering of glad victory !

“ A shadow of such thought remains,  
 To cheer this sad and pensive time ;  
 A solemn fancy yet sustains  
 One feeble Being, — bids me climb  
 Even to the last, — one effort more  
 To attest my Faith, if not restore.

“ Hear, then,’ said he, ‘ while I impart,  
 My Son, the last wish of my heart.  
 The Banner strive thou to regain ;  
 And, if the endeavor prove not vain,  
 Bear it — to whom, if not to thee  
 Shall I this lonely thought consign ? —  
 Bear it to Bolton Priory,

And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine,  
 To wither in the sun and breeze  
 'Mid those decaying sanctities.  
 There let at least the gift be laid,  
 The testimony there displayed ;  
 Bold proof that with no selfish aim,  
 But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,  
 I helmeted a brow, though white,  
 And took a place in all men's sight ;  
 Yea, offered up this noble Brood,  
 This fair, unrivalled Brotherhood,  
 And turned away from thee, my Son !  
 And left — But be the rest unsaid,  
 The name untouched, the tear unshed ; —  
 My wish is known, and I have done :  
 Now promise, grant this one request,  
 This dying prayer, and be thou blest !'

"Then Francis answered, 'Trust thy Son,  
 For, with God's will, it shall be done !'

"The pledge obtained, the solemn word  
 Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,  
 And Officers arose in state  
 To lead the prisoners to their fate.  
 They rose, — O wherefore should I fear  
 To tell, or, lady, you to hear ?  
 They rose, — embraces none were given, —  
 They stood like trees when earth and heaven  
 Are calm ; they knew each other's worth,

And reverently the Band went forth.  
They met, when they had reached the door,  
One with profane and harsh intent  
Placed there,—that he might go before,  
And, with that rueful Banner borne  
Aloft, in sign of taunting scorn,  
Conduct them to their punishment :  
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained  
By human feeling, had ordained.  
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,  
And, with a look of calm command  
Inspiring universal awe,  
He took it from the soldier's hand ;  
And all the people that stood round  
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.  
— High transport did the Father shed  
Upon his Son. — and they were led,  
Led on, and yielded up their breath ;  
Together died, a happy death ! —  
But Francis, soon as he had braved  
That insult, and the Banner saved,  
Athwart the unresisting tide  
Of the spectators occupied  
In admiration or dismay,  
Bore instantly his Charge away.”

These things, which thus had in the sight  
And hearing passed of him who stood  
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,  
In Rylstone's woful neighborhood,

He told ; and oftentimes with voice  
 Of power to comfort or rejoice ;  
 For deepest sorrows that aspire,  
 Go high, no transport ever higher.  
 " Yes, God is rich in mercy," said  
 The old Man to the silent Maid ;  
 " Yet, Lady ! shines, through this black night,  
 One star of aspect heavenly bright ;  
 Your Brother lives, — he lives, — is come  
 Perhaps already to his home ;  
 Then let us leave this dreary place."  
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,  
 Though without one uplifted look,  
 To Rylstone hall her way she took.

---

CANTO SIXTH.

WHY comes not Francis ? — From the doleful City  
 He fled, — and, in his flight, could hear  
 The death-sounds of the Minster'bell :  
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell  
 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity !  
 To Ambrose that ! and then a knell  
 For him, the sweet, half-opened Flower !  
 For all, — all dying in one hour !  
 — Why comes not Francis ? Thoughts of love  
 Should bear him to his Sister dear  
 With the fleet motion of a dove ;



Yea, like a heavenly messenger  
Of speediest wing should he appear:  
Why comes he not? — for westward fast  
Along the plain of York he past;  
Reckless of what impels or leads,  
Unchecked he hurries on; — nor heeds  
The sorrow, through the Villages,  
Spread by triumphant cruelties  
Of vengeful military force,  
And punishment without remorse.  
He marked not, heard not, as he fled;  
All but the suffering heart was dead  
For him abandoned to blank awe,  
To vacancy, and horror strong:  
And the first object which he saw,  
With conscious sight, as he swept along, —  
It was the Banner in his hand!  
He felt, — and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:  
What hath he done? what promise made?  
O weak, weak moment, to what end  
Can such a vain oblation tend,  
And he the Bearer? — Can he go,  
Carrying this instrument of woe,  
And find, find anywhere, a right  
To excuse him in his Country's sight?  
No; will not all men deem the change  
A downward course, perverse and strange?  
Here is it; — but how? when? must she,

The unoffending Emily,  
Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain,  
Nor liberty, nor rest could gain :  
His own life into danger brought  
By this sad burden, — even that thought.  
Exciting self-suspicion strong,  
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.  
And how, — unless it were the sense  
Of all-disposing Providence,  
Its will unquestionably shown, —  
How has the Baumer clung so fast  
To a palsied and unconscious hand ;  
Clung to the hand to which it passed  
Without impediment? And why  
But that Heaven's purpose might be known  
Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,  
No intervention, to withstand  
Fulfilment of a Father's prayer  
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest  
When all resentments were at rest,  
And life in death laid the heart bare? —  
Then, like a spectre sweeping by,  
Rushed through his mind the prophecy  
Of utter desolation made  
To Emily in the yew-tree shade :  
He sighed, submitting will and power  
To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.  
\* No choice is left, the deed is mine, --

Dead are they, dead! — and I will go,  
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,  
Will lay the Relic on the shrine.”

So forward with a steady will  
He went, and traversed plain and hill;  
And up the vale of Wharf his way  
Pursued; — and, at the dawn of day,  
Attained a summit whence his eyes  
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.  
There Francis for a moment's space  
Made halt; — but hark! a noise behind  
Of horsemen at an eager pace!  
He heard, and with misgiving mind.  
— 'T is Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:  
They come, by cruel Sussex sent;  
Who, when the Nortons from the hand  
Of death had drunk their punishment,  
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,  
How Francis, with the Banner claimed  
As his own charge, had disappeared,  
By all the standers-by revered.  
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled  
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled  
All censure, enterprise so bright  
That even bad men had vainly striven  
Against that overcoming light)  
Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,  
That, to what place soever fled,  
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height  
 Where Francis stood in open sight.  
 They hem him round, — “Behold the proof,”  
 They cried, “the Ensign in his hand!  
*He* did not arm, he walked aloof!  
 For why? — to save his Father’s land; —  
 Worst Traitor of them all is he,  
 A Traitor dark and cowardly!”

“I am no Traitor,” Francis said,  
 “Though this unhappy freight I bear;  
 And must not part with. But beware; —  
 Err not, by hasty zeal misled,  
 Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,  
 Whose self-reproaches are too strong!”  
 At this he from the beaten road  
 Retreated towards a brake of thorn,  
 That like a place of vantage showed;  
 And there stood bravely, though forlorn.  
 In self-defence with warlike brow  
 He stood, — nor weaponless was now;  
 He from a Soldier’s hand had snatched  
 A spear, — and, so protected, watched  
 The Assailants, turning round and round;  
 But from behind with treacherous wound  
 A Spearman brought him to the ground.  
 The guardian lance, as Francis fell,  
 Dropped from him; but his other hand  
 The Banner clenched; till, from out the Band  
 One, the most eager for the prize,

Rushed in ; and — while, O grief to tell !  
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes  
Unclosed the noble Francis lay —  
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey ;  
But not before the warm life-blood  
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,  
The wounds the broidered Banner showed,  
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good !

Proudly the Horsemen bore away  
The Standard ; and where Francis lay  
There was he left alone, unwept,  
And for two days unnoticed slept.  
For at that time bewildering fear  
Possessed the country, far and near ;  
But on the third day, passing by,  
One of the Norton Tenantry  
Espied the uncovered Corse ; the Man  
Shrunk as he recognized the face,  
And to the nearest homesteads ran  
And called the people to the place.  
— How desolate is Rylstone hall !  
This was the instant thought of all ;  
And if the lonely Lady there  
Should be, to her they cannot bear  
This weight of anguish and despair.  
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest  
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best  
That, if the Priest should yield assent,  
And no one hinder their intent,

Then they, for Christian pity's sake,  
In holy ground a grave would make ;  
And straightway buried he should be  
In the Churehyard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made  
The grave where Francis must be laid.  
In no confusion or neglect  
This did they, but in pure respect  
That he was born of gentle blood ;  
And that there was no neighborhood  
Of kindred for him in that ground :  
So to the Churchyard they are bound,  
Bearing the body on a bier ;  
And psalms they sing, — a holy sound  
That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,  
And is again disquieted ;  
She must behold ! — so many gone,  
Where is the solitary one ?  
And forth from Rylstone hall stepped she, --  
To seek her Brother forth she went,  
And tremblingly her course she bent  
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.  
She comes, and in the vale hath heard  
The funeral dirge ; — she sees the knot  
Of people, sees them in one spot, —  
And, darting like a wounded bird,  
She reached the grave, and with her breast

Upon the ground received the rest, --  
The consummation, the whole ruth  
And sorrow of this final truth !

---

CANTO SEVENTH.

“ Powers there are  
That touch each other to the quick, — in modes  
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,  
No soul to dream of.”

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand  
Was to the harp a strong command,  
Called the submissive strings to wake  
In glory for this Maiden's sake,  
Say, Spirit ! whither hath she fled  
To hide her poor, afflicted head ?  
What mighty forest in its gloom  
Enfolds her ? — is a rifted tomb  
Within the wilderness her seat ?  
Some island which the wild waves beat, —  
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat ?  
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds  
Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?  
High-climbing rock, low, sunless dale,  
Sea, desert, what do these avail ?  
O take her anguish and her fears  
Into a deep recess of years !

It is done; — despoil and desolation  
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown ;  
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown  
With weeds ; the bowers are overthrown,  
Or have given way to slow mutation,  
While in their ancient habitation  
The Norton name hath been unknown.  
The lordly Mansion of its pride  
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide  
Through park and field, a perishing  
That mocks the gladness of the Spring !  
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,  
Appears a joyless human Being,  
Of aspect such as if the waste  
Were under her dominion placed.  
Upon a primrose bank, her throne  
Of quietness, she sits alone ;  
Among the ruins of a wood,  
Erewhile a covert bright and green,  
And where full many a brave tree stood,  
That used to spread its boughs, and ring  
With the sweet bird's carolling.  
Behold her, like a virgin Queen,  
Neglecting in imperial state  
These outward images of fate,  
And carrying inward a serene  
And perfect sway, through many a thought  
Of chance and change, that hath been brought  
To the subjection of a holy,  
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy !



The like authority, with grace  
Of awfulness, is in her face,—  
There hath she fixed it ; yet it seems  
To o'ershadow by no native right  
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,  
Lose utterly the tender gleams,  
Of gentleness and meek delight,  
And loving-kindness ever bright :  
Such is her sovereign mien : — her dress  
(A vest with woollen cincture tied,  
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)  
Is homely, — fashioned to express  
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,  
Beneath the light of sun and star ;  
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,  
Driven forward like a withered leaf,  
Yea, like a ship at random blown  
To distant places and unknown.  
But now she dares to seek a haven  
Among her native wilds of Craven ;  
Hath seen again her Father's roof,  
And put her fortitude to proof ;  
The mighty sorrow hath been borne,  
And she is thoroughly forlorn :  
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,  
Sustained by memory of the past  
And strength of Reason ; held above  
The infirmities of mortal love ;

Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,  
And awfully impenetrable.

And so — beneath a mouldered tree,  
A self-surviving leafless oak  
By unregarded age from stroke  
Of ravage saved — sat Emily.  
There did she rest, with head reclined,  
Herself most like a stately flower  
(Such have I seen) whom chance of birth  
Hath separated from its kind,  
To live and die in a shady bower,  
Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,  
A troop of deer came sweeping by ;  
And, suddenly, behold a wonder !  
For one, among those rushing deer,  
A single one, in mid-career,  
Hath stopped, and fixed her large, full eye  
Upon the Lady Emily ;  
A Doe most beautiful, clear white,  
A radiant creature, silver-bright !

Thus checked, a little while it stayed,  
A little thoughtful pause it made ;  
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,  
Drew softly near her, and more near, —  
Looked round, — but saw no cause for fear,  
So to her feet the Creature came,

And laid its head upon her knee,  
And looked into the Lady's face,  
A look of pure benignity,  
And fond, unclouded memory.  
It is, thought Emily, the same,  
The very Doe of other years! —  
The pleading look the Lady viewed,  
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,  
She melted into tears, —  
A flood of tears, that flowed apace,  
Upon the happy Creature's face.

O moment ever blest! O Pair  
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,  
This was for you a precious greeting;  
And may it prove a fruitful meeting!  
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe  
Can she depart? can she forego  
The Lady, once her playful peer,  
And now her sainted Mistress dear?  
And will not Emily receive  
This lovely chronicler of things  
Long past, delights and sorrowings?  
Long Sufferer! will not she believe  
The promise in that speaking face:  
And welcome, as a gift of grace,  
The saddest thought the Creature brings?

That day, the first of a reunion  
Which was to teem with high communion,

That day of balmy April weather,  
They tarried in the wood together.  
And when, ere fall of evening dew,  
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,  
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace  
The Lady to her dwelling-place ;  
That nook where, on paternal ground,  
A habitation she had found,  
The Master of whose humble board  
Once owned her Father for his Lord ;  
A hut, by tufted trees defended,  
Where Ryl-stone Brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light  
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.  
She shrunk :— with one frail shock of pain  
Received and followed by a prayer,  
She saw the Creature once again ;  
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ; —  
But, wheresoever she looked round,  
All now was trouble-haunted ground ;  
And therefore now she deems it good  
Once more this restless neighborhood  
To leave. — Unwooded, yet unforbidden,  
The White Doe followed up the vale,  
Up to another cottage, hidden  
In the deep fork of Amerdale ;  
And there may Emily restore  
Herself, in spots unseen before.  
— Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,

By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,  
Haunts of a strengthening amity  
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?  
For she hath ventured now to read  
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed. —  
Endless history that lies  
In her silent Follower's eyes;  
Who with a power like human reason  
Discerns the favorable season,  
Skilled to approach or to retire, —  
From looks conceiving her desire;  
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,  
That vary to the heart within.  
If she too passionately wreathed  
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,  
Walked quick or slowly, every mood  
In its degree was understood;  
Then well may their accord be true.  
And kindest intercourse ensue.  
— Oh! surely 't was a gentle rousing  
When she by sudden glimpse espied  
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,  
Or in the meadow wandered wide!  
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank  
Beside her, on some sunny bank!  
How soothed, when, in thick bower enclosed,  
They, like a nested pair, reposed!  
Fair Vision! when it crossed the Maid  
Within some rocky cavern laid,  
The dark cave's portal gliding by.

White as whitest cloud on high  
Floating through the azure sky.  
— What now is left for pain or fear?  
That Presence, dearer and more dear  
While they, side by side, were straying,  
And the shepherd's pipe was playing,  
Did now a very gladness yield  
At morning to the dewy field,  
And with a deeper peace endued  
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame  
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;  
And, ranging through the wasted groves,  
Received the memory of old loves.  
Undisturbed and undistrest,  
Into a soul which now was blest  
With a soft spring-day of holy,  
Mild, and grateful melancholy:  
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,  
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone played  
Their Sabbath music, — “*God us ayde!*”  
That was the sound they seemed to speak;  
Inscriptive legend which I ween  
May on those holy bells be seen,  
That legend and her Grandsire's name;  
And oftentimes the Lady meek  
Had in her childhood read the same;

Words which she slighted at that day ;  
But now, when such sad change was wrought,  
And of that lonely name she thought,  
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,  
While she sat listening in the shade,  
With vocal music, " *God us ayde!*"  
And all the hills were glad to bear  
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power ;  
But with the White Doe at her side,  
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,  
And thence look round her far and wide,  
Her fate there measuring ; — all is stilled, —  
The weak one hath subdued her heart ;  
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,  
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !  
But here her Brother's words have failed ;  
Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;  
That she, of him and all bereft,  
Hath yet this faithful Partner left ;  
This one Associate, that disproves  
His words, remains for her, and loves.  
If tears are shed, they do not fall  
For loss of him, — for one, or all ;  
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep,  
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep ;  
A few tears down her cheek descend  
For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,  
And bless for both this savage spot,  
Which Emily doth sacred hold  
For reasons dear and manifold ; —  
Here hath she, here before her sight,  
Close to the summit of this height,  
The grassy, rock-encircled Pound  
In which the Creature first was found.  
So beautiful the timid Thrall  
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)  
Her youngest Brother brought it home ;  
The youngest, then a lusty boy,  
Bore it, or led, to Rylstone hall  
With heart brimful of pride and joy !

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,  
On favoring nights, she loved to go ;  
There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,  
Attended by the soft-paced Doe ;  
Nor feared she in the still moonshine  
To look upon Saint Mary's shrine ;  
Nor on the lonely turf that showed  
Where Francis slept in his last abode.  
For that she came ; there oft she sat  
Forlorn, but not disconsolate :  
And when she from the abyss returned  
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned  
Was happy that she lived to greet  
Her mute Companion, as it lay  
In love and pity at her feet ;



How happy in its turn to meet  
The recognition! the mild glance  
Beamed from that gracious countenance;  
Communication, like the ray  
Of a new morning, to the nature  
And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we sing, by dower  
Encouraged of celestial power;  
Power which the viewless Spirit shed  
By whom we were first visited;  
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings  
Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,  
When, left in solitude, erewhile  
We stood before this ruined Pile,  
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,  
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;  
Distress and desolation spread  
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead, —  
Dead, but to live again on earth,  
A second and yet nobler birth;  
Dire overthrow, and yet how high  
The reascent in sanctity!  
From fair to fairer; day by day  
A more divine and loftier way!  
Even such this blessèd Pilgrim trod,  
By sorrow lifted towards her God;  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed mortality.  
Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend

A dear look to her lowly Friend,  
There stopped; her thirst was satisfied  
With what this innocent spring supplied:  
Her sanction inwardly she bore,  
And stood apart from human cares:  
But to the world returned no more,  
Although with no unwilling mind  
Help did she give at need, and joined  
The Wharfedale peasants in their prayers.  
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied  
To earth, she was set free, and died.  
Thy soul, exalted Emily,  
Maid of the blasted family,  
Rose to the God from whom it came!  
— In Rylstone church her mortal frame  
Was buried, by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset! and a ray  
Survives — the twilight of this day —  
In that fair Creature whom the fields  
Support, and whom the forest shields;  
Who, having filled a holy place,  
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;  
And bears a memory and a mind  
Raised far above the law of kind;  
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer  
Which her dear Mistress once held dear:  
Loves most what Emily loved most, —  
The inclosure of this churchyard ground;  
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,

And every Sabbath here is found ;  
Comes with the people when the bells  
Are heard among the moorland dells,  
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way  
Lies open on the Sabbath-day ;  
Here walks amid the mournful waste  
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,  
And floors encumbered with rich show  
Of fret-work imagery laid low ;  
Paces softly, or makes halt,  
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault ;  
By plate of monumental brass  
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,  
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave :  
But chiefly by that single grave,  
That one sequestered hillock green,  
The pensive visitant is seen.  
There doth the gentle Creature lie  
With those adversities unmoved ;  
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky  
In their benignity approved !  
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,  
Subdued by outrage and decay,  
Looks down upon her with a smile,  
A gracious smile, that seems to say, —  
“Thou, thou art not a Child of Time.  
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime !”

# ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

IN SERIES.

---

## PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO  
BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE  
PAPAL DOMINION.

“A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies  
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise  
Convert delight into a Sacrifice.”

---

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace  
Cerulean Duddon from its cloud-fed spring,  
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing  
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace, —  
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace  
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string  
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,  
Won for herself a lasting resting-place, —

Now seek upon the heights of Time the source  
 Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found  
 Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have  
     crowned

Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force ;  
 And, for delight of him who tracks its course,  
 Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

## II.

## CONJECTURES.

IF there be prophets on whose spirits rest  
 Past things, revealed like future, they can tell  
 What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well  
 Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed  
 With its first bounty. Wandering through the west,  
 Did holy Paul\* a while in Britain dwell,  
 And call the Fountain forth by miracle,  
 And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest ?  
 Or he, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors  
 Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred ?  
 Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores  
 Storm-driven, who, having seen the cup of woe  
 Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard  
 The precious Current they had taught to flow ?

\* See Note.

## III.

## TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-  
 mew,\* — white  
 As Menai's foam ; and toward the mystic ring  
 Where Augurs stand, the Future questioning,  
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,  
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite,  
 That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er  
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.  
 Haughty the Bard : can these meek doctrines blight  
 His transports ? wither his heroic strains ?  
 But all shall be fulfilled ; — the Julian spear  
 A way first opened ; and, with Roman chains,  
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified ;  
 They come, — they spread, — the weak, the suffer-  
 ing, hear ;  
 Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

## IV.

## DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,  
 Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire

\* This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,  
 From every sympathy that Man bestowed !  
 Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,  
 Ancient of days ! that to the eternal Sire,  
 These jealous Ministers of law aspire,  
 As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flowed,  
 Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,  
 As if with prescience of the coming storm,  
*That* intimation when the stars were shaped ;  
 And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth  
 Glimmers through many a superstitious form  
 That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

## V.

## UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us ; seeking, we are lost  
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,  
 Or where the solitary shepherd roves  
 Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost  
 Of Time and shadows of Tradition crost ;  
 And where the boatman of the Western Isles  
 Slackens his course, to mark those holy piles  
 Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.  
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,  
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,  
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,  
 To an unquestionable Source have led ;  
 Enough, if eyes, that sought the fountain-head  
 In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

## VI.

## PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword  
Works busy as the lightning; but instinct  
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,  
Which God's ethereal store-houses afford:  
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord  
It rages; — some are smitten in the field, —  
Some pierced to the heart through the ineffectual  
shield  
Of sacred home; — with pomp are others gored,  
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,  
England's first Martyr, whom no threats could  
shake;  
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,  
And for the faith; nor shall his name forsake  
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise  
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.\*

## VII.

## RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain  
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim  
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn  
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;

\* See Note.



Even so, in many a reconstructed fane,  
 Have the survivors of this storm renewed  
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude :  
 And solemn ceremonials they ordain  
 To celebrate their great deliverance ;  
 Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear, —  
 That persecution, blind with rage extreme,  
 May not the less, through Heaven's mild counte-  
     nance,  
 Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer ;  
 For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

## VIII.

## TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm ! for soul-subduing vice,  
 Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.  
 Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,  
 And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,  
 Their radiance through the woods, may yet suffice  
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate  
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate  
 The crown of thorns ; whose life-blood flowed, the  
     price  
 Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts  
 That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown  
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,  
 Language, and letters ; — these, though fondly  
     viewed

As humanizing graces, are but parts  
And instruments of deadliest servitude !

## IX.

## DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned  
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,  
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.  
Lo ! Discord at the altar dares to stand,  
Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,  
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized !  
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.  
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land  
By Rome abandoned ; vain are suppliant cries,  
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell ;  
For she returns not. — Awed by her own knell,  
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,  
Soon to become more dreaded enemies  
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

## X.

## STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

Rise ! — they *have* risen : of brave Aneurin ask  
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends  
The Spirit of Caractacus descends  
Upon the Patriots, animates their task ;  
Amazement runs before the towering casque  
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field

The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield : --  
 Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask  
 The Host that followed Urien as he strode  
 O'er heaps of slain ; — from Cambrian wood and  
 moss

Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross ;  
 Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,  
 Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,  
 And everlasting deeds to burning words !

## XI.

## SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid  
 Of hallelujahs \* tost from hill to hill,  
 For instant victory. But Heaven's high will  
 Permits a second and a darker shade  
 Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,  
 The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains :  
 O wretched Land ! whose tears have flowed like  
 fountains ;  
 Whose arts and honors in the dust are laid  
 By men yet scarcely conscious of a care  
 For other monuments than those of Earth ;  
 Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,  
 Will build their savage fortunes only there ;  
 Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth  
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

\* See Note.

## XII.

## MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.\*

*THE oppression of the tumult, — wrath and scorn. —  
 The tribulation, — and the gleaming blades, —*  
 Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades  
 The song of Taliesin ; — Ours shall mourn  
 The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would  
     turn  
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store  
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,  
 And Christian monuments, that now must burn  
 To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all things swerve  
 From their known course, or vanish like a dream ;  
 Another language spreads from coast to coast ;  
 Only perchance some melancholy Stream  
 And some indignant Hills old names preserve,  
 When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost !

## XIII.

## CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,  
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale  
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,  
 Where Tiber's stream the Immortal City laves :  
 ANGLI by name ; and not an ANGEL waves

\* See Note.

His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye  
 Than they appear to holy Gregory ;  
 Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves  
 For them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,  
 His questions urging, feels, in slender ties  
 Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies ;  
 DE-IRIANS, — he would save them from God's IRE ;  
 Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA, they shall sing  
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the Eternal King!

## XIV.

## GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,  
 Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,  
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead  
 Of martial banner, in procession bear ;  
 The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,  
 The pictured Saviour! — By Augustin led,  
 They come, — and onward travel without dread,  
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer, —  
 Sung for themselves, and those whom they would  
 free!

Rich conquest waits them : — the tempestuous sea  
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,  
 And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,  
 These good men humble by a few bare words,  
 And calm with fear of God's divinity.

## XV.

PAULINUS.\*

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,  
 Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school  
 Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,  
*Who* comes with functions apostolical?  
 Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,  
 Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,  
 His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;  
 A Man whose aspect doth at once appall  
 And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans  
 Toward the pure truths this Delegate propounds,  
 Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds  
 With careful hesitation, — then convenes  
 A synod of his Councillors: — give ear,  
 And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

## XVI.

PERSUASION.

“ Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!  
 That — while at banquet with your Chiefs you sit  
 Housed near a blazing fire — is seen to flit  
 Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,  
 Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,  
 Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;

\* See Note.

But whence it came we know not, nor behold  
 Whither it goes. Even such, that transient Thing,  
 The human Soul; not utterly unknown  
 While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;  
 But from what world she came, what woe or weal  
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;  
 This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,  
 His be a welcome cordially bestowed!" \*

## XVII.

## CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel Lore;  
 The Council closed, the Priest in full career  
 Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a spear  
 To desecrate the Fane which heretofore  
 He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor  
 Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved  
 (So might they dream) till victory was achieved,  
 Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.  
 Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame  
 Amid oblivious weeds. "*O come to me,  
 Ye heavy laden!*" such the inviting voice  
 Heard near fresh streams; † and thousands, who  
     rejoice  
 In the new Rite, — the pledge of sanctity,  
 Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

\* See Note.

† See Note.

## XVIII.

## APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend  
 The Soul's eternal interests to promote:  
 Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;  
 And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend,  
 For aught the wisest know or comprehend;  
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note  
 Of elevation; let their odors float  
 Around these Converts; and their glories blend.  
 The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze  
 Of the noonday. Nor doubt that golden cords  
 Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise  
 The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the line  
 Shall draw, the limits of the power define,  
 That even imperfect faith to man affords?

## XIX.

## PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.\*

How beautiful your presence, how benign,  
 Servants of God! who not a thought will share  
 With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare  
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign  
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!  
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his care

\* See Note.



Has called him forth to breathe the common air,  
 Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine  
 Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet  
 The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed  
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat  
 A benediction from his voice or hand;  
 Whence grace, through which the heart can under-  
     stand,  
 And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

## XX.

## OTHER INFLUENCES.

AH, when the Body, round which in love we cling,  
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?  
 Is tender pity then of no avail?  
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue  
 A waste of hope?—From this sad source have  
     sprung  
 Rites that console the Spirit, under grief  
 Which ill can brook more rational relief:  
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung  
 For Souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth  
 For Power that travels with the human heart:  
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe  
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.  
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,  
 Of your own mighty instruments beware!

## XXI.

## SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side  
 A bead-roll, in his hand a claspèd book,  
 Or staff' more harmless than a shepherd's crook,  
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world, to hide  
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide  
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell  
 In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,  
 Round the decaying trunk of human pride,  
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour  
 Do penitential cogitations cling ;  
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine  
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;  
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,  
 For recompense, — their own perennial bower.

## XXII.

## CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage  
*My* feet would rather turn, — to some dry nook  
 Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook  
 Hurl'd down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,  
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage  
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool ;  
 Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,  
 Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage

Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,  
 A maple dish, my furniture should be ;  
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed ; the hooting owl  
 My night-watch : nor should e'er the crested fowl  
 From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,  
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

## XXIII.

## REPROOF.

BUT what if one, through grove or flowery mead  
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet  
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet  
 Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede !  
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed  
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat  
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat  
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed  
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse !  
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt  
 Imposed on human kind, must first forget  
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use  
 Of a long life ; and, in the hour of death,  
 The last dear service of thy passing breath ! \*

\* He expired dictating the last words of a translation of  
 St. John's Gospel.

## XXIV.

ÆAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF  
THE RELIGION.

BY such examples moved to unbought pains,  
 The people work like congregated bees ;  
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses  
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains  
 From Heaven a *general* blessing ; timely rains  
 Or needful sunshine ; prosperous enterprise,  
 Justice and peace : — bold faith ! yet also rise  
 The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.  
 The Sensual think with reverence of the palms  
 Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave ;  
 If penance be redeemable, thence alms  
 Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave ;  
 And if full oft the Sanctuary save  
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

## XXV.

## MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all : there are who roam  
 To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores ;  
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors  
 To seek the general mart of Christendom ;  
 Whence they, like richly laden merchants, come  
 To their beloved cells : — or shall we say

That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their  
way,  
To lead in memorable triumph home  
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,  
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh  
That would lament her; — Memphis, Tyre, are gone  
With all their Arts; — but classic lore glides on,  
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

## XXVI.

## ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,  
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!  
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;  
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown  
Might range the starry ether for a crown  
Equal to *his* deserts, who like a year  
Pours forth his bounty, like a day doth cheer,  
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.  
Ease from this noble miser of his time  
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.\*  
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem  
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,  
And Christian India, through her wide-spread cline,  
Un sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

\* See Note.

## XXVII.

## HIS DESCENDANTS.

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,  
Darling of England ! many a bitter shower  
Fell on thy tomb ; but emulative power  
Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins.  
The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains  
When dangers threateu, dangers ever new !  
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view !  
But manly sovereignty its hold retains ;  
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive  
With the fierce tempest, while, within the round  
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive ;  
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,  
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,  
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

## XXVIII.

## INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest skill  
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe  
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,  
And turn the instruments of good to ill,  
Moulding the credulous people to his will.  
Such DUNSTAN : — from its Benedictine coop  
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop

The chaste affections tremble to fulfil  
 Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,  
 The Might of spiritual sway! his thoughts, his  
     dreams,  
 Do in the supernatural world abide :  
 So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride  
 In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,  
 And sorceries of talent misapplied.

## XXIX.

## DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey! \*  
 Dissension, checking arms that would restrain  
 The incessant Rovers of the Northern main,  
 Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway :  
 But Gospel-truth is potent to allay  
 Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel Dane  
 Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,  
 His native superstitions melt away.  
 Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,  
 The full-orbed Moon, slow climbing, doth appear  
 Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;  
*How* no one can resolve ; but every eye  
 Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear  
 And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

\* See Note.

## XXX.

## CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,  
 From Monks in Ely chanting service high,  
 While-as Canute the King is rowing by :  
 " My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King, " draw  
     near,  
 That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear !"  
 He listens (all past conquests and all schemes  
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams)  
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.  
 The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,  
 While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,  
 Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.\*  
 O suffering Earth ! be thankful ; sternest clime  
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill  
 Of heaven-descended Piety and song.

## XXXI.

## THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares  
 The evanescence of the Saxon line.  
 Hark ! 't is the tolling Curfew ! — the stars shine ;  
 But of the lights that cherish household cares  
 And festive gladness, burns not one that dares

\* Which is still extant.



To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,  
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,  
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!  
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,  
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,  
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred choirs;  
 Even so a thralldom, studious to expel  
 Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,  
 To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

## XXXII.

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered  
 By wrong triumphant through its own excess,  
 From fields laid waste, from house and home  
     devoured  
 By flames, look up to heaven, and crave redress  
 From God's eternal justice. Pitiless  
 Though men be, there are angels that can feel  
 For wounds that death alone has power to heal,  
 For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.  
 And has a Champion risen in arms to try  
 His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no  
     more;  
 Him in their hearts the people canonize;  
 And far above the mine's most precious ore  
 The least small pittance of bare mould they prize  
 Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear  
     relics lie.

## XXXIII.

## THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow  
 From Nazareth, source of Christian piety,  
 From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony  
 And glorified ascension? Warriors, go,  
 With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;  
 Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye  
 Have chased far off by righteous victory  
 These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!" —  
 "GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly cry;  
 Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds!  
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply; —  
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,  
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,  
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice  
 resounds.\*

## XXXIV.

## CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening  
 swarms  
 Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,  
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;  
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;

\* The decision of this Council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

The cimeter, that yields not to the charms  
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain ;  
Not long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain  
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.  
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever  
Known to the moral world, Imagination,  
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station  
All Christendom : — they sweep along (was never  
So huge a host!) to tear from the Unbeliever  
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

## XXXV.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,  
I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip  
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip ;  
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine ;  
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline  
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,  
And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,  
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.  
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend  
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press  
Of war, but duty summons her away  
To tell — how, finding in the rash distress  
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,  
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

## XXXVI.

## AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns : proud Arbitress of grace,  
 The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the  
     power  
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,  
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.  
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace  
 All sacred things are covered : cheerful morn  
 Grows sad as night, — no seemly garb is worn,  
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a face  
 With natural smiles of greeting. Bells are dumb ;  
 Ditches are graves, — funeral rites denied ;  
 And in the churchyard he must take his bride  
 Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly come  
 Into the pensive heart ill fortified,  
 And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

## XXXVII.

## PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,  
 The gross materials of this world present  
 A marvellous study of wild accident ;  
 Uncouth proximities of old and new ;  
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue  
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined intent

Ihan aught the sky's fantastic element,  
 When most fantastic, offers to the view.  
 Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine?  
 Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia: — crown,  
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down  
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line  
 Baronial halls the opprobrious insult feel;  
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

## XXXVIII.

## SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,  
 To Cæsar's successor the Pontiff spake:  
 "Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck  
 Levelled with earth this foot of mine may tread."  
 Then he, who to the altar had been led,  
 He whose strong arm the Orient could not check,  
 He who had held the Soldan at his beck,  
 Stooped, of all glory disinherited,  
 And even the common dignity of man! —  
 Amazement strikes the crowd: while many turn  
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn  
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban  
 From outraged Nature; but the sense of most  
 In abject sympathy with power is lost.

## XXXIX.

## PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind  
 Must come and ask permission when to blow,  
 What further empire would it have? for now  
 A ghostly Domination, unconfined  
 As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,  
 Sits there in sober truth, — to raise the low,  
 Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;  
 Through earth and heaven to bind and to un-  
     bind! —  
 Resist, — the thunder quails thee! — crouch, —  
     rebuff  
 Shall be thy recompense! from land to land  
 The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff  
 For occupation of a magic wand,  
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it: — whether rough  
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

---

 PART II.

 TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN  
 OF CHARLES I.

## I.

How soon, alas! did Man, created pure,  
 By Angels guarded, deviate from the line

Prescribed to duty! — woful forfeiture  
 He made by wilful breach of law divine.  
 With like perverseness did the Church abiure  
 Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,  
 'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,  
 Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.  
 O Man! if with thy trials thus it fares,  
 If good can smooth the way to evil choice  
 From all rash censure be the mind kept free ;  
 He only judges right who weighs, compares,  
 And, in the sternest sentence which his voice  
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

## II.

FROM false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed  
 By superstition, spread the Papal power ;  
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed  
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.  
 She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual  
     tower,  
 Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.  
 Justice and Peace through her uphold their claims ;  
 And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.  
 Realm there is none that, if controlled or swayed  
 By her commands, partakes not, in degree,  
 Of good, o'er manners, arts, and arms diffused :  
 Yes, to thy domination Roman See,  
 Though miserably, oft monstrously, abused  
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

## III.

## CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

*“ HERE Man more purely lives, less oft doth joll;  
 More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,  
 More safely rests, dies happier, is freed  
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal  
 A brighter crown.”* \* — On yon Cistercian wall  
 That confident assurance may be read;  
 And, to like shelter, from the world have fled  
 Increasing multitudes. The potent call  
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart’s desires;  
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee  
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,  
 A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;  
 Where’er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,  
 And æry harvests crown the fertile lea.

## IV.

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,  
 His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil  
 Of villain-service, passing with the soil  
 To each new Master, like a steer or hound.  
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;  
 But mark how gladly, through their own domains  
 The Monks relax or break these iron chains;

\* See Note.



While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound  
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs, abate  
These legalized oppressions! Man, whose name  
And nature God disdained not, — Man, whose soul  
Christ died for, — cannot forfeit his high claim  
To live and move exempt from all control  
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

## V.

## MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,  
That many hooded Cenobites there are,  
Who in their private cells have yet a care  
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,  
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;  
Whose fervent exhortations from afar  
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;  
And oftentimes in the most forbidding den  
Of solitude, with love of science strong,  
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!  
How subtly glide its finest threads along!  
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere  
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer  
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

## VI.

## OTHER BENEFITS

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,  
 Religion finds even in the stern retreat  
 Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;  
 From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height  
 Down to the humbler altar, which the Knight  
 And his Retainers of the embattled hall  
 Seek in domestic oratory small,  
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;  
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round.  
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place —  
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,  
 And suffering under many a perilous wound —  
 How sad would be their durance, if forlorn  
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

## VII.

## CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail!  
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam  
 Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!  
 What heart-felt fragrance mingles with the gale  
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail!  
 For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow  
 Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow

Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail?—  
 Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the world!  
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled  
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;  
 And meekness tempering honorable pride;  
 The lamb is couching by the lion's side,  
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

## VIII.

## CRUSADERS.

Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars  
 Through these bright regions, casting many  
     glance  
 Upon the dream-like issues, — the romance  
 Of many-colored life, that Fortune pours  
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores  
 Their labors end; or they return to lie,  
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,  
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.  
 Am I deceived? or is their requiem chanted  
 By voices never mute, when Heaven unties  
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;  
 Requiem which Earth takes up with voice un-  
     daunted,  
 When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and  
     Wise,  
 For their high guerdon not in vain have panted!

## IX.

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest  
While from the Papal Unity there came,  
What feebler means had failed to give, one aim  
Diffused through all the regions of the West ;  
So does her Unity its power attest  
By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame  
Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame  
That ever looked to heaven for final rest ?  
Hail, countless Temples ! that so well besit  
Your ministry ; that, as ye rise and take  
Form, spirit, and character from holy writ,  
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,  
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make  
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

## X.

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed the root  
In the blest soil of Gospel truth, the Tree  
(Blighted or scathed though many branches be,  
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)  
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.  
Witness the Church that oftentimes, with effect  
Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject  
Her bane, her vital energies recruit.  
Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine  
When such good work is doomed to be undone,  
The conquests lost that were so hardly won :—

All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine  
 In light confirmed while years their course shall run,  
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

## XI.

## TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association  
 The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds  
 A greedy flame; the pompous Mass proceeds;  
 The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;  
 And, while the Host is raised, its elevation  
 An awe and supernatural horror breeds;  
 And all the people bow their heads, like reeds  
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.  
 This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone  
 He taught, till persecution chased him thence,  
 To adore the Invisible, and him alone.  
 Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,  
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,  
 From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

## XII.

## THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord  
 Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach?—  
 Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach

In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,  
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored  
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats,  
 Where that pure Church survives, though summer  
                   heats

Open a passage to the Romish sword,  
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,  
 And fruitage gathered from the chestnut wood,  
 Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood  
 O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,  
 Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts  
 Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

## XIII.

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their mountain  
                   springs

Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"  
 To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear.  
 And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"  
 Nor be nuthanked their final lingerings, —  
 Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear, —  
 'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,  
 Their own creation. Such glad welcomings  
 As Po was heard to give where Venice rose  
 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine  
 Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,  
 Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine,  
 Should that be needed for their sacred Charge;  
 Blest Prisoners they, whose spirits were at large

## XIV.

## WALDÈNSES.

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the lark  
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate ;  
Or rather rose the day to antedate,  
By striking out a solitary spark,  
When all the world with midnight gloom was  
dark. —

Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate  
In vain endeavors to exterminate,  
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark : \*  
But they desist not ; — and the sacred fire,  
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods  
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,  
Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods ;  
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share  
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

## XV.

## ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

“ WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured field  
The lively beauty of the leopard shows ?  
What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows  
That to the towering lily doth not yield ?  
Let both meet only on thy royal shield !

\* See Note.

Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows ;  
 Conquer the Gallie lily which thy foes  
 Dare to usurp ; — thou hast a sword to wield,  
 And Heaven will crown the right." — The mitred  
       Sire

Thus spake, — and lo ! a Fleet, for Gaul addrest,  
 Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas ;  
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast  
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,  
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

## XVI.

## WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

TIRUS is the storm abated by the craft  
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect  
 The Church, whose power hath recently been  
       checked,  
 Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft  
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed  
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers, —  
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears !  
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught  
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power  
 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth  
 Maintains the else endangered gift of life ;  
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth ;  
 And, under cover of this woful strife,  
 Gathers mblighted strength from hour to hour.



## XVII.

## WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden fear,  
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed :  
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed  
 And flung into the brook that travels near ;  
 Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can  
     hear

Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,  
 Though seldom heard by busy human kind):  
 "As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear  
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
 Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst  
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies  
 How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified  
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dis-  
     persed."

## XVIII.

## CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"WOE to you, Prelates ! rioting in ease  
 And cumbrous wealth, — the shame of your estate  
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains await  
 Of pompous horses ; whom vain titles please ;  
 Who will be served by others on their knees,  
 Yet will yourselves to God no service pay ;

Pastors who neither take nor point the way  
 To Heaven ; for, either lost in vanities  
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know  
 And speak the word ——” Alas ! of fearful things  
 ’T is the most fearful when the people’s eye  
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings ;  
 And taught the general voice to prophesy  
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

## XIX.

## ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted thong ;  
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,  
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,  
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long ;  
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong  
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,  
 And rob the people of his daily care,  
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes her  
                   strong ?

Inversion strange ! that, unto One who lives  
 For self, and struggles with himself alone,  
 The amplest share of heavenly favor gives ;  
 That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem  
 Of God and man, place higher than to him  
 Who on the good of others builds his own !

## XX.

## MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more, — round many a Convent's blazing fire  
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun ;  
There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun, —  
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,  
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher  
Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run  
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won  
An instant kiss of masterful desire,  
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain  
The domination of the sprightly juice  
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,  
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse  
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,  
Whose votive burden is, — "OUR KINGDOM'S  
HERE!"

## XXI.

## DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,  
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ;  
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,  
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,  
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage ;  
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit ;  
And the green lizard and the gilded newt

Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.  
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox  
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:  
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse  
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks, —  
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,  
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

## XXII.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek  
 Through saintly habit than from effort due  
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue  
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak  
 Goes forth, — unveiling timidly a cheek  
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
 While through the Convent's gate to open view  
 Softly she glides, another home to seek.  
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,  
 An Apparition more divinely bright!  
 Not more attractive to the dazzled sight  
 Those watery glories, on the stormy brine  
 Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,  
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

## XXIII.

## CONTINUED.

YET many a Novice of the cloistral shade,  
 And many chained by vows, with eager glee  
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free ;  
 Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed  
 In polar ice, propitious winds have made  
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,  
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery,  
 In all her quarters temptingly displayed !  
 Hope guides the young ; but when the old must  
     pass  
 The threshold, whither shall they turn to find  
 The hospitality, the alms (alas !  
 Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed ?  
 Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind  
 To keep this new and questionable road ?

## XXIV.

## SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,  
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned !  
 Ah ! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land :  
 Her adoration was not your demand,  
 The fond heart proffered it, — the servile heart ;  
 And therefore are ye summoned to depart,

Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand  
 The Dragon quelled ; and valiant Margaret  
 Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew :  
 And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen  
 Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,  
 Who in the penitential desert met  
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

## XXV.

## THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER ! whose virgin bosom was uncrest  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;  
 Woman ! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast ;  
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,  
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

## XXVI.

## APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure  
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome ;

Age after age to the arch of Christendom  
 Aërial keystone haughtily secure ;  
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,  
 As many hold ; and, therefore, to the tomb  
 Pass, some through fire, — and by the scaffold  
     some, —  
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.  
 “ Lightly for both the bosom’s lord did sit  
 Upon his throne ” ; unsoftened, undismayed  
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene  
 Of pity or fear ; and More’s gay genius played  
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

## XXVII.

## IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation ! Not alone  
 From sages justly honored by mankind ;  
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,  
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan  
 Issues for that dominion overthrown :  
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind  
 As his own worshippers : and Nile, reclined  
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan  
 Renews. Through every forest, cave, and den,  
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow  
     past, —  
 Hangs o’er the Arabian Prophet’s native Waste,

Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned  
 'Mid spectral lakes bemoeking thirsty men,  
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

## XXVIII.

## REFLECTIONS.

GRANT, that by this unsparing hurricane  
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,  
 And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;  
 'T were madness, wished we, therefore, to detain,  
 With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,  
 The "trumpety" that ascends in bare display, —  
 Bulls, pardons, relies, cowls black, white, and gray, —  
 Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain  
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice,  
 But habit, rules the unreflecting herd,  
 And airy bounds are hardest to disown;  
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred  
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice  
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

## XXIX.

## TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,  
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,  
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;



And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,  
 With understanding spirit now may look  
 Upon her records, listen to her song,  
 And sift her laws, — much wondering that the  
     wrong,  
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly  
     brook.

Transcendent Boon ! noblest that earthly king  
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless  
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !  
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild  
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering  
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

## XXX.

## THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise ? — for nothing less  
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,  
 And to her God restored by evidence  
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,  
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness ; —  
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense  
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence  
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress ; —  
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord  
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth  
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill  
 The temples of their hearts who, with his word

Informed, were resolute to do his will,  
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

## XXXI.

EDWARD VI.

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth"; — so felt  
Time-honored Chaucer, speaking through that Lay  
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,  
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.  
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt  
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen  
King, child, and seraph blended in the mien  
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt  
In meek and simple infancy, what joy  
For universal Christendom had thrilled  
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled  
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star!)  
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,  
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

## XXXII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF  
JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measures gush  
From various sources; gently overflow  
From blissful transport some, — from clefts of woe  
Some with ungovernable impulse rush;

And some, coeval with the earliest blush  
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show  
Their pearly lustre, — coming but to go ;  
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush  
The sympathizing heart. Nor these, nor yet  
The noblest drops to admiration known,  
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven,  
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet  
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs, driven  
To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

## XXXIII.

## REVIVAL OF POPERY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned  
By unrelenting Death. O People keen  
For change, to whom the new looks always green !  
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground  
Their Gods of wood and stone ; and, at the sound  
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen  
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen !)  
Lifting them up, the worship to confound  
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke  
The Creature, to the Creature glory give ;  
Again with frankincense the altars smoke  
Like those the Heathen served ; and mass is sung ;  
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,  
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue

## XXXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !  
 See Latimer and Ridley in the night  
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight !  
 One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)  
 Transfigured,\* from this kindling bath foretold  
 A torch of inextinguishable light ;  
 The other gains a confidence as bold ;  
 And thus they foil their enemy's despoite.  
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair  
 Of saintly Friends the " murderer's chain partake,  
 Corded, and burning at the social stake " :  
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair !

## XXXV.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand,  
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat  
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat !)  
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand,  
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band  
 His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet  
 To the bare head. The victory is complete ;

\* See Note.

The shrouded Body to the Soul's command  
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,  
 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,  
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration :  
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,  
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation ! \*

## XXXVI.

## GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,  
 Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust  
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are  
     just :  
 Which few can hold committed to a fight  
 That shows, even on its better side, the might  
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,  
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,  
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite  
 Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled  
 From both sides ; veteran thunders (the brute test  
 Of truth) are met by fulminations new, —  
 Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled, —  
 Friends strike at friends, — the flying shall pursue, —  
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest !

\* For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.

## XXXVII.

## ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,  
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand ;  
 Most happy, reassembled in a land  
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget  
 Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,  
 Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,  
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,  
 Ere hope declines : — their union is beset  
 With speculative notions rashly sown,  
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous  
                   weeds ;  
 Their forms are broken staves ; their passions,  
                   steeds  
 That master them. How enviably blest  
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone  
 The peace of God within his single breast !

## XXXVIII.

## ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an envious bar  
 Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous  
                   wile !  
 All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle  
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war  
 Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from afar

Defiance breathes with more malignant aim ;  
 And alien storms with homebred ferments claim  
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,  
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on ;  
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint  
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright :  
 Ah ! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint  
 Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,  
 By men and angels blest, the glorious light ?

## XXXIX.

## EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,  
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,  
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave  
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style  
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile : \*  
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head  
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread  
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil ? —  
 More sweet than odors caught by him who sails  
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,  
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,  
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales  
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers  
 wherein they rest.

\* See Note.

## XL.

## THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,  
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,  
 With what entire affection do they prize  
 Their Church reformed! laboring with earnest care  
 To baffle all that may her strength impair ;  
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat ;  
 In their afflictions, a divine retreat ;  
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest  
 prayer! —

The truth exploring with an equal mind,  
 In doctrine and communion they have sought  
 Firmly between the two extremes to steer ;  
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,  
 To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,  
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

## XLI.

## DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy  
 Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed, and split  
 With morbid restlessness; — the eestatic fit  
 Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply,  
*The Saints must govern*, is their common cry;  
 And so they labor, deeming Holy Writ  
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit



Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.  
The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he draws  
From the confusion, craftily incites  
The overweening, personates the mad,  
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :  
Totters the Throne ; the new-born Church is sad,  
For every wave against her peace unites.

## XLII.

## GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree  
To plague her beating heart : and there is one  
(Nor idlest that !) which holds communion  
With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.  
Aghast within its gloomy cavity  
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done  
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)  
Beholds the horrible catastrophe  
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed  
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power ·  
Merciless act of sorrow infinite !  
Worse than the product of that dismal night,  
When, gushing copious as a thunder-shower,  
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

## XLIII.

## ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR  
SCHLAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin-Mountain,\* wearing like a Queen  
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,  
 Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below  
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene  
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,  
 And seeming, at a little distance, slow,  
 The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go,  
 Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen ;  
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,  
 Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe  
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke, — wherewith he tries  
 To hide himself, but only magnifies ;  
 And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,  
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

## XLIV.

## TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,  
 To the mind's eye Religion doth present ;  
 Now with her own deep quietness content ;  
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above  
 Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove

\* The Jung-frau.

And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood  
 Recalls the transformation of the flood,  
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,  
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess  
 Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?  
 No, — some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;  
 And scourges England struggling to be free:  
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!  
 Her blessings cursed, — her glory turned to shame!

## XLV.

## LAUD.\*

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,  
 An old, weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,  
 Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,  
 (Like a poor bird entangled in a snare,  
 Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear  
 To stir in useless struggle,) hath relied  
 On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
 And in his prison breathes celestial air.  
 Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,  
 O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels  
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey  
 (What time a state with madding faction reels)  
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals  
 All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

\* See Note.

## XLVI.

## AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string,  
 The faintest note to echo which the blast  
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed  
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,  
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing  
 Of dread Jehovah; then should wood and waste  
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast  
 Off to the mountains, like a covering  
 Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, O weep!  
 Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest  
 Despised by that stern God to whom they raise  
 Their suppliant hands: but holy is the feast  
 He keepeth; like the firmament his ways;  
 His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

---

 PART III.

 FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT  
 TIMES.

## I.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid  
 Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,  
 Whose fondly-overhanging canopy  
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.

No Spirit was she ; *that* my heart betrayed,  
 For she was one I loved exceedingly ;  
 But while I gazed in tender reverie,  
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played ?)  
 The bright corporeal presence, — form and face, —  
 Remaining still distinct, grew thin and rare,  
 Like sunny mist ; — at length the golden hair,  
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace  
 Each with the other in a lingering race  
 Of dissolution, melted into air.

## II.

## PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision spake  
 Fear to my Soul, and sadness, which might seem  
 Wholly dissevered from our present theme ;  
 Yet, my belovèd Country ! I partake  
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake ;  
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream ;  
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam  
 Of light, which tells that morning is awake.  
 If aught impair thy beauty, or destroy,  
 Or but forebode destruction, I deplore  
 With filial love the sad vicissitude ;  
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore  
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,  
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.



Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,  
Darkness before and danger's voice behind ;  
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel  
Sad thoughts ; for from above the starry sphere  
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear ;  
And the pure spirit of celestial light  
Shines through his soul,—“that he may see **and**  
tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

## V.

## WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colors in the fairest sky  
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,  
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened  
eye  
We read of faith and purest charity  
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen :  
O could we copy their mild virtues, then  
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !  
Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;  
Apart, — like glowworms on a summer night ;  
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
A guiding ray ; or seen, like stars on high,  
Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

## VI.

## CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject  
 Those Unconforming ; whom one rigorous day  
 Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey  
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,  
 And some to want, — as if by tempests wrecked  
 On a wild coast ; how destitute ! did they  
 Feel not that Conscience never can betray,  
 That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect ?  
 Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,  
 Fields which they love, and paths they daily tread  
 And cast the future upon Providence ;  
 As men the dictates of whose inward sense  
 Outweighs the world ; whom self-deceiving wit  
 Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

## VII.

## PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant cry,  
 The majesty of England interposed  
 And the sword stopped ; the bleeding wounds were  
                   closed ;  
 And Faith preserved her ancient purity.  
 How little boots that precedent of good,  
 Scorned or forgotten, thou canst testify,  
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm ! from wood,



Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie  
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,  
 Slain by compatriot Protestants that draw  
 From councils senseless as intolerant  
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law ;  
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw  
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

## VIII.

## ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,  
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire ;  
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,  
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire :  
 Up, down, the busy Thames — rapid as fire  
 Coursing a train of gunpowder — it went,  
 And transport finds in every street a vent,  
 Till the whole City rings like one vast choir.  
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,  
 With outstretched hands and earnest speech, — in  
 vain !

Yea, many, haply wont to entertain  
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,  
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,  
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

## IX.

## WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw  
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,  
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun  
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau  
 (Swerves not, how blest if by religious awe  
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend  
 With the wide world's commotions) from its end  
 Swerves not, — diverted by a casual law.  
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?  
 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;  
 And, while he marches on with steadfast hope,  
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!  
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope  
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

## X.

## OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget  
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!  
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,  
 And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet!  
 But these had fallen for profitless regret  
 Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,  
 And claims from other worlds inspirited  
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet

(Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual things  
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,  
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,  
 However hardly won or justly dear :  
 What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,  
 And if dissevered thence, its course is short.

## XI.

## SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell  
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained  
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,  
 Spread through all ranks ; and lo ! the Sentinel  
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell  
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes  
 Mingling their glances with grave flatteries  
 Lavished on *him*, that England may rebel  
 Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and LOW,  
 Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are rife ;  
 As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must  
     owe  
 To opposite and fierce extremes her life, —  
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow  
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

## XII.

DOWN a swift stream, thus far, a bold design  
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart

Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,  
 The living landscapes greet him, and depart ;  
 Sees spires fast sinking, up again to start !  
 And strives the towers to number, that recline  
 O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line  
 Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart.  
 So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure :  
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream  
 That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,  
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,  
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure  
 How widely spread the interests of our theme.

## XIII.

## ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

## I. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WELL worthy to be magnified are they  
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took  
 A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,  
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay ;  
 Then to the new-found World explored their way,  
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook  
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook  
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey  
 In freedom. Men they were who could not bend ;  
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide  
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified ;  
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend

Along a Galaxy that knows no end,  
But in His glory who for sinners died.

## XIV.

## II. CONTINUED

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled  
To Wilds where both were utterly unknown ;  
But not to them had Providence foreshown  
What benefits are missed, what evils bred,  
In worship neither raised nor limited  
Save by Self-will. Lo ! from that distant shore,  
For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led  
Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,  
Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love  
By Conscience governed do their steps retrace.—  
Fathers ! your Virtues, such the power of grace,  
Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.  
Transcendent over time, unbound by place,  
Concord and Charity in circles move.

## XV.

## III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light  
Were they, who, when their country had been freed,  
Bowling with reverence to the ancient creed,  
Fixed on the frame of England's Church their  
sight,

And strove in filial love to reunite  
 What force had severed. Thence they fetched  
     the seed  
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed  
 Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O saintly  
     WHITE,  
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,  
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,  
 Whether they would restore or build, — to thee,  
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,  
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn  
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

## XVI.

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep,  
 (As yours above all offices is high,)  
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;  
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep  
 From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep:  
 Laboring as ever in your Master's sight,  
 Making your hardest task your best delight,  
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap! —  
 But, in the solemn Office which ye sought  
 And undertook premonished, if unsound  
 Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,  
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound  
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught  
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

## XVII.

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star  
 Is to the sky while we look up in love ;  
 As to the deep fair ships, which though they move  
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar ;  
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,  
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,  
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls  
 Of roving tired or desultory war, —  
 Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanés,  
 Each linked to each for kindred services ;  
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering  
     vanes  
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,  
 Where a few villagers on bended knees  
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

## XVIII.

## PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,  
 And a refined rusticity, belong  
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,  
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.  
 Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword ;  
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong

To human kind ; though peace be on his tongue  
Gentleness in his heart, — can earth afford  
Such genuine state, preëminence so free,  
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;  
Conjures, implores, and labors all he can  
For resubjecting to divine command  
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man ?

## XIX.

## THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear  
Attract us still, and passionate exercise  
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies  
Distinct with signs, through which in set career,  
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year  
Of England's Church ; stupendous mysteries !  
Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,  
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.  
Upon that circle traced from sacred story  
We only dare to cast a transient glance,  
Trusting in hope that others may advance  
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,  
From his mild advent till his countenance  
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.



## XX.

## BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs  
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower,  
 Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower  
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds! —  
 Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds  
 The ministration; while parental Love  
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above  
 As the high service pledges now, now pleads.  
 There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings  
     and fly  
 To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,  
 The tombs — which hear and answer that brief cry,  
 The Infant's notice of his second birth —  
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy  
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from  
     Earth.

## XXI.

## SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give  
 A holier name! then lightly do not bear  
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care  
 Be duly mindful: still more sensitive  
 Do thou, in truth a second Mother, strive

Against disheartening custom, that by thee  
Watched, and with love and pious industry  
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive  
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure  
This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,  
Prevent omission, help deficiency,  
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.  
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found  
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

## XXII.

## CATECHIZING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,  
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,  
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,  
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!  
With low, soft murmur, like a distant bee,  
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;  
And some a bold, unerring answer made:  
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me.  
Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand  
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:  
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command  
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth reappear:  
O lost too early for the frequent tear,  
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

## XXIII.

## CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,  
 With holiday delight on every brow :  
 'T is past away ; far other thoughts prevail ;  
 For they are taking the baptismal Vow  
 Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips speak  
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,  
 And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek,  
 Under the holy fear of God turns pale ;  
 While on each head his lawn-robed servant lays  
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals  
 The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise  
 Their feeble Souls ; and bear with *his* regrets,  
 Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels  
 That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

## XXIV.

## CONFIRMATION, CONTINUED.

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent  
 Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt ;  
 In and for whom the pious Mother felt  
 Things that we judge of by a light too faint :  
 Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint !  
 Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved,  
 Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,  
 And such vibration through the Mother went  
 That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?

Opened a vision of that blissful place  
 Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power given  
 Part of her lost One's glory back to trace  
 Even to this Rite? For thus *she* knelt, and ere  
 'The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

## XXV.

## SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:  
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,  
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!  
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;  
 But not till they, with all that do abide  
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud  
 And magnify the glorious name of God,  
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.  
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause  
 No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite  
 The Altar calls; come early under laws  
 That can secure for you a path of light  
 Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its  
     weight)  
 Armor divine, and conquer in your cause!

## XXVI.

## THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands;  
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight

Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight  
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands  
 Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands,  
 O Father!— to the Espoused thy blessing give,  
 That mutually assisted they may live  
 Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.  
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow  
 “ The which would endless matrimony make ” ;  
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake  
 A mystery potent human love to endow  
 With heavenly, each more prized for the other’s  
     sake ;  
 Weep not, meek Bride ! uplift thy timid brow.

## XXVII.

## THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

WOMAN ! the Power who left his throne on high  
 And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,  
 The Power that through the straits of Infancy  
 Did pass dependent on maternal care,  
 His own humanity with thee will share,  
 Pleased with the thanks that in his People’s eye  
 Thou offerest up for safe Delivery  
 From Childbirth’s perilous throes. And should  
     the Heir  
 Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined  
 To courses fit to make a mother rue  
 That ever he was born, a glance of mind

Cast upon this observance may renew  
 A better will ; and, in the imagined view  
 Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find

## XXVIII.

## VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal ;  
 Glad music ! yet there be that, worn with pain  
 And sickness, listen where they long have lain,  
 In sadness listen. With maternal zeal  
 Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel  
 Beside the afflicted ; to sustain with prayer,  
 And soothe the heart confession bath laid bare,—  
 That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal  
 On a true Penitent. When breath departs  
 From one disburdened so, so comforted,  
 His Spirit Angels greet ; and ours be hope  
 That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,  
 Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope  
 With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts.

## XXIX.

## THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

SHUN not this rite, neglected, yea, abhorred,  
 By some of unreflecting mind, as calling  
 Man to curse man (thought monstrous and a  
 palling).

Go thou and hear the threatenings of the *Lord* ;  
Listening within his Temple, see his sword  
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,  
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,  
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.  
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation ;  
Who knows not *that?*—yet would this delicate age  
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page :  
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ ;  
So shall the fearful words of Commination  
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

## XXX.

## FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor  
Gives holier invitation than the deck  
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck  
(When all that Man could do availed no more)  
By Him who raised the Tempest and restrains :  
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour  
Forth for His mercy, as the Church ordains,  
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore  
In vain, who, for a rightful cause, give breath,  
To words the Church prescribes, aiding the lip  
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship  
Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.  
Suppliants ! the God to whom your cause ye trust  
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

## XXXI.

## FUNERAL SERVICE.

FROM the Baptismal hour, through weal and woe,  
 The Church extends her care to thought and deed;  
 Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,  
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.  
 Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, "I know  
 That my Redeemer liveth," — hears each word  
 That follows, striking on some kindred chord  
 Deep in the thankful heart; — yet tears will flow.  
 Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,  
 Grows green, and is cut down and withereth,  
 Ere nightfall, — truth that well may claim a sigh,  
 Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn  
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death,  
 Where is thy Sting? — O Grave, where is thy  
 Victory?"

## XXXII.

## RURAL CEREMONY.\*

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has fed  
 Our meditations, give we to a day  
 Of annual joy one tributary lay;  
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,  
 The village Children, while the sky is red

\* See Note.



With evening lights, advance in long array  
Through the still churchyard, each with garland  
    gay,  
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head  
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,  
Charged with these offerings which their fathers  
    bore  
For decoration in the Papal time,  
The innocent Procession softly moves: —  
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,  
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

## XXXIII.

## REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave  
Less scanty measures of those graceful rites  
And usages, whose due return invites  
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;  
Giving to Memory help when she would weave  
A crown for Hope! — I dread the boasted lights  
That all too often are but fiery blights,  
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.  
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,  
The counter Spirit found in some gay church  
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch  
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,  
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,  
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

## XXXIV.

## MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,  
 And sink from high to low, along a scale  
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail ;  
 A musical but melancholy chime,  
 Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
 Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear  
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
 And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime  
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

## XXXV.

## OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes ! following my downward way,  
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall !  
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all  
 Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay  
 On our past selves in life's declining day :  
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities

And faults of others, gently as he may,  
So with our own the mild Instructor deals.  
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.  
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill  
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?  
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;  
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!

## XXXVI.

## EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France  
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled  
From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,  
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance  
Opens a way for life, or consonance  
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land  
The fugitives than to the British strand,  
Where priest and layman with the vigilance  
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test  
Vanish before the unreserved embrace  
Of catholic humanity: — distress  
They came, — and, while the moral tempest roars  
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores  
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

## XXXVII.

## CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured  
 By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale  
 That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,  
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!  
 Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured  
 Sore stress of apprehension,\* with a mind  
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,  
 From month to month trembling and unassured,  
 How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt.  
 As a loved substance, their futurity:  
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen;  
 A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;  
 A State, which, balancing herself between  
 License and slavish order, dares be free.

## XXXVIII.

## NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,  
 And laurelled armies, not to be withstood, —  
 What serve they? if, on transitory good  
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,  
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)

\* See Note.

Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood  
Of sacred truth may enter, till it brood  
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain  
The all-sustaining Nile. No more,—the time  
Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds,  
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!  
I hear their Sabbath bells' harmonious chime  
Float on the breeze,—the heavenliest of all sounds  
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

## XXXIX.

## CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site; the virgin sod,  
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,  
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive  
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.  
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod  
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully,  
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,  
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode  
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band  
Of daisies, shepherds sat of yore and wove  
May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand  
For kneeling adoration;—while, above,  
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,  
That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

## XL.

## CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,  
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,  
When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed  
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,  
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed  
Through Alpine vapors. Such appalling rite  
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might  
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued ;  
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,  
Like men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile  
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile :  
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn  
Shall woingly embrace it ; and green moss  
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

## XLI.

## NEW CHURCHYARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,  
Is now by solemn consecration given  
To social interests, and to favoring Heaven,  
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,  
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,  
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,  
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even.

And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade  
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,  
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!  
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow ; —  
 The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"  
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust  
 That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

## XLII.

## CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles !  
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath  
     reared ;  
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward  
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles  
 To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles,  
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;  
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow  
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles  
 Instinct, — to rouse the heart and lead the will  
 By a bright ladder to the world above.  
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love  
 Divine ! thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !  
 Thou, stately York ! and ye, whose splendors  
     cheer  
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear !

## XLIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,  
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —  
 Albeit laboring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed Scholars only — this immense  
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!  
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
 Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die ;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

## XLIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our sight  
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide  
 Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers,  
                   dyed  
 In the soft checkerings of a sleepy light.  
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,  
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,



Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,  
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night! —  
But, from the arms of silence, — list! O list! —  
The music bursteth into second life;  
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;  
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye  
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

## XLV.

## CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;  
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;  
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam  
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath  
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path  
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome  
Hath typified by reach of daring art  
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,  
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread  
As now, when she hath also seen her breast  
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part  
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

## XLVI.

## EJACULATION.

GLORY to God ! and to the Power who came  
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine,  
 That made his human tabernacle shine  
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame ;  
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name  
 From roseate hues, far kenned at morn and even,  
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven  
 Along the nether region's rugged frame !  
 Earth prompts, — Heaven urges ; let us seek the  
                   light,  
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun  
 When first our infant brows their lustre won :  
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright  
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,  
 At the approach of all-involving night.

## XLVII.

## CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,  
 Coil within coil, at noontide ? For the WORD  
 Yields, if with unpretentious faith explored,  
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold  
 His drowsy rings. Look forth ! — that Stream  
                   behold,

THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed  
Floating at ease while nations have effaced  
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold  
Long lines of mighty kings, — look forth, my Soul!  
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust :)  
The living Waters, less and less by guilt  
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,  
Till they have reached the Eternal City, — built  
For the perfected Spirits of the just !

## EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

---

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose  
Day's grateful warmth, though moist with falling  
dews.

Look for the stars, you 'll say that there are none ;  
Look up a second time, and, one by one,  
You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,  
And wonder how they could elude the sight !  
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,  
Warbled awhile with faint and fainter powers,  
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers :  
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone  
The time's and season's influence disown ,  
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound,  
In drowsy sequence, — how unlike the sound  
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear  
On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear !  
The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,  
Had closed his door before the day was done,  
And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,  
And joins his little children in their sleep.

The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,  
 Flits and reflits along the close arcade ;  
 The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth  
 With burring note, which Industry and Sloth  
 Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.  
 A stream is heard, — I see it not, but know  
 By its soft music whence the waters flow :  
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more,  
 One boat there was, but it will touch the shore  
 With the next dipping of its slackened oar ;  
 Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,  
 Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,  
 As a last token of man's toilsome day !

1832

---

 II.

 ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBER-  
 LAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,  
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,  
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams.  
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.  
 Look round ; — of all the clouds not one is moving.  
 'T is the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.

Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,  
 The boundless plain of water seems to lie : —  
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?  
 No ; 't is the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be !

Thou Power supreme ! who, arming to rebuke  
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,  
 And clothe thyself with terrors, like the flood  
 Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,  
 Whatever discipline thy Will ordain  
 For the brief course that must for me remain,  
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice  
 In admonitions of thy softest voice !  
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,  
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,  
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere  
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,  
 Glad to expand ; and, for a season, free  
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee !

1833.

---

 III.

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest.  
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest ;

Air slumbers, wave with wave no longer strives,  
Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
A telltale motion ! soon will it be laid,  
And by the tide alone the water swayed.  
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild  
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled, —  
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,  
The soothing recompense, the welcome change.  
Where now the ships that drove before the blast,  
Threatened by angry breakers as they passed,  
And by a train of flying clouds bemocked,  
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked  
As on a bed of death ? Some lodge in peace,  
Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease ;  
And some, too heedless of past danger, court  
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port ;  
But near, or hanging sea and sky between,  
Not one of all those wingèd powers is seen,  
Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard ;  
Yet oh ! how gladly would the air be stirred  
By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,  
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars  
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores ;  
A sea-born service through the mountains felt  
Till into one loved vision all things melt !  
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound  
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound ;  
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise  
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies !

Hush, not a voice is here ! but why repine,  
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine  
 On British waters with that look benign ?  
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,  
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
 May silent thanks at least to God be given  
 With a full heart ; “ our thoughts are *heard* in  
 heaven ! ”

1888.

---

 IV.

NOT in the lucid intervals of life  
 That come but as a curse to party-strife ;  
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh  
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by ;  
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave  
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave —  
 Is Nature felt, or can be ; nor do words,  
 Which practised talent readily affords,  
 Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords ;  
 Nor has her gentle beauty power to move  
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love  
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take  
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake :  
 Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent  
 Of all the truly great and all the innocent.



But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,  
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,  
Through good and evil thine, in just degree  
Of rational and manly sympathy.  
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,  
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,  
Add every charm the Universe can show  
Through every change its aspects undergo, —  
Care may be respited, but not repealed;  
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.  
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,  
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,  
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,  
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;  
To the distempered Intellect refuse  
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

1834.

---

  
V.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

THE linnets' warble, sinking towards a close,  
Hints to the thrush 't is time for their repose;  
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again  
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;  
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse  
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,

Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest  
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,  
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,  
And a last game of mazy hoverings  
Around their ancient grove.) with cawing noise  
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale ! Who ever heard thy song  
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong  
That listening sense is pardonably cheated  
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.  
Surely, from fairest spots of favored lands,  
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,  
This hour of deepening darkness here would be  
As a fresh morning for new harmony ;  
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night :  
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,  
When the East kindles with the full moon's light ;  
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow  
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow  
Of solemn splendor, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,  
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread ;  
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,  
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear ;  
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale  
Fairer than Tempe ! Yet, sweet Nightingale !  
From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight  
At will, and stay thy migratory flight ;

Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,  
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?  
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they  
That ever walk content with Nature's way,  
God's goodness, — measuring bounty as it may;  
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,  
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,  
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,  
While unrepining sadness is allied  
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

1834.

---

**VI.**

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge, — the Mere  
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,  
And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,  
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity  
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!  
But, from the process in that still retreat,  
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;  
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn  
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,  
And has restored to view its tender green,  
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath  
    their dazzling sheen.  
— An emblem this of what the sober Hour  
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!

Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away  
 The petty pleasures of the gairish day,  
 Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host,  
 (Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post,)  
 And leaves the disencumbered spirit free  
 To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well, — but what are helps of time and place,  
 When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace ;  
 Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,  
 Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to be-  
     friend ;  
 If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
 " I come to open out, for fresh display,  
 The elastic vanities of yesterday " ?

1834.

---

 VII.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,  
 And sky that danced among those leaves, are still ;  
 Rest smooths the way for sleep ; in field and bower  
 Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power  
 On drooping eyelid and the closing flower ;  
 Sound is there none at which the faintest heart  
 Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start ;  
 Save where the Owlet's unexpected scream  
 Pierces the ethereal vault ; and (mid the gleam

Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,  
 From the hushed vale's realities, transferred  
 To the still lake) the imaginative Bird  
 Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature! — whether, while the moon  
 shines bright  
 On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,  
 Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,  
 Rising from what may once have been a lady's  
 bower ;  
 Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew  
 At the dim centre of a churchyard yew ;  
 Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod  
 Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,  
 Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,  
 A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts, —  
 May the night never come, nor day be seen,  
 When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien !

In classic ages men perceived a soul  
 Of sapience in thy aspect, heedless Owl!  
 Thee Athens revered in the studious grove ;  
 And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,  
 His Eagle's favorite perch, while round him sat  
 The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,  
 Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side :  
 Hark to that second larum! — far and wide  
 The elements have heard, and rock and cave re-  
 plied.

## VIII.

[This *Impromptu* appeared, many years ago, among the Author's poems, from which, in subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is reprinted, at the request of the Friend in whose presence the lines were thrown off.]

THE sun has long been set,  
 The stars are out by twos and threes,  
 The little birds are piping yet  
 Among the bushes and trees ;  
 There 's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,  
 And a far-off' wind that rushes,  
 And a sound of water that gushes,  
 And the cuckoo's sovereign cry  
 Fills all the hollow of the sky.

Who would go "parading"  
 In London, "and masquerading,"  
 On such a night of June,  
 With that beautiful, soft half-moon,  
 And all these innocent blisses ?  
 On such a night as this is !

1804.

## IX.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY  
 SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY.

## I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
 With flying haste, I might have sent,

Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment ;  
But 't is endued with power to stay  
And sanctify one closing day,  
That frail Mortality may see —  
What is? — ah no, but what *can* be !  
Time was when field and watery cove  
With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove ;  
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
Sublimier transport, purer love,  
Than doth this silent spectacle, — the gleam,  
The shadow, and the peace supreme !

## II.

No sound is uttered, — but a deep  
And solemn harmony pervades  
The hollow vale from steep to steep.  
And penetrates the glades.  
Far-distant images draw nigh,  
Called forth by wondrous potency  
Of beamy radiance, that imbues  
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues :  
In vision exquisitely clear,  
Herds range along the mountain-side

And glistening antlers are descried,  
 And gilded flocks appear.  
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!  
 But long as godlike wish, or hope divine,  
 Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
 That this magnificence is wholly thine!  
 — From worlds not quickened by the sun  
 A portion of the gift is won;  
 An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
 On ground which British shepherds tread!

## III.

And if there be whom broken ties  
 Afflict, or injuries assail,  
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
 Present a glorious scale,  
 Climbing, suffused with sunny air,  
 To step — no record hath told where!  
 And tempting Fancy to ascend,  
 And with immortal Spirits blend!  
 — Wings at my shoulders seem to play;  
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
 On those bright steps that heavenward raise  
 Their practicable way.  
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,  
 And see to what fair countries ye are bound!  
 And if some traveller, weary of his road,  
 Hath slept since noontide on the grassy ground,  
 Ye Genii! to his covert speed;  
 And wake him with such gentle heed



As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
Bestowed on this transcendent hour !

## IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
Were wont to stream before mine eye,  
Where'er it wandered in the morn  
Of blissful infancy.  
This glimpse of glory, why renewed ?  
Nay, rather speak with gratitude ;  
For, if a vestige of those gleams  
Survived, 't was only in my dreams.  
Dread Power ! whom peace and calmness serve  
No less than Nature's threatening voice,  
If aught unworthy be my choice,  
From THEE if I would swerve,  
O, let thy grace remind me of the light  
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;  
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight  
Appears to shine, by miracle restored ;  
My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
Rejoices in a second birth !  
— 'T is past, the visionary splendor fades ;  
And night approaches with her shades.

1818.

*Note.*— The multiplication of mountain ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode as a kind of Jacob's Ladder leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapors or sunny haze ; — in the present instance, by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality" pervade the last Stanza of the foregoing Poem.

## X.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,  
How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset,  
How baffled projects on the spirit prey,  
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,  
The Sailor knows ; he best, whose lot is cast  
On the relentless sea that holds him fast  
On chance dependent, and the fickle star  
Of power, through long and melancholy war.  
O, sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,  
Daily to think on old familiar doors,  
Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors ;  
Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,  
To ruminate on that delightful home  
Which with the dear Betrothèd *was* to come,  
Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye  
Never but in the world of memory ;  
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range  
Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,  
And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep  
A thing too bright for breathing man to keep !  
Hail to the virtues which that perilous life  
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife ;  
And welcome glory won in battles fought  
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought !  
But to each gallant Captain and his crew

A less imperious sympathy is due,  
Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play  
On the mute sea in this unruffled bay ;  
Such as will promptly flow from every breast,  
Where good men, disappointed in the quest  
Of wealth and power and honors, long for rest ;  
Or, having known the splendors of success,  
Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

---

## XI.

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,  
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen  
With but a span of sky between, —  
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,  
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

---

## XII.

## TO THE MOON.

(Composed by the Sea-side, — on the Coast of Cumberland.)

WANDERER ! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so  
near  
To human life's unsettled atmosphere ;  
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,

So might it seem, the cares of them that wake ;  
 And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,  
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping ;  
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names  
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,  
 An idolizing dreamer as of yore ! —  
 I slight them all ; and, on this sea-beat shore  
 Sole-sitting, only ean to thoughts attend  
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND ;  
 So call thee for Heaven's grace through thee  
                   made known,  
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,  
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light  
 Abates the perils of a stormy night ;  
 And for less obvious benefits, that find  
 'Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind ;  
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime,  
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,  
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,  
 And wounds and weakness oft his labor's sole  
                   remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,  
 Empress of Night ! are gladdened by thy beams ;  
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,  
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades ;  
 Thou, checkering peaceably the minster's gloom,  
 Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb ;  
 Caust reach the Prisoner, — to his grated cell  
 Welcome, though silent and intangible ! —

And lives there one, of all that come and go  
 On the great waters, toiling to and fro,  
 One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour,  
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,  
 Or crossed by vapory streaks and clouds that move  
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove,  
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway  
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,  
 And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright  
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,  
 To fiercer mood the frenzy-stricken brain,  
 Let me a compensating faith maintain; —  
 That there's a sensitive, a tender part  
 Which thou canst touch in every human heart,  
 For healing and composure. — But, as least  
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
 Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea  
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;  
 So shines that countenance with especial grace  
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace,  
 Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,  
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood, —  
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,  
 Or the mute rapture entled in a sigh, —  
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,  
 With some internal lights to memory dear,  
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast,  
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest, —

Gentle awakenings, visitations meek ;  
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,  
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave  
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave ;  
 Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea  
 Swept by a favoring wind that leaves thought free,  
 Paces the deck, — no star perhaps in sight,  
 And nothing save the moving ship's own light  
 To cheer the long, dark hours of vacant night, —  
 Oft with his musings does thy image blend,  
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend.  
 And thou art still, O MOON, that SAILOR'S FRIEND !

1835.

---

 XIII.

## TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the stars ! so gentle, so benign,  
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,  
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow  
 Warned thee these upper regions to forego,  
 Alternate empire in the shades below, —  
 A Bard, who lately, near the wide-spread sea  
 Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee  
 With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail

From the close confines of a shadowy vale.  
 Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,  
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen  
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,  
 And all those attributes of modest grace,  
 In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,  
 Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere  
 To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved, (for thine, meek Power, are  
 charms

That fascinate the very Babe in arms,  
 While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,  
 Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight.)  
 O still beloved, once worshipped! Time, that  
 frowns

In his destructive flight on earthly crowns.  
 Spares thy mild splendor; still those far-shot beams  
 Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams  
 With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise  
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays:  
 And through dark trials still dost thou explore  
 Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,  
 When teeming Matrons — yielding to rude faith  
 In mysteries of birth and life and death  
 And painful struggle and deliverance — prayed  
 Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.  
 What though the rites be swept away, the fanes  
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;  
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease

Love to promote and purity and peace ;  
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace  
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress ! let us — not blind  
 To worlds unthought of till the searching mind  
 Of Science laid them open to mankind, —  
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare  
 God's glory ; and acknowledging thy share  
 In that blest charge ; let us — without offence  
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence —  
 Receive whatever good 't is given thee to dispense.  
 May sage and simple, catching with one eye  
 The moral intimations of the sky,  
 Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,  
 " To look on tempests, and be never shaken " ;  
 To keep with faithful step the appointed way  
 Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,  
 And from example of thy monthly range  
 Gently to brook decline and fatal change ;  
 Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope  
 Than thy revival yields for gladsome hope !

1835.

---

 XIV.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill  
 Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace



The fair Endymion couched on Latmos hill ;  
 And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face  
 In rapture, yet suspending her embrace,  
 As not unconscious with what power the thrill  
 Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,  
 And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.  
 O may this work have found its last retreat  
 Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode !  
 One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed  
 A face of love which he in love would greet,  
 Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat,  
 Or lured along where greenwood paths he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

XV.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high  
 Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds  
 Her head, and nothing loth her majesty  
 Renounces, till among the scattered clouds  
 One with its kindling edge declares that soon  
 Will reappear before the uplifted eye  
 A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,  
 To glide in open prospect through clear sky.  
 Pity that such a promise e'er should prove  
 False in the issue, that yon seeming space  
 Of sky should be in truth the steadfast face  
 Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move  
 (By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)  
 The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

1846

## XVI.

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,  
A pitiable doom; for respite brief  
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?  
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed  
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed  
Must Man, with labor born, awake to sorrow  
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed  
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?  
They mount for rapture, as their songs proclaim  
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky  
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?  
Like those aspirants let us soar, — our aim,  
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,  
A happier, brighter, purer heaven than theirs.

## POEMS,

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN  
THE SUMMER OF 1833.

---

[ HAVING been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of Poems is a memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

---

### I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels ! that have grown  
And spread as if ye knew that days might come  
When ye would shelter in a happy home,  
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,  
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown  
To sue the God ; but, haunting your green shade  
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid  
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-  
sown.

Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung  
 For summer wandering quiet their household  
     bowers ;  
 Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue  
 To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours  
 Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors  
 Or, musing, sits forsaken halls among.

## II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying through  
     this Isle,  
 Repine as if his hour were come too late?  
 Not unprotected in her mouldering state,  
 Antiquity salutes him with a smile,  
 'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,  
 And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-  
     mate  
 Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,  
 Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.  
 Fair land! by Time's parental love made free,  
 By Social Order's watchful arms embraced,  
 With unexampled union meet in thee,  
 For eye and mind, the present and the past ;  
 With golden prospect for futurity,  
 If that be revered which ought to last.

## III.

THEY called thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time ;  
 A happy people won for thee that name,

With envy heard in many a distant clime ;  
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same  
 Endearing title, a responsive chime  
 To the heart's fond belief ; though some there are  
 Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare  
 For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
 Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,  
 This face of rural beauty be a mask  
 For discontent, and poverty, and crime ;  
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ?  
 Forbid it, Heaven ! — and MERRY ENGLAND still  
 Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme :

## IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening ! when huge stones  
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block :  
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,  
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans :  
 But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans  
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named  
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,  
 And the habitual murmur that atones  
 For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring  
 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones  
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,  
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie  
 With liveliest peals of birthday harmony ;  
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

## V.

## TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved  
Stream!

Thou near the eagle's nest, — within brief sail,  
I. of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the  
beam

Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
On mortal notice. — Glory of the vale,  
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail.  
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
Of thy soft breath! — Less vivid wreath entwined  
Nemean victor's brow; less bright was worn  
Meed of some Roman chief, in triumph borne  
With captives chained, and shedding from his car  
The sunset splendors of a finished war  
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

## VI.

## IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH.

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid.)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust  
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;  
And to those graves looking habitually,  
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.  
Death to the innocent is more than just.

And, to the sinner, mercifully bent ;  
 So may I hope, if truly I repent  
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must :  
 And you, my Offspring ! that do still remain,  
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,  
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain  
 We breathed together for a moment's space,  
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign.  
 And only love keep in your hearts a place

## VII.

## ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE

“ THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,  
 Poet ! that, stricken as both are by years,  
 We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,  
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink  
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link  
 United us ; when thou, in boyish play,  
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey  
 To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink  
 Of light was there ; — and thus did I, thy Tutor,  
 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the  
     grave ;  
 While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly  
 Through my green courts ; or climbing, a bold  
     suitor,  
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny  
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.”

## VIII.

## NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle, crowding round this beverage clear  
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod  
 The encircling turf into a barren clod,  
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,  
 Born to be lost in Derwent, flowing near ;  
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone cell  
 Of the pure spring, (they call it the "Nun's Well,"  
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear.)  
 A tender Spirit broods, — the pensive Shade  
 Of ritual honors to this Fountain paid  
 By hooded Votareses with saintly cheer ;  
 Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild  
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled  
 Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

## IX.

## TO A FRIEND.

(On the Banks of the Derwent.)

PASTOR and Patriot ! — at whose bidding rise  
 These modest walls, amid a flock that need,  
 For one who comes to watch them and to feed,  
 A fixed abode, — keep down presageful sighs.  
 Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,  
 Perplex the Church ; but be thou firm, — be true



To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,  
 Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice  
 Dost thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke  
 Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths,  
 Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,  
 From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,  
 And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain  
 This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

## X.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(Landing at the Mouth of the Derwent, Workington.)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,  
 The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;  
 And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore  
 Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!  
 And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud  
 Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,  
 When a soft summer gale at evening parts  
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)  
 She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,  
 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,  
 With step prelude to a long array  
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand,—  
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear  
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

## XI.

## STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS ON  
THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

IF Life were slumber on a bed of down,  
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,  
Sad were our lot : no hunter of the hare  
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair  
Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the rose,  
Whose proflered beauty in safe shelter blows  
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,  
For some rare plant, yon Headland of St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,  
This new indifference to breeze or gale,  
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,  
And regular as if locked in certainty,  
Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the storm !  
That Courage may find something to perform ;  
That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze  
At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,  
Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth ! *that* wild wish may sleep,  
Bold as if men and creatures of the deep

Breathed the same element ; too many wrecks  
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks  
 Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought  
 Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought :  
 With thy stern aspect better far agrees  
 Utterance of thanks, that we have past with ease,  
 As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,  
 What boots the gain if Nature should lose more ?  
 And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place  
 In man's intelligence sublined by grace ?  
 When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,  
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed :  
 She knelt in prayer, — the waves their wrath appease ;  
 And from her vow, well weighed in Heaven's decrees,  
 Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of  
 St. Bees.

“ Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,”  
 Who in these wilds then struggled for command ;  
 The strong were merciless, without hope the weak ;  
 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as daybreak,  
 And as a cresset true that darts its length  
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ;  
 Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,  
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of  
 St. Bees.

To aid the Votress, miracles believed  
 Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved ;  
 So piety took root ; and Song might tell  
 What humanizing virtues near her cell  
 Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around ;  
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound  
 Of Gospel truth enchained in harmonies  
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,  
 From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,  
 Was glorified, and took its place, above  
 The silent stars, among the angelic choir,  
 Her Chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,  
 And perished utterly ; but her good deeds  
 Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds  
 Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze  
 With quickening impulse answered their mute  
     pleas,  
 And lo ! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed ;  
 And Charity extendeth to the dead  
 Her intercessions made for the soul's rest  
 Of tardy penitents ; or for the best  
 Among the good (when love might else have slept,  
 Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.  
 Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,  
 Who, to that service bound by venial fees,  
 Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties  
 Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,  
 Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,  
 To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?  
 The prayer for them whose hour is past away  
 Says to the Living, profit while ye may!  
 A little part, and that the worst, he sees,  
 Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the **keys**  
 That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,  
 Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,  
 Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray  
 In many an hour when judgment goes astray.  
 Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try  
 Earth to despise and flesh to mortify,  
 Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies  
 Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,  
 Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succor and protect  
 The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked  
 On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon  
 Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon  
 Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp  
 May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp.  
 It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,  
 It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,  
 Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice  
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,  
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,  
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,  
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord  
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword?  
Flaming till thou from Painim hands release  
That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities  
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds from far  
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.  
While in Judæa Fancy loves to roam,  
She helps to make a Holy Land at home :  
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites  
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights ;  
And wedded Life, through Scriptural mysteries,  
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,  
'Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill  
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill  
With love of God, throughout the Land were raised  
Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed  
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe :  
As at this day men seeing what they saw,  
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,  
Aspire to more than earthly destinies ;  
Witness you Pile that greets us from St. Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches gathered Towns  
 Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns;  
 Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold  
 Her scales with even hand, and culture mould  
 The heart to pity, train the mind in care  
 For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear.  
 Nor dost thou fail, through abject love of ease,  
 Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,  
 To bear thy part in this good work, St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,  
 And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?  
 Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful  
     grange  
 Maderoom where wolf and boar were used to range?  
 Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler  
     chains  
 Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?  
 The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,  
 For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies  
 Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given  
 Through lawless will, the Brotherhood was driven  
 Forth from their cells; their ancient House laid low  
 In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.  
 But now once more the local Heart revives,  
 The inextinguishable Spirit strives.  
 O may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,  
 And cleared a way for the first Votaries,  
 Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age from Schools  
 Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and rules.  
 To Prowess guided by her insight keen  
 Matter and Spirit are as one machine;  
 Boastful Idolatress of formal skill,  
 She in her own would merge the Eternal will:  
 Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,  
 Her flight before the bold credulities  
 That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.\*

1833.

---

 XII.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND  
 AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,  
 In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,  
 And strive to fathom the mysterious laws  
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,  
 On Mona settle, and the shapes assume  
 Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws  
 From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,  
 He will take with him to the silent tomb.  
 Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,  
 Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak  
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory

\* See Excursion, Seventh Part; and Ecclesiastical Sketches  
 Second Part, near the beginning.



That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak  
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

## XIII.

## AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith was strong  
 And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain,  
 That no adventurer's bark had power to gain  
 These shores if he approached them bent on wrong;  
 For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,  
 Mists rose to hide the Land,—that search, though  
     long  
 And eager, might be still pursued in vain.  
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!  
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,  
 As men believed, the waters were impelled,  
 The air controlled, the stars their courses held;  
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait  
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct  
 With will, and to their work by passion linked.

## XIV.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?  
 To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide  
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?

No, — let this Age, high as she may install  
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,  
 The universe is infinitely wide;  
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,  
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall  
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,  
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,  
 In progress toward the fount of Love, — the  
                   throne  
 Of Power whose ministers the records keep  
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less  
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

## XV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

“Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.”

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,  
 Even when they rose to check or to repel  
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well  
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn  
 Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn  
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;  
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,  
 A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.  
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms!  
 Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir  
 Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?

No ; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,  
And they are led by noble HILLARY.\*

## XVI.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,  
With wonder smit by its transparency,  
And all enraptured with its purity ? —  
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,  
Have ever in them something of benign ;  
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye  
Of a young maiden, only not divine.  
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm  
For beverage drawn as from a mountain well  
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm ;  
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea !  
And revelling in long embrace with thee.†

\* See Note.

† The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

## XVII.

## ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade  
 On the smooth bottom of this clear, bright sea,  
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee,  
 Leaped from this rock, and but for timely aid  
 He, by the alluring element betrayed,  
 Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with  
                   sighs  
 Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies  
 Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid  
 In peaceful earth; for, doubtless, he was frank,  
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile;  
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;  
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,  
 Or deadly snare: and he survives to bless  
 The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

## XVIII.

## ISLE OF MAN.

DID pangs of grief for lenient Time too keen,  
 Grief that devouring waves had caused, or guilt  
 Which they had witnessed, sway the man who built  
 This Homestead, placed where nothing could be  
                   seen,  
 Naught heard, of ocean troubled or serene?  
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,

That o'er the channel holds august command,  
The dwelling raised, — a veteran Marine.  
He, in disgust, turned from the neighboring sea  
To shun the memory of a listless life  
That hung between two callings. May no strife  
More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,  
Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye  
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky !

## XIX.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

(A Friend of the Author.)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,  
My mind as restless and as apt to change ;  
Through every clime and ocean did I range,  
In hope at length a competence to gain ;  
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.  
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,  
And hardships manifold did I endure,  
For Fortune on me never deigned to smile ;  
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,  
With just enough life's comforts to procure,  
In a snug Cove on this our favored Isle,  
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound ;  
Then sure I have no reason to complain,  
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

## XX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(Supposed to be written by a Friend.)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire  
 And sound in principle, I seek repose  
 Where ancient trees this convent-pile inclose,\*  
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire  
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the Eternal Sire  
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,  
 A gray-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee :  
 A shade, — but with some sparks of heavenly fire  
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note  
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams  
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
 Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,  
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say,  
 " Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day !"

## XXI.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound  
 (Still marked with green turf circles narrowing  
 Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,  
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned ;

\* Rushen Abbey.

While, compassing the little mound around,  
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under each :  
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,  
 The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.  
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell ! that thine eye  
 Over three Realms may take its widest range ;  
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange  
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,  
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change,  
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXII.

DESPOND who will, — *I* heard a voice exclaim,  
 " Though fierce the assault, and shattered the de-  
     fence,  
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,  
 The glorious work of time and providence,  
 Before a flying season's rash pretence  
 Should fall ; that she, whose virtue put to shame,  
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,  
 Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense  
 The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of doom  
 To Liberty ? Her sun is up the while,  
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone :  
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales ! ye Streams,  
     sweep on,  
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle  
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

## XXIII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

(During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,  
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn  
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn  
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high  
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,  
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
 Towering above the sea and little ships ;  
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,  
 Each for her haven ; with her freight of Care,  
 Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks  
 Into the secret of to-morrow's fare ;  
 Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,  
 Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes  
 For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or transient  
 Shows.

## XXIV.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

(In a Steamboat.)

ARRAN ! a single-crested Teneriffe,  
 A St. Helena next, — in shape and hue  
 Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue ;  
 Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff  
 Built for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff,



That he might fly, where no one could pursue,  
 From this dull Monster and her sooty crew ;  
 And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff?  
 Impotent wish ! which reason would despise  
 If the mind knew no union of extremes,  
 No natural bond between the boldest schemes  
 Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.  
 Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,  
 And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

## XXV.

## ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

[See former series, Vol. III. p. 280.]

THE captive Bird was gone ; — to cliff or moor  
 Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm ;  
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm :  
 Him found we not : but, climbing a tall tower,  
 There saw, impaved with rude fidelity  
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless  
 eye, —  
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.  
 Effigy of the vanished, — (shall I dare  
 To call thee so ?) or symbol of fierce deeds  
 And of the towering courage which past times  
 Rejoiced in, — take, whate'er thou be, a share  
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes  
 That animate my way where'er it leads !

## XXVI.

## THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew ;  
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,  
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped  
 Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.  
 Now, near his master's house in open view  
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,  
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,  
 Beware of him ! Thou, saucy cockatoo,  
 Look to thy plumage and thy life ! — The roe,  
 Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry ;  
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,  
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird ! even so  
 Doth man of brother man a creature make  
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

## XXVII.

 WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S  
 OSSIAN.

OFT have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,  
 Fragments of far-off melodies,  
 With ear not coveting the whole,  
 A part so charmed the pensive soul :

While a dark storm before my sight  
 Was yielding, on a mountain height  
 Loose vapors have I watched, that won  
 Prismatic colors from the sun ;  
 Nor felt a wish that heaven would show  
 The image of its perfect bow.  
 What need, then, of these finished Strains?  
 Away with counterfeit Remains !  
 An abbey in its lone recess,  
 A temple of the wilderness,  
 Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling  
 The majesty of honest dealing.  
 Spirit of Ossian ! if imbound  
 In language thou mayst yet be found,  
 If aught (intrusted to the pen  
 Or floating on the tongues of men,  
 Albeit shattered and impaired)  
 Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
 In concert with memorial claim  
 Of old gray stone, and high-born name  
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave  
 Where moans the blast or beats the wave,  
 Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,  
 Interpret that Original,  
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone ; —  
 Authentic words be given, or none !

Time is not blind ; — yet he, who spares  
 Pyramid pointing to the stars,  
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite

On all that marked the primal flight  
Of the poetic ecstasy  
Into the land of mystery.  
No tongue is able to rehearse  
One measure, Orpheus ! of thy verse ;  
Musæus, stationed with his lyre  
Supreme among the Elysian choir,  
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,  
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.  
Why grieve for these, though past away  
The music, and extinct the lay ?  
When thousands, by severer doom,  
Full early to the silent tomb  
Have sunk, at Nature's call ; or strayed  
From hope and promise, self-betrayed ;  
The garland withering on their brows ;  
Stung with remorse for broken vows ;  
Frantic, — else how might they rejoice ?  
And friendless, by their own sad choice !

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp ! on you  
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,  
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,  
Who faltered not, nor turned aside ;  
Whose lofty genius could survive  
Privation, under sorrow thrive ;  
In whom the fiery Muse revered  
The symbol of a snow-white beard,  
Bedewed with meditative tears  
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul ! though distant times  
 Produced you nursed in various climes,  
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,  
 A plenitude of love retained :  
 Hence, while in you each sad regret  
 By corresponding hope was met,  
 Ye lingered among human kind,  
 Sweet voices for the passing wind ;  
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
 Though smiling on the last hill-top !  
 Such to the tender-hearted maid  
 Even ere her joys begin to fade,  
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief  
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief,  
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,  
 The Son of Fingal ; such was blind  
 Mæonides of ampler mind ;  
 Such Milton, to the fountain-head  
 Of glory by Urania led !

1824.

---

 XXVIII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

WE saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,  
 Not one of us has felt the far-famed sight ;

How *could* we feel it? each the other's blight,  
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.  
 O for those motions only that invite  
 The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave  
 By the breeze entered, and wave after wave  
 Softly embosoming the timid light!  
 And by *one* Votary, who at will might stand  
 Gazing, and take into his mind and heart,  
 With undistracted reverence, the effect  
 Of those proportions where the almighty hand  
 That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,  
 Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

## XXIX.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

(After the Crowd had departed.)

THANKS for the lessons of this spot, — fit school  
 For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign  
 Mechanic laws to agency divine;  
 And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule  
 Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,  
 Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,  
 Might seem designed to humble man, when proud  
 Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.  
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight  
 Of tide and tempest on that Structure's base,  
 And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,  
 Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace

In calms is conscious, finding for his freight  
Of softest music some responsive place.

## XXX.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims  
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,  
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,  
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,  
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;  
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod  
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,  
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes  
or aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;  
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law  
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,  
Not by black arts but magic natural!  
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

## XXXI.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE  
OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,  
Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave

What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,  
 And whole artillery of the western blast,  
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave  
 Smiting, as if each moment were their iast.  
 But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave  
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:  
 Calm as the Universe, from specular towers  
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure  
 With mute astonishment, it stands sustained  
 Through every part in symmetry, to endure,  
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,  
 As the Supreme Artificer ordained.

## XXXII.

## IONA.

ON to Iona! — What can she afford  
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,  
 Heaved over ruin with stability  
 In urgent contrast? 'To diffuse the WORD  
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's  
     Lord)  
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but why  
 Even for a moment, has our verse deplored  
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?  
 And when, subjected to a common doom  
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles  
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,  
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,



Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,  
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their  
praise.

## XXXIII.

## IONA.

(Upon Landing.)

How sad a welcome! To each voyager  
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store  
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore  
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,  
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.  
Yet is yon neat, trim church a grateful speck  
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck  
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher!  
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the West,  
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine;  
And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than  
thine,  
A grace by thee unsought and unpossesst,  
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,  
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

## XXXIV.

## THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.]

HERE on their knees men swore: the stones were  
black,

Black in the people's minds and words, yet they  
Were at that time, as now, in color gray.

But what is color, if upon the rack  
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack  
Concord with oaths? What differ night and day  
Then, when before the Perjured on his way  
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack  
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer  
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom  
He had insulted, — Peasant, King, or Thane?  
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;  
And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,  
Come links for social order's awful chain.

## XXXV.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,  
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark  
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark  
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell! —  
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,  
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark

For many a voyage made in her swift bark,  
 When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell  
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,  
 Extracting from clear skies and air serene,  
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,  
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,  
 Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,  
 Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

## XXXVI.

## GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

*WE* have not passed into a doleful City,  
 We who were led to-day down a grim dell,  
 By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell":  
 Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?  
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:—  
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,  
 Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,  
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.  
 Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,  
 Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were  
     thrones;  
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire  
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde  
 Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones  
 The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy and pride.

## XXXVII.

“THERE!” said a Stripling, pointing with meet  
pride

Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,  
“Is Mosgiel Farm; and that’s the very field  
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy.” Far and  
wide

A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried  
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;  
And, by that simple notice, the repose  
Of earth, sky, sea, and air was vivified.  
Beneath “the random *biehl* of clod or stone,”  
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower  
Near the lark’s nest, and in their natural hour  
Have passed away; less happy than the one  
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove  
The tender charm of poetry and love.

## XXXVIII.

## THE RIVER, EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed  
By glimpses only, and confess with shame  
That verse of mine, whate’er its varying mood,  
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name:  
Yet fetched from Paradise that honor came,  
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers

That have no rivals among British bowers,  
 And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.  
 Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay  
 To my life's neighbor dues of neighborhood;  
 But I have traced thee on thy winding way  
 With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained,  
 For things far off we toil, while many a good  
 Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

## XXXIX.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

(By Nollekens,)

In Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the Banks of the Eden.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap lies dead  
 Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright hope!  
 But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope  
 Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that  
 head

So patiently; and through one hand has spread  
 A touch so tender for the insensate Child, —  
 (Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,  
 Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled,) —  
 That we, who contemplate the turns of life  
 Through this still medium, are consoled and  
 cheered;

Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife  
 Is less to be lamented than revered;

And own that Art, triumphant over strife  
 And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

## XL.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert thou  
 In heathen schools of philosophic lore;  
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny, of yore  
 The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;  
 And what of hope Elysium could allow  
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore  
 Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore  
 The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow  
 Warmed our sad being with celestial light,  
*Then* Arts which still had drawn a softening grace  
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,  
 Communed with that Idea face to face:  
 And move around it now as planets run,  
 Each in its orbit, round the central Sun.

## XLI.

NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;  
 Down from the Pennine Alps\* how fiercely sweeps

\* The chain of Crossfell.

CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary !  
 He raves, or through some moody passage creeps  
 Plotting new mischief, — out again he leaps  
 Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,  
 That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the  
       steps  
 They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.  
 That union ceased : then, cleaving easy walks  
 Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with  
       danger,  
 Came studious Taste ; and many a pensive stranger  
 Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.  
 What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?  
 Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

## XLII.

## STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at war  
 With old poetic feeling, not for this  
 Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss !  
 Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar  
 The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar  
 To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
 Of future change, that point of vision, whence  
 May be discovered what in soul ye are.  
 In spite of all that beauty may disown  
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
 Her lawful offspring in Man's art ; and Time,

Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,  
 Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
 Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

## XLIII.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER  
 DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,  
 Fell suddenly upon my Spirit, — cast  
 From the dread bosom of the unknown past,  
 When first I saw that family forlorn.  
 Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature  
 scorn

The power of years, — preëminent, and placed  
 Apart, to overlook the circle vast, —  
 Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn  
 While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night;  
 Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;  
 At whose behest uprose on British ground  
 That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round  
 Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,  
 The inviolable God, that tames the proud!\*

\* See Note.



## XLIV.

LOWTHER.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen  
 Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord  
 With the baronial castle's sterner mien;  
 Union significant of God adored,  
 And charters won and guarded by the sword  
 Of ancient honor; whence that goodly state  
 Of polity which wise men venerate,  
 And will maintain, if God his help afford.  
 Hourly the democratic torrent swells;  
 For airy promises and hopes suborned  
 The strength of backward-looking thoughts is  
                   scorned.

Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,  
 With what ye symbolize; authentic Story  
 Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

## XLV.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,  
 Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,  
 If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs  
 On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,  
 Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest  
 How in thy mind and moral frame agree  
 Fortitude, and that Christian Charity

Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.  
 And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach  
 With truth, THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN  
*That* searching test thy public course has stood ;  
 As will be owned alike by bad and good,  
 Soon as the measuring of life's little span  
 Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.\*

---

 XLVI.

## THE SOMNAMBULIST.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower †  
 At eve ; how softly then  
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,  
 Speak from the woody glen !  
 Fit music for a solemn vale !  
 And holier seems the ground  
 To him who catches on the gale  
 The spirit of a mournful tale,  
 Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon  
 The Pleasure-house is reared,

\* See Note.

† A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Waterfall.

As story says, in antique days  
A stern-browed house appeared ;  
Foil to a Jewel rich in light  
There set, and guarded well ;  
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,  
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight  
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage,  
To make this Gem their own,  
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,  
And Knights of high renown ;  
But one she prized, and only one ;  
Sir Eglamore was he ;  
Full happy season, when was known,  
Ye Dales and Hills ! to you alone,  
Their mutual loyalty, —

Known chiefly, Aira ! to thy glen,  
Thy brook, and bowers of holly ;  
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,  
That all but love is folly ;  
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play ;  
Doubt came not, nor regret,  
To trouble hours that winged their way,  
As if through an immortal day  
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long  
Sequestered with repose ;

Best throve the fire of chaste desire,  
Fanned by the breath of foes.  
“ A conquering lance is beauty’s test,  
And proves the Lover true ” ;  
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed  
The drooping Emma to his breast,  
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted. — Well with him it fared  
Through wide-spread regions errant ;  
A knight of proof in love’s behoof,  
The thirst of fame his warrant :  
And she her happiness can build  
On woman’s quiet hours ;  
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,  
The solace beads and masses yield,  
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard  
Her Champion’s praise recounted ;  
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,  
And high her blushes mounted ;  
Or when a bold heroic lay  
She warbled from full heart ;  
Delightful blossoms for the *May*  
Of absence ! but they will not stay,  
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
Whatever path he chooses ;

As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
Received the light hers loses.  
He comes not back ; an ampler space  
Requires for nobler deeds ;  
He ranges on from place to place,  
Till of his doings is no trace,  
But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past  
Her spirit finds its centre ;  
Clear sight she has of what he was,  
And that would now content her.  
“ Still is he my devoted Knight ? ”  
The tear in answer flows ;  
Month falls on month with heavier weight  
Day sickens round her, and the night  
Is empty of repose.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,  
Deep sighs with quick words blending,  
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen  
With fancied spots contending ;  
But *she* is innocent of blood,—  
The moon is not more pure  
That shines aloft, while through the wood  
She thrids her way, the sounding Flood  
Her melancholy lure !

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,  
And owls alone are waking,

In white arrayed, glides on the Maid,  
 The downward pathway taking,  
 That leads her to the torrent's side  
 And to a holly bower ;  
 By whom on this still night desried ?  
 By whom in that lone place espied ?  
 By thee, Sir Eglamore !

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,  
 His coming step has thwarted,  
 Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,  
 Within whose shade they parted.  
 Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see !  
 Perplexed her fingers seem,  
 As if they from the holly-tree  
 Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly  
 Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre ? Why intent  
 To violate the Tree,  
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore  
 Unfading constancy ?  
 Here am I, and to-morrow's sun  
 To her I left shall prove  
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won.  
 As when a circuit has been run  
 Of valor, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood  
 He moved with stealthy pace ;

And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
He recognized the face ;  
And whispers caught, and speeches small,  
Some to the green-leaved tree,  
Some muttered to the torrent-fall ; —  
“ Roar on, and bring him with thy call ;  
I heard, and so may he ! ”

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew  
If Emma's Ghost it were,  
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid  
Her very self stood there.  
He touched ; what followed who shall tell ?  
The soft touch snapped the thread  
Of slumber, — shrieking back she fell,  
And the Stream whirled her down the dell  
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight ! — when on firm ground  
The rescued Maiden lay,  
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,  
Confusion passed away ;  
She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
Her faithful Spirit flew,  
His voice, — beheld his speaking face ;  
And, dying from his own embrace,  
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life :  
Brief words may speak the rest :

Within the dell he built a cell,  
 And there was Sorrow's guest ;  
 In hermit's weeds repose he found,  
 From vain temptations free ;  
 Beside the torrent dwelling, — bound  
 By one deep, heart-controlling sound,  
 And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,  
 Nor fear memorial lays,  
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade  
 Are edged with golden rays !  
 Dear art thou to the light of heaven,  
 Though minister of sorrow ;  
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive even ;  
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,  
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow !

1883.

---

 XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M——.

Hallsteads, Ullswater.

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,  
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,  
 Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought  
 Into this flexible yet faithful Chain ;  
 Nor is it silver of romantic Spain ;  
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,



Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought  
Mix strangely ; trifles light, and partly vain,  
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being :  
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound  
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,  
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,  
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,  
For precious tremblings in your bosom found !

## XLVIII.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
While a fair region round the traveller lies  
Which he forbears again to look upon ;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :  
With Thought and Love companions of our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND  
REFLECTION.

---

I.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

“WHY, William, on that old gray 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 year 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 sun  
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 gray stone,  
And dream my time away.”

## II.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

UP! up! my Friend, and quit your books,  
 Or surely you 'll grow double :  
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;  
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

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! 't is 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 :  
 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  
 Misshapes the beauteous forms of things --  
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;  
 Close up those barren leaves ;  
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
 That watches and receives.

1798

---

III.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
 While in a grove I sat 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,  
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;  
 And 't is 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,  
 Have I not reason to lament  
 What man has made of man ?

1798

---

 IV.

## A CHARACTER.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find space  
 For so many strange contrasts in one human face :  
 There 's thought and no thought, and there 's pale-  
     ness and bloom,  
 And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and gloom.

There 's weakness, and strength both redundant  
and vain ;

Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain  
Could pierce through a temper that 's soft to disease,  
Would be rational peace, — a philosopher's ease.

There 's indifference, alike when he fails or succeeds,  
And attention full ten times as much as there needs ;  
Pride where there 's no envy, there 's so much of  
joy ;

And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy.

There 's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare  
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that she 's there ;  
There 's virtue, the title it surely may claim,  
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to depart,  
Yet the Man would at once run away with your  
heart ;

And I for five centuries right gladly would be  
Such an odd, such a kind, happy creature as he.

1800.

---

V.

TO MY SISTER.

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 ! ('t is 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 :



Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
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.

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.

1798.

---

 VI.

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN :

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall.  
An old Man dwells, a little man, —  
'T is said he once was tall.

Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
 A running huntsman merry ;  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee  
 When Echo banded, 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.

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 O 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.

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.

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.  
This scrap of land he from the heath  
Inclosed when he was stronger ;  
But what to them avails the land  
Which he can till no longer ?

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.  
And, though you with your utmost skill  
From labor could not wean them,  
'T is little, very little, all  
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.

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 everything.  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 And you must kindly take it:  
 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,  
 A stump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock tottered in his hand;  
 So vain was his endeavor,  
 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 endeavored.

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.

1798.

---

 VII.

## WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

## ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

The Reader must be apprised, that the stoves in North Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse !  
 Let me have the song of the kettle ;  
 And the tongs and the poker, instead of that horse  
 That gallops away with such fury and force  
 On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly, — a disconsolate creature ! perhaps  
 A child of the field or the grove ;  
 And, sorry for him ! the dull, treacherous heat

Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,  
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains  
Which this comfortless oven environ!  
He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,  
Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,  
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands, like a traveller be-  
mazed!  
The best of his skill he has tried;  
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth  
To the east and the west, to the south and the  
north,  
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh!  
His eyesight and hearing are lost;  
Between life and death his blood freezes and  
thaws;  
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze  
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him, — while  
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love;  
As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,  
As if green summer grass were the floor of my  
room,  
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small, helpless  
Thing!

Thy life I would gladly sustain  
Till summer come up from the south, and, with  
crowds

Of thy brethren, a march thou shouldst sound  
through the clouds,

And back to the forests again!

1799.

---

VIII.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a Statist, in the van  
Of public conflicts trained and bred?  
First learn to love one living man;  
*Then* mayst thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou? — draw not nigh!  
Go, carry to some fitter place  
The keenness of that practised eye,  
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?  
A rosy Man, right plump to see?  
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near:  
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,  
 A Soldier and no man of chaff?  
 Welcome! — but lay thy sword aside,  
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? — one all eyes,  
 Philosopher! — a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
 O turn aside, — and take, I pray,  
 That he below may rest in peace,  
 Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

A Moralist perchance appears;  
 Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod,  
 And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
 Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling  
 Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;  
 A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
 An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;  
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
 Near this unprofitable dust.



But who is he, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet-brown ?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noonday grove ;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,  
The harvest of a quiet eye,  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak ; both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land,  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

— Come hither in thy hour of strength ;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave !  
Here stretch thy body at full length ;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

## IX.

## TO THE DAISY.

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is everywhere,  
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
 And all the long year through, the heir  
     Of joy and sorrow, —  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?  
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And thou wouldst teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.

v.

## MATTHEW.

In the School of —— is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those names the Author wrote the following lines.

IF Nature, for a favorite child,  
In thee hath tempered so her clay,  
That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines ; and then review  
This tablet, that thus humbly rears,  
In such diversity of hue,  
Its history of two hundred years.

When through this little wreck of fame,  
Cipher and syllable ! thine eye  
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,  
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
Then be it neither checked nor stayed  
For Matthew a request I make  
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
Is silent as a standing pool ;

Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;  
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
It seemed as if he drank it up,—  
He felt with spirit so profound.

Thou Soul of God's best earthly mould !  
Thou happy Soul ! and can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold  
Are all that must remain of thee ?

1799.

---

 XI.

## THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

WE walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun ;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
"The will of God be done !"

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering gray ;

As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun ;  
Then, from thy breast, what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought ?”

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply :

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

“And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colors, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

“With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,

And, to the churchyard come, stopped short  
Beside my daughter's grave.

“Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale ;  
And then she sang;—she would have been  
A very nightingale.

“Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

“And, turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the churchyard yew,  
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

“A basket on her head she bare ;  
Her brow was smooth and white :  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight !

“No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripped with foot so free ;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

“There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine ;

I looked at her, and looked again :  
And did not wish her mine ! ”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
Methinks, I see him stand,  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding in his hand.

1799.

---

XII.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

## A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat ;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

“ Now, Matthew ! ” said I, “ let us match  
This water’s pleasant tune  
With some old border-song, or catch  
That suits a summer’s noon ;

“ Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
Sing here, beneath the shade.  
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
Which you last April made ! ”

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree ;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The gray-haired man of glee :

“ No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears ;  
How merrily it goes !  
’T will murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

“ And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain’s brink.

“ My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

“ Thus fares it still in our decay :  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away,  
Than what it leaves behind.



“The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.

“With Nature never do *they* wage  
A foolish strife ; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free :

“But we are pressed by heavy laws ;  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

“If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own,  
It is the man of mirth.

“My days, my Friend, are almost gone ;  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me ; but by none  
Am I enough beloved.”

“Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains !  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains ;

“ And, Matthew, for thy children dead,  
 I'll be a son to thee !”  
 At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
 “ Alas ! that cannot be.”

We rose up from the fountain-side ;  
 And down the smooth descent  
 Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;  
 And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
 He sang those witty rhymes  
 About the crazy old church-clock.  
 And the bewildered chimes.

1799.

---

 XIII.

## PERSONAL TALK.

## I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
 To season my fireside with personal talk, —  
 Of friends, who live within an easy walk,  
 Or neighbors, daily, weekly, in my sight :  
 And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,  
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,  
 These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk

Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night,  
 Better than such discourse doth silence long,  
 Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;  
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,  
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
 Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

## II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life ; we have seen and see,  
 And with a living pleasure we describe ;  
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
 The languid mind into activity.  
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee,  
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."  
 Even be it so : yet still among your tribe,  
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me !  
 Children are blest, and powerful ; their world lies  
 More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,  
 And part far from them : — sweetest melodies  
 Are those that are by distance made more sweet ;  
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,  
 He is a Slave ; the meanest we can meet !

## III.

Wings have we, — and as far as we can go  
 We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,  
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood  
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.

Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we  
 know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
 To which I listen with a ready ear ;  
 Two shall be named, preëminently dear, —  
 The gentle Lady married to the Moor,  
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

## IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote  
 From evil-speaking ; rancor, never sought,  
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.  
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
 Smooth passions, smooth discourses, and joyous  
 thought :  
 And thus from day to day my little boat  
 Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceable.  
 Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares, —  
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !  
 Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,  
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

## XIV.

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest attribute,  
 And written words the glory of his hand ;  
 Then followed Printing with enlarged command  
 For thought, — dominion vast and absolute  
 For spreading truth, and making love expand.  
 Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute  
 Must lackey a dumb Art that best can suit  
 The taste of this once-intellectual Land.  
 A backward movement surely have we here  
 From manhood, back to childhood ; for the age,  
 Back towards caverned life's first rude career.  
 Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page !  
 Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear  
 Nothing ? Heaven keep us from a lower stage !

1846

## XV.

## TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

Composed while we were laboring together in his pleasure  
 ground.

SPADE ! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,  
 And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,

Thou art a tool of honor in my hands,  
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride

Rare master has it been thy lot to know ;  
Long hast Thou served a man to reason true,  
Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
The laboring many and the resting few ;

Health, meekness, ardor, quietness secure,  
And industry of body and of mind ;  
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
As nature is, — too pure to be refined.

Here often hast thou heard the Poet sing  
In concord with his river murmuring by  
Or in some silent field, while timid spring  
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit thee when death has laid  
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord?  
That man will have a trophy, humble Spade!  
A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

If he be one that feels, with skill to part  
False praise from true, or greater from the less,  
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with thee a toilsome day, —  
Thee, his loved servant, his inspiring mate!

And when thou art past service, worn away,  
No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;  
An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou be ; —  
High will he hang thee up, well pleased to adorn  
His rustic chimney with the last of thee !

1804

## XVI.

## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo ! where the Moon along the sky  
Sails with her happy destiny ;  
Oft is she hid from mortal eye,  
Or dimly seen,  
But when the clouds asunder fly,  
How bright her mien !

Far different we, — a froward race ;  
Thousands, though rich in Fortune's *grace*,  
With cherished sullenness of pace  
Their way pursue,  
Ingrates that wear a smileless face  
The whole year through.

If kindred humors e'er would make  
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,

From Fancy following in thy wake,  
 Bright ship of heaven!  
 A counter impulse let me take,  
 And be forgiven.

---

XVII.

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVORITE DOG.

ON his morning rounds, the Master  
 Goes to learn how all things fare;  
 Searches pasture after pasture,  
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care;  
 And, for silence or for talk,  
 He hath comrades in his walk;  
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,  
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started!  
 Off they fly in earnest chase;  
 Every dog is eager-hearted,  
 All the four are in the race:  
 And the hare whom they pursue  
 Knows from instinct what to do;  
 Her hope is near: no turn she makes;  
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes.



Deep the river was, and crusted  
Thinly by a one night's frost ;  
But the nimble hare hath trusted  
To the ice, and safely crossed ;  
She hath crossed, and without heed  
All are following at full speed,  
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is overhead !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW, —  
See them cleaving to the sport !  
MUSIC has no heart to follow,  
Little MUSIC, she stops short.  
She hath neither wish nor heart,  
Hers is now another part :  
A loving creature she, and brave,  
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,  
Very hands as you would say !  
And afflicting moans she fetches,  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she has no fears, —  
Him alone she sees and hears, —  
Makes efforts with complainings ; nor gives o'er,  
Until her fellow sinks to reappear no more.

## XVIII.

## TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,  
 Beneath a covering of the common earth !  
 It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
 Or want of love, that here no stone we raise ;  
 More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,  
 Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.  
 Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
 Shall find thee through all changes of the year :  
 This oak points out thy grave ; the silent tree  
 Will gladly stand a monument to thee.

We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were  
 past ;  
 And willingly have laid thee here at last :  
 For thou hadst lived till everything that cheers  
 In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;  
 Extreme old age had wasted thee away,  
 And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;  
 Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees, —  
 I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,  
 Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
 And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.  
 It came, and we were glad : yet tears were shed ;  
 Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead :

Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,  
 Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy  
 share ;

But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,  
 Found scarcely anywhere in like degree  
 For love, that comes wherever life and sense  
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense ;  
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind  
 Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind :  
 Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
 A soul of love, love's intellectual law : —  
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame :  
 Our tears from passion and from reason came,  
 And therefore shalt thou be an honored name !

1865.

---

 XIX.

## FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
 He halts, — and searches with his eyes  
 Among the scattered rocks :  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
 And instantly a dog is seen,  
 Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry :  
 Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow or on height ;  
 Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps till June December's snows ;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn \* below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land, —  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past ;  
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

\* Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
The Shepherd stood ; then makes his way  
O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog  
As quickly as he may ;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground.  
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !  
At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear :  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came ;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell !  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
When this ill-fated Traveller died,  
The Dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side :

How nourished here through such long time  
 He knows who gave that love sublime,  
 And gave that strength of feeling, great  
 Above all human estimate !

1806.

---

 XX.

## ODE TO DUTY.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed note eò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe,  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around  
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control ;  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face :

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads,  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are  
     fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
 O, let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

1805

---

 XXI.

## CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be?  
 — It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
 Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
 That makes the path before him always bright:  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;



Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care :  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
 In face of these doth exercise a power  
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;  
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives :  
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;  
 Is placable, — because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
 As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
 — 'T is he whose law is reason ; who depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest  
 He labors good on good to fix, and owes  
 To virtue every triumph that he knows :  
 — Who, if he rise to station of command,  
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
 On honorable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire :  
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state ;  
 Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :  
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
 Is happy as a Lover ; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
 — He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;  
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve ;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love : —  
 'T is, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought of in obscurity, —  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won :  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpass :  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause —  
 This is the happy Warrior ; this is he  
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.

1806.

---

 XXII.

## THE FORCE OF PRAYER ;

## OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON FRIORY.

## A TRADITION.

“ What is good for a bootless bene ? ”  
 With these dark words begins my Tale ;  
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring  
 When Prayer is of no avail ?

\* See the White Doe of Rylstone

“What is good for a bootless bene?”  
 The Falconer to the Lady said;  
 And she made answer, “ENDLESS SORROW!”  
 For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,  
 And from the look of the Falconer's eye;  
 And from the love which was in her soul  
 For her youthful Romilly.

— Young Romilly through Barden woods  
 Is ranging high and low;  
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
 How tempting to bestride!  
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in  
 With rocks on either side.

The striding-place is called THE STRID,  
 A name which it took of yore:  
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
 And what may now forbid  
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
 Shall bound across THE STRID?

He sprang in glee, — for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the rocks were  
steep? —

But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force ;  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And long, unspeaking sorrow :  
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the Lady wept,  
A solace she might borrow  
From death, and from the passion of death : —  
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
Which was to be to-morrow :  
Her hope was a further-looking hope,  
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,  
And proudly did its branches wave ;  
And the root of this delightful tree  
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
 And her first words were, "Let there be  
 In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
 A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared ;  
 And Wharf, as he moved along,  
 To matins joined a mournful voice,  
 Nor failed at even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness  
 That looked not for relief !  
 But slowly did her succor come,  
 And a patience to her grief.

O, there is never sorrow of heart  
 That shall lack a timely end,  
 If but to God we turn, and ask  
 Of Him to be our friend !

1808.

---

XXIII.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION ;

OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEA-SHORE

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,  
 Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,  
 To aid a covert purpose, cried : "O ye

Approaching Waters of the deep, that share  
With this green isle my fortunes, come not where  
Your Master's throne is set." — Deaf was the Sea;  
Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree  
Less than they heed a breath of wanton air.  
Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne,  
Said to his servile Courtiers: "Poor the reach,  
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!  
He only is a King, and he alone  
Deserves the name, (this truth the billows preach,)  
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven  
obey."

This just reproof the prosperous Dane  
Drew from the influx of the main,  
For some whose rugged northern mouths would  
strain  
At Oriental flattery;  
And Canute (fact more worthy to be known)  
From that time forth did for his brows disown  
The ostentatious symbol of a crown;  
Esteeming earthly royalty  
Contemptible as vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,  
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,  
Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken;  
To cheer the remnant of his host  
When he was driven from coast to coast,  
Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:

" My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent  
 That rose, and steadily advanced to fill  
 The shores and channels, working Nature's will  
 Among the mazy streams that backward went,  
 And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent :  
 And now, his task performed, the flood stands still,  
 At the green base of many an inland hill,  
 In placid beauty and sublime content !  
 Such the repose that sage and hero find ;  
 Such measured rest the sedulous and good  
 Of humbler name ; whose souls do, like the flood  
 Of Ocean, press right on ; or gently wind,  
 Neither to be diverted nor withstood,  
 Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned."

1816.

---

 XXIV.

*" A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
 To these dark steps, a little further on ! "*  
 — What trick of memory to *my* voice hath brought  
 This mournful iteration ? For though Time,  
 The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this  
     brow  
 Planting his favorite silver diadem,  
 Nor he, nor minister of his, intent  
 To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,  
 Though not unmenaced, among those who lean



Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.  
— O my own Dora, my belovèd child!  
Should that day come — but hark! the birds salute  
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;  
For me, thy natural leader, once again  
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst  
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop  
From flower to flower supported; but to curb  
Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,  
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge  
Of foaming torrents. — From thy orisons  
Come forth; and, while the morning air is yet  
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,  
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,  
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,  
Till we by perseverance gain the top  
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous  
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld  
From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands  
Is seized with strong incitement to push forth  
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge — dread  
thought!  
For pastime plunge — into the “abrupt abyss.”  
Where ravens spread their plummy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct  
Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold  
There, how the Original of human art,  
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects  
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,

Though waves, to every breeze, its high-arched  
 roof,  
 And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools  
 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek  
 In the still summer noon, while beams of light,  
 Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond  
 Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall  
 To mind the living presences of nuns ;  
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,  
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom  
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,  
 To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,  
 To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again  
 Lie open ; and the book of Holy Writ,  
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield  
 To heights more glorious still, and into shades  
 More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,  
 We may be taught, O Darling of my care !  
 To calm the affections, elevate the soul,  
 And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

## XXV.

## ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

## I.

AN age hath been when Earth was proud  
 Of lustre too intense  
 To be sustained ; and Mortals bowed  
 The front in self-defence.  
 Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,  
 Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed  
 While on the wing the Urchin played,  
 Could fearlessly approach the shade ?  
 Enough for one soft vernal day,  
 If I, a bard of ebbing time,  
 And nurtured in a fickle clime,  
 May haunt this hornèd bay ;  
 Whose amorous water multiplies  
 The fitting halcyon's vivid dyes ;  
 And smooths her liquid breast, — to show  
 These swan-like specks of mountain snow,  
 White as the pair that slid along the plains  
 Of heaven, when Venus held the reins !

## II.

In youth we love the darksome lawn  
 Brushed by the owlet's wing ;  
 Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,

And Autumn to the Spring.  
 Sad fancies do we then affect,  
 In luxury of disrespect  
 To our own prodigal excess  
 Of too familiar happiness.  
 Lycoris (if such name befit  
 Thee, thee my life's celestial sign !)  
 When Nature marks the year's decline,  
 Be ours to welcome it ;  
 Pleased with the harvest hope that runs  
 Before the path of milder suns ;  
 Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
 Its ripeness to the feeding gaze ;  
 Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell  
 Of the re-olendent miracle.

ii.

But something whispers to my heart  
 That, as we downward tend,  
 Lycoris ! life requires an *art*  
 To which our souls must bend ;  
 A skill—to balance and supply ;  
 And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
 As soon it must, a sense to sip,  
 Or drink, with no fastidious lip.  
 Then welcome, above all, the Guest  
 Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,  
 Seem to recall the Deity  
 Of youth into the breast :  
 May pensive Autumn ne'er present

A claim to her disparagement !  
 While blossoms and the budding spray  
 Inspire us in our own decay ;  
 Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,  
 Be hopeful Spring the favorite of the Soul !

---

## XXVI.

## TO THE SAME.

ENOUGH of climbing toil !— Ambition treads  
 Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,  
 Or slippery even to peril ! and each step,  
 As we for most uncertain recompense  
 Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,  
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,  
 Induces, for its old, familiar sights,  
 Unacceptable feelings of contempt,  
 With wonder mixed, — that Man could e'er be tied,  
 In anxious bondage, to such nice array  
 And formal fellowship of petty things !  
 Oh ! 't is the *heart* that magnifies this life,  
 Making a truth and beauty of her own ;  
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,  
 And gurgling rills assist her in the work  
 More efficaciously than realms outspread,  
 As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze, —  
 Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left — how far beneath!

But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth  
Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed  
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still  
And sultry air depending motionless.  
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered  
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)  
By stealthy influx of the timid day  
Mingling with night, such twilight to compose  
As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian grot,  
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,  
He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,  
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave  
Protect us, there deciphering as we may  
Divinian records; or the signs of Earth  
Interpreting; or counting for old Time  
His minutes, by reiterated drops,  
Audible tears, from some invisible source  
That deepens upon fancy. — more and more  
Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep  
forth  
To awe the lightness of humanity.  
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,  
There let me see thee sink into a mood  
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye  
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,  
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!

We too have known such happy hours together,  
 That, were power granted to replace them (fetched  
 From out the pensive shadows where they lie)  
 In the first warmth of their original sunshine,  
 Loth should I be to use it : passing sweet  
 Are the domains of tender memory !

1817

---

 XXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
 Are hung as if with golden shields  
 Bright trophies of the sun !  
 Like a fair sister of the sky,  
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,  
 The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, you vocal grove,  
 Albeit uninspired by love,  
 By love untaught to ring,  
 May well afford to mortal ear  
 An impulse more profoundly dear  
 Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat  
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat  
 In nature's struggling frame,

Some region of impatient life :  
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
 Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy ; — while I hear  
 These vespers of another year,  
 This hymn of thanks and praise,  
 My spirit seems to mount above  
 The anxieties of human love,  
 And earth's precarious days.

But list ! — though winter storms be nigh,  
 Unchecked is that soft harmony :  
 There lives Who can provide  
 For all his creatures ; and in Him,  
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,  
 These choristers confide.

---

 XXVIII.

## UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed  
 An aspect tenderly illumed,  
 The gentlest look of Spring,  
 That calls from yonder leafy shade,  
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
 A timely carolling



No faint and hesitating trill,  
Such tribute as to Winter chill  
The lonely redbreast pays !  
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
From social warblers gathering in  
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,  
And yellow on the bough : —  
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !  
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
Around a younger brow !

Yet will I temperately rejoice :  
Wide is the range, and free the choice  
Of undiscordant themes ;  
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,  
And they like Demigods are strong  
On whom the Muses smile ;  
But some their function have disclaimed,  
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed  
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains  
Committed to the silent plains

In Britain's earliest dawn :  
 Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,  
 While all too daringly the veil  
 Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
 When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
 Inflamed by sense of wrong ;  
 Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre  
 Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
 Of fierce, vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
 By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage  
 The pangs of vain pursuit ;  
 Love listening while the Lesbian Maid  
 With finest touch of passion swayed  
 Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore  
 The wreck of Herculeanean lore,  
 What rapture ! could ye seize  
 Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
 One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
 Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
 Of poesy ; a bursting forth  
 Of genius from the dust :  
 What Horace gloried to behold,

What Maro loved, shall we enfold?  
Can haughty Time be just!

1819.

---

 XXIX.

## MEMORY.

A PEN — to register ; a key —  
That winds through secret wards ;  
Are well assigned to Memory  
By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given  
A Pencil to her hand ;  
That, softening objects, sometimes even  
Outstrips the heart's demand ;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines  
Of lingering care subdues,  
Long-vanished happiness refines,  
And clothes in brighter hues ;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works  
Those Spectres to dilate  
That startle Conscience, as she lurks  
Within her lonely seat.

O that our lives, which flee so fast,  
In purity were such,

That not an image of the past  
Should fear that pencil's touch !

Retirement then might hourly look  
Upon a soothing scene,  
Age steal to his allotted nook  
Contented and serene ;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep  
In frosty moonlight glistening ;  
Or mountain rivers, where they creep  
Along a channel smooth and deep,  
To their own far-off murmurs listening

1823.

---

XXX.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive  
With shadows flung from leaves, to strive  
In dance, amid a press  
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields  
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields  
Of strenuous idleness ;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze  
Encounter, and to narrow seas  
Forbid a moment's rest ;  
The medley less when Boreal Lights  
Glance to and fro, like aery Sprites  
To feats of arms address !

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
 This ceaseless play, the genuine life  
 That serves the steadfast hours  
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
 Unheeded, and the mute repose  
 Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

1829.

## XXXI.

## HUMANITY.

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal  
 To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,  
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,  
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand,  
 To take his sentence from the balauced Block,  
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock ;  
 Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more  
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore ;  
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees  
 Do still perform mysterious offices !  
 And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway

The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,  
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes  
 To watch for undelusive auguries ;—  
 Not uninspired appear their simplest ways ;  
 Their voices mount symbolical of praise,  
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear ;  
 And to fallen man their innocence is dear.  
 Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs  
 Streams that reflect the poetry of things !  
 Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues por-  
     trayed,  
 That, might a wish avail, would never fade,  
 Borne in their hands the lily and the palm  
 Shed round the altar a celestial calm ;  
 There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove  
 Pressed in the tenderness of virgin love  
 To saintly bosoms ! — Glorious is the blending  
 Of right affections climbing or descending  
 Along a scale of light and life, with cares  
 Alternate ; carrying holy thoughts and prayers  
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High ;  
 Descending to the worm in charity ;  
 Like those good Angels whom a dream of night  
 Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight,  
 All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs  
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,  
 That, with a perfect will in one accord  
 Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord ;  
 And with untired humility forbore  
 To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,  
If Power could live at ease with self-restraint !  
Opinion bow before the naked sense  
Of the great Vision, — faith in Providence ;  
Merciful over all his creatures, just  
To the least particle of sentient dust ;  
But, fixing by immutable decrees,  
Seed-time and harvest for his purposes !  
Then would be closed the restless oblique eye  
That looks for evil like a treacherous spy ;  
Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds  
That into breezes sink : impetuous minds  
By discipline endeavor to grow meek  
As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.  
Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,  
Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side ;  
Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice :  
And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,  
But unoffending creatures find release  
From qualified oppression, whose defence  
Rests on a hollow plea of recompense ;  
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect  
Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.  
Witness those glances of indignant scorn  
From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn  
The kindness that would make him less forlorn ;  
Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,  
His look of pitiable gratitude !

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,  
Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles.

To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,  
 As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned ;  
 A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats  
 For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats  
 Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there  
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,  
 Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.  
 Shall man assume a property in man ?  
 Lay on the moral will a withering ban ?  
 Shame that our laws at distance still protect  
 Enormities, which they at home reject !  
 "Slaves cannot breathe in England," — yet that  
 boast

Is but a mockery ! when from coast to coast,  
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil  
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,  
 For the poor Many, measured out by rules  
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,  
 That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth  
 Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,  
 Body and mind and soul ; a thirst so keen  
 Is ever urging on the vast machine  
 Of sleepless Labor, 'mid whose dizzy wheels  
 The Power least prized is that which thinks and  
 feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age  
 And all the heavy or light vassalage  
 Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit



Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,  
 'T were well in little, as in great, to pause,  
 Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.  
 Not from his fellows only man may learn  
 Rights to compare and duties to discern !  
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.  
 There are to whom the garden, grove, and field  
 Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield ;  
 Who would not lightly violate the grace  
 The lowliest flower possesses in its place ;  
 Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,  
 Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

1829.

---

 XXXII.

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams,  
 That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,  
 If neither soothing to the worm that gleams  
 Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in  
     bowers,  
 Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers, —  
 That voice of unpretending harmony  
 (For who what is shall measure by what seems  
 To be, or not to be,  
 Or tax high Heaven with prodigality ?)  
 Wants not a healing influence that can creep  
 Into the human breast, and mix with sleep

To regulate the motion of our dreams  
 For kindly issues, — as through every clime  
 Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time,  
 As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell  
 Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell  
 Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

1840.

---

 XXXIII.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape  
 From every hurtful blast,  
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,  
 Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is Summer riding high  
 In fierce solstitial power,  
 Less fair than when a lenient sky  
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
 The labors of the plough,  
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
 All brighten on the bough, —

What pensive beauty Autumn shows,  
 Before she hears the sound

Of Winter rushing in, to close  
The emblematic round !

Such be our Spring, our Summer such ;  
So may our Autumn blend  
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,  
Through heaven-born hope, her end :

1829.

---

 XXXIV.

TO ———.

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, MARCH, 1823

“Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis  
Navita, nudus humi jacet,” &c. — LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwrecked Sailor tost  
By rough waves on a perilous coast,  
Lies the Babe, in helplessness  
And in tenderest nakedness,  
Flung by laboring Nature forth  
Upon the mercies of the earth.  
Can its eyes beseech ? — no more  
Than the hands are free to implore ·  
Voice but serves for one brief cry ;  
Plaint was it ? or prophecy  
Of sorrow that will surely come ?  
Omen of man's grievous doom !

But, O Mother! by the close  
 Duly granted to thy throes ;  
 By the silent thanks, now tending  
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending  
 Now to mingle and to move  
 With the gush of earthly love,  
 As a debt to that frail Creature,  
 Instrument of struggling Nature  
 For the blissful calm, the peace  
 Known but to this *one* release,—  
 Can the pitying spirit doubt  
 That for human kind springs out  
 From the penalty a sense  
 Of more than mortal recompense ?

As a floating summer cloud,  
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
 To the sun-burnt traveller,  
 Or the stooping laborer,  
 Ofttimes makes its bounty known  
 By its shadow round him thrown ;  
 So, by checkerings of sad cheer,  
 Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,  
 Of their presence tell,—too bright,  
 Haply, for corporeal sight !  
 Ministers of grace divine  
 Feelingly their brows incline  
 O'er this seeming Castaway,  
 Breathing, in the light of day,  
 Something like the faintest breath

That has power to baffle death,—  
Beautiful, while very weakness  
Captivates like passive meekness.

And, sweet Mother! under warrant  
Of the Universal Parent,  
Who repays in season due  
Them who have, like thee, been true  
To the filial chain let down  
From his everlasting throne,  
Angels, hovering round thy couch,  
With their softest whispers vouch,  
That — whatever griefs may fret,  
Cares entangle, sins beset,  
This thy First-born, and with tears  
Stain her cheek in future years —  
Heavenly succor, not denied  
To the babe, whate'er betide,  
Will to the woman be supplied.

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;  
Blest the starry promises, —  
And the firmament benign,  
Hallowed be it, where they shine.  
Yes, for them whose souls have scope  
Ample for a wingèd hope,  
And can earthward bend an ear  
For needful listening, pledge is nere,  
That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread  
In thy footsteps, and be led

By that other Guide, whose light  
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,  
 Gave him first the wished-for part  
 In thy gentle, virgin heart ;  
 Then, amid the storms of life  
 Presignified by that dread strife  
 Whence ye have escaped together,  
 She may look for serene weather ;  
 In all trials sure to find  
 Comfort for a faithful mind :  
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,  
 Than even now await her, prest,  
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast !

---

 XXXV.

## THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing :  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of snowing  
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,  
 Which ye feel not, happy pair !  
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.  
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep ;  
 And if 'Time leagued with adverse Change  
 (Too busy fear !) shall cross its range,  
 Whatsoever check they bring,

Anxious duty hindering,  
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds  
Upon the events of home as life proceeds,  
Affections pure and holy in their source  
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;  
Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,  
Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail;  
And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings  
To his grave touch with no unready strings.  
While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,  
And quick words round him fall, like flakes of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their  
    sway,  
And have renewed the tributary Lay.  
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,  
And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;  
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends,  
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;  
Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove  
For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love) ! —  
But from this peaceful centre of delight  
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight :  
Rapt into upper regions, like the bee  
That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee,  
Or like the warbling lark, intent to shroud  
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,  
She soars, — and here and there her pinions rest

On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest  
 With a new visitant, an infant guest, —  
 Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky  
 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,  
 When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple-bells  
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells  
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,  
 And harbored ships, whose pride is on the sea,  
 Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,  
 Honoring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned  
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind  
 The track that was, and is, and must be, worn  
 With weary feet by all of woman born)  
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,  
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy reprov'd?  
 Not He, whose last faint memory will command  
 The truth that Britain was his native land;  
 Whose infant soul was tutored to confide  
 In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;  
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown  
 With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered the  
                   crown  
 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,  
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!  
 Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew  
 His social sense of just, and fair, and true;  
 And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France  
 Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,



Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,  
 Not grieved to see (himself not unbeguiled), —  
 Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,  
 And learn how sanguine expectations fade  
 When novel trusts by folly are betrayed, —  
 To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain  
 From further havoc, but repent in vain, —  
 Good aims lie down, and perish in the road  
 Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,  
 Proofs thickening round her that on public ends  
 Domestic virtue vitally depends,  
 That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth  
 Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.

Can such a one, dear Babe ! though glad and  
 proud

To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd  
 Into his English breast, and spare to quake  
 Less for his own than for thy innocent sake ?  
 Too late — or, should the providence of God  
 Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,  
 Justice and peace to a secure abode,  
 Too soon — thou com'st into this breathing world.  
 Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.  
 Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm ?  
 What hand suffice to govern the state-helm ?  
 If, in the aims of men, the surest test  
 Of good or bad (what'er be sought for or profest),  
 Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,  
 For compassing the end, else never gained,

Yet governors and governed both are blind  
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind ;  
 If to expedience principle must bow,  
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent  
                   Now ;

If cowardly concession still must feed  
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede,  
 Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way  
 For domination at some riper day ;  
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe  
 Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,  
 Or with bravado insolent and hard  
 Provoking punishment, to win reward ;  
 If office help the factious to conspire,  
 And they who *should* extinguish fan the fire, —  
 Then will the sceptre be a straw, the crown  
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down,  
 To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it  
 In cunning patience, from the head that wears it

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud !  
 Lost above all, ye laboring multitude !  
 Bewildered, whether ye, by slanderous tongues  
 Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs,  
 And over fancied usurpations brood,  
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood ;  
 Or, from long stress of real injuries, fly  
 To desperation for a remedy,  
 In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,  
 And to your wrath cry out, " Be thou our guide " ;

Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor  
 In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor  
 With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore ;  
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
 Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest  
 Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,  
 And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest :  
 — O for a bridle bitted with remorse  
 To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course !  
 O may the Almighty scatter with his grace  
 These mists, and lead you to a safer place,  
 By paths no human wisdom can foretrace !  
 May He pour round you, from worlds far above  
 Man's feverish passions, his pure light of love,  
 That quietly restores the natural mien  
 To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen !  
*Else* shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap  
 Fields gayly sown when promises were cheap. —  
 Why is the Past belied with wicked art,  
 The Future made to play so false a part,  
 Among a people famed for strength of mind,  
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind ?  
 We act as if we joyed in the sad tune  
 Storms make in rising, valued in the moon  
 Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation !  
 If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,  
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation.  
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard ? What saving  
 skill

Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still ?  
 — Soon shall the widow, (for the speed of Time  
 Naught equals when the hours are winged with  
 crime,)

Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee  
 From him who judged her lord, a like decree ;  
 The skies will weep o'er old men desolate :  
 Ye little-ones ! Earth shudders at your fate.  
 Outcasts and homeless orphans —

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair  
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care !  
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still ;  
 Seek for the good and cherish it, — the ill  
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

1833.

---

 XXXVI.

If this great world of joy and pain  
 Revolve in one sure track ;  
 If freedom, set, will rise again,  
 And virtue, flown, come back ;  
 Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
 The heart with each day's care ;  
 Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
 To bear, and to forbear !

1838.

## XXXVII.

## THE LABORER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

UP to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide :  
Then, here reposing, let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,  
We need not toil from morn to night :  
The respite of the midday hour  
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallowed spot,  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun  
 Already half his race hath run;  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
 But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,  
 If we have faltered or transgressed,  
 Guide, from thy love's abundant cource,  
 What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day;  
 Our upward and our downward way;  
 And glorify for us the west,  
 When we shall sink to final rest.

1834.

---

 XXXVIII.

## ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
 The star that led the dawn,  
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
 For May is on the lawn.  
 A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
 Forerun the expected Power,  
 Whose first-drawn breath from bush and tree  
 Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes her whose sway  
Tempers the year's extremes ;  
Who scattereth lustres o'er noonday  
Like morning's dewy gleams ;  
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
The tremulous heart excite,  
And hums the balmy air to still  
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power ! when youths and maids  
At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth, in forest glades  
Thy birth to solemnize.  
Though mute the song, to grace the rite,  
Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight ;  
Man changes, but not Thou !

Thy feathered lieges bill and wings  
In love's disport employ ;  
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things  
Awake to silent joy :  
Queen art thou still for each gay plant  
Where the slim wild deer roves,  
And served in depths where fishes haunt  
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,  
Instinctive homage pay ;

Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath  
 To honor thee, sweet May!  
 Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs  
 Behold a smokeless sky,  
 Their puniest flower-pot nursling dares  
 To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
 The pole, from which thy name  
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
 Of song and dance and game;  
 Still from the village-green a vow  
 Aspires to thee address,  
 Wherever peace is on the brow,  
 Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach  
 The soul to love the more;  
 Hearts also shall thy lessons reach  
 That never loved before.  
 Stripped is the haughty one of pride,  
 The bashful freed from fear,  
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
 In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse  
 The service to prolong!  
 To you exulting thrush the Muse  
 Intrusts the imperfect song:



His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
 Throughout the livelong day,  
 Till the first silver star appear,  
 The sovereignty of May.

1826.

---

 XXXIX.

## TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and set  
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
 And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn ;  
 There are who to a birthday strain  
 Confine not harp and voice,  
 But evermore throughout thy reign  
 Are grateful and rejoice !

Delicious odors ! music sweet,  
 Too sweet to pass away !  
 O for a deathless song to meet  
 The soul's desire, — a lay  
 That, when a thousand years are told,  
 Should praise thee, genial Power !  
 Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
 And winter's dreariest hour !

Earth, sea, thy presence feel, — nor less,  
 If yon ethereal blue

With its soft smile the truth express,  
 The heavens have felt it too.  
 The inmost heart of man, if glad,  
 Partakes a livelier cheer,  
 And eyes that cannot but be sad  
 Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
 Of hope that grew by stealth,  
 How many wan and faded cheeks  
 Have kindled into health !  
 The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
 " Another year is ours " ;  
 And way-worn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
 Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song  
 Amid his playful peers ?  
 The tender Infant, who was long  
 A prisoner of fond fears ;  
 But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
 Is quiet in its sheath,  
 His Mother leaves him free to taste  
 Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps  
 Along the humblest ground ;  
 No soil so bare but on its steeps  
 Thy favors may be found :

But most on some peculiar nook  
That our own hands have drest,  
Thou and thy train are proud to look,  
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth  
When May is whispering, "Come!  
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
The happiest for your home;  
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread,  
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
For lilies that must fade,  
Or "the rathe primrose as it dies  
Forsaken" in the shade!  
Vernal fruitions and desires  
Are linked in endless chase;  
While, as one kindly growth retires,  
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known  
Mishap by worm and blight:  
If expectations newly blown  
Have perished in thy sight;  
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
Were caught as in a snare?

Such is the lot of all the young  
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check  
 Are patient of thy rule ;  
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
 Loitering in glassy pool :  
 By thee, thee only, could be sent  
 Such gentle mists as glide,  
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,  
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil  
 Through which yon house of God  
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep vale,  
 By few but shepherds trod !  
 And lowly huts near beaten ways  
 No sooner stand attired  
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise  
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
 Permit not for one hour,  
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
 Nor add to it a flower !  
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
 Of self-restraining art,  
 This modest charm of not too much,  
 Part seen, imagined part !

## XL.

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF F. STONE.

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care  
 Due to the day's unfinished task ; of pen  
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene  
 In Nature's prodigality displayed  
 Before my window, oftentimes and long  
 I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam  
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
 The common light ; whose stillness charms the air,  
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose ;  
 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,  
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits,  
 With emblematic purity attired  
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck  
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be  
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin  
 Cast into that recess, — the tender shade.  
 The shade and light, both there and everywhere,  
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,  
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill  
 That might from nature have been learnt in the  
 hour  
 When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread  
 Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er  
 Thou be, that, kindling with a poet's soul,  
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft

Intensely, — from Imagination take  
 The treasure, — what mine eyes behold see thou,  
 Even though the Atlantic Ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown  
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,  
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil  
 The golden harvest grows in : and those eyes,  
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky  
 Whose azure depth their color emulates,  
 Must needs be conversant with upward looks,  
 Prayer's voiceless service ; but now, seeking naught  
 And shunning naught, their own peculiar life  
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head  
 Partake its inclination towards earth  
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness  
 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Off-spring of soul-bewitching Art, make me  
 Thy confidant ! say, whence derived that air  
 Of calm abstraction ? Can the ruling thought  
 Be with some lover far away, or one  
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith ?  
 Inapt conjecture ! Childhood here, a moon  
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,  
 Has but approached the gates of womanhood,  
 Not entered them ; her heart is yet unpierced  
 By the blind Archer-god ; her fancy free :  
 The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,  
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm  
 Upon her lap reposing, holds — but mark  
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits  
 No firmer grasp — a little wild-flower, joined.  
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears  
 Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped  
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it  
 Till they were plucked together ; a blue flower  
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed :  
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn  
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held  
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,  
 (Her Father told her so,) in youth's gay dawn  
 Her Mother's favorite ; and the orphan Girl  
 In her own dawn, a dawn less gay and bright,  
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace  
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.  
 — Not from a source less sacred is derived  
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air  
 Of calm abstraction through the face diffused  
 And the whole person.

Words have something told  
 More than the pencil can, and verily  
 More than is needed, but the precious Art  
 Forgives their interference, — Art divine,  
 That both creates and fixes, in despite  
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours !  
 That posture, and the look of filial love

Thinking of past and gone, with what is left  
 Dearly united, might be swept away  
 From this fair Portrait's fleshy Archetype,  
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak  
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony  
 So exquisite ; but *here* do they abide,  
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art  
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,  
 In visible quest of immortality,  
 Stretched forth with trembling hope ? — In every  
 realm,

From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,  
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
 That Europe knows, would echo this appeal  
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God  
 In the magnific Convent built of yore  
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He —  
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,  
 A British Painter (eminent for truth  
 In character, and depth of feeling, shown  
 By labors that have touched the hearts of kings,  
 And are endeared to simple cottagers) —  
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,  
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first  
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,  
 Graced the Refectory : and there, while both  
 Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,  
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear  
 Breathed out these words : — “ Here daily do  
 we sit,



Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here,  
 Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,  
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,  
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze  
 Upon this solemn Company, unmoved  
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,  
 Until I cannot but believe that they —  
 They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows.<sup>5</sup>

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs  
 Melting away within him like a dream  
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak :  
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,  
 Domestic Portrait ! have to verse consigned  
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving words :  
 Words that can soothe, more than they agitate ;  
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went down  
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
 Informs the fountain in the human breast  
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.  
 ——— But why this stealing tear ? Companion mute,  
 On thee I look, not sorrowing ; fare thee well,  
 My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell ! \*

1834.

\* The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

## XLI.

## THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,  
 For One, but surely not for One alone,  
 Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,  
 Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;  
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong  
 And dissolution and decay, the warm  
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already  
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced  
 With no mean earnest of a heritage  
 Assigned to it in future worlds. 'Thou, too,  
 With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture'  
 From whose serene companionship I passed.  
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou  
 also —

Though but a simple object, into light  
 Called forth by those affections that endear  
 The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat  
 In singleness, and little tried by time,  
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday —  
 With a congenial function art endued  
 For each and all of us, together joined  
 In course of nature under a low roof  
 By charities and duties that proceed  
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.  
 To a like salutary sense of awe

Or sacred wonder, growing with the power  
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,  
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
 A household small and sensitive. — whose love,  
 Dependent as in part its blessings are  
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.\*

1834

---

 XLII.

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
 Would that the little Flowers were born to live,  
 Conscious of half the pleasure which they give ;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known  
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown  
 On the smooth surface of this naked tone !

\* In the class entitled "Mnsings," in Mr. Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.

And what if hence a bold desire should mount  
 High as the Sun, that he could take account  
 Of all that issues from his glorious fount !

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid  
 These delicate companionships are made ;  
 And how he rules the pomp of light and shade ;

And were the Sister-power that shines by night  
 So privileged, what a countenance of delight  
 Would through the clouds break forth on human  
 sight !

Fond fancies ! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye,  
 On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,  
 Converse with Nature in pure sympathy ;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,  
 Be thou to love and praise alike impelled,  
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

---

XLIII.

UPON SEEING A COLORED DRAWING OF  
 THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray ?  
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air ;

How could he think of the live creature, — gay  
 With a divinity of colors, drest  
 In all her brightness, from the dancing crest  
 Far as the last gleam of the filmy train  
 Extended and extending to sustain  
 The motions that it graces, — and forbear  
 To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime  
 Depicted on these pages smile at time;  
 And gorgeous insects copied with nice care  
 Are here, and likenesses of many a shell  
 Tost ashore by restless waves,  
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves  
 Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:  
 But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,  
 'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,  
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;  
 Could imitate for indolent survey,  
 Perhaps for touch profane,  
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;  
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share  
 The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes  
 Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!  
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,  
 Eastern Islanders have given  
 A holy name, the Bird of Heaven!  
 And even a title higher still,  
 The Bird of God! whose blessed will  
 She seems performing as she flies

Over the earth and through the skies  
In never-wearied search of Paradise, —  
Region that crowns her beauty with the name  
She bears for *us*, — for us how blest,  
How happy at all seasons, could like aim  
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight  
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,  
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest  
Seeking with indefatigable quest  
Above a world that deems itself most wise  
When most enslaved by gross realities!

1835.

## SONNETS

DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

---

### I.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

“PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link;  
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down, — the Poor  
Meet them half-way.” Vain boast! for these, the  
more

They thus would rise, must low and lower sink,  
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;  
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few,  
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,  
And mix the poison they themselves must drink.  
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,  
“Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe.”  
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,  
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly  
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,  
’Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

## II.

## UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

MARCH, 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;  
 And in the Senate some there were who doffed  
 The last of their humanity, and scoffed  
 At providential judgments, undismayed  
 By their own daring. But the People prayed  
 As with one voice; their flinty heart grew soft  
 With penitential sorrow, and aloft  
 Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"  
 O that with aspirations more intense,  
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,  
 This People, once so happy, so renowned  
 For liberty, would seek from God defence  
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence  
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!

## III.

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,  
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,  
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,  
 "The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed;  
 Hooded the open brow that overawed  
 Our schemes; the faith and honor, never yet  
 By us with hope encountered, be upset; —  
 For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!"  
 Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out!"



They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night  
Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted  
locks ;

All Powers and Places that abhor the light  
Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,  
Hurrah for ——, hugging his Ballot-box !

## IV.

BLEST Statesman he, whose Mind's unselfish will  
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts : whose  
eye

Sees that, apart from magnanimity,  
Wisdom exists not ; nor the humbler skill  
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill  
With patient care. What though assaults run high,  
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,  
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil  
Its duties ; — prompt to move but firm to wait, —  
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found ;  
That, for the functions of an ancient State, —  
Strong by her charters, free because imbound.  
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate, —  
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound

## V.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES  
OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PORTENTOUS change, when History can appear  
As the cool advocate of foul device :

Reckless audacity extol, and jeer  
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice !  
 They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer  
 Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater ;  
 Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice  
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.  
 Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man  
 Works not the righteousness of God ? O bend,  
 Bend, ye Perverse ! to judgments from on High,  
 Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban  
 All principles of action that transcend  
 The sacred limits of humanity.

## VI.

## CONTINUED.

WHO ponders National events shall find  
 An awful balancing of loss and gain,  
 Joy based on sorrow, good with all combined,  
 And proud deliverance issuing out of pain  
 And direful throes ; as if the All-ruling Mind,  
 With whose perfection it consists to ordain  
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,  
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind  
 By laws immutable. But woe for him  
 Who, thus deceived, shall lend an eager hand  
 To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,  
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim ;  
 And Will, whose office, by Divine command,  
 Is to control and check disordered Powers ?

## VII.

## CONCLUDED.

LONG-FAVORED England! be not thou misled  
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,  
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,  
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red  
 With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed  
 Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth  
 Be plighted, not to ease, but sullen sloth,  
 Or wan despair, — the ghost of false hope fled  
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,  
 My Country! if such warning be held dear,  
 Then shall a veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,  
 One who would gather from eternal truth,  
 For time and season, rules that work to cheer,  
 Not scourge, — to save the People, not destroy

## VIII.

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's dark book  
 Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent.  
 Think ye your British Ancestors forsook  
 Their native Land, for outrage provident;  
 From unsubmitive necks the bridle shook,  
 To give, in their Descendants, freer vent  
 And wider range to passions turbulent,  
 To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?  
 Nay, said a voice, soft as the south-wind's breath,  
 Dive through the stormy surface of the flood

To the great current flowing underneath ;  
 Explore the countless springs of silent good ;  
 So shall the truth be better understood,  
 And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.

## IX.

## TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,  
 Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,  
 Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,  
 Words that require no sanction from an oath,  
 And simple honesty a common growth, —  
 This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,  
 Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed  
 At will, your power the measure of your troth!—  
 All who revere the memory of Penn  
 Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name  
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,  
 Renounced, abandoned, by degenerate Men,  
 For state-dishonor black as ever came  
 To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

## X.

## AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

## I.

Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit  
 Of sudden passion roused shall men attain

True freedom where for ages they have lain  
 Bound in a dark, abominable pit,  
 With life's best sinews more and more unknit.  
 Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain  
 May rise to break it : effort worse than vain  
 For thee, O great Italian nation, split  
 Into those jarring fractions. — Let thy scope  
 Be one fixed mind for all ; thy rights approve  
 To thy own conscience gradually renewed ;  
 Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope ;  
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,  
 The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

XI.

CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task ! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean  
 On Patience, coupled with such slow endeavor,  
 That long-lived servitude must last for ever.  
 Perish the grovelling few, who, pressed between  
 Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean  
 Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever  
 Let us break forth in tempests now or never ! —  
 What, is there then no space for golden mean  
 And gradual progress ? — Twilight leads to day,  
 And, even within the burning zones of earth,  
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray ;  
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth

Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,  
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

## XII.

## CONCLUDED.

## III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow  
And wither, every human generation  
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,  
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and  
    woe ;  
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego  
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,  
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation  
The unblemished good they only can bestow.  
Alas ! with most, who weigh futurity  
Against time present, passion holds the scales :  
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,  
And nations sink ; or, struggling to be free,  
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales  
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

## XIII.

YOUNG ENGLAND, — what is then become of Old,  
Of dear Old England ? Think they she is dead,  
Dead to the very name ? Presumption fed  
On empty air ! That name will keep its hold

In the true filial bosom's inmost fold  
 For ever. — The Spirit of Alfred, at the head  
 Of all who for her rights watched, toiled, and bled,  
 Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.  
 What! how! shall she submit in will and deed  
 To Beardless Boys, — an imitative race,  
 The *serrum pecus* of a Gallic breed?  
 Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,  
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;  
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

## XIV.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken  
 Daily exposed. woe that unshrouded lies;  
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,  
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs  
 And moanings. or he dwells (as if the wren  
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes  
 In silence and the awful modesties  
 Of sorrow; — feel for all, as brother Men!  
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw  
 By casual boons and formal charities;  
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law;  
 Far as ye may. erect and equalize;  
 And what ye cannot reach by statute, draw  
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

# SONNETS

UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.

---

I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE  
(ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH).

THIS Spot — at once unfolding sight so fair  
Of sea and land, with yon gray towers that still  
Rise up as if to lord it over air —  
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,  
Or charm it out of memory ; yea, might fill  
The heart with joy and gratitude to God  
For all his bounties upon man bestowed :  
Why bears it then the name of " Weeping Hill ?"  
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,  
A prison's crown, along this way they past  
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,  
From this bare eminence thereon have cast  
Their first look, — blinded as tears fell in showers  
Shed on their chains ; and hence that doleful name.



## II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law  
 For worst offenders : though the heart will heave  
 With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,  
 In after thought, for him who stood in awe  
 Neither of God nor man, and only saw,  
 Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned  
 On proud temptations, till the victim groaned  
 Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.  
 But oh ! restrain compassion, if its course  
 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside  
 Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source  
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died  
 Blameless, — with them that shuddered o'er his  
                   grave,  
 And all who from the law firm safety crave.

## III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die  
 Who had betrayed their country. The stern word  
 Afforded (may it through all time afford)  
 A theme for praise and admiration high.  
 Upon the surface of humanity  
 He rested not ; its depth his mind explored ;  
 He felt ; but his parental bosom's lord  
 Was Duty, — Duty calmed his agony.  
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act

A single human life have wrongly taken,  
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,  
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken  
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith  
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

## IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought  
 With such fell mastery that a man may dare  
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare, —  
 Is Death, for one to that condition brought,  
 For him, or any one, the thing that ought  
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,  
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare  
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought  
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind,  
 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,  
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind,  
 But upon Honor's head disturb the crown,  
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand  
 In the weak love of life his least command.

## V.

NOT to the object specially designed,  
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,  
 Good to promote or curb depravity,  
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.  
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind ;

As all Authority in earth depends  
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,  
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.  
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,  
 He feels how far the act would derogate  
 From even the humblest functions of the State,  
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain  
 That never more shall hang upon her breath  
 The last alternative of Life or Death.

## VI.

YE brood of conscience, Spectres ! that frequent  
 The bad man's restless walk, and haunt his bed, —  
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent  
 In act, as hovering Angels when they spread  
 Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent, —  
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share  
 A laxity that could not but impair  
 Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.  
 And ye, Beliefs ! coiled serpent-like about  
 The adage on all tongues, " Murder will out,"  
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good  
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,  
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood  
 Survive not Judgment that requires his own ?

## VII.

BEFORE the world had passed her time of youth,  
 While polity and discipline were weak,  
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,  
 Came forth. — a light, though but as of daybreak,  
 Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek  
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,  
 Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,  
 And love the end, which all through peace must  
                   seek.

But lamentably do they err who strain  
 His mandates, given rash impulse to control  
 And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,  
 So far that, if consistent in their scheme,  
 They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,  
 Making of social order a mere dream.

## VIII.

FIT retribution, by the moral code  
 Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace;  
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
 She plants well-measured terrors in the road  
 Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,  
 And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,  
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,  
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode  
 Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change  
 Take from the horror due to a foul deed,

Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,  
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead  
 In angry spirits for her old, free range,  
 And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail.

## IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter  
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend  
 Thy mental vision further, and ascend  
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.  
 What is a State? The wise behold in her  
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye  
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,  
 To which her judgments reverently defer.  
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice, the  
     State  
 Endues her conscience with external life  
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife  
 Of individual will, to elevate  
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,  
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

## X.

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine  
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift  
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,  
 That no tribunal, though most wise to sift  
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift

Into that world where penitential tear  
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear  
 A voice, — that world whose veil no hand can lift  
 For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time,"  
*They* urge, "have interwoven claims and rights  
 Not to be jeopardized through foulest crime :  
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights.'  
 Even so ; but measuring not by finite sense  
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

## XI.

AH ! think how one compelled for life to abide  
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart  
 Out of his own humanity, and part  
 With every hope that mutual cares provide ;  
 And, should a less unnatural doom confide  
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,  
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast  
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.  
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,  
 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,  
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands  
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is  
     sure,  
 Who sees, foresees ; who cannot judge amiss,  
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

## XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell  
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse  
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,  
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.  
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,  
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent  
 Before the Altar, where the Sacrament  
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell  
 Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven  
 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice ;  
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath given  
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice  
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast  
 On old temptations, might for ever blast.

## XIII.

## CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at the sound  
 Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat  
 Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat  
 In death ; though Listeners shudder all around,  
 They know the dread requital's source profound ;  
 Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete —  
 (Would that it were!) — the sacrifice unmeet  
 For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound ;  
 The social rights of man breathe purer air ;

Religion deepens her preventive care ;  
 Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,  
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,  
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of use :  
 O speed the blessed hour, Almighty God !

## XIV.

## APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain  
 For one who speaks in numbers ; ampler scope  
 His utterance finds ; and, conscious of the gain,  
 Imagination works with bolder hope  
 The cause of grateful Reason to sustain ;  
 And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats  
 Against all barriers which his labor meets  
 In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.  
 Enough ; — before us lay a painful road,  
 And guidance have I sought in duteous love  
 From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath  
     flowed  
 Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way  
 Each takes in this high matter, all may move  
 Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

1840.



## NOTES.

---

Page 1.

*“The White Doe of Rylstone.”*

THE Poem of The White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled, “The Rising of the North.” The tradition is as follows:—“About this time,” not long after the Dissolution, “a White Doe,” say the aged people of the neighborhood, “long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which, she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.” (DR. WHITAKER'S *History of the Deanery of Craven.*) Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

“Bolton Priory,” says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, *The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*, “stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

“Opposite to the east window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of

the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

“But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like inclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, &c., of the finest growth: on the right, a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of gray rock: on the left, a rising copse. Still forward, are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simonseat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

“About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overlung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of gray rock jut out at intervals.

“This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood inclosing a woody island; sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

“The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STRID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or ‘pots of the Linn,’ which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like ‘the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,’ heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.

“The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite.”

## Page 3.

*"Action is transitory," &c.*

This and the five lines that follow were either read or recited by me, more than thirty years since, to the late Mr. Hazlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imperfectly remembered) in a work of his published several years ago.

## Page 4.

*"From Bolton's old monastic Tower."*

It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward in some building of superior height to the ridge."

## Page 5.

*"A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest."*

"The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution, for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English Cathedral."

## Page 5.

*"Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak!"*

"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70*l.* According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber."

## Page 12.

*"When Lady Aaliza mourned."*

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Force of Prayer."

## Page 12.

*‘Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door.’*

“At the east end of the north aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claphams” (who inherited this estate by the female line, from the Mauleverers) “were interred upright.” John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of great note in his time: “he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive.”

## Page 13.

*‘Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet.’*

In the second volume of these Poems will be found one entitled, “Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honors of his Ancestors.” To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burns and Nicholson’s History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says, he “retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper’s lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favorable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

“His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, &c., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23d, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavor to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy, but astronomy, was a favorite pursuit with them.

Page 25.

*"Now joy for you who from the towers  
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear."*

Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

Page 33.

*“Of mitred Thurston, — what a Host  
He conquered!”*

See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.

Page 33.

*“In that other day of Neville's Cross.”*

“In the night before the battle of Durham was strucken and begun, the 17th day of October, *anno* 1346, there did appear to John Fosser, then Prior of the Abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision, the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique.) And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the Englishmen and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanks-

giving to God and Holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

The battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stone-work was erected and set up to the honor of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The Prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length,) "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth inclosed, &c., &c., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but, by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean WHITTINGHAM, whose wife, called KATHARINE, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by eyewitnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled, "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.

Page 45.

*"An edifice of warlike frame  
Stands single,—Norton Tower its name."*

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the

old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds, (two of them are pretty entire,) of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."

Page 60.

*"Despoil and desolation*

*O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown."*

"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that "the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium: for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, and island, &c. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighborhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitcher, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master and was executed at Ripon."



## Page 64.

*"In the deep fork of Amerdale."*

"At the extremity of the parish of Burnsall, the valley of Wharfe forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfedale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Amerdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the northwest, is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment." — DR. WHITAKER.

## Page 66.

*"When the bells of Rylstone played  
Their Sabbath music, — 'God us ayde!'"*

On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cipher, "X. N." for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."

## Page 68.

*"The grassy, rock-encircled Pound,"*

Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker: — "On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the southwest to the northeast corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the north and west, where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, &c. were far from being uncommon in the South of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was

probably taken that these inclosures should contain better feed than the neighboring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that, if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow."

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery, Bolton Abbey and its neighborhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been intrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.

Page 72.

*" Ecclesiastical Sonnets."*

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much beloved and honored Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced, as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church of England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding

shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only, — its difficulty.

Page 73.

“*Did Holy Paul,*” &c.

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favorite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Page 76.

“*That Hill, whose flowery platform,*” &c.

This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works: — “*Variis herbarum floribus depictus imo usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longe lateque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insita sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dica retur.*”

Page 79.

*"Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid  
Of hallelujahs."*

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. — See Bede

Page 79.

*"By men yet scarcely conscious of a care  
For other monuments than those of Earth."*

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose-writers are frequent, — obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularize Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe, and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

Page 80. Sonnet XII.

"Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'If they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us'; and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Broemil wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice." — See Turner's valuable History of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event suggests a most striking warning against national and religious prejudices.

Page 82. Sonnet xv.

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eyewitness: — “*Longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilenta, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu.*”

Page 82.

“*Man's life is like a Sparrow.*”

See the original of this speech in Bede. — The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting, — and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. “Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (*equum emissarium*); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad; — he however halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its inclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, *ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sacraverat aras.*” The last

expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 83.

*"Such the inviting voice  
Heard near fresh streams," &c.*

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

Page 84. Sonnet XIX.

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds: — "Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexa cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant." — Lib. III. cap. 26.

Page 88.

*"The people work like congregated bees."*

See, in Turner's History, Vol. III. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 89.

*"Pain narrows not his cares."*

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 91.

*"Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!"*

The violent measures carried on under the influence of **Dunstan**, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions. — See Turner.

## Page 100.

*"Here Man more purely lives," &c.*

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius." — BERNARD.  
 "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

## Page 107.

*"Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark."*

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious: — and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *patis*, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine  
 And green oak are their covert; as the gloom  
 Of night oft foils their enemy's design,  
 She calls them Riders on the flying broom,  
 Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become  
 One and the same through practices malign.

## Page 111.

*"And the green lizard and the gilded newt  
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age."*

These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.

## Page 120.

*"One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)  
 Transfigured," &c.*

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his

hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple. and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see. and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. . . . Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at Doctor Ridley's feet. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner: "Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out." — *Fox's Acts*, &c.

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

Page 123.

*"The gift exalting, and with playful smile."*

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats



more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.'”— See *Walton's Life of Richard Hooker*.

Page 125.

“*Craftily incites  
The overweening, personates the mad.*”

A common device in religious and political conflicts. — See **Strype**, in support of this instance.

Page 127.

“*Laud.*”

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of *Laud*, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with *Hume*, “that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period.” A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—“Ever since I came in place, I have labored nothing more than that the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God’s service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any rigor.*”

Page 136.

“*The Pilgrim Fathers.*”

American Episcopacy, in union with the Church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, *Bishop Doane*, and *Mr. Henry Reed* of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me

the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in Commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."

Page 139.

*"A genial hearth, . . . .  
And a refined rusticity, belong  
To the neat mansion."*

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals afford to the whole people. The Established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery, often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favorable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the resi-

lence of an old and much-valued friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards, the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens to the view. This humble and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part III.

Page 148. Sonnet xxxii.

This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

Page 151.

*"Teaching us to forget them or forgive."*

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's History of Cambridge.

Page 152.

*"Had we, like them, endured  
Sore stress of apprehension."*

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."

Page 154.

*"Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,  
Like men ashamed."*

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 158.

*“Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name  
From roseate hues,” &c.*

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit, — a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

Page 172.

*“Wings at my shoulders seem to play.”*

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of “Jacob’s Dream,” by Mr. Allston, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honor to rank among my friends.

Page 185.

*“But if thou, like Cocytus,” &c.*

Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that “the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A.” Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, “*to greet*”; signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the River Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared

of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produce the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his *Colloquies*, "where it passes under the woody side of Lattrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind:—

' Ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,  
Occurrensque sibi venturas ascipit undas.' "

Page 188.

*"By hooded Votaresses," &c.*

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

Page 189.

*Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington.*

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curven as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; but one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

Page 190.

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the northeast parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighborhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M. A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit: and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired, under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighborhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlette Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.

Page 193.

*"Are not, in sooth, their Requems sacred ties?"*

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results, and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; since some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or of the present time.

Page 199.

*"And they are led by noble Hillary."*

The TOWER of REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the life-boat establishment, at that place; by which, under his superintendance, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

Page 201.

*"By a retired Mariner."*

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

Page 203.

*"Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!"*

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

Page 205.

*"On revisiting Dunolly Castle."*

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some laborers employed about the place.

Page 209.

*"Cave of Staffa."*

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the



steam-boat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favorable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 211.

*"Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,  
Children of Summer!"*

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 212.

*"Iona."*

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.

Page 216.

*"Yet fetched from Paradise."*

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighborhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, a valley? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel sands, is called the Ea, — *eau*, French, — *aqua*, Latin.

Page 219.

*"Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!"*

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown

over a deep glen or ravine, at a very short distance from the main stream.

Page 220.

*"A weight of awe, not easy to be borne."*

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might overrate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 221.

*"To the Earl of Lonsdale."*

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

Page 290.

*"Descending to the worm in charity."*

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

Page 325.

*"All change is perilous and all chance unsound."*

SPENSER.

Page 327.

*"Men of the Western World."*

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

---

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realized; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the next sonnet is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world.

1869.

END OF VOL. IV.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

### I.

#### EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

From the Southwest Coast of Cumberland. — 1811.

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake,  
From the Vale's peace which all her fields partake,  
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore  
We sojourn stunn'd by Ocean's ceaseless roar ;  
While, day by day, grim neighbor ! huge Black  
Comb

Frowns, deepening visibly his native gloom,  
Unless, perchance rejecting in despite  
What on the Plain *we* have of warmth and light,  
In his own storms he hides himself from sight.  
Rough is the time ; and thoughts, that would be  
free

From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to thee :  
Turn from a spot where neither sheltered road  
Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps abroad ;

Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it might  
 Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,  
 Hopeless of further growth, and brown and sere  
 Through half the summer, stands with top cut sheer,  
 Like an unshifting weathercock which proves  
 How cold the quarter that the wind best loves,  
 Or like a sentinel, that, evermore,  
 Darkening the window, ill defends the door  
 Of this unfinished house, — a Fortress bare,  
 Where strength has been the Builder's only care;  
 Whose rugged walls may still for years demand  
 The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.  
 — This Dwelling's Inmate more than three weeks'  
 space

And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,  
 I — of whose touch the fiddle would complain,  
 Whose breath would labor at the flute in vain,  
 In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill  
 A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,  
 Tired of my books, a scanty company!  
 And tired of listening to the boisterous sea —  
 Pace between door and window, muttering rhyme,  
 An old resource to cheat a froward time!  
 Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their  
 shame?)

Would tempt me to renounce that humble aim.  
 — But if there be a Muse who, free to take  
 Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake  
 Those heights, (like Phœbus when his golden locks  
 He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks,)

And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail  
Trips down the pathways of some winding dale ;  
Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores  
To fishers mending nets beside their doors ;  
Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,  
Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,  
Or listens to its play among the boughs  
Above her head, and so forgets her vows, —  
If such a Visitant of Earth there be,  
And she would deign this day to smile on me  
And aid my verse, content with local bounds  
Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,  
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which we tell  
Without reserve to those whom we love well, —  
Then haply, Beaumont ! words in current clear  
Will flow, and on a welcome page appear  
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish here.

What shall I treat of ? News from Mona's Isle ?  
Such have we, but unvaried in its style ;  
No tales of Runagates fresh landed, whence  
And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence ;  
Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind,  
Most restlessly alive when most confined.  
Ask not of me, whose tongue can best appease  
The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF KEYS ;  
The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer gained.  
What slopes are planted, or what mosses drained :  
An eye of fancy only can I cast  
On that proud pageant now at hand or past,

When full five hundred boats in trim array,  
 With nets and sails outspread and streamers gay,  
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of prayer,  
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep repair,  
 Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine,  
 Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.

Mona from our abode is daily seen,  
 But with a wilderness of waves between ;  
 And by conjecture only can we speak  
 Of aught transacted there in bay or creek ;  
 No tidings reach us hence from town or field,  
 Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield,  
 And some we gather from the misty air,  
 And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph, de-  
 clare.

But these poetic mysteries I withhold ;  
 For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,  
 And should the colder fit with you be on  
 When you might read, my credit would be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen engage,  
 And nearer interests, culled from the opening stage  
 Of our migration. — Ere the welcome dawn  
 Had from the east her silver star withdrawn,  
 The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-door,  
 Thoughtfully freighted with a various store ;  
 And long or ere the uprising of the Sun,  
 O'er dew-damp'd dust our journey was begun,  
 A needful journey, under favoring skies,



Through peopled Vales ; yet something in the guise  
 Of those old Patriarchs when from well to well  
 They roamed through Wastes where now the  
     tented Arabs dwell.

Say first, to whom did we the charge confide,  
 Who promptly undertook the Wain to guide  
 Up many a sharply twining road and down,  
 And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,  
 Through the quick turns of many a hollow nook,  
 And the rough bed of many an unbridged brook ?  
 A blooming Lass, — who in her better hand  
 Bore a light switch, her sceptre of command  
 When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,  
 Skilful and bold, the horse and burdened *sled* \*  
 From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's head.  
 What could go wrong with such a Charioteer  
 For goods and chattels, or those Infants dear,  
 A Pair who smilingly sat side by side,  
 Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide,  
 Whose free embraces we were bound to seek,  
 Would their lost strength restore and freshen the  
     pale cheek ?  
 Such hope did either Parent entertain  
 Pacing behind along the silent lane.

Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took flight,  
 For lo ! an uncouth, melancholy sight. —

\* A local word for sledge.

On a green bank a creature stood forlorn,  
 Just half protruded to the light of morn,  
 Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row thorn.  
 The Figure called to mind a beast of prey  
 Stripped of its frightful powers by slow decay,  
 And, though no longer upon rapine bent,  
 Dim memory keeping of its old intent.  
 We started, looked again with anxious eyes,  
 And in that griesly object recognize  
 The Curate's Dog, — his long-tried friend, for they,  
 As well we knew, together had grown gray.  
 The Master died, his drooping servant's grief  
 Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief;  
 Yet still he lived in pining discontent,  
 Sadness which no indulgence could prevent;  
 Hence whole day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps,  
 And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps;  
 Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!  
 Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute,  
 And of all visible motion destitute,  
 So that the very heaving of his breath  
 Seemed stopped, though by some other power than  
 death.

Long as we gazed upon the form and face,  
 A mild domestic pity kept its place,  
 Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue  
 That haunted us in spite of what we knew.  
 Even now I sometimes think of him as lost  
 In second-sight appearances, or crost  
 By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground

On which he stood by spells unnatural bound,  
Like a gaunt, shaggy Porter, forced to wait  
In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled,  
The choristers in every grove had stilled ;  
But we, we lacked not music of our own,  
For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,  
'Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,  
Some notes prelude, from the round of songs  
With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird  
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,  
Her work and her work's partners she can cheer  
The whole day long, and all days of the year.

Thus gladdened, from our own dear Vale we pass,  
And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass !  
To Loughrigg Tarn, round, clear, and bright as  
    heaven,  
Such name Italian fancy would have given,  
Ere on its banks the few gray cabins rose  
That yet disturb not its concealed repose  
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.

Ah, Beaumont ! when an opening in the road  
Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed,  
The encircling region vividly express  
Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest, —  
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy *bield*.\*

\* A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.

And the smooth green of many a pendent field,  
And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,  
A little, daring would-be waterfall,  
One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,  
Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,  
With here and there a faint imperfect gleam  
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam, —  
What wonder, at this hour of stillness deep,  
A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,  
When Nature's self, amid such blending, seems  
To render visible her own soft dreams,  
If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,  
Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,  
A glimpse I caught of that abode, by thee  
Designed to rise in humble privacy,  
A lowly dwelling, here to be outspread,  
Like a small hamlet, with its bashful head  
Half hid in native trees. Alas! 't is not,  
Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the spot  
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,  
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,  
Of unexperienced joys that might have been;  
Of neighborhood and intermingling arts,  
And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.  
But time, irrevocable time, is flown,  
And let us utter thanks for blessings sown  
And reaped, — what hath been, and what is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,  
Startling us all, dispersed my reverie;

Such shout as, many a sportive echo meeting,  
 Oftimes from Alpine *chalets* sends a greeting.  
 Whence the blithe hail? behold a Peasant stand  
 On high, a kerchief waving in her hand!  
 Not unexpectant that by early day  
 Our little Band would thrid this mountain way,  
 Before her cottage on the bright hill-side  
 She hath advanced with hope to be descried.  
 Right gladly answering signals we displayed,  
 Moving along a tract of morning shade,  
 And vocal wishes sent of like good-will  
 To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill, —  
 Luminous region, fair as if the prime  
 Were tempting all astir to look aloft or climb;  
 Only the centre of the shining cot  
 With door left open makes a gloomy spot,  
 Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found  
 Within the happiest breast on earthly ground.

Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,  
 And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale;  
 Descend and reach, in Yewdale's depths, a plain  
 With haycocks studded, striped with yellowing  
     grain, —  
 An area level as a Lake, and spread  
 Under a rock too steep for man to tread,  
 Where, sheltered from the north and bleak north-  
     west,  
 Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,  
 Fearless of all assaults that would her brood molest.

Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale : but hark,  
At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's bark,  
Noise that brings forth no liveried Page of state,  
But the whole household, that our coming wait,  
With Young and Old warm greetings we exchange,  
And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange  
Press forward, by the teasing dogs unscared.  
Entering, we find the morning meal prepared :  
So down we sit, though not till each had cast  
Pleased looks around the delicate repast, —  
Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,  
With amber honey from the mountain's breast ;  
Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild  
Of children's industry, in hillocks piled ;  
Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie  
Upon a lordly dish ; frank hospitality  
Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,  
And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.

Kind Hostess ! Handmaid also of the feast,  
If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,  
Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak  
Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek  
Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,  
Never retiring, in thy large, dark eyes, —  
Dark, but to every gentle feeling true,  
As if their lustre flowed from ether's purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have been wept  
By those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept,

Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved  
 For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved  
 By fortitude and patience, and the grace  
 Of Heaven in pity visiting the place.  
 Not unadvisedly those secret springs  
 I leave unsearched: enough that memory clings,  
 Here as elsewhere, to notices that make  
 Their own significance for hearts awake,  
 To rural incidents, whose genial powers  
 Filled with delight three summer morning hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay  
 That through our gypsy travel cheered the way;  
 But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun  
 Laughs at my pains, and seems to say, "Be done."  
 Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove  
 This humble offering made by Truth to Love,  
 Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break a spell  
 Which might have else been on me yet:—

FAREWELL.

*Note.* — LOUHRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes, as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written, Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing

## UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION.

SOON did the Almighty Giver of all rest  
Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest ;  
And in Death's arms has long reposed the Friend  
For whom this simple Register was penned.  
Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes ;  
And Strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,  
Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies.  
For, save the calm repentance sheds o'er strife  
Raised by remembrances of misused life.  
The light from past endeavors purely willed  
And by Heaven's favor happily fulfilled, —  
Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share  
The joys of the Departed, — what so fair  
As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,  
Reviewed through Love's transparent veil of years?

here a summer retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularized.



II.

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE.

THE soaring lark is blest as proud  
 When at heaven's gate she sings ;  
 The roving bee proclaims aloud  
 Her flight by vocal wings ;  
 While ye, in lasting durance pent,  
 Your silent lives employ  
 For something more than dull content,  
 Though haply less than joy.

Yet might your glassy prison seem  
 A place where joy is known,  
 Where golden flash and silver gleam  
 Have meanings of their own ;  
 While, high and low, and all about,  
 Your motions, glittering Elves !  
 Ye weave, — no danger from without,  
 And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast  
 Is your transparent cell ;  
 Where Fear is but a transient guest,  
 No sullen Humors dwell ;  
 Where, sensitive of every ray  
 That smites this tiny sea,  
 Your scaly panoplies repay  
 The loan with usury.

How beautiful! — Yet none knows why  
This ever-graceful change,  
Renewed, renewed incessantly,  
Within your quiet range.  
Is it that ye with conscious skill  
For mutual pleasure glide;  
And sometimes, not without your will,  
Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size!  
And now, in twilight dim,  
Clustering like constellated eyes,  
In wings of Cherubim,  
When the fierce orbs abate their glare; —  
Whate'er your forms express,  
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are, —  
All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 't is pure;  
Your birthright is a fence  
From all that haughtier kinds endure  
Through tyranny of sense.  
Ah! not alone by colors bright  
Are ye to heaven allied,  
When, like essential forms of light,  
Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled  
Day-thoughts while limbs repose;  
For moonlight fascinations mild,  
Your gift, ere shutters close, —

Accept, mute Captives ! thanks and praise ;  
 And may this tribute prove  
 That gentle admirations raise  
 Delight resembling love.

1822.

## III.

## LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE PRECEDING.)

[Addressed to a friend; the gold and silver fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.]

“ The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse.” — COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,  
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard ;  
 Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling  
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing,  
 Those silent Inmates now no longer share,  
 Nor do they need, our hospitable care,  
 Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell  
 To the fresh waters of a living Well,—  
 An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest  
 No winds disturb ; the mirror of whose breast  
 Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small

A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.  
 — *There* swims, of blazing sun and beating shower  
 Fearless, (but how obscured!) the golden Power,  
 That from this bauble prison used to cast  
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast;  
 And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,  
 The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;  
 Dissevered both from all the mysteries  
 Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.  
 Alas! they pined, they languished while they  
 shone;

And, if not so, what matters beauty gone  
 And admiration lost, by change of place  
 That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?  
 But if the change restore his birthright, then,  
 Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.  
 Who can divine what impulses from God  
 Reach the caged lark, within a town abode,  
 From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?  
 O yield him back his privilege! — No sea  
 Swells like the bosom of a man set free;  
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.  
 Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep  
 Your independence in the fathomless Deep!  
 Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail;  
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!  
 If unreprieved the ambitious eagle mount  
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,  
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width shall be,  
 Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,  
And watch these mute Companions, in the pool  
(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)  
By glimpses caught, disporting at their ease,  
Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,  
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell  
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell ;  
To wheel with languid motion round and round,  
Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.  
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred ;  
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred ;  
And whither could they dart, if seized with fear ?  
No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.  
When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,  
They wore away the night in starless gloom ;  
And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,  
How faint their portion of his vital beams !  
Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,  
While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now  
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow) —  
Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,  
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,  
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand  
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,  
But gladly would escape ; and, if need were,  
Scatter the colors from the plumes that bear  
The emancipated captive through blithe air  
Into strange woods, where he at large may live

On best or worst which they and Nature give?  
 The beetle loves his unpretending track,  
 The snail the house he carries on his back;  
 The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown  
 The bed we give him, though of softest down;  
 A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,  
 All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,  
 If doomed to breathe against his lawful will  
 An element that flatters him — to kill,  
 But would rejoice to barter outward show  
 For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,  
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,  
 Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch  
 For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,  
 A natural meal,—days, months, from Nature's  
     hand;  
 Time, place, and business, all at his command! —  
 Who bends to happier duties, who more wise,  
 Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize  
 Above all grandeur a pure life uncrossed  
 By cares in which simplicity is lost?  
 That life, the flowery path that winds by stealth,  
 Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;  
 Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
 By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,  
 And the vain splendors of Imperial Rome? —  
 Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,  
 And fiction animate his sportive lyre,  
 Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress

With garlands, cheats her into happiness ;  
Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains  
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,  
As a chance sunbeam from his memory fell  
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well ;  
Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring  
Haunted his ear, — he only listening, —  
He proud to please, above all rivals, fit  
To win the palm of gayety and wit ;  
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
Shrinking from each new favor to be shed,  
By the world's Ruler, on his honored head !

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen  
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid  
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade ;  
A doleful bower for penitential song,  
Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wrong  
While Cam's ideal current glided by,  
And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,  
Citadels dear to studious privacy.  
But Fortune, who had long been used to sport  
With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,  
Relenting met his wishes ; and to you  
The remnant of his days at least was true ;  
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best ;  
You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest !

Far happier they who, fixing hope and aim  
On the humanities of peaceful fame,

Enter betimes with more than martial fire  
 The generous course, aspire, and still aspire:  
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too late,  
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,  
 And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike  
 mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow  
 That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow;  
 With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind  
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the wingèd mind!  
 Then, with a blessing granted from above  
 To every act, word, thought, and look of love,  
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age  
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.\*

1829.

\* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realized: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality namely, quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.



## IV.

## POOR ROBIN.\*

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,  
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,  
And humbler growths, as moved with one desire,  
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,  
Poor Robin is yet flowerless ; but how gay  
With his red stalks upon this sunny day !  
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content  
With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,  
Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power  
To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower ;  
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by  
If looked at only with a careless eye ;  
Flowers, — or a richer produce (did it suit  
The season), sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,  
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought ?  
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay  
Of pretty fancies that would round him play  
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway ?  
Or does it suit our humor to commend  
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,  
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show  
Bright colors whether they deceive or no ? —

\* The small wild Geranium known by that name.

Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will  
 With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill  
 Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill ;  
 Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,  
 Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow :  
 Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,  
 And such as lift their foreheads overprized,  
 Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy  
 This child of Nature's own humility,  
 What recompense is kept in store or left  
 For all that seem neglected or bereft :  
 With what nice care equivalent's are given ;  
 How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

MARCH, 1840.

---

V.

THE GLEANER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,  
 Those locks from summer's golden skies,  
     That o'er thy brow are shed ;  
 That cheek, — a kindling of the morn, —  
 That lip, — a rose-bud from the thorn, —  
     I saw ; and Fancy sped  
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,  
 Of bliss that grows without a care,

And happiness that never flies, —  
(How can it where love never dies?) —  
Whispering of promise, where no blight  
Can reach the innocent delight ;  
Where pity, to the mind conveyed  
In pleasure, is the darkest shade  
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings  
From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face,  
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,  
And mingle colors, that should breed  
Such rapture, nor want power to feed ;  
For had thy charge been idle flowers,  
Fair Damsel ! o'er my captive mind,  
To truth and sober reason blind,  
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,  
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,  
That touchingly bespeaks thee born  
Life's daily tasks with them to share  
Who, whether from their lowly bed  
They rise, or rest the weary head,  
Ponder the blessing they entreat  
From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,  
While they give utterance to the prayer  
That asks for daily bread.

## VI.

## TO A REDBREAST — (IN SICKNESS).

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,  
 And at my casement sing,  
 Though it should prove a farewell lay  
 And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy  
 The promise in thy song,  
 A charm, *that* thought cannot destroy,  
 Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour  
 Thy song would still be dear,  
 And with a more than earthly power  
 My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer:  
 Come, and my requiem sing,  
 Nor fail to be the harbinger  
 Of everlasting Spring.

S. H

## VII.

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell  
 In a large house of public charity,

Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,  
With numbers near, alas ! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor  
And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed  
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door  
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,  
An easy seat this worn-out Laborer found,  
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee  
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day ;  
What signs of mutual gladness when they met !  
Think of their common peace, their simple play,  
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,  
In spite of season's change, its own demand,  
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill ;  
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong  
Was formed between the solitary pair,  
That, when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng,  
The Captive shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone ;  
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,

One living Stay was left, and on that one  
Some recompense for all that he had lost.

O that the good old Man had power to prove,  
By message sent through air or visible token,  
That still he loves the Bird, and still must love ;  
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken !

1846.

---

VIII.

## SONNET.

(TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.)

AFFECTIONS lose their object ; Time brings forth  
No successors ; and, lodged in memory,  
If love exist no longer, it must die, —  
Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,  
Or never hope to reach a second birth.  
This sad belief, the happiest that is left  
To thousands, share not thou ; howe'er bereft,  
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.  
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,  
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,  
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part  
The utmost solitude of age to face,  
Still shall be left some corner of the heart  
Where Love for living Thing can find a place.

1846

## IX.

## FLOATING ISLAND

These lines are by the Author of the Address to the Wind, &c., published heretofore along with my Poems. Those to a Redbreast are by a deceased female Relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work  
On sky, earth, river, lake, and sea ;  
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,  
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth  
(By throbbing waves long undermined)  
Loosed from its hold ; how, no one knew,  
But all might see it float, obedient to the wind ;

Might see it, from the mossy shore  
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,  
Float with its crest of trees adorned  
On which the warbling birds their pastime take

Food, shelter, safety, there they find ;  
There berries ripen, flowerets bloom ;  
There insects live their lives, and die :  
A peopled world it is ; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space  
This little Island may survive ;  
But Nature, though we mark her not,  
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth  
 Upon some vacant sunny day,  
 Without an object, hope, or fear,  
 Thither your eyes may turn, — the Isle is passed  
 away ;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,  
 Its place no longer to be found ;  
 Yet the lost fragments shall remain  
 To fertilize some other ground.

D. W.

X.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high  
 Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,  
 Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds,  
 Hidden from view in dense obscurity.  
 But look, and to the watchful eye  
 A brightening edge will indicate that soon  
 We shall behold the struggling Moon  
 Break forth, again to walk the clear blue sky.

XI.

“ Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone  
 Wi’ the auld moone in his arme.”  
*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy’s Reliques*

ONCE I could hail (howe’er serene the sky)  
 The moon re-entering her monthly round,



No faculty yet given me to espy  
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,  
That thin memento of effulgence lost  
Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,  
Naught I perceived within it dull or dim ;  
All that appeared was suitable to one  
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim ;  
To expectations spreading with wild growth,  
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)  
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood ;  
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw  
Its brightest splendor round a leafy wood ;  
But not a hint from under-ground, no sign  
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move  
Before me ? — nothing blemished the fair sight ;  
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,  
Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,  
And by that thinning magnifies the great,  
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape  
As each new Moon obeyed the call of time,  
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape :  
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,

To see or not to see, as best may please  
A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger ! when thou meet'st my  
glance,

Thy dark Associate ever I discern ;  
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance  
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern ;  
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain  
Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years ;  
A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring  
The timely insight that can temper fears,  
And from vicissitude remove its sting ;  
While Faith aspires to seats in that domain  
Where joys are perfect, — neither wax nor wane.

1826

---

XII.

TO THE LADY FLEMING,

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

I.

BLEST is this Isle, — our native Land ;  
Where battlement and moated gate  
Are objects only for the hand

Of hoary Time to decorate ;  
 Where shady hamlet, town that breathes  
 Its busy smoke in social wreaths,  
 No rampart's stern defence require,  
 Naught but the heaven-directed spire,  
 And steeple tower (with pealing bells  
 Far heard), — our only citadels.

## II.

O Lady ! from a noble line  
 Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
 The spear, yet gave to works divine  
 A bounteous help in days of yore,  
 (As records mouldering in the Dell  
 Of Nightshade \* haply yet may tell,)  
 Thee kindred aspirations moved  
 To build, within a vale beloved,  
 For Him upon whose high behests  
 All peace depends, all safety rests.

## III.

How fondly will the woods embrace  
 This daughter of thy pious care,  
 Lifting her front with modest grace  
 To make a fair recess more fair,  
 And to exalt the passing hour,  
 Or soothe it with a healing power  
 Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,

\* Bekangs Ghyll, — or the dell of Nightshade, — in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.

Before this rugged soil was tilled,  
 Or human habitation rose  
 To interrupt the deep repose !

## IV.

Well may the villagers rejoice !  
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
 Will be a hindrance to the voice  
 That would unite in prayer and praise ;  
 More duly shall wild, wandering Youth  
 Receive the curb of sacred truth,  
 Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear  
 The Promise, with uplifted ear ;  
 And all shall welcome the new ray  
 Imparted to their Sabbath-day.

## V.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,  
 His fancy cheated, that can see  
 A shade upon the future cast,  
 Of time's pathetic sanctity ;  
 Can hear the monitory clock  
 Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock  
 At evening, when the ground beneath  
 Is ruffled o'er with cells of death ;  
 Where happy generations lie,  
 Here tutored for eternity.

## VI.

Lives there a man whose sole delights  
 Are trivial pomp and city noise,

Hardening a heart that loathes or slights  
 What every natural heart enjoys?  
 Who never caught a noontide dream  
 From murmur of a running stream ·  
 Could strip, for aught the prospect yields  
 To him, their verdure from the fields;  
 And take the radiance from the clouds  
 In which the sun his setting shrouds?

## VII.

A soul so pitiably forlorn,  
 If such do on this earth abide,  
 May season apathy with scorn,  
 May turn indifference to pride;  
 And still be not unblest, compared  
 With him who grovels, self-debarred  
 From all that lies within the scope  
 Of holy faith and Christian hope;  
 Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
 False fires, that others may be lost.

## VIII.

Alas that such perverted zeal  
 Should spread on Britain's favored ground!  
 That public order, private weal,  
 Should e'er have felt or feared a wound  
 From champions of the desperate law  
 Which from their own blind hearts they draw;  
 Who tempt their reason to deny  
 God, whom their passions dare defy,

And boast that they alone are free  
Who reach this dire extremity;

## ix.

But turn we from these "bold, bad" men ;  
The way, mild Lady ! that hath led  
Down to their "dark, opprobrious den,"  
Is all too rough for thee to tread.  
Softly as morning vapors glide  
Down Rydal Cove from Fairfield's side,  
Should move the tenor of *his* song  
Who means to charity no wrong ;  
Whose offering gladly would accord  
With this day's work, in thought and word.

## x.

Heaven prosper it ! may peace, and love.  
And hope, and consolation, fall,  
Through its meek influence, from above,  
And penetrate the hearts of all ;  
All who, around the hallowed Fane,  
Shall sojourn in this fair domain ;  
Grateful to thee, while service pure,  
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
For opportunity bestowed  
To kneel together, and adore their God !

L. L.

## ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may  
 The help which slackening Piety requires;  
 Nor deem that he perforce must go astray  
 Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor, that the degree of deviation from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN, in the antique age of bow and spear  
 And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,  
 Came ministers of peace intent to rear  
 The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale, —

Then to her Patron Saint a previous rite  
 Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,  
 Through unremitting vigils of the night,  
 Till from his couch the wished-for Sun uprose.

He rose, and straight, as by divine command,  
 They, who had waited for that sign to trace  
 Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand  
 To the high altar its determined place ; —

Mindful of Him who, in the Orient born,  
There lived, and on the cross his life resigned,  
And who, from out the regions of the morn,  
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

So taught *their* creed;—nor failed the eastern sky,  
'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse  
The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,  
Long as the sun his gladsome course renews.

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased ;  
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,  
Our Christian altar faithful to the east,  
Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays ;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye  
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,  
That symbol of the day-spring from on high,  
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.

1823.

---

XIV

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

ERE the Brothers through the gateway  
Issued forth with old and young,  
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed,  
Which for ages there had hung.



Horn it was which none could sound,  
 No one upon living ground,  
 Save he who came as rightful Heir  
 To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record  
 Had the House of Lucie born,  
 Who of right had held the Lordship  
 Claimed by proof upon the Horn :  
 Each at the appointed hour  
 Tried the Horn, — it owned his power ;  
 He was acknowledged : and the blast  
 Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,  
 And to Hubert thus said he :  
 " What I speak this horn shall witness  
 For thy better memory.  
 Hear, then, and neglect me not !  
 At this time, and on this spot,  
 The words are uttered from my heart,  
 As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

" On good service we are going  
 Life to risk by sea and land,  
 In which course if Christ our Saviour  
 Do my sinful soul demand,  
 Hither come thou back straightway,  
 Hubert, if alive that day ;  
 Return, and sound the Horn, that we  
 May have a living House still left in thee ! "

"Fear not," quickly answered Hubert ;  
"As I am thy father's son,  
What thou askest, noble Brother,  
With God's favor shall be done."  
So were both right well content :  
Forth they from the Castle went,  
And at the head of their array  
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought, (the Lucies  
Were a line for valor famed,)  
And where'er their strokes alighted,  
There the Saracens were tamed.  
Whence, then, could it come, — the thought, —  
By what evil spirit brought ?  
O, can a brave Man wish to take  
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's sake ?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,  
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood."  
Stricken by this ill assurance,  
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.  
"Take your earnings." — O that I  
Could have *seen* my Brother die !  
It was a pang that vexed him then ;  
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace !  
Nor of him were tidings heard.  
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer  
Back again to England steered.

To his Castle Hubert sped ;  
 Nothing has he now to dread.  
 But silent and by stealth he came,  
 And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,  
 Night or day, at even or morn ;  
 No one's eye had seen him enter,  
 No one's ear had heard the Horn.  
 But bold Hubert lives in glee :  
 Months and years went smilingly ;  
 With plenty was his table spread,  
 And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters ;  
 And, as good men do, he sate  
 At his board by these surrounded,  
 Flourishing in fair estate.  
 And while thus in open day  
 Once he sate, as old books say,  
 A blast was uttered from the Horn,  
 Where by the Castle gate it hung forlorn.

'T is the breath of good Sir Eustace !  
 He is come to claim his right :  
 Ancient castle, woods, and mountains  
 Hear the challenge with delight.  
 Hubert ! though the blast be blown,  
 He is helpless and alone :  
 Thou hast a dungeon ; speak the word !  
 And there he may be lodged, and thou be Lord.

Speak ' — astounded Hubert cannot ;  
And, if power to speak he had,  
All are daunted, all the household  
Smitten to the heart, and sad.  
'T is Sir Eustace ; if it be  
Living man, it must be he !  
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,  
And by a postern gate he slunk away.

Long and long was he unheard of :  
To his Brother then he came,  
Made confession, asked forgiveness,  
Asked it by a brother's name,  
And by all the saints in heaven ;  
And of Eustace was forgiven :  
Then in a convent went to hide  
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels  
Had preserved from murderers' hands,  
And from Pagan chains had rescued,  
Lived with honor on his lands.  
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs,  
And through ages, heirs of heirs,  
A long posterity renowned,  
Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

## XV.

## GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

## A TRUE STORY.

O, 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 gray, and flannel fine;  
He has a blanket on his back,  
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,  
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;  
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
At night, at morning, and at noon,  
'T is 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 ! 't was hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light.  
Remote from sheltered village-green,  
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.  
'T was 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,  
O then how her old bones would shake !  
You would have said, if you had met her,  
'T was 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.

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,  
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.  
— He hears a noise, — he 's all awake, —  
Again? — on tiptoe down the hill  
He softly creeps, — 't is 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,  
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.

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.

'T was 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 't is plain,  
That, live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,  
Abed or up, to young or old ;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
" Poor Harry Gill is very cold."  
Abed 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 !

## XVI.

## PRELUDE,

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY  
OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS."

IN desultory walk through orchard grounds,  
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused  
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained  
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song  
To his own genial instincts ; and was heard  
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)  
To utter, above showers of blossom swept  
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,  
Which the unsheltered traveller might receive  
With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind  
That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,  
Encouraged and endeared the strain of words  
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence  
Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book !  
Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,  
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,  
Go, single, yet aspiring to be joined  
With thy Forerunners that through many a year  
Have faithfully prepared each other's way, —  
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled  
When and wherever, in this changeful world,  
Power hath been given to please for higher ends  
Than pleasure only ; gladdening to prepare

For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,  
Calming to raise ; and, by a sapient Art  
Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,  
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased  
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth.  
Since the primeval doom. Such is the grace  
Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend  
With heavenly inspiration ; such the aim  
That Reason dictates ; and, as even the wish  
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me  
Be wanting, that sometimes, where fancied ills  
Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers  
Of private life their natural pleasantness,  
A Voice — devoted to the love whose seeds  
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty  
Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,  
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,  
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs —  
Will not be heard in vain? And in those days  
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide  
Among a People mournfully cast down,  
Or into anger roused by venal words  
In recklessness flung out to overturn  
The judgment, and divert the general heart  
From mutual good, some strain of thine, my  
Book !

Caught at propitious intervals, may win  
Listeners who not unwillingly admit  
Kindly emotion tending to console  
And reconcile ; and both with young and old

Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude  
 For benefits that still survive, by faith  
 In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT, *March 26, 1842.*

---

XVII.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts :  
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature ! scorn not  
 one :

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

1834.

---

XVIII.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.  
 NOV. 5, 1834.

LADY ! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,  
 Among the Favored, favored not the least)  
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,  
 Deliberate traces, registers of thought

And feeling, suited to the place and time  
That gave them birth : — months passed, and still  
this hand,

That had not been too timid to imprint  
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,  
Was yet not bold enough to write of thee.  
And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth,  
The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.  
Flowers are there many that delight to strive  
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,  
Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,  
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,  
Turn a broad front full on his fluttering beams :  
Others do rather from their notice shrink,  
Loving the dewy shade, — a humble band,  
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,  
Congenial with thy mind and character,  
High-born Augusta !

Witness Towers, and Groves!

And thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honored  
name

Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness  
From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,  
Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,  
Witness how oft upon my noble Friend  
*Mute* offerings, tribute from an inward sense  
Of admiration and respectful love.

I have waited, till the affections could no more  
Endure that silence, and broke out in song

Snatches of music taken up and dropped,  
 Like those self-solacing, those under notes  
 Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves  
 Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,  
 The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,  
 Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked  
 And reprehended, by a fancied blush  
 From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed ;  
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil,  
 That, while it only spreads a softening charm  
 O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,  
 Hides half their beauty from the common gaze ;  
 And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill  
 Of lofty station, female goodness walks,  
 When side by side with lunar gentleness,  
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor  
 (Such the immunities of low estate,  
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,  
 Her sacred recompense for my wants)  
 Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out  
 All that they think and feel, with tears of joy,  
 And benedictions not unheard in heaven :  
 And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free  
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines  
 A just memorial ; and thine eyes consent  
 To read how they, who mark thy course, behold

A life declining with the golden light  
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves ;  
See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time ;  
See studied kindness flow with easy stream,  
Illustrated with inborn courtesy ;  
And an habitual disregard of self  
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts  
With these ennobling attributes conjoined  
And blended, in peculiar harmony,  
By youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace !  
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,  
Beheld with wonder ; whether floor or path  
Thou tread ; or sweep, borne on the managed  
steed,  
Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,  
Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.

Yet one word more, — one farewell word, — a  
wish  
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer, —  
That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,  
So — at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes  
Whose tender love, here faltering on the way  
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven, —  
So may it set in peace, to rise again  
For everlasting glory won by faith.

## XIX.

## GRACE DARLING.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields  
 The natural heart is touched, and public way  
 And crowded street resound with ballad strains,  
 Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks  
 Favor divine, exalting human love ;  
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's  
     coast.  
 Known unto few, but prized as far as known,  
 A single Act endears to high and low  
 Through the whole land ;— to Manhood, moved  
     in spite  
 Of the world's freezing cares ; to generous Youth ;  
 To Infancy, that lisps her praise ; to Age  
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame  
 Awaits her *now* ; but, verily, good deeds  
 Do no imperishable record find,  
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live  
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth  
 Has witnessed. O that winds and waves could  
     speak  
 Of things which their united power called forth  
 From the pure depths of her humanity !  
 A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,



Firm and unflinching as the Lighthouse reared  
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place ;  
Or like the invincible Rock itself, that braves,  
Age after age, the hostile elements,  
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor  
    paused,  
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,  
Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous isles, —  
Half of a Vessel, half, — no more ; the rest  
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance  
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,  
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,  
Creatures — how precious in the Maiden's sight !  
For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more  
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed  
Where every parting agony is hushed,  
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
“ But courage, Father ! let us out to sea, —  
A few may yet be saved.” The Daughter's words,  
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
Dispel the Father's doubts : nor do they lack  
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand  
To launch the boat ; and with her blessing cheered  
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
Together they put forth, Father and Child !

Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go, —  
 Rivals in effort ; and, alike intent  
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
 And shattered, and regathering their might ;  
 As if the tumult by the Almighty's will  
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged,  
 That woman's fortitude — so tried, so proved —  
 May brighten more and more !

True to the mark,  
 They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
 Their arms still strengthening with the strength-  
     ening heart,  
 Though danger, as the Wreck is neared, becomes  
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach :  
 And rapture, with varieties of fear  
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
 Foretaste deliverance ; but the least perturbed  
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
 That of the pair, — tossed on the waves to bring  
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life —  
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,  
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,  
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,  
 In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,  
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
 Armed to repel them ? Every hazard faced  
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve

That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
This last remainder of the crew are all  
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
Within the sheltering Lighthouse. — Shout, ye  
Waves !

Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,  
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith  
In Him whose Providence your rage hath served !  
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join !  
And would that some immortal Voice — a Voice  
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips  
Of the survivors — to the clouds might bear, —  
Blended with praise of that parental love,  
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew  
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute, —  
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name !

1842.

## XX.

## THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

## PART I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes  
Like harebells bathed in dew,  
Of cheek that with carnation vies,  
And veins of violet hue ;  
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn  
A likening to frail flowers ;  
Yea, to the stars, if they were born  
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,  
Stepped one at dead of night,  
Whom such high beauty could not guard  
From meditated blight ;  
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
As doth the hunted fawn,  
Nor stopped, till in the dappling east  
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,  
Seven nights her course renewed,  
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,  
Or berries of the wood ;  
At length, in darkness travelling on,  
When lowly doors were shut,  
The haven of her hope she won,  
Her Foster-mother's hut.

“To put your love to dangerous proof  
I come,” said she, “from far ;  
For I have left my Father’s roof,  
In terror of the Czar.”  
No answer did the Matron give,  
No second look she cast,  
But hung upon the Fugitive,  
Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat  
Beside the glimmering fire,  
Bathed duteously her way-worn feet,  
Prevented each desire : —  
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,  
And on that simple bed,  
Where she in childhood had reposed,  
Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,  
Whose curtain, pine or thorn,  
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,  
Who comforts the forlorn ;  
While over her the Matron bent,  
' Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole  
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,  
And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,  
And soon again was dight  
In those unworthy vestments worn  
Through long and perilous flight ;

And "O beloved Nurse!" she said,  
 "My thanks with silent tears  
 Have unto Heaven and you been paid:  
 Now listen to my fears!"

"Have you forgot" — and here she smiled —  
 "The babbling flatteries  
 You lavished on me when a child  
 Disporting round your knees?  
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,  
 Your star, your gem, your flower.  
 Light words, that were more lightly heard  
 In many a cloudless hour!"

"The blossom you so fondly praised  
 Is come to bitter fruit;  
 A mighty one upon me gazed;  
 I spurned his lawless suit,  
 And must be hidden from his wrath:  
 You, Foster-father dear  
 Will guide me in my forward path;  
 I may not tarry here!"

"I cannot bring to utter woe  
 Your proved fidelity." —  
 "Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!  
 For you we both would die." —  
 "Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned  
 And cheek embrowned by art.  
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,  
 With courage will depart."

“ But whither would you, could you, flee?  
A poor man’s counsel take ;  
The Holy Virgin gives to me  
A thought for your dear sake ;  
Rest, shielded by our Lady’s grace,  
And soon shall you be led  
Forth to a safe abiding-place,  
Where never foot doth tread.”

---

## PART II.

THE dwelling of this faithful pair  
In a straggling village stood,  
For one who breathed unquiet air  
A dangerous neighborhood ;  
But wide around lay forest ground  
With thickets rough and blind ;  
And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,  
Was spread a treacherous swamp,  
On which the noonday sun shed light  
As from a lonely lamp ;  
And midway in the unsafe morass  
A single Island rose,  
Of firm, dry ground with healthful grass  
Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft  
This Russian vassal plied,  
That never fowler's gun, nor shaft  
Of archer, there was tried ;  
A sanctuary seemed the spot  
From all intrusion free ;  
And there he planned an artful Cot  
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains, unchecked by dread  
Of Power's far-stretching hand,  
The bold, good Man his labor sped  
At Nature's pure command ;  
Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,  
While, in a hollow nook,  
She moulds her sight-eluding den  
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,  
The twain, ere break of day  
Creep forth, and through the forest wind  
Their solitary way ;  
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack  
Their pace from mile to mile,  
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,  
And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed  
A bright and cheerful face,  
And Ina looked for her abode,  
The promised hiding-place ;



She sought in vain : the Woodman smiled ;  
No threshold could be seen,  
Nor roof, nor window ; — all seemed wild  
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,  
The front with such nice care  
Is masked, “ if house it be or bower,”  
But in they entered are ;  
As shaggy as were wall and roof  
With branches intertwined,  
So smooth was all within, air-proof,  
And delicately lined :

And hearth was there, and maple dish,  
And cups in seemly rows,  
And couch, — all ready to a wish  
For nurture or repose ;  
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant  
That there she may abide  
In solitude, with every want  
By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,  
Led on in bridal state,  
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,  
Entering her palace gate ;  
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,  
No saintly anchoress  
E'er took possession of her cell  
With deeper thankfulness.

" Father of all, upon thy care  
 And mercy am I thrown ;  
 Be thou my safeguard ! " — such her prayer  
 When she was left alone,  
 Kneeling amid the wilderness  
 When joy had passed away,  
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress  
 To hide what they betray !

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,  
 Diffused through form and face,  
 Resolves devotedly serene ;  
 That monumental grace  
 Of Faith, which doth all passions tame  
 That Reason *should* control ;  
 And shows in the untrembling frame  
 A statue of the soul.

---

### PART III.

'T IS sung in ancient minstrelsy  
 That Phœbus wont to wear  
 The leaves of any pleasant tree  
 Around his golden hair ;  
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
 Of his imperious love,  
 At her own prayer transformed, took root,  
 A laurel in the grove.

Then did the penitent adorn  
His brow with laurel green ;  
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn  
No meaner leaf was seen ;  
And poets sage, through every age,  
About their temples wound  
The bay ; and conquerors thanked the Gods  
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time  
So far runs back the praise  
Of beauty, that disdains to climb  
Along forbidden ways ;  
That scorns temptation ; power defies  
Where mutual love is not :  
And to the tomb for rescue flies  
When life would be a blot

To this fair Votress, a fate  
More mild doth Heaven ordain  
Upon her Island desolate ;  
And words, not breathed in vain,  
Might tell what intercourse she found  
Her silence to endear ;  
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground  
Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all  
Her soothed affections clung,  
A picture on the cabin wall  
By Russian usage hung. —

The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright  
With love abridged the day ;  
And, communed with by taper light,  
Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,  
The joy in that retreat  
Might any common friendship shame,  
So high their hearts would beat ;  
And to the lone Recluse, whate'er  
They brought, each visiting  
Was like the crowding of the year  
With a new burst of spring.

But when she of her Parents thought,  
The pang was hard to bear ;  
And, if with all things not enwrought,  
That trouble still is near.  
Before her flight she had not dared  
Their constancy to prove ;  
Too much the heroic Daughter feared  
The weakness of their love.

Dark is the past to them, and dark  
The future still must be,  
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark  
Into a safer sea, —  
Or gentle Nature close her eyes,  
And set her Spirit free  
From the altar of this sacrifice,  
In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms  
 The white swans southward passed,  
 High as the pitch of their swift plumes  
 Her fancy rode the blast ;  
 And bore her toward the fields of France,  
 Her Father's native land,  
 To mingle in the rustic dance,  
 The happiest of the band !

Of those belovèd fields she oft  
 Had heard her Father tell  
 In phrase that now with echoes soft  
 Haunted her lonely cell ;  
 She saw the hereditary bowers,  
 She heard the ancestral stream ;  
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers  
 Forgotten like a dream !

---

PART IV.

THE ever-changing Moon had traced  
 Twelve times her monthly round,  
 When through the unfrequented Waste  
 Was heard a startling sound ;  
 A shout thrice sent from one who chased  
 At speed a wounded deer,  
 Bounding through branches interlaced,  
 And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,  
And toward the Island fled,  
While plovers screamed, with tumult harsh,  
Above his antlered head ;  
This Ina saw, and, pale with fear,  
Shrunk to her citadel ;  
The desperate deer rushed on, and near  
The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,  
The Hunter followed fast,  
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew  
A death-proclaiming blast ;  
Then, resting on her upright mind,  
Came forth the Maid. " In me  
Behold," she said, " a stricken Hind  
Pursued by destiny !

" From your deportment, Sir ! I deem  
That you have worn a sword,  
And will not hold in light esteem  
A suffering woman's word ;  
There is my covert, there perchance  
I might have lain concealed,  
My fortunes hid, my countenance  
Not even to you revealed.

" Tears might be shed, and I might pray,  
Crouching and terrified,  
That what has been unveiled to-day  
You would in mystery hide ;

But I will not defile with dust  
The knee that bends to adore  
The God in heaven ;—attend, be just ;  
This ask I, and no more !

“ I speak not of the winter’s cold,  
For summer’s heat exchanged,  
While I have lodged in this rough hold,  
From social life estranged ;  
Nor yet of trouble and alarms :  
High Heaven is my defence ;  
And every season has soft arms  
For injured Innocence.

“ From Moscow to the Wilderness  
It was my choice to come,  
Lest virtue should be harborless,  
And honor want a home ;  
And happy were I, if the Czar  
Retain his lawless will,  
To end life here like this poor deer,  
Or a lamb on a green hill.”

“ Are you the Maid,” the Stranger cried,  
“ From Gallic parents sprung,  
Whose vanishing was rumored wide,  
Sad theme for every tongue ?  
Who foiled an Emperor’s eager quest ?  
You, Lady, forced to wear  
These rude habiliments, and rest  
Your head in this dark lair !”

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled ;  
 And in her face and mien  
 The soul's pure brightness he beheld  
 Without a veil between :  
 He loved, he hoped, — a holy flame  
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears ;  
 The passion of a moment came  
 As on the wings of years.

“ Such bounty is no gift of chance,”  
 Exclaimed he ; “ righteous Heaven,  
 Preparing your deliverance,  
 To me the charge hath given.  
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
 Is stormy and self-willed ;  
 But when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
 His violence is stilled.

“ Leave open to my wish the course,  
 And I to her will go ;  
 From that humane and heavenly source  
 Good, only good, can flow.”  
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier  
 Was eager to depart,  
 Though question followed question, dear  
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step, — his hopes, more light,  
 Kept pace with his desires ;  
 And the fifth morning gave him sight  
 Of Mo-cow's glittering spires.



He sued : — heart-smitten by the wrong,  
To the lorn Fugitive  
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong  
As sovereign power could give.

A more than mighty change ! If e'er  
Amazement rose to pain,  
And joy's excess produced a fear  
Of something void and vain,  
'T was when the Parents, who had mourned  
So long the lost as dead,  
Beheld their only Child returned,  
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
Within the Maiden's breast :  
Delivered and Deliverer move  
In bridal garments drest ;  
Meek Catherine had her own reward ;  
The Czar bestowed a dower ;  
And universal Moscow shared  
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground ; the nuptial feast  
Was held with costly state ;  
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,  
The Foster-parents sate ;  
Encouraged by the imperial eye,  
They shrank not into shade ;  
Great was their bliss, the honor high  
To them and nature paid !

## INSCRIPTIONS.

---

### I.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE  
BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

1808.

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine  
Will not unwillingly their place resign,  
If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,  
Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's  
hands.

One wooed the silent Art with studious pains :  
These groves have heard the other's pensive  
strains ;

Devoted thus, their spirits did unite

By interchange of knowledge and delight.

May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,  
And Love protect it from all injury !

And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,

Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,

Here may some Painter sit in future days,

Some future Poet meditate his lays ;

Not mindless of that distant age renowned

When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,  
 The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield  
 In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field ;  
 And of that famous Youth, full soon removed  
 From earth, perhaps by Shakespeare's self ap-  
     proved,  
 Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

---

 II.

## IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

OFt is the medal faithful to its trust  
 When temples, columns, towers, are laid in dust ;  
 And 't is a common ordinance of fate  
 That things obscure and small outlive the great :  
 Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery trim  
 Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,  
 And all its stately trees, are passed away,  
 This little Niche, unconscious of decay,  
 Perchance may still survive. And be it known  
 That it was scaped within the living stone, —  
 Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains  
 Of laborer plodding for his daily gains,  
 But by an industry that wrought in love ;  
 With help from female hands, that proudly strove  
 To aid the work, what time these walks and bowers  
 Were shaped to cheer dark Winter's lonely hours.

## III.

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.

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,  
 Shoot forth with livelier power at Spring's return ;  
 And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
 Of pillars, branching off from year to year,  
 Till they have learned to frame a darksome aisle ; —  
 That may recall to mind that awful Pile  
 Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest dead,  
 In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

— There, though by right the excelling Painter  
 sleep

Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep,  
 Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear  
 Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private tear  
 Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I  
 Raised this frail tribute to his memory ;  
 From youth a zealous follower of the Art  
 That he professed ; attached to him in heart ;  
 Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride  
 Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

## IV.

## FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound,  
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,  
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,  
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU;  
Erst a religious House, which day and night  
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite:  
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave  
birth

To honorable Men of various worth:  
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,  
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;  
There, under shadow of the neighboring rocks,  
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;  
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,  
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams  
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,  
With which his genius shook the buskined stage.  
Communities are lost, and Empires die,  
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;  
They perish; — but the Intellect can raise,  
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays

1808.

## V.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE IN THE WALL  
OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT  
GRASMERE.

RUDE is this Edifice, and thou hast seen  
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained  
Proportions more harmonious, and approached  
To closer fellowship with ideal grace.  
But take it in good part: — alas! the poor  
Vitruvius of our village had no help  
From the great City; never, upon leaves  
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed,  
In long succession, pre-existing ghosts  
Of Beauties yet unborn. — the rustic Lodge  
Antique, and Cottage with verandah graced,  
Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,  
Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined hermitage,  
Thou seest a homely Pile, yet to these walls  
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here  
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.  
And hither does one Poet sometimes row  
His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-piled  
With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,  
(A lading which he with his sickle cuts,  
Among the mountains,) and beneath this roof  
He makes his summer couch, and here at noon  
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep  
Panting beneath the burden of their wool,  
Lie round him, even as if they were a part

Of his own Household: nor, while from his bed  
 He looks, through the open door-place, toward  
     the lake

And to the stirring breezes, does he want  
 Creations lovely as the work of sleep, —  
 Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy!

## VI.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE  
 OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB.

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs  
 On this commodious Seat! for much remains  
 Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
 Of this huge Eminence, — from blackness named  
 And to far-travelled storms of sea and land  
 A favorite spot of tournament and war!  
 But thee may no such boisterous visitants  
 Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;  
 And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air  
 Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,  
 From centre to circumference unveiled!  
 Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,  
 That on the summit whither thou art bound  
 A geographic Laborer pitched his tent,  
 With books supplied and instruments of art,  
 To measure height and distance; lonely task,  
 Week after week pursued! — To him was given

Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed  
 On timid man) of Nature's processes  
 Upon the exalted hills. He made report  
 That once, while there he plied his studious work  
 Within that canvas Dwelling, colors, lines,  
 And the whole surface of the out-spread map,  
 Became invisible : for all around  
 Had darkness fallen, — unthreatened, unpro-  
 claimed, —  
 As if the golden day itself had been  
 Extinguished in a moment ; total gloom,  
 In which he sat alone, with unclosed eyes,  
 Upon the blinded mountain's silent top !

1813.

---

 VII.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE LAR-  
 GEST OF A HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY, UPON  
 ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL.

STRANGER ! this hillock of misshapen stones  
 Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,  
 Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn  
 Of some old British Chief: 't is nothing more  
 Than the rude embryo of a little Dome  
 Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built  
 Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.  
 But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned



That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,  
And make himself a freeman of this spot  
At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight  
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound  
Are monuments of his unfinished task.  
The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,  
Was once selected as the corner-stone  
Of that intended Pile, which would have been  
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,  
So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,  
And other little builders who dwell here,  
Had wondered at the work. But blame him not,  
For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,  
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained  
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,  
And for the outrage which he had devised,  
Entire forgiveness! — But if thou art one  
On fire with thy impatience to become  
An inmate of these mountains, — if, disturbed  
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn  
Out of the quiet rock the elements  
Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze  
In snow-white splendor, — think again; and, taught  
By old Sir William and his quarry, leave  
Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose;  
There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,  
And let the redbreast hop from stone to stone.

## VIII.

IN these fair vales hath many a Tree  
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared ;  
 And from the builder's hand this Stone,  
 For some rude beauty of its own,  
 Was rescued by the Bard :  
 So let it rest ; and time will come  
 When here the tender-hearted  
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
 As one of the departed.

1830.

## IX.

THE massy Ways, carried across these heights  
 By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,  
 Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms.  
 How venture then to hope that Time will spare  
 This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side  
 A POET's hand first shaped it ; and the steps  
 Of that same Bard — repeated to and fro  
 At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies  
 Through the vicissitudes of many a year —  
 Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its gray line.  
 No longer, scattering to the heedless winds  
 The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,  
 Shall he frequent these precincts : locked no more

In earnest converse with beloved Friends,  
 Here will he gather stores of ready bliss.  
 As from the beds and borders of a garden  
 Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may  
     spring  
 Out of a farewell yearning, — favored more  
 Than kindred wishes mated suitably  
 With vain regrets, — the Exile would consign  
 This Walk, his loved possession, to the care  
 Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse.

1826

---

 X.

 INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR  
 A HERMIT'S CELL.

1818.

## I.

HOPES, what are they? — Beads of morning  
 Strung on slender blades of grass;  
 Or a spider's web adorning  
 In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy,  
 Whispering harm where harm is not,  
 And deluding the unwary  
 Till the fatal bolt is shot?

What is glory? — in the socket  
See how dying tapers fare!  
What is pride? — a whizzing rocket  
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship? — do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth? — a staff rejected;  
Duty? — an unwelcome clog;  
Joy? — a moon by fits reflected  
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,  
To the Traveller's eye it shone:  
He hath hailed it reappearing, —  
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is Joy, — as quickly hidden,  
Or misshapen to the sight,  
And by sullen weeds forbidden  
To resume its native light.

What is youth? — a dancing billow,  
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)  
Age? — a drooping, tottering willow  
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace? — when pain is over  
 And love ceases to rebel,  
 Let the last faint sight discover  
 That precedes the passing-knell!

---

## XI.

## INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

## II.

PAUSE, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be  
 Whom chance may lead to this retreat,  
 Where silence yields reluctantly  
 Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,  
 And fear not lest an idle sound  
 Of words unsuited to the place  
 Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air  
 Blew softly o'er the russet heath,  
 Uphold a Monument as fair  
 As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,  
 Like marble, white, like ether, pure;  
 As if, beneath, some hero lay,  
 Honored with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed ;  
 And, ever as the sun shone forth,  
 The flattered structure glistened, blazed,  
 And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile,  
 Unsound as those which Fortune builds,  
 To undermine with secret guile,  
 Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock  
 Fell the whole Fabric to the ground ;  
 And naked left this dripping Rock,  
 With shapeless ruin spread around !

---

 XII.

## III.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,  
 Bubbles gliding under ice,  
 Bodied forth and evanescent,  
 No one knows by what device ?

Such are thoughts ! — A wind-swept meadow  
 Mimicking a troubled sea,  
 Such is life ; and death a shadow  
 From the rock eternity !

## XIII.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

## IV.

TROUBLED long with warring notions  
 Long impatient of thy rod,  
 I resign my soul's emotions  
 Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter  
 Yielded by this craggy rent,  
 If my spirit toss and welter  
 On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant  
 To consume this crystal Well;  
 Rains, that make each rill a torrent,  
 Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonoring not her station,  
 Would my Life present to Thee,  
 Gracious God, the pure oblation  
 Of divine tranquillity!

## XIV.

## V.

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
 Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;

Not seldom Evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,  
To the confiding Bark, untrue ;  
And, if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,  
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace on suppliant knee ;  
And peace was given, — nor peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy !

---

XV.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST.  
HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one Friend  
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts



Will sometimes in the happiness of love  
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence  
This quiet spot ; and, Stranger ! not unmoved  
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,  
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.  
Here stood his threshold ; here was spread the roof  
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,  
After long exercise in social cares  
And offices humane, intent to adore  
The Deity, with undistracted mind,  
And meditate on everlasting things,  
In utter solitude. — But he had left  
A Fellow-laborer, whom the good Man loved  
As his own soul. And when, with eye upraised  
To heaven, he knelt before the crucifix,  
While o'er the Lake the cataract of Lodore  
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced  
Along the beach of this small isle and thought  
Of his Companion, he would pray that both  
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)  
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain  
So prayed he : — as our chronicles report,  
Though here the Hermit numbered his last day  
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,  
Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

1800.

## XVI.

## ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind,  
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,  
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam  
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase  
Round and round, and neither find  
An outlet nor a resting-place !  
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,  
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

# SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

MODERNIZED.

---

I.

## THE PRIORESS' TALE.

“Call up him who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold.”

---

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *alsò* and *alway*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine back-ground for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

I.

“O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,” quoth she,  
“Thy name in this large world is spread abroad!  
For not alone by men of dignity  
Thy worship is performed and precious laud;

But by the mouths of children, gracious God!  
 Thy goodness is set forth; they when they lie  
 Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

## II.

Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,  
 Jesu! of thee, and the white Lily-flower  
 Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,  
 To tell a story I will use my power;  
 Not that I may increase her honor's dower,  
 For she herself is honor, and the root  
 Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best boot.

## III.

O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!  
 O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sight!  
 That down didst ravish from the Deity,  
 Through humbleness, the spirit that did alight  
 Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,  
 Conceived was the Father's sapience,  
 Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

## IV.

Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,  
 Thy virtue, and thy great humility,  
 Surpass all science and all utterance;  
 For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee  
 Thou goest before in thy benignity,  
 The light to us vouchsafing to our prayer,  
 To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

## v.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen !  
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,  
That I the weight of it may not sustain ;  
But as a child of twelve months old or less,  
That laboreth his language to express,  
Even so fare I ; and therefore, I thee pray,  
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

## vi.

There was in Asia, in a mighty town,  
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews might be,  
Assigned to them and given them for their own  
By a great Lord, for gain and usury,  
Hateful to Christ and to his company ;  
And through this street who list might ride and wend ;  
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

## vii.

A little school of Christian people stood  
Down at the further end, in which there were  
A nest of children come of Christian blood,  
That learnèd in that school from year to year  
Such sort of doctrine as men usèd there,  
That is to say, to sing and read alsò,  
As little children in their childhood do.

## viii.

Among these children was a Widow's son,  
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,  
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,

And eke, when he the image did behold  
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,  
This Child was wont to kneel adown and say  
*Ave Marie*, as he goeth by the way.

## IX.

This Widow thus her little Son hath taught  
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,  
To worship aye, and he forgot it not ;  
For simple infant hath a ready ear.  
Sweet is the holiness of youth : and hence,  
Calling to mind this matter when I may,  
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,  
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

## X.

This little Child, while in the school he sat  
His Primer coming with an earnest cheer,  
The whilst the rest their anthem-book repeat  
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear ;  
And as he durst he drew him near and near,  
And hearkened to the words and to the note,  
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

## XI.

This Latin knew he nothing what it said,  
For he too tender was of age to know ;  
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed  
That he the meaning of this song would show,  
And unto him declare why men sing so ;  
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,  
This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

## XII.

His Schoolfellow, who elder was than he,  
Answered him thus: 'This song, I have heard say,  
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;  
Her to salute, and also her to pray  
To be our help upon our dying day:  
If there is more in this, I know it not;  
Song do I learn, — small grammar I have got.'

## XIII.

And is this song fashioned in reverence  
Of Jesu's Mother?' said this Innocent;  
'Now, certès, I will use my diligence  
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;  
Although I for my Primer shall be shent,  
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,  
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.'

## XIV.

His Schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,  
As they went homeward, taught him privily,  
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,  
From word to word according to the note:  
Twice in a day it passèd through his throat;  
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he went,  
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent.

## XV.

Through all the Jewry (this before said I)  
This little Child, as he came to and fro,  
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,

*O Alma Redemptoris!* high and low :  
 The sweetness of Christ's Mother piercèd so  
 His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,  
 He cannot stop his singing by the way.

## XVI

The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath  
 His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled. 'O woe,  
 O Hebrew people!' said he in his wrath,  
 'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?  
 That such a Boy where'er he lists shall go  
 In your despite, and sing his hymns and saws,  
 Which is against the reverence of our laws!'

## XVII.

From that day forward have the Jews conspired  
 Out of the world this Innocent to chase ;  
 And to this end a Homicide they hired,  
 That in an alley had a privy place,  
 And, as the Child 'gan to the school to pace,  
 This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast  
 And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

## XVIII.

I say that him into a pit they threw,  
 A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents exhale ;  
 O cursed folk ! away, ye Herods new !  
 What may your ill intentions you avail ?  
 Murder will out ; certès it will not fail ;  
 Know, that the honor of high God may spread,  
 The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.



## XIX.

O Martyr 'stablished in virginity!  
Now mayst thou sing aye before the throne,  
Following the Lamb celestial," quoth she,  
"Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,  
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go  
Before the Lamb singing continually,  
That never fleshly woman they did know.

## XX.

Now this poor widow waiteth all that night  
After her little Child, and he came not ;  
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning light,  
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,  
She at the School and elsewhere him hath sought,  
Until thus far she learned, that he had been  
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen.

## XXI.

With Mother's pity in her breast inclosed  
She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,  
To every place wherein she hath supposed  
By likelihood her little Son to find ;  
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind  
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,  
And him among the accursèd Jews she sought.

## XXII.

She asketh, and she piteously doth pray  
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place,  
To tell her if her child had passed that way ;

They all said, Nay ; but Jesu of his grace  
 Gave to her thought, that in a little space  
 She for her Son in that same spot did cry  
 Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

## XXIII.

O thou great God that dost perform thy laud  
 By mouths of Innocents, lo ! here thy might ;  
 This gem of chastity, this emerald,  
 And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,  
 There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,  
 The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing,  
 So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

## XXIV.

The Christian folk that through the Jewry went  
 Come to the spot in wonder at the thing ;  
 And hastily they for the Provost sent ;  
 Immediately he came, not tarrying,  
 And praiseth Christ that is our Heavenly King,  
 And eke his Mother, honor of Mankind :  
 Which done, he bade that they the Jews should  
 bind.

## XXV.

This Child with piteous lamentation then  
 Was taken up, singing his song alway ;  
 And with procession great and pomp of men  
 To the next Abbey him they bare away ;  
 His Mother swooning by the body lay :  
 And scarcely could the people that were near  
 Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

## XXVI.

Torment and shameful death to every one  
 This Provost doth for those bad Jews prepare  
 That of this murder wist, and that anon :  
 Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare ;  
 Who will do evil, evil shall he bear ;  
 Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,  
 And after that he hung them by the law.

## XXVII.

Upon his bier this Innocent doth lie  
 Before the altar while the Mass doth last :  
 The Abbot with his convent's company  
 Then sped themselves to bury him full fast ;  
 And, when they holy water on him cast,  
 Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was the water,  
 And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

## XXVIII.

This Abbot, for he was a holy man,  
 As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,  
 In supplication to the Child began,  
 Thus saying : 'O dear Child! I summon thee,  
 In virtue of the holy Trinity,  
 Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,  
 Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

## XXIX.

' My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,'  
 Said this young Child, 'and by the law of kind,  
 I should have died. yea many hours ago,

But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,  
 Will that his glory last, and be in mind ;  
 And, for the worship of his Mother dear,  
 Yet may I sing, *O Alma!* loud and clear.

## xxx.

‘ This well of mercy, Jesu’s Mother sweet,  
 After my knowledge I have lived alway ;  
 And in the hour when I my death did meet,  
 To me she came, and thus to me did say,  
 “Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,”  
 As ye have heard ; and soou as I had sung,  
 Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

## xxxI.

‘ Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,  
 In honor of that blissful Maiden free,  
 Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain.  
 And after that thus said she unto me :  
 “My little Child, then will I come for thee  
 Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take :  
 Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake !”’

## xxxII.

This holy Monk, this Abbot, him mean I,  
 Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain  
 And he gave up the ghost full peacefully ;  
 And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen,  
 His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain ;  
 And on his face he dropped upon the ground,  
 And still he lay as if he had been bound.

## XXXIII.

Eke the whole Convent on the pavement lay,  
 Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear ;  
 And after that they rose, and took their way,  
 And lifted up this Martyr from the bier,  
 And in a tomb of precious marble clear  
 Inclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—  
 Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet !

## XXXIV.

Young Hew of Lincoln ! in like sort laid low  
 By cursed Jews, — thing well and widely known,  
 For it was done a little while ago, —  
 Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry,  
 Weak, sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,  
 In mercy would his mercy multiply  
 On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary !”

## II.

## THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

## I.

THE God of Love, — *ah benedicite !*  
 How mighty and how great a Lord is he !  
 For he of low hearts can make high, of high  
 He can make low, and unto death bring nigh :  
 And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.

## II.

Within a little time, as hath been found,  
 He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound :  
 Them who are whole in body and in mind,  
 He can make sick, — bind can he and unbind  
 All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

## III.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice ;  
 Foolish men he can make them out of wise ; —  
 For he may do all that he will devise ;  
 Loose livers he can make abate their vice,  
 And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

## IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may ;  
 Against him dare not any wight say nay ;  
 To humble or afflict whome'er he will,  
 To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill ;  
 But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

## V.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,  
 That with him is, or thinketh so to be,  
 Now against May shall have some stirring, —  
                   whether  
 To joy, or be it to some mourning ; never  
 At other time, methinks, in like degree.

## VI.

For now when they may hear the small birds' song,  
 And see the budding leaves the branches throng,

This unto their remembrance doth bring  
 All kinds of pleasure mixed with sorrowing ;  
 And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

VII.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,  
 Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home ;  
 Sick are they all for lack of their desire ;  
 And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,  
 So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

VIII.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what though now  
 Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow ;  
 Yet have I felt of sickness through the May.  
 Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day, —  
 How hard, alas ! to bear, I only know.

IX.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep  
 Through all this May, that I have little sleep ;  
 And also 't is not likely unto me.  
 That any living heart should sleepy be  
 In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

X.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,  
 I of a token thought which Lovers heed ;  
 How among them it was a common tale,  
 That it was good to hear the Nightingale  
 Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd.

## XI.

And then I thought anon, as it was day,  
I gladly would go somewhere to essay  
If I perchance a Nightingale might hear ;  
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,  
And it was then the third night of the May.

## XII.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,  
No longer would I in my bed abide,  
But straightway to a wood that was hard by  
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,  
And held the pathway down by a brook-side ;

## XIII.

Till to a lawn I came, all white and green,  
I in so fair a one had never been.  
The ground was green, with daisy powdered over ;  
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,  
All green and white ; and nothing else was seen.

## XIV.

There sat I down among the fair, fresh flowers,  
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,  
Where they had rested them all night ; and they  
Who were so joyful at the light of day,  
Began to honor May with all their powers.

## XV.

Well did they know that service all by rote,  
And there was many and many a lovely note,



Some, singing loud, as if they had complained ;  
 Some with their notes another manner feigned ;  
 And some did sing all out with the full throat.

XVI.

They pruned themselves, and made themselves  
     right gay,  
 Dancing and leaping light upon the spray ;  
 And ever two and two together were,  
 The same as they had chosen for the year,  
 Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sat upon,  
 Was making such a noise as it ran on  
 Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony ;  
 Methought that it was the best melody  
 Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII.

And for delight, but how I never wot,  
 I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,  
 Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly ;  
 And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,  
 Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

XIX.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,  
 And who was then ill satisfied but I ?  
 Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,  
 From thee and thy base throat keep all that's good,  
 Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

## XX.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,  
In the next bush that was me fast beside,  
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,  
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,  
Echoing through all the greenwood wide.

## XXI.

Ah ! good sweet Nightingale ! for my heart's cheer  
Hence hast thou stayed a little while too long ;  
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,  
And she hath been before thee with her song ;  
Evil light on her ! she hath done me wrong.

## XXII.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray ;  
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,  
Methought I wist right well what these birds meant,  
And had good knowing both of their intent,  
And of their speech, and all that they would say.

## XXIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake : —  
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,  
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here ;  
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,  
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

## XXIV.

What ! quoth she then, what is 't that ails thee now ?  
It seems to me I sing as well as thou ;

For mine's a song that is both true and plain, —  
 Although I cannot quaver so in vain  
 As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

XXV.

All men may understanding have of me,  
 But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;  
 For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry:—  
 Thou sayst OSEE, OSEE, then how may I  
 Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be?

XXVI.

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not what it is?  
 Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,  
 Then mean I, that I should be wonderous fain  
 That shamefully they one and all were slain,  
 Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

XXVII.

And also would I that they all were dead,  
 Who do not think in love their life to lead;  
 For who is loth the God of Love to obey  
 Is only fit to die, I dare well say,  
 And for that cause OSEE I cry; take heed!

XXVIII.

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,  
 That all must love or die; but I withdraw,  
 And take my leave of all such company,  
 For my intent it neither is to die,  
 Nor ever while I live, Love's yoke to draw.

## XXIX.

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,  
 The most disquiet have, and least do thrive ;  
 Most feeling have of sorrow, woe, and care,  
 And the least welfare cometh to their share ;  
 What need is there against the truth to strive ?

## XXX

What ! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,  
 That in thy churlishness a cause canst find  
 To speak of Love's true Servants in this mood ;  
 For in this world no service is so good  
 To every wight that gentle is of kind.

## XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth ;  
 All gentleness and honor thence come forth ;  
 Thence worship comes, content, and true heart's  
     pleasure,  
 And full-assured trust, joy without measure,  
 And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth :

## XXXII.

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,  
 And seemliness, and faithful company,  
 And dread of shame that will not do amiss ;  
 For he that faithfully Love's servant is,  
 Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die.

## XXXIII

And that the very truth it is which I  
 Now say, — in such belief I'll live and die :

And. Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.  
 Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss.  
 If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

## XXXIV.

Good Nightingale ! thou speakest wondrous fair,  
 Yet, for all that, the truth is found elsewhere ;  
 For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis,  
 And Love in old folk a great dotage is ;  
 Who most it useth, him 't will most impair.

## XXXV.

For thereof come all contraries to gladness ;  
 Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness.  
 Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,  
 Dishonor, shame, envy importunate,  
 Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

## XXXVI.

Loving is aye an office of despair,  
 And one thing is therein which is not fair ;  
 For whoso gets of love a little bliss,  
 Unless it always stay with him, I wis  
 He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

## XXXVII.

And therefore, Nightingale ! do thou keep nigh.  
 For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,  
 If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,  
 Thou 'lt be as others that forsaken are :  
 Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do I.

## XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill beseent  
 The God of Love afflict thee with all teen.  
 For thou art worse than mad a thousand-fold;  
 For many a one hath virtues manifold,  
 Who had been naught, if Love had never been

## XXXIX.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,  
 And he from every blemish them defendeth;  
 And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,  
 In loyalty, and worshipful desire,  
 And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth

## XL.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,  
 For Love no reason hath but his own will;—  
 For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;  
 True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,  
 He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

## XLI.

With such a master would I never be;\*  
 For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,  
 And knows not when he hurts and when he heals;  
 Within this court full seldom Truth avails,  
 So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

\* From a manuscript in the Bodleian. There are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

## XLII.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note  
 How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,  
 And said, Alas that ever I was born !  
 Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn ; —  
 And with that word, she into tears burst out.

## XLIII.

Alas, alas ! my very heart will break,  
 Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak  
 Of Love, and of his holy services ;  
 Now, God of Love ! thou help me in some wise,  
 That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

## XLIV.

And so methought I started up anon,  
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,  
 Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,  
 And he for dread did fly away full fast ;  
 And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

## XLV.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,  
 Kept crying, " Farewell ! — farewell, Popinjay !"  
 As if in scornful mockery of me ;  
 And on I hunted him from tree to tree,  
 Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

## XLVI.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,  
 And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,

That thou wert near to rescue me ; and now  
 Unto the God of Love I make a vow,  
 That all this May I will thy songstress be.

## XLVII.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,  
 By this mishap no longer be dismayed,  
 Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me  
 Yet if I live it shall amended be,  
 When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

## XLVIII.

And one thing will I counsel thee alsó :  
 The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw :  
 All that he said is an outrageous lie.  
 Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,  
 For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

## XLIX.

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this medicine ;  
 This May-time, every day before thou dine,  
 Go look on the fresh daisy ; then say I,  
 Although for pain thou mayst be like to die,  
 Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and pine.

## L.

And mind always that thou be good and true,  
 And I will sing one song, of many new,  
 For love of thee, as loud as I may cry ;  
 And then did she begin this song full high,  
 • Beshrew all them that are in love untrue.”



LI.

And soon as she had sung it to an end,  
 Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend ;  
 And, God of Love, that can right well and may,  
 Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,  
 As ever he to Lover yet did send.

LII.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me ;  
 I pray to God with her always to be,  
 And joy of love to send her evermore ;  
 And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,  
 For there is not so false a bird as she.

LIII.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,  
 To all the Birds that lodged within that dale,  
 And gathered each and all into one place,  
 And them besought to hear her doleful case ;  
 And thus it was that she began her tale.

LIV.

The Cuckoo, — 't is not well that I should hide  
 How she and I did each the other chide,  
 And without ceasing, since it was daylight ;  
 And now I pray you all to do me right  
 Of that false Bird, whom Love cannot abide.

LV.

Then spake one Bird, and full assent all gave .  
 This matter asketh counsel good as grave,

For birds we are, — all here together brought ;  
 And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not ;  
 And therefore we a Parliament will have.

## LVI.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,  
 And other Peers whose names are on record ;  
 A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,  
 And judgment there be given ; or, that intent  
 Failing, we finally shall make accord.

## LVII.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,  
 The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,  
 Under a maple that is well beseen,  
 Before the chamber-window of the Queen,  
 At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay.

## LVIII.

She thankèd them ; and then her leave she took,  
 And flew into a hawthorn by that brook ;  
 And there she sat and sung, upon that tree,  
 " For term of life Love shall have hold of me," —  
 So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

---

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,  
 For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,  
 Who did on thee the hardness bestow  
 To appear before my Lady ? but a sense  
 Then surely hast of her benevolence,

Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give ;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book ! for thy unworthiness,  
To show to her some pleasant meanings writ  
In winning words, since through her gentleness,  
Thee she accepts as for her service fit !  
Oh ! it repents me I have neither wit  
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give ;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,  
Though I be far from her I reverence,  
To think upon my truth and stedfastness,  
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,  
Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,  
She of her liking proof to me would give ;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness !  
Luna by night, with heavenly influence  
Illumined ! root of beauty and goodnesse,  
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,  
My sighs breathed forth in silence, — comfort give !  
Since of all good you are the best alive.

EXPLICIT.

## III.

## TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear  
His eyes from sleep, at the first break of day,  
And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,  
For love of God, full piteously did say.  
We must the Palace see of Cresida ;  
For since we yet may have no other feast,  
Let us behold her Palace at the least !

And therewithal to cover his intent,  
A cause he found into the Town to go,  
And they right forth to Cresid's Palace went ;  
But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe,  
Him thought his sorrowful heart would break in two,  
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,  
Wellnigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan behold  
How shut was every window of the place,  
Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold ;  
For which, with changèd, pale, and deadly face,  
Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to pace ;  
And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,  
That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus : O Palace desolate !  
O house of houses, once so richly dight !

O Palace empty and disconsolate !  
Thou lamp of which extinguished is the light !  
O Palace whilom day that now art night !  
Thou ought'st to fall and I to die ; since she  
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O of all houses once the crownèd boast !  
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss !  
O ring of which the ruby now is lost !  
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss !  
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss  
Thy cold doors ; but I dare not for this rout ;  
Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is out !

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,  
With changèd face, and piteous to behold ;  
And when he might his time aright espy,  
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told  
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,  
So piteously, and with so dead a hue,  
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,  
And everything to his remembrance  
Came, as he rode by places of the town  
Where he had felt such perfect pleasure once.  
Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance,  
And in that Temple she with her bright eyes,  
My Lady dear, first bound me captive-wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I  
Heard my own Cresid's laugh; and once at play  
I yonder saw her eke full blissfully;  
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say,  
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I pray!  
And there so graciously did me behold,  
That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

And at the corner of that self-same house  
Heard I my most beloved Lady dear,  
So womanly, with voice melodious  
Singing so well, so goodly, and so clear.  
That in my soul methinks I yet do hear  
The blissful sound; and in that very place  
My Lady first me took unto her grace.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he cried,  
When I the process have in memory,  
How thou hast wearied me on every side,  
Men thence a book might make, a history;  
What need to seek a conquest over me,  
Since I am wholly at thy will? what joy  
Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy?

Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked, thine ire  
Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and grief;  
Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I desire  
Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief;  
And live and die I will in thy belief;

For which I ask for guerdon but one boon,  
That Cresida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return,  
As thou dost mine with longing her to see,  
Then know I well that she would not sojourn.  
Now, bliss-ful Lord, so cruel do not be  
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray to thee,  
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,  
From whence to Thebes came griefs in multitude.

And after this he to the gate did go  
Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she was ;  
And up and down there went, and to and fro,  
And to himself full oft he said, Alas !  
From hence my hope, and solace forth did pass.  
O would the blissful God now for his joy,  
I might her see again coming to Troy !

And up to yonder hill was I her guide ;  
Alas ! and there I took of her my leave ;  
Yonder I saw her to her Father ride,  
For very grief of which my heart shall cleave ; —  
And hither home I came when it was eve ;  
And here I dwell, an outcast from all joy,  
And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,  
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less

Than he was wont ; and that in whispers soft  
Men said, What may it be, can no one guess  
Why Troilus hath all this heaviness ?  
All which he of himself conceited wholly  
Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head,  
That every wight, who in the way passed by,  
Had of him ruth, and fancied that they said,  
I am right sorry Troilus will die :  
And thus a day or two drove wearily ;  
As ye have heard : such life 'gan he to lead  
As one that standeth betwixt hope and dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to show  
The occasion of his woe, as best he might ;  
And made a fitting song, of words but few,  
Somewhat his woful heart to make more light ;  
And when he was removed from all men's sight,  
With a soft night voice, he of his Lady dear,  
That absent was, 'gan sing, as ye may hear : —

O star, of which I lost have all the light,  
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,  
That ever dark in torment, night by night,  
Toward my death with wind I steer and sail ;  
For which upon the tenth night if thou fail  
With thy bright beams to guide me but one hour,  
My ship and me Charybdis will devour.



As soon as he this song had thus sung through,  
He fell again into his sorrows old ;  
And every night, as was his wont to do,  
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold ;  
And all his trouble to the moon he told,  
And said : I wis, when thou art horned anew,  
I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,  
When hence did journey my bright Lady dear,  
That cause is of my torment and my sorrow ;  
For which, O gentle Luna, bright and clear,  
For love of God, run fast above thy sphere ;  
For when thy horns begin once more to spring,  
Then shall she come, that with her bliss may bring.

The day is more, and longer every night,  
Than they were wont to be, — for he thought so,  
And that the sun did take his course not right,  
By longer way than he was wont to go ;  
And said, I am in constant dread, I trow,  
That Phaëton his son is yet alive,  
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,  
To the end that he the Grecian host might see ;  
And ever thus he to himself would talk —  
Lo ! yonder is my own bright Lady free ;  
Or yonder is it that the tents must be ;

And thence does come this air which is so sweet,  
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and more  
By moments thus increaseth in my face,  
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore ;  
I prove it thus : for in no other space  
Of all this town, save only in this place,  
Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain ;  
It saith, Alas ! why severed are we twain ?

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,  
Till fully passed and gone was the ninth night ;  
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,  
Who busily made use of all his might  
To comfort him, and make his heart more light ;  
Giving him always hope, that she the morrow  
Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD  
OF OLD AGE.

---

I.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

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 neighborhood, and had certain fixed days on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

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 a 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 ate 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  
 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,  
 Watches the aged Beggar with a look  
 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,  
 The old man does not change his course, the boy  
 Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,

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 forever on the ground,  
He plies his weary journey ; seeing still,  
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,  
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left  
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 wagon 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 burden of the earth ! 'T is 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 mood 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 dried remnants of a garden-flower  
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement  
 Worn out and worthless. While from door to door  
 This old man creeps, 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 self-hness and cold, oblivious cares.  
 Among the farms and solitary huts,  
 Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,  
 Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,  
 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 minds  
 In childhood, from this solitary Being,  
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received  
 (A thing more precious far than all that books  
 Or the solitudes of love can do !)  
 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 't is 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  
 E-stablished in the land where they abide  
 Are strict observers; and not negligent  
 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,  
 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 neighbor, when with punctual care, each week,  
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
 By her own wants, she from her store of meal



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  
 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.  
 — 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 gray 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 countenance there fashioned, which, spite of  
 a stain  
 That his life hath received, to the last will remain.

A Farmer he was ; and his house far and near  
 Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer :  
 How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale  
 Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his  
 mild ale !

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,  
 His fields seemed to know what their master was  
 doing ;  
 And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,  
 All caught the infection, — as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl, —  
 The fields better suited the ease of his soul :  
 He strayed through the fields like an indolent  
 wight, —  
 The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought ; and the poor,  
 Familiar with him, made an inn of his door :  
 He gave them the best that he had : or, to say  
 What less may mislead you, they took it away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his  
 farm :  
 The Genius of Plenty preserved him from harm

At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,  
 His means are run out, — he must beg, or must  
 borrow.

To the neighbors he went, — all were free with  
 their money ;  
 For his hive had so long been replenished with  
 honey,  
 That they dreamt not of dearth ; — he continued  
 his rounds,  
 Knocked here, and knocked there, pounds still  
 adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten pelf,  
 And something, it might be, reserved for himself :  
 Then, (what is too true,) without hinting a word,  
 Turned his back on the country, — and off like a  
 bird.

You lift up your eyes ! — but I guess that you frame  
 A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame ;  
 In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
 For this he did all in the *case* of his heart.

To London — a sad emigration I ween —  
 With his gray hairs he went, from the brook and  
 the green :  
 And there, with small wealth but his legs and his  
 hands,  
 As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume, —  
 Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and groom:  
 But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
 And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his  
     mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is  
     stout ;  
 Twice as fast as before does his blood run about ;  
 You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,  
 And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he 's not like an old man that leisurely goes  
 About work that he knows, in a track that he knows ;  
 But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
 And you guess that the more then his body must  
     stir.

In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,  
 Like one whose own country 's far over the sea ;  
 And Nature, while through the great city he hies,  
 Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,  
 More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue ;  
 Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,  
 And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What 's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?  
 Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets ;

With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
 You might think he 'd twelve reapers at work in  
 the Strand.

Where proud Covent Garden, in desolate hours  
 Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits and her  
 flowers,

Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made  
 Poor Winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a wagon of straw,  
 Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw :  
 With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,  
 And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a  
 dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,  
 Thrusts his hands in a wagon, and smells at the hay ;  
 He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,  
 And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair, —  
 If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.  
 The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,  
 And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam ! when low thou art laid,  
 May one blade of grass spring over thy head :  
 And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,  
 Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

## III.

## THE SMALL CELANDINE.

There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;  
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun himself, 't is out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on  
swarm,  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distressed,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed  
And recognized it, though an altered form,  
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly muttered voice,  
" It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :  
This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old.

" The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;  
It cannot help itself in its decay ;  
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a Prodigal's Favorite, — then, worse truth.  
 A Miser's Pensioner, — behold our lot!  
 O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth  
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

1804.

---

 IV.

## THE TWO THIEVES;

OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were mine.  
 And the skill which he learned on the banks of  
 the Tyne!  
 Then the Muses might deal with me just as they  
 chose,  
 For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of  
 prose.

What feats would I work with my magical hand!  
 Book-learning and books should be banished the  
 land:  
 And, for hunger and thirst and such troublesome  
 calls,  
 Every ale-house should then have a feast on its  
 walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair:  
 Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would  
 he care!



For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his  
Sheaves,  
O, what would they be to my tale of Two Thieves ?

The one, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,  
His Grandsire that age more than thirty times told ;  
There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul  
weather  
Between them, and both go a pilfering together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his floor ?  
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's door ?  
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide !  
And his Grandson 's as busy at work by his side.

Old Daniel begins ; he stops short, — and his eye,  
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly ·  
'T is a look which at this time is hardly his own,  
But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown

He once had a heart which was moved by the wires  
Of manifold pleasures and many desires :  
And what if he cherished his purse ? 'T was no  
more  
Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'T was a path trod by thousands ; but Daniel is one  
Who went something farther than others have gone ;  
And now with old Daniel you see how it fares,  
You see to what end he has brought his gray hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand : ere the sun  
 Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is begun :  
 And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,  
 This child but half knows it, and that not at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,  
 And each, in his turn, becomes leader or led ;  
 And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
 Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy, they  
     roam ;  
 For the gray-headed Sire has a daughter at home,  
 Who will gladly repair all the damage that 's done ;  
 And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
 I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side :  
 Long yet mayst thou live ! for a teacher we see  
 That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

1809.

---

 v.

## ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY

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 feel.

## EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

---

### EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

#### I.

WEEP not, beloved Friends ! nor let the air  
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life  
Have I been taken ; this is genuine life  
And this alone, — the life which now I live  
In peace eternal ; where desire and joy  
Together move in fellowship without end.—  
Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,  
His tombstone thus should speak for him. And  
surely  
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours  
Long to continue in this world ; a world  
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope  
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

#### II.

PERHAPS some needful service of the State  
Drew TITUS from the depth of studious bowers,

And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,  
 Where gold determines between right and wrong.  
 Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,  
 And his pure native genius, lead him back  
 To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,  
 Whom he had early loved. And not in vain  
 Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools  
 Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung  
 With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.  
 There pleasure crowned his days; and all his  
 thoughts

A roseate fragrance breathed.\* — O human life,  
 That never art secure from dolorous change!  
 Behold a high injunction suddenly  
 To Arno's side hath brought him, and he charmed  
 A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called  
 To the perpetual silence of the grave.  
 Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
 A Champion steadfast and invincible,  
 To quell the rage of literary War!

†

O THOU who movest onward with a mind  
 Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!  
 'T will be no fruitless moment. I was born  
 Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.

\* Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri  
 Erano tutti rose.

†Le Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
 To sacred studies ; and the Roman Shepherd  
 Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous flock.  
 Well did I watch, much labored, nor had power  
 To escape from many and strange indignities ;  
 Was smitten by the great ones of the world,  
 But did not fall ; for Virtue braves all shocks,  
 Upon herself resting immovably.  
 Me did a kindlier fortune then invite  
 To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,  
 And in his hands I saw a high reward  
 Stretched out for my acceptance, — but Death  
                   came.

Now, Reader, learn from this my fate, how false,  
 How treacherous to her promise, is the world ;  
 And trust in God, — to whose eternal doom  
 Must bend the sceptred Potentates of earth.

#### IV.

THERE never breathed a man who, when his life  
 Was closing, might not of that life relate  
 Toils long and hard. — The warrior will report  
 Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,  
 And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed  
 To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,  
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
 Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
 From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.

I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,  
 Could represent the countenance horrible  
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage  
 Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years  
 Over the well-steered galleys did I rule:—  
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,  
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;  
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft.  
 Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir  
 I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride  
 Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.  
 What noble pomp and frequent have not I  
 On regal decks beheld! yet in the end  
 I learned that one poor moment can suffice  
 To equalize the lofty and the low.  
 We sail the sea of life, — a *Calm* one finds,  
 And one a *Tempest*, — and, the voyage o'er,  
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.  
 If more of my condition ye would know,  
 Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang  
 Of noble parents: seventy years and three  
 Lived I, — then yielded to a slow disease.

## v.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero,  
 With an untoward fate, was long involved  
 In odious litigation; and full long,  
 Fate harder still! had he to endure assaults

Of racking malady. And true it is,  
 That not the less a frank, courageous heart  
 And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain ;  
 And he was strong to follow in the steps  
 Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path  
 Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,  
 That might from him be hidden ; not a track  
 Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he  
 Had traced its windings. — This Savona knows,  
 Yet no sepulchral honors to her Son  
 She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled  
 Only by gold. And now a simple stone  
 Inscribed with this memorial here is raised  
 By his bereft, his lonely Chiabrera.  
 Think not, O Passenger who read'st the lines !  
 That an exceeding love hath dazzled me ;  
 No, — he was one whose memory ought to spread  
 Where'er Permessus bears an honored name,  
 And live as long as its pure stream shall flow.

## VI.

DESTINED to war from very infaney  
 Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took  
 In Malta the white symbol of the Cross :  
 Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun  
 Hazard or toil ; among the sands was seen  
 Of Lybia : and not seldom on the banks  
 Of wide Hungarian Danube, 't was my lot



To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.  
 So lived I, and repined not at such fate:  
 This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,  
 That, stripped of arms, I to my end am brought  
 On the soft down of my paternal home.  
 Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause  
 To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt  
 In thy appointed way, and bear in mind  
 How fleeting and how frail is human life!

## VII.

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle blood,  
 And all that generous nurture breeds to make  
 Youth amiable! O friend so true of soul  
 To fair Aglaia! by what envy moved,  
 Lelius! has death cut short thy brilliant day  
 In its sweet opening? and what dire mishap  
 Has from Savona torn her best delight?  
 For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to mourn;  
 And, should the outpourings of her eyes suffice not  
 For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto  
 Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto,  
 Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,  
 In the chaste arms of thy belovèd Love!  
 What profit riches? what does youth avail?  
 Dust are our hopes; — I, weeping bitterly,  
 Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to pray  
 That every gentle Spirit hither led  
 May read them not without some bitter tears.

## VIII.

NOT without heavy grief of heart did he  
 On whom the duty fell (for at that time  
 The father sojourn'd in a distant land)  
 Deposit in the hollow of this tomb  
 A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved!  
 FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had borne,  
 POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious house;  
 And when beneath this stone the Corse was laid,  
 The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.  
 Alas! the twentieth April of his life  
 Had scarcely flowered: and at this early time,  
 By genuine virtue he inspired a hope  
 That greatly cheered his country: to his kin  
 He promised comfort: and the flattering thoughts  
 His friends had in their fondness entertained,\*  
 He suffered not to languish or decay.  
 Now is there not good reason to break forth  
 Into a passionate lament? — O Soul!  
 Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,  
 Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air:  
 And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,  
 An everlasting spring! in memory  
 Of that delightful fragrance which was once  
 From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

\* In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original: —

——— e degli amici  
 Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

## IX.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit ! — Balbi supplicates  
 That thou, with no reluctant voice, for him  
 Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer  
 A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.  
 This to the dead by sacred right belongs ;  
 All else is nothing. — Did occasion suit  
 To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb  
 Would ill suffice : for Plato's lore sublime,  
 And all the wisdom of the Stagirite,  
 Enriched and beautified his studious mind :  
 With Archimedes also he conversed  
 As with a chosen friend ; nor did he leave  
 Those laureate' wreaths ungathered which the  
     Nymphs  
 Twine near their loved Permessus. — Finally,  
 Himself above each lower thought uplifting,  
 His ears he closed to listen to the songs  
 Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old ;  
 And his Permessus found on Lebanon.  
 A blessed man ! who of protracted days  
 Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep ;  
 But truly did *he* live his life. Urbino,  
 Take pride in him ! — O Passenger, farewell !

---

## I.

BY a blest Husband guided, Mary came  
 From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name ;  
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride  
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.  
 O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which proves  
 That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.  
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,  
 And troubles that were each a step to Heaven :  
 Two Babes were laid in earth before she died ;  
 A third now slumbers at the Mother's side ;  
 Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford  
 A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader ! if to thy bosom cling the pain  
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain ;  
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart  
 Time, still intent on his insidious part,  
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,  
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep ;  
 Bear with him, — judge *him* gently who makes  
                   known  
 His bitter loss by this memorial Stone ;  
 And pray that in his faithful breast the grace  
 Of resignation find a hallowed place.

II.

SIX months to six years added he remained  
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained :  
 O blessed Lord ! whose mercy then removed  
 A Child whom every eye that looked on loved ;  
 Support us, teach us calmly to resign  
 What we possessed, and now is wholly thine !

---

III.

CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,  
 Though resolute when duty called  
 To meet the world's broad eye,  
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun  
 That ever feared the tempting sun,  
 Did Fermor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,  
 One heart-relieving tear may claim ;  
 But if the pensive gloom

Of fond regret be still thy choice,  
 Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice  
 Of Jesus from her tomb !

“ I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.”

---

IV.

EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORELAND.

By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft  
 A sad heart's sunshine,) by a soft  
 And gentle nature, and a free  
 Yet modest hand of charity,  
 Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared  
 To young and old ; and how revered  
 Had been that pious spirit, a tide  
 Of humble mourners testified,  
 When, after pains dispensed to prove  
 The measure of God's chastening love,  
 Here, brought from far, his corse found rest, —  
 Fulfilment of his own request ; —  
 Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he  
 Planted with such fond hope the tree,  
 Less for the love of stream and rock,  
 Dear as they were, than that his Flock,  
 When they no more their Pastor's voice  
 Could hear to guide them in their choice

Through good and evil, help might have,  
 Admonished, from his silent grave,  
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,  
 For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

---

V.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE  
 VILLAGE SCHOOL OF —.

1798.

I COME, ye little noisy Crew,  
 Not long your pastime to prevent ;  
 I heard the blessing which to you  
 Our common Friend and Father sent.  
 I kissed his cheek before he died ;  
 And when his breath was fled,  
 I raised, while kneeling by his side,  
 His hand : — it dropped like lead.  
 Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all  
 That can be done, will never fall  
 Like his till they are dead.  
 By night or day, blow foul or fair,  
 Ne'er will the best of all your train  
 Play with the locks of his white hair,  
 Or stand between his knees again.

Here did he sit confined for hours ;  
 But he could see the woods and plains,

Could hear the wind and mark the showers  
 Come streaming down the streaming panes.  
 Now stretched beneath his grass-green mound  
 He rests a prisoner of the ground.  
 He loved the breathing air,  
 He loved the sun, but if it rise  
 Or set, to him where now he lies,  
 Brings not a moment's care.  
 Alas ! what idle words ; but take  
 The Dirge which, for our Master's sake  
 And yours, love prompted me to make.  
 The rhymes so homely in attire  
 With learned ears may ill agree,  
 But, chanted by your Orphan Choir,  
 Will make a touching melody.

## DIRGE.

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old gray stone ;  
 Thou Angler, by the silent flood ;  
 And mourn when thou art all alone,  
 Thou Woodman, in the distant wood !

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy  
 Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ;  
 And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy !  
 Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide  
 Who checked or turned thy headstrong youth,



As he before had sanctified  
Thy infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,  
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,  
Give, when your thoughts are turned this way  
A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain  
With one accord our voices raise,  
Let sorrow overcharged with pain  
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting  
From ill we meet or good we miss,  
May touches of his memory bring  
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS AFTER.

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat ;  
But benefits, his gift, we trace. —  
Expressed in every eye we meet  
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude  
Flowed from his life what still they hold,  
Light pleasures, every day renewed,  
And blessings half a century old.

O true of heart, of spirit gay,  
 Thy faults, where not already gone  
 From memory, prolong their stay  
 For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss ;  
 And what beyond this thought we crave  
 Comes in the promise from the Cross,  
 Shining upon thy happy grave.\*

---

 VI.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM,  
 PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile !  
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :  
 I saw thee every day : and all the while  
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
 So like, so very like, was day to day !  
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there ;  
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

\* See, upon the subject of the three foregoing pieces, the  
 Fountain, &c., in the fourth volume of the Author's Poems.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;  
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings :  
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
 To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,  
 Amid a world how different from this !  
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;  
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house di-  
     vine  
 Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ; —  
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine,  
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have made :  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
 A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been, — 't is so no more ;  
 I have submitted to a new control ;  
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;  
 A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been :  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been  
                   the Friend,  
 If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,  
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 't is a passionate Work ! — yet wise and well,  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
 That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves,  
 Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !  
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
 Is to be pitied ; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !  
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here. --  
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

1868

---

VII.

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower ! belike one day to have  
 A place upon thy Poet's grave,  
 I welcome thee once more :  
 But he, who was on land, at sea,  
 My Brother, too, in loving thee,  
 Although he loved more silently  
 Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah ! hopeful, hopeful was the day  
 When to that Ship he bent his way,  
 To govern and to guide :  
 His wish was gained : a little time  
 Would bring him back, in manhood's prime  
 And free for life, these hills to climb,  
 With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day  
 While that stout Ship at anchor lay  
 Beside the shores of Wight ;  
 The May had then made all things green,

And, floating there, in pomp serene,  
That Ship was goodly to be seen,  
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought  
The tender peace of rural thought :  
In more than happy mood  
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers !  
He then would steal at leisure hours,  
And loved you glittering in your bowers,  
A starry multitude.

But hark the word! — the ship is gone ; —  
Returns from her long course ; — anon  
Sets sail ; — in season due,  
Once more on English earth they stand :  
But, when a third time from the land  
They parted, sorrow was at hand  
For him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel ! — ghastly shock !  
— At length delivered from the rock,  
The deep she hath regained ;  
And through the stormy night they steer,  
Laboring for life, in hope and fear,  
To reach a safer shore, — how near,  
Yet not to be attained !

“ Silence ! ” the brave Commander cried ;  
To that calm word a shriek replied,

It was the last death-shriek.  
— A few (my soul oft sees that sight)  
Survive upon the tall mast's height ;  
But one dear remnant of the night, —  
For him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea  
He lay in slumber quietly ;  
Unforced by wind or wave  
To quit the ship for which he died,  
(All claims of duty satisfied ;)   
And there they found him at her side,  
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service ! yet not vainly done  
For this, if other end were none,  
That he, who had been cast  
Upon a way of life unmeet  
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,  
Should find an undisturbed retreat  
Near what he loved, at last —

The neighborhood of grove and field  
To him a resting-place should yield,  
A meek man and a brave !  
The birds shall sing and ocean make  
A mournful murmur for *his* sake ;  
And thou, sweet flower, shalt sleep and wake  
Upon his senseless grave.

## VIII.

## ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH,

Commander of the E. I. Company's ship, the Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished by a calamitous shipwreck, Feb. 6th, 1805. Composed near the mountain track, that leads from Grasmere through Gridale Hawes, where it descends towards Patterdale.

1805.

## I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!  
 That instant, startled by the shock,  
 The Buzzard mounted from the rock  
 Deliberate and slow :  
 Lord of the air, he took his flight ;  
 O, could he on that woful night  
 Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,  
 For one poor moment's space, to thee,  
 And all who struggled with the Sea,  
 When safety was so near !

## II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart  
 I spoke, (but let that pang be still,)  
 When, rising from the rock at will,  
 I saw the bird depart.  
 And let me calmly bless the Power



That meets me in this unknown flower,  
 Affecting type of him I mourn!  
 With calmness suffer and believe,  
 And grieve, and know that I must grieve,  
 Not cheerless, though forlorn.

## III.

Here did we stop; and here looked round  
 While each into himself descends,  
 For that last thought of parting Friends  
 That is not to be found.  
 Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,  
 Our home and his, his heart's delight,  
 His quiet heart's selected home.  
 But time before him melts away,  
 And he hath feeling of a day  
 Of blessedness to come.

## IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,  
 Taught that the mutual hope was dust,  
 In sorrow, but for higher trust,  
 How miserably deep!  
 All vanished in a single word,  
 A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.  
 Sea,—ship,—drowned,—shipwreck,—so it came,  
 The meek, the brave, the good, was gone;  
 He who had been our living John  
 Was nothing but a name.

## V.

That was indeed a parting ! O,  
 Glad am I, glad that it is past !  
 For there were some on whom it cast  
 Unutterable woe.  
 But they as well as I have gains ; —  
 From many a humble source, to pains  
 Like these, there comes a mild release ;  
 Even here I feel it, even this Plant  
 Is in its beauty ministrant  
 To comfort and to peace.

## VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace,  
 Meek Flower ! To him I would have said,  
 “ It grows upon its native bed  
 Beside our Parting-place ;  
 There, cleaving to the ground, it lies,  
 With multitude of purple eyes,  
 Spangling a cushion green like moss ;  
 But we will see it, joyful tide !  
 Some day, to see it in its pride,  
 The mountain we will cross.”

## VII.

— Brother and friend, if verse of mine  
 Have power to make thy virtues known,  
 Here let a monumental Stone  
 Stand, sacred as a Shrine ;  
 And to the few who pass this way,

Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,  
 Long as these mighty rocks endure, —  
 O, do not thou too fondly brood,  
 Although deserving of all good,  
 On any earthly hope, however pure!\*

## IX.

## SONNET.

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic Boy,  
 For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,  
 Holy, and ever dutiful, — beloved  
 From day to day with never-ceasing joy,  
 And hopes as dear as could the heart employ  
 In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved  
 His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved, —  
 Death, conscious that he only could destroy  
 The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low  
 To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;  
 But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home:  
 When such divine communion, which we know,  
 Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be  
 Surely a sweet remembrancer of thee.

1846.

\* The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion (*Silene acaulis* of Linnæus). See note at the end of the volume. See, among the Poems on the "Naming of Places," No. VI.

## x.

## 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! the Voice is up  
 With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
 A mighty unison of streams!  
 Of all her Voices, one!

Loud is the Vale; — this inland Depth  
 In peace is roaring like the Sea;  
 Yon star upon the mountain-top  
 Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain depressed,  
 Importunate and heavy load! \*  
 The Comforter hath found me here,  
 Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad, —  
 Wait the fulfilment of their fear;  
 For he must die who is their stay,  
 Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth  
 To breathless Nature's dark abyss;

\* Importuna e grave salma.    MICHAEL ANGELO.

But when the great and good depart  
 What is it more than this, —

That man, who is from God sent forth,  
 Doth yet again to God return? —  
 Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
 Then wherefore should we mourn?

1808.

---

XI.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

FEBRUARY, 1816.

I.

“REST, rest, perturbèd Earth!  
 O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!”  
 A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind  
 “From regions where no evil thing has birth  
 I come, — thy stains to wash away,  
 Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
 And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.  
 The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have  
     risen  
     From out thy noisome prison ;  
     The penal caverns groan  
 With tens of thousands rent from off the tree  
 Of hopeful life, — by battle’s whirlwind blown  
 Into the deserts of Eternity.  
 Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!

But not on high, where madness is resented,  
 And murder causes some sad tears to flow,  
 Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
 The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented.

## II.

“ False Parent of mankind !  
 Obdurate, proud, and blind,  
 I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,  
 Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse !  
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,  
 Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
 Of which the rivers in their secret springs,  
 The rivers stained so oft with human gore,  
 Are conscious ; — may the like return no more !  
 May Discord, — for a Seraph’s care  
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer, —  
 May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss  
       These mortal spheres above,  
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss !  
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,  
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve ! ”

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

XII.

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.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
Did I deliver this unfinished Song;  
Yet for one happy issue; — and I look  
With self-congratulation on the Book  
Which pious, learned MURFITT saw and read; —  
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;  
He connd the new-born Lay with grateful  
    heart, —  
Foreboding not how soon he must depart;  
Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
Which good men take with them from earth to  
    heaven.

---

XIII.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE DEATH OF HIS  
SISTER-IN-LAW.)

1824.

O FOR a dirge! But why complain?  
Ask rather a triumphal strain  
When FERMOR'S race is run;

A garland of immortal boughs  
 To twine around the Christian's brows,  
 Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt ;  
 No tears of passionate regret  
 Shall stain this votive lay ;  
 Ill-worthy, Beaumont ! were the grief  
 That flings itself on wild relief  
 When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
 For ever covetous to feel,  
 And impotent to bear !  
 Such once was hers, — to think and think  
 On severed love, and only sink  
 From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part  
 Faith had refined ; and to her heart  
 A peaceful cradle given :  
 Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest  
 Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
 Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend  
 So graciously ? — that could descend,  
 Another's need to suit,  
 So promptly from her lofty throne ? —  
 In works of love, in these alone,  
 How restless, how minute !



Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek  
 Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
 When aught had suffered wrong, —  
 When aught that breathes had felt a wound ;  
 Such look the Oppressor might confound,  
 However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs  
 From out the bitterness of things ;  
 Her quiet is secure ;  
 No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
 Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,  
 As climbing jasmine, pure, —

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
 Or lily heaving with the wave  
 That feeds it and defends ;  
 As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
 The mountain-top, or breathed the mist  
 That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death !  
 Thou strikest, — absence perisheth,  
 Indifference is no more ;  
 The future brightens on our sight ;  
 For on the past hath fallen a light  
 That tempts us to adore.

## XIV.

## ELEGIAC MUSINGS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL, THE SEAT OF THE  
LATE SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscription, which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words:—“Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!”

With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme  
Graven on the tomb, we struggle against Time,  
Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise  
And still we struggle when a good man dies.  
Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,  
A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.  
Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered days  
That shunned so modestly the light of praise,  
His graceful manners, and the temperate ray  
Of that arch fancy which would round him play,  
Brightening a converse never known to swerve  
From courtesy and delicate reserve;  
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,  
Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife;  
Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,  
Might have their record among sylvan bowers.  
Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast  
That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed;—  
Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,

From all its spirit-moving imagery,  
 Intensely studied with a painter's eye,  
 A poet's heart ; and, for congenial view,  
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue  
 To common recognitions while the line  
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine ; —  
 Oh ! severed, too abruptly, from delights  
 That all the seasons shared with equal rights ; —  
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,  
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured page  
 Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed  
 Its mellow lustre round thy honored head ;  
 While Friends beheld thee give, with eye, voice,  
     mien,  
 More than theatric force to Shakespeare's scene ; —  
 If thou hast heard me, — if thy Spirit know  
 Aught of these bowers, and whence their pleasures  
     flow ;  
 If things in our remembrance held so dear,  
 And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,  
 To thy exalted nature only seem  
 Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream, —  
 Rebuke us not ! — The mandate is obeyed  
 That said, " Let praise be mute where I am laid " ;  
 The holier deprecation, given in trust  
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust ;  
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief  
 From *silent* admiration wins relief.  
 Too long abashed, thy Name is like a rose  
 That doth " within itself its sweetness close "



To the strict labors of the merchant's desk  
 By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks  
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,  
 His spirit, but the recompense was high ;  
 Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire ;  
 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air ;  
 And when the precious hours of leisure came,  
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet  
 With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets  
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :  
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
 And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love  
 Inspired, — works potent over smiles and tears.  
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,  
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,  
 Humor and wild instinctive wit, and all  
 The vivid flashes of his spoken words.  
 From the most gentle creature nursed in fields  
 Had been derived the name he bore, — a name,  
 Wherever Christian altars have been raised,  
 Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;  
 And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
 Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,  
 Many and strange, that hung about his life,  
 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
 A soul by resignation sanctified :  
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
 A power that never ceased to abide in him,



“Wonderful” hath been  
 The love established between man and man,  
 ‘Passing the love of women”; and between  
 Man and his helpmate in fast wedlock joined  
 Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love  
 Without whose blissful influence Paradise  
 Had been no Paradise; and earth were now  
 A waste where creatures bearing human form,  
 Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,  
 Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on;  
 And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve  
 That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,  
 And her bright dower of clustering charities,  
 That, round his trunk and branches, might have  
 clung,

Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,  
 Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee  
 Was given (say rather thou of later birth  
 Wert given to her) a Sister, — ’t is a word  
 Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,  
 The self-restraining, and the ever kind;  
 In whom thy reason and intelligent heart  
 Found — for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,  
 All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,  
 Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought —  
 More than sufficient recompense!

Her love  
 (What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)  
 Was as the love of mothers; and when years,  
 Lifting the boy to man’s estate, had called

The long protected to assume the part  
 Of a protector, the first filial tie  
 Was undissolved ; and, in or out of sight,  
 Remained imperishably interwoven  
 With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,  
 Did they together testify of time  
 And season's difference, — a double tree  
 With two collateral stems sprung from one root ;  
 Such were they, — such through life they *might*  
                   have been

In union, in partition only such ;  
 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High ;  
 Yet, through all visitations and all trials,  
 Still they were faithful ; like two vessels launched  
 From the same beach, one ocean to explore,  
 With mutual help, and sailing — to their league  
 True, as inexorable winds, or bars  
 Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn  
 With thine, O silent and invisible Friend !  
 To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,  
 When, reunited, and by choice withdrawn  
 From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught  
 That the remembrance of foregone distress,  
 And the worse fear of future ill, (which oft  
 Doth hang around it, as a sickly child  
 Upon its mother,) may be both alike  
 Disarmed of power to unsettle present good,  
 So prized, and things inward and outward held



In such an even balance, that the heart  
 Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,  
 And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration !  
 The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,  
 And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
 Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves  
 To life-long singleness ; but happier far  
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,  
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared,  
 Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie  
 Is broken ; yet why grieve ? for Time but holds  
 His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
 To the blest world where parting is unknown.

1835.

---

 XVI.

 EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH  
 OF JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,  
 I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
 Along a bare and open valley,  
 The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
 Through groves that had begun to shed

Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes ;

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,

On which, with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
For her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered youth or love-lorn maid !  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.\*

Nov., 1835.

---

XVII.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE CHURCH, IN THE  
VALE OF KESWICK.

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither drew  
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you,  
His eyes have closed ! And ye, loved books, no  
more

\* See Note.

Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,  
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown  
Adding immortal labors of his own, —  
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal  
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,  
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.  
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast  
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud  
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed  
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith  
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

## O D E.

### INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOL- LECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

---

The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.  
*See Vol. I. p. 187.*

---

#### I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore ; —  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no  
more.

#### II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose ;  
The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong :  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay ;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday ; —  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou hap-  
 py Shepherd-boy !

## IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make ; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
     My heart is at your festival,  
     My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.  
     O evil day ! if I were sullen  
     While Earth herself is adorning,  
         This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
     On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
     Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm : —  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
     — But there 's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar :  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
     From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy ;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own :  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,



Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral ;  
         And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
         Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of 'business, love, or strife ;  
         But it will not be long  
         Ere this be thrown aside,  
         And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part ;  
 Filling from time to time his " humorous stage  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
         As if his whole vocation  
         Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy Soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —  
         Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
         On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,

A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX.

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his  
 breast: —

Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
     But for those first affections,  
     Those shadowy recollections,  
     Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
     Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
     To perish never ;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
     Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
     Hence in a season of calm weather  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither,  
     Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## x.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
     And let the young Lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound !  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
     Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
     Ye that through your hearts to-day  
     Feel the gladness of the May !  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind ;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which, having been, must ever be ;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering ;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret.  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
 Is lovely yet ;  
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

## NOTES.

---

Page 36.

*"The Horn of Egremont Castle."*

This story is a Cumberland tradition. I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Hudlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.

Page 56.

*"The Russian Fugitive."*

Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged wife of Peter the Great.

Page 126.

*"The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale."*

With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of "The Reverie of Poor Susan," Vol. II., p. 132; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "The Excursion," passim.

Page 159.

*"Moss Champion (Silene acaulis)."*

This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland

The first specimen I ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the turf or cushion being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionably thick. I have only met with it in two places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.

Page 169.

*“From the most gentle creature nursed in fields.”*

This way of indicating the *name* of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending,

“No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!”

Page 175.

Walter Scott	. . .	died 21st Sept., 1832.
S. T. Coleridge	. . .	“ 25th July, 1834.
Charles Lamb	. . .	“ 27th Dec., 1834.
George Crabbe	. . .	“ 3d Feb., 1832.
Felicia Hemans	. . .	“ 16th May, 1835.

## APPENDIX, PREFACES,

ETC., ETC.

---

MUCH the greatest part of the foregoing Poems has been so long before the Public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them, or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required; and had it not been for the observations contained in those Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general, they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition.





## PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOREGOING  
POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME,  
UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS."

---

*Note.*—In succeeding Editions, when the Collection was much enlarged and diversified, this Preface was transferred to the end of the Volumes, as having little of a special application to their contents.

---

THE first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use, to ascertain how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavor to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure; and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them they would be read with more than common dislike. The

•

result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality, and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out in what manner language

and the human mind act and react on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author, in the present day, makes to his reader; but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted.

They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonorable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavoring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems, was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and

situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted, (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust,) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a lan-

guage, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.\*

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend, at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feel-

\* It is worth while here to observe, that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.

ings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these Poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the

popular Poetry of the day ; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting, that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important ! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants ; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged ; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraor-



inary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse. When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader

will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavored utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the

style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject; consequently, there is, I hope, in these Poems, little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the

Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

“In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:  
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,  
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.  
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine;  
*A different object do these eyes require;*  
*My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;*  
*And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;*  
 Yet morning smiles the Eusy race to cheer,  
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;  
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;  
 To warm their little loves the birds complain.  
*I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,*  
*And weep the more because I weep in vain.”*

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of his Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry \* sheds no tears "such as Angels weep,"

\* I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry

but natural and human tears ; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of Prose ; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men ; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life ; and if metre be super-added thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have ? Whence is it to come ? And where is it to exist ? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters : it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of

and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Metre, or of Poet, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre ; for is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.

style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendor of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labor is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded, that, whatever be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and

carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets, both ancient and modern, will be far different from what they are at present. both when we praise and when we censure; and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, What is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?— He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly



resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves :— whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that, while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to

him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavors occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as

indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontiniae, or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing. It is so : its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative ; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion ; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things ; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because not

formal, but indirect ; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love : further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure : I would not be misunderstood ; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure ; and where he has no pleasure, he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet ? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure ; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions ; he considers him as looking upon this

complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies, in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those which, through labor and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, sing-

ing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, — in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, — the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge, — it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, car-

rying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man. — It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavor to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What has been thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorize the conclusion, that there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow

that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are colored by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine,



with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the dis-

tion of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called POETIC DICTION, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet, respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit, because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion, but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which coexists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me, to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to super-

add to such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered, that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colors of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of metre in itself, it might perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in coexistence with an overbalance of pleasure; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that

is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or the *Gamester*; while Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure, — an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular, impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement. — On the other hand, (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen,) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly

contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a SYSTEMATIC defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from

emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely. — all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most im-

portant use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that is *necessary* to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavored to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my



language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and perhaps in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since they

are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the Reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen :—

“I put my hat upon my head  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
Whose hat was in his hand.”

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly admired stanzas of the *Babes in the Wood*.

“These pretty Babes with hand in hand  
Went wandering up and down;  
But never more they saw the Man  
Approaching from the Town.”

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, “the Strand,” and “the Town,” connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlative contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from

the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous! This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound, unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that, on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself,) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that in many cases it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially

different from that which I have here endeavored to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honorable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of

the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming, that, if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

## APPENDIX.

---

See page 214, — “by what is usually called **POETIC DICTION.**”

---

PERHAPS, as I have no right to expect that attentive perusal without which, confined, as I have been, to the narrow limits of a preface, my meaning cannot be thoroughly understood, I am anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which the phrase Poetic Diction has been used ; and for this purpose a few words shall here be added, concerning the origin and characteristics of the phraseology which I have condemned under that name.

The earliest Poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events ; they wrote naturally, and as men : feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without being animated by the same passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech and made use of them, some-

times with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and thoughts with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in *any situation*. The Reader or Hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind: when affected by the genuine language of passion, he had been in a perturbed and unusual state of mind also: in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The emotion was in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same, or similar causes. Besides, the Poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with admiration; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and characterized by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.



It is indeed true, that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions; but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling, succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first Poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors: they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of modes of expression which they themselves had invented, and which were uttered only by themselves. In process of time metre became

A symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false were inseparably interwoven, until, the taste of men becoming gradually perverted, this language was received as a natural language; and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would not be uninteresting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd diction. It depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is *balked* of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet quoted from Gray, in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if one may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers both ancient and modern. Perhaps in no way, by positive example, could more easily be given a notion of what I mean by the phrase *poetic diction*, than by referring to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout; Prior's "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," &c., &c. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," &c., &c. 1st Corinthians. chap. xiii. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson: —

“ Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,  
 Observe her labors, Sluggard, and be wise;  
 No stern command, no monitory voice,  
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;  
 Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
 To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;  
 When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,  
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.  
 How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,  
 Unnerve thy vigor, and enchain thy powers?  
 While artful shades thy downy couch inclose,  
 And soft solicitation courts repose,  
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,  
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,

Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,  
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambushed foe."

From this Inbub of words pass to the original  
"Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard; consider her  
ways, and be wise: which having no guide, over-  
seer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer,  
and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long  
wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou  
arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little  
slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.  
So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth,  
and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs,  
chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is  
from Cowper's Verses supposed to be written by  
Alexander Selkirk:—

"Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sigled at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

"Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some corollal, endearing report  
Of a land I must visit no more.  
My Friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see."

This passage is quoted as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed; some Critics would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-going" applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which Poets have introduced into their language, till they and their Readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the sound," &c., are, in my opinion, an instance of the language of passion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere circumstance of the composition being in metre, applied upon an occasion that does not justify such violent expressions; and I should condemn the passage, though perhaps few Readers will agree with me, as vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admirably expressed. it would be equally good whether in prose or verse, except that the Reader has an exquisite pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude with a principle which ought never to be lost sight of, and which has been my chief guide in all I have said, — namely, that in works of *imagination and sentiment*, for of these only have I been treating, in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable.

whether the composition be in prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the same language. Metre is but adventitious to composition, and the phraseology for which that passport is necessary, even where it may be graceful at all, will be little valued by the judicious.

## ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE.

---

WITH the young of both sexes, Poetry is, like love, a passion; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage; or it relaxes of itself; — the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to Poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamored of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which Poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*.

Into the above classes the Readers of Poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but

from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of Poetry, (which, nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science,) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses*, and to the *passions*. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged obligation prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason! — When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts, is ever at hand to justify



extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are at the same time modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause, — that, having discontinued their attention to Poetry, whatever progress may have been

made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem fall in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher Poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination.

Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable, (confining these observations to the effects of style merely,) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the coloring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (i. e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or

moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to overrate the Authors by whom those truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they receive from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathize with them, however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book. — To these excesses, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled as they are and must be, with inward

misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious; — and at all seasons they are under temptation to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity; — the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence, and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an “imperfect shadowing forth” of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burden upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between Religion and Poetry; between Religion, making up the deficiencies of reason by faith, — and Poetry, passionate for the instruction of reason; between Religion, whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions, — and Poetry, ethereal and transcendent, yet in-

capable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error; — so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb; for a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness; and for active faculties, capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it? Among those, and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed, that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which

are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mistaught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system. no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this class are contained censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalize rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end; who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far, being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; — men who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany, — confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily “into the region”; — men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid, who therefore feed as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives; — judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been

made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits, must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of Poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them: it will be further found, that when Authors shall have at length raised themselves into general admiration, and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore, if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigor to the enemies whom it provokes;—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical



literature of this country for the greater part of the last two centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that now reads the "Creation" of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queene faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors  
And poets *sage*," —

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy: while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been *their* best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A dramatic Author, if he write for the stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakespeare was listened to. The people were delighted: but I am not sufficiently

versed in stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic writers, that Shakespeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakespeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made but little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be

inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him.\* His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakespeare's. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: "the English, with their bouffon de Shakespeare," is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian Critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with

\* The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error "touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay," cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Barts, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakespeare.

our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakespeare. The Germans only of foreign nations are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-comrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say an established opinion, that Shakespeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be "a wild, irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakespeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human nature?

There is extant a small volume of miscellaneous poems, in which Shakespeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that volume, the Sonnets; though in no part of the writings of this Poet is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured

to talk of an \* act of Parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of those little pieces, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in them : and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions, — “there sitting where he durst not soar.”

Nine years before the death of Shakespeare, Milton was born ; and early in life he published several small Poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope in his youth could borrow from them without risk of its being known. Whether these Poems are at this day justly appreciated, I will not undertake to decide : nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of readers to suppose the contrary ; seeing that a man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate ; and could change their character, as is done in the translation

\* This flippant insensibility was publicly reprehended by Mr. Coleridge in a course of Lectures upon Poetry given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakespeare's Sonnets, see Numbers 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 92, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 129, and many others

made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised; yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication; and of the Sonnets, Dr. Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Steevens wrote upon those of Shakespeare.

About the time when the Pindaric Odes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr. Johnson has strangely styled Metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the Paradise Lost made its appearance. "Fit audience find, though few," was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were "*just to it*" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred copies were sold in two years; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But be it remembered, that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured

him numerous friends ; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. Take, from the number of purchasers, persons of this class, and also those who wished to possess the Poem as a religious work, and but few I fear would be left who sought for it on account of its poetical merits. The demand did not immediately increase ; “for,” says Dr. Johnson, “many more readers” (he means persons in the habit of reading poetry) “than were supplied at first, the Nation did not afford.” How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many existing title-pages to belie it ! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, seventh edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman’s Poems, fourth edition, 1686 ; Waller, fifth edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know ; but I well remember, that, twenty-five years ago, the booksellers’ stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable man ; but merely to show that, if Milton’s work were not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. The early editions of the Paradise Lost were printed in a shape which allowed

them to be sold at a low price, yet only three thousand copies of the Work were sold in eleven years; and the Nation, says Dr. Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the Works of Shakespeare, which probably did not together make one thousand copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to affirm, that the reception of the *Paradise Lost*, and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired, that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous.\*—How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the *Miscellanies* or trading Journalist of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this Poem, everywhere impregnated with *original* excellence.

So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that

\* Hughes is express upon this subject: in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus: "It was your Lordship's encouragement a beautiful edition of *Paradise Lost* that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed."



There are no fixed principles\* in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honored by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularizes only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lispings in their cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his lifetime, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of those arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature,

\* This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.

to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his *Eclogues*, with boyish inexperience, the praise which these compositions obtained tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in Pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those *Eclogues* which their author intended to be burlesque. The instigator of the work, and his admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous, even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." The Pastorals, ludicrous to such as prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than sixty years after the publication of the *Paradise Lost* appeared Thomson's *Winter*; which was speedily followed by his other *Seasons*. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one

of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender, benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us: but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking

to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless; \* those of Pope,

\* *CORTES alone in a night-gown.*

All things are hushed as Nature's self lay dead;  
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head.  
 The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
 And the piping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat:  
 Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies  
 Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor.*

though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation, — nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity! — If these two distinguished writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature were not at that time holden in much estimation and that there was little accurate attention paid to those appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was *in such good condition* at the time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the profi-

ciency of his pupils, but he could do little *more*; though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognized a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment, how is the rest to be accounted for? — Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his Poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one: in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplaces, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the Seasons the book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora); these also are prominent in our collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his Work, which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him “an elegant and philosophical Poet”; nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson’s genius as an imaginative

poet \* were perceived, till the elder Warton, almost forty years after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope. In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious and diction more pure. Yet that fine Poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few.

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon *him* who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his lifetime was so small, and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the bookseller the

\* Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the second edition of his Seasons, and find that even *that* does not contain the most striking passages which Warton points out for admiration: these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.

sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales that appeared not long after its publication; and had been modelled, as the authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill suited to the then existing taste of city society; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this country, into temporary neglect; while Bürger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating, or imitating, these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, Poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labors from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the



regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glos-sy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact \* with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Bürger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schil-ler, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

Now daye was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,

\* Shenstone, in his *Schoolmistress*, gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (see D'Israeli's 2d Series of the *Curiosities of Literature*;) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Au-thor what he had not courage openly to venture upon him-self.

All save the Lady Emeline,  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true Love's voice  
Low whispering at the walle,  
Awake, awake, my dear Ladye,  
'Tis I thy true-love call.

Which is thus tricked out and dilated:

Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Thal  
Vermunnt in Rabenschatten,  
Und Hochburgs Lampen überall  
Schon ausgeflimmert hatten,  
Und alles tief entschlafen war;  
Doch nur das Fräulein immerdar,  
Voll Fieberangst, noch wachte,  
Und seinen Ritter dachte:  
Da horch! Ein süßser Liebeston  
Kam leis' empor geflogen.  
"Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!  
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition, — it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "Reliques" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labors were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinter-

ested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance! — Open this far-famed Book! — I have done so at random, and the beginning of the “Epic Poem Temora,” in eight Books, presents itself. “The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Gray torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds.” Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion. — Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In Nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Mac-

pherson's work, it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied, when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his “*ands*” and his “*buts*”! and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine

feathers to them ; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poems are derived from the ancient Fin-gallian ; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own. — It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendor, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland ; — a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns ! These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as those pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninfluential upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration ; no author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them, — except the boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture ; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with *Saxon Poems*, — counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability

to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless. — Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the *Reliques of Percy*, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions! — I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own country, its poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the *Reliques*; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labors of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces biographical and critical for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent, from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his works, each had brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a

limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the *first* name we find is that of Cowley! — What is become of the morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation? Or, if names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honored Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a dramatist, we have vindicated, — where Shakespeare? — These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have *not*. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made, as in this case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt, — Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates, — metrical writers utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect

to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these volumes? — The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these poems were first published, seventeen years ago; who has also observed to what degree the poetry of this Island has since that period been colored by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind from which they have proceeded, and the labor and pains which, when labor and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general im-



pression, though widely different in value ; — they are all proofs that for the present time I have not labored in vain ; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical Works, it is this, — that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed : so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose Poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them, — and much he will have in common ; but for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road, — he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished ? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience ? Or, if he labor for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon

those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same ; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who may stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanized, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of *knowledge*, it does *not* lie here. — TASTE, I would remind the reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a *passive* sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence *not* passive, — to intellectual *acts* and *operations*. The word Imagination has been overstrained, from impulses honorable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed ; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy, — which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes

them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word Imagination; but the word Taste has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasurablely as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination,—or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime,—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor, *Taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a coöperating *power* in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies *suffering*; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and *action*, is immediate and inseparable. How strik-

ingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry! — But

“ Anger in hasty *words* or *blows*  
Itself discharges on its foes.”

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid, and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate *power*, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original writer, at his first appearance in the world. — Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before: of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honor, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to

produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this, but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian prince or general, stretched on his palanquin, and borne by his slaves? No; he is invigorated and inspirited by his leader, in order that he may exert himself; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore, to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and *there* lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an *animal* sensation, it might seem that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And doubtless in the works of every true poet will be found passages of that species of excellence, which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others that are complex and revolutionary; some to which the heart yields with gentleness, others against which it struggles with pride; these varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected, is language; a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius

of the poet melts these down for his purpose ; but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human, pathos ; an enthusiastic, as well as an ordinary, sorrow ; a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself, but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime, — if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity, in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments ?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word *popular*, applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell ! — The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance ; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners ; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without

the trouble of thought — but in everything which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her power, — wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination, — wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic enunciation of the remotest future, — *there* the poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers. — Grand thoughts, (and Shakespeare must often have sighed over this truth,) as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits, without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing, that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage at-

tends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age: whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty, — with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humors of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their enlogium pronounced by implication, when it was said above, that, of *good* poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the People? What preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

“ Past and Future are the wings  
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,  
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge.”

*MS.*

The voice that issues from this Spirit is that *Vox Populi* which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry, — transitory though it be for years,



local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamor of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC. passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to : but to the People, philosophically characterized, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily ; and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them, that, if he were not persuaded that the contents of these volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evince something of the "Vision and the Faculty divine," and that, both in words and things, they will operate, in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honor, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction ; — from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

## DEDICATION.

PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

---

TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE, —

Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these volumes to you. In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing these Poems with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honor, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection, — as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim, — for some of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighborhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu,

and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection as have been inspired or colored by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself,—to whom it has suggested so many admirable pictures. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work, with the embellishments it has received from your pencil,\* may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honor to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,

*February 1, 1815.*

\* The state of the plates has, for some time, not allowed them to be repeated.

## PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

---

THE powers requisite for the production of poetry are : first, those of Observation and Description, — i. e. the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer ; whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time : as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as a translator or engraver ought to be to his original. 2dly, Sensibility, — which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions ; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as reacted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in

the original Preface.) 3dly, Reflection, — which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy, — to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention, — by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment, — to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.\*

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, The Narrative, — including the Epopœia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Ro-

\* As sensibility to harmony of numbers, and the power of producing it, are invariably attendants upon the faculties above specified, nothing has been said upon those requisites.

manee, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighborhood, that dear production of our days, the Metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, "Arma virumque cano"; but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value; the Iliad or the Paradise Lost would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale; — so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2dly, The Dramatic, — consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the Poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though, depending, to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of

monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyrical, — containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad; in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium, — descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone's Schoolmistress, The Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns, The Twa Dogs of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton, Beattie's Minstrel, Goldsmith's Deserted Village. The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic, — the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, The Fleece of Dyer, Mason's English Garden, &c.

And, lastly, Philosophical Satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal; personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young's Night

Thoughts, and Cowper's Task, are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a twofold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, anything material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in



each class to prevent this ; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the production of them ; *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of Imagination, and *vice versâ*. Both the above classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of " Poems founded on the Affections " ; as might this latter from those, and from the class " proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

None of the other classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre : with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make

such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and therefore cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves; the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible. — the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification, — as to deprive the Reader of all voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem: — in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman: —

“He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.”

Let us come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. “A man,” says an intelligent author, “has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which

*images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (*φαντάζειν* is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterized. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced." — *British Synonyms discriminated*, by W. Taylor.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation, as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each

is nothing more than a mode of memory. It the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that faculty of which the Poet is "all compact,"—he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape? or what is left to characterize Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity?—Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the Shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats:—

" Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro  
Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe videbo."

—— " half-way down  
*Hangs* one who gathers samphire,"

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, de-

lineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate Imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

“ As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
*Hangs* in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Beng<sup>la</sup>, or the isles  
 Of Ternate or Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply, steaming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed  
 Far off the flying Fiend.”

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters: but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From impressions of sight we will pass to those

of sound; which, as they must necessarily be of a less definite character, shall be selected from these volumes: —

“ Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove *broods* ” :

of the same bird,

“ His voice was *buried* among trees,  
Yet to be come at by ‘the breeze’ ”;

“ O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee *Bird*,  
Or but a wandering *Voice* ? ”

The stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. “ His voice was buried among trees,” a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterizing its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shades in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

' Shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice? "

This concise interrogation characterizes the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to react upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a new existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image, to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the shepherd contemplating it from the seclusion of

the cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

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

“ Such seemed this Man ; not all alive or dead,  
 Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.

· · · · ·  
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
 And moveth altogether if it move at all.”

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the sea-beast; and the sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite



and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power : but the Imagination also shapes and *creates* ; and how ? By innumerable processes ; and in none does it more delight, than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number, — alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced “ sailing from Bengala.” “ They,” i. e. the “ merchants,” representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships, “ ply ” their voyage towards the extremities of the earth : “ so ” (referring to the word “ As ” in the commencement) “ seemed the flying Fiend ” ; the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of ships into one body, — the point from which the comparison set out. “ So seemed,” and to whom seemed ? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet’s mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions !

“ *Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.* ”

Hear again this mighty Poet, — speaking of the

Messiah going forth to expel from heaven the rebellious angels:—

“Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints  
He onward came : far off his coming shone,”—

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendor of that indefinite abstraction, “his coming”!

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present volumes, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, “draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one color and serve to one effect.”\* The grand storehouse of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton; to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to

\* Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.

those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life and from the constitution of his mind. However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations, — of which his character of *Una* is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the words of Shakespeare are an inexhaustible source.

“I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdoms, called you Daughters!”

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention, yet justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous have heaped upon these and my

other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavorable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterized as the power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, "the aggregate and associative power," my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these, are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant,

and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

“In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman.”

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits, high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas; because these, and if they were a million times as high it would be the same, are bounded. The expression is, “His stature reached the sky!” the illimitable firmament! — When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows — and continues to grow — upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature, than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties: moreover, the images invariably modify each other. — The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that

their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion; — the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. — Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal. — Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples. — Referring the Reader to those inestimable volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed

to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost* :—

“ The dews of the evening most carefully shun,  
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.”

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathizing Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence :—

“ Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completion of the mortal sin.”

The associating link is the same in each instance : Dew and rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise, is the effect in the former case ; a flash of surprise, and nothing more ; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects from the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in nature so manifested ; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as “ Earth had before trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan.”

Finally, I will refer to Cotton’s “ Ode upon Winter,” an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteris-

tics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "a palsied king," and yet a military monarch, — advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a corresponding hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the foe into his fortress, where

"a magazine  
Of sovereign juice is cellared in;  
Liquor that will the siege maintain,  
Should Phœbus ne'er return again."

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling, than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms.

" 'T is that, that gives the poet rage,  
And thaws the gellied blood of age;  
Matures the young, restores the old,  
And makes the fainting coward bold.

" It lays the careful head to rest,  
Calms palpitations in the breast,  
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet;

. . . . .



“ Then let the chill Sirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hills of snow,  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar,

“ Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,  
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

“ We ’ll think of all the Friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to;  
When having drunk all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want healths than wine.

“ But where Friends fail us, we ’ll supply  
Our friendships with our charity;  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

“ We ’ll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
The afflicted into joy; the opprest  
Into security and rest.

“ The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favor return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

“ The brave shall triumph in success,  
The lover shall have mistresses,  
Poor, unregarded Virtue, praise,  
And the neglected Poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;  
For, freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are? ”

When I sat down to write this Preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive; but, thinking that I ought rather to apologize for detaining the reader so long, I will here conclude

## POSTSCRIPT.

1835.

---

IN the present volume, as in those that have preceded it, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings giving vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, I trust, has been uttered but in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those notices are left to produce their own effect; but, among the many objects of general concern, and the changes going forward, which I have glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society: in reference to these, I wish here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were I conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, I might avail myself of the periodical press for offering anonymously my thoughts, such as they are, to the world; but I feel that, in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from my name, in addition to that of being presented in a less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible that the

state of mind which some of the foregoing poems may have produced in the reader will dispose him to receive more readily the impression which I desire to make, and to admit the conclusions I would establish.

1. The first thing that presses upon my attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. I am aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than my own; yet I cannot forbear touching upon one point of it, and to this I will confine myself. though not insensible to the objection which may reasonably be brought against treating a portion of this, or any other great scheme of civil polity, separately from the whole. The point to which I wish to draw the reader's attention is, that *all* persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to a maintenance by law.

This dictate of humanity is acknowledged in the Report of the Commissioners: but is there not room for apprehension that some of the regulations of the new act have a tendency to render the principle nugatory by difficulties thrown in the way of applying it? If this be so, persons will not be wanting to show it, by examining the provisions of the act in detail, — an attempt which would be quite out of place here; but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbecoming in one who

fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without infringing upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilized humanity.

There can be no greater error, in this department of legislation, than the belief that this principle does by necessity operate for the degradation of those who claim, or are so circumstanced as to make it likely they may claim, through laws founded upon it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary is the truth: it may be unanswerably maintained, that its tendency is to raise, not to depress; by stamping a value upon life, which can belong to it only where the laws have placed men who are willing to work, and yet cannot find employment, above the necessity of looking, for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft, or violence.

And here, as in the Report of the Commissioners, the fundamental principle has been recognized, I am not at issue with them any farther than I am compelled to believe that their "remedial measures" obstruct the application of it more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political

economy which are now prevalent, I cannot forbear to enforce the justice of the principle, and to insist upon its salutary operation.

And first for its justice : If self-preservation be the first law of our nature, would not every one in a state of nature be morally justified in taking to himself that which is indispensable to such preservation, where, by so doing, he would not rob another of that which might be equally indispensable to *his* preservation ? And if the value of life be regarded in a right point of view, may it not be questioned whether this right of preserving life, at any expense short of endangering the life of another, does not survive man's entering into the social state ; whether this right can be surrendered or forfeited, except when it opposes the divine law, upon any supposition of a social compact, or of any convention for the protection of mere rights of property ?

But, if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a Christian government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation ? Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance, involves the protection, of the subject ? And, as all rights in one party impose a

correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeoparding of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public support, when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves.

Let us now consider the salutary and benign operation of this principle. Here we must have recourse to elementary feelings of human nature, and to truths which from their very obviousness are apt to be slighted, till they are forced upon our notice by our own sufferings or those of others. In the *Paradise Lost*, Milton represents Adam, after the Fall, as exclaiming, in the anguish of his soul, —

“ Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man; did I solicit Thee  
 From darkness to promote me?  
 . . . . . My will  
 Concurred not to my being.”

Under how many various pressures of misery have men been driven thus, in a strain touching upon impiety, to expostulate with the Creator! and under few so afflictive as when the source and origin of earthly existence have been brought back to the mind by its impending close in the pangs of destitution. But as long as, in our legislation, due weight shall be given to this principle, no man will be forced to bewail the gift of life in hopeless want of the necessaries of life.

Englishmen have, therefore, by the progress of civilization among them, been placed in circumstances more favorable to piety and resignation to the divine will, than the inhabitants of other countries, where a like provision has not been established. And as Providence, in this care of our countrymen, acts through a human medium, the objects of that care must, in like manner, be more inclined towards a grateful love of their fellow-men. Thus, also, do stronger ties attach the people to their country, whether while they tread its soil, or, at a distance, think of their native land as an indulgent parent, to whose arms even they who have been imprudent and undeserving may, like the prodigal son, betake themselves, without fear of being rejected.

Such is the view of the case that would first present itself to a reflective mind; and it is in vain to show, by appeals to experience, in contrast with this view, that provisions founded upon the principle have promoted profaneness of life, and dispositions the reverse of philanthropic, by spreading idleness, selfishness, and rapacity: for these evils have arisen, not as an inevitable consequence of the principle, but for want of judgment in framing laws based upon it; and, above all, from faults in the mode of administering the law. The mischief that has grown to such a height from granting relief in cases where proper vigilance would have shown that it was not required, or in



bestowing it in undue measure, will be urged by no truly enlightened statesman as a sufficient reason for banishing the principle itself from legislation.

Let us recur to the miserable states of consciousness that it precludes.

There is a story told, by a traveller in Spain, of a female who, by a sudden shock of domestic calamity, was driven out of her senses, and ever after looked up incessantly to the sky, feeling that her fellow-creatures could do nothing for her relief. Can there be Englishmen who, with a good end in view, would, upon system, expose their brother Englishmen to a like necessity of looking upwards only; or downwards to the earth, after it shall contain no spot where the destitute can demand, by civil right, what by right of nature they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our sympathy not sunk into this blank despair, but wandering about as strangers in streets and ways, with the hope of succor from casual charity; what have we gained by such a change of scene? Woful is the condition of the famished Northern Indian, dependent, among winter snows, upon the chance-passage of a herd of deer, from which one, if brought down by his rifle-gun, may be made the means of keeping him and his companions alive. As miserable is that of some savage Islander, who when the land has ceased to afford him sustenance,

watches for food which the waves may cast up, or in vain endeavors to extract it from the inexorable deep. But neither of these is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that which is so often endured in civilized society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:—

“Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.”

Justly might I be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of the reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavors to find work, *may* find it: were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the laborer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing, and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labor of the arms, the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment, as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here main-

tained would be superseded. But, alas! it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands, by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

But it is urged, — Refuse altogether compulsory relief to the able-bodied, and the number of those who stand in need of relief will steadily diminish, through a conviction of an absolute necessity for greater forethought, and more prudent care of a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so also would it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative provisions were retained, and parochial relief administered under the care of the upper classes, as it ought to be. For it has been invariably found, that wherever the funds have been raised and applied under the superintendence of gentlemen and substantial proprietors, acting in vestries, and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter

would effectually check what is felt in some districts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, namely, the readiness of small and needy proprietors to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in fact, this is done with a mutual understanding, that the relief each is ready to bestow upon his still poorer neighbors will be granted to himself, or his relatives, should it hereafter be applied for.

But let us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in order to know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs occur in every one's experience, who is acquainted with the unfortunate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to derive their subsistence from aught but their own funds or labor, or to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attainment of any object, however dear to them. A case was reported, the other day, from a coroner's inquest, of a pair who through the space of four years had carried about their dead infant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of its interment: —the poor creatures lived in the hope of one day being able to bury their child at their own cost. It must have been heart-rending to see and hear the mother, who had been called upon to account for the state in which the body was found, make this deposition. By some, judging coldly, if not harshly, this conduct might be imputed to an un-

warrantable pride, as she and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honor may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severities which the new Poor Law Act has introduced.

But even if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that lawgivers should take into account the various tempers and dispositions of mankind: while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, into idleness and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge that, if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor Laws a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat." Despondency and distraction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cheerfulness be destroyed by anxiety; without hope men become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow-men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss, what remains to him of virtue?

With all due deference to the particular experience and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of Parliament have approved of and supported it, it may be said, that it proceeds too much upon the presumption that it is a laboring man's own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them off from labor, and causing to them expense: and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labor, without a correspondent one in the price of provisions; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no effort of theirs can increase? Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends; moreover, they have a faith in Providence, that those who have been prompt to assist others will not be left destitute, should they themselves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in com-

men with all who have the misfortune to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principle contended for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, it may be hoped, led to the conclusion that its legitimate operation is to make men worthier of that gift: in other words, not to degrade, but to exalt human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without adverting to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is a maxim, deservedly eulogized, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interests of humanity among the people at large, that ten undeserving should partake of the funds provided, than that one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his principles corrupted, or his energies destroyed; than that such a one should either be driven to do wrong, or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France, the English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is deemed better that ten innocent men should suffer, than one guilty

escape: in France, there is no universal provision for the poor; and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after death, the body is treated. Not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their own art and in physical science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the East, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that this insensibility should be found where civil polity is so busy in minor regulations, and ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious propensities, whether social or intellectual, of the multitude! Irreligion is, no doubt, much concerned with this offensive disrespect shown to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is mainly attributable to the state in which so many of the living are left by the absence of compulsory provision for the indigent, so humanely established by the law of England.

Sights of abject misery, perpetually recurring, harden the heart of the community. In the perusal of history, and of works of fiction, we are not indeed, unwilling to have our commiseration excited by such objects of distress as they present to us; but, in the concerns of real life, men know that such emotions are not given to be in-



dulged for their own sakes : there, the conscience declares to them that sympathy must be followed by action ; and if there exist a previous conviction that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye shrinks from communication with wretchedness, and pity and compassion languish, like any other qualities that are deprived of their natural aliment. Let these considerations be duly weighed by those who trust to the hope that an increase of private charity, with all its advantages of superior discrimination, would more than compensate for the abandonment of those principles the wisdom of which has been here insisted upon. How discouraging, also, would be the sense of injustice, which could not fail to arise in the minds of the well disposed, if the burden of supporting the poor, a burden of which the selfish have hitherto by compulsion borne a share, should now, or hereafter, be thrown exclusively upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave-Trade and Slavery, the British people are exalted in the scale of humanity ; and they cannot but feel so, if they look into themselves, and duly consider their relation to God and their fellow-creatures. That was a noble advance ; but a retrograde movement will assuredly be made, if ever the principle, which has been here defended, should be either avowedly abandoned or but ostensibly retained.

But, after all, there may be little reason to ap-

prehend permanent injury from any experiment that may be tried. On the one side will be human nature rising up in her own defence, and on the other prudential selfishness acting to the same purpose, from a conviction that, without a compulsory provision for the exigencies of the laboring multitude, that degree of ability to regulate the price of labor, which is indispensable for the reasonable interest of arts and manufactures, cannot in Great Britain be upheld.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection, allusion is made to the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories. In order to relieve many of the evils to which that class of society are subject, and to establish a better harmony between them and their employers, it would be well to repeal such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies. There are, no doubt, many and great obstacles to the formation and salutary working of these societies, inherent in the mind of those whom they would obviously benefit. But the combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labor, would be fairly checked by them, as far as they were practicable; they would encourage economy, inasmuch as they would enable a man to draw profit from his savings, by investing them in buildings or machinery for processes of manufacture with which he was habitually connected. His little capital would then be

working for him while he was at rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive the necessity of capital for carrying on great works; he would better learn to respect the larger portions of it in the hands of others; he would be less tempted to join in unjust combinations; and, for the sake of his own property, if not for higher reasons, he would be slow to promote local disturbance, or endanger public tranquillity; he would, at least, be loth to act in that way *knowingly*: for it is not to be denied that such societies might be nurseries of opinions unfavorable to a mixed constitution of government, like that of Great Britain. The democratic and republican spirit which they might be apt to foster would not, however, be dangerous in itself, but only as it might act without being sufficiently counterbalanced, either by landed proprietorship, or by a Church extending itself so as to embrace an ever-growing and ever-shifting population of mechanics and artisans. But if the tendencies of such societies would be to make the men prosper who might belong to them, rulers and legislators should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the state by upholding and extending the influence of that Church to which it owes, in so great a measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the temper of the present times, may be difficult, but it is become indispensable, since large towns in great numbers have sprung up

and others have increased tenfold, with little or no dependence upon the gentry and the landed proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal institutions, which, till of late, have acted so powerfully upon the composition of the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed, that, in quarters where there is not an attachment to the Church, or the landed aristocracy, and a pride in supporting them, *there* the people will dislike both, and be ready, upon such incitements as are perpetually recurring, to join in attempts to overthrow them. There is no neutral ground here: from want of due attention to the state of society in large towns and manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disregard of these obvious truths, innumerable well-meaning persons became zealous supporters of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of which, whether destructive or constructive, they would otherwise have been afraid of; and even the framers of that bill, swayed as they might be by party resentments and personal ambition, could not have gone so far, had not they too been lamentably ignorant or neglectful of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

But let that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be tempted to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the mischiefs and dangers that have sprung from it: let not time be wasted in profitless regrets; and let those party distinctions vanish to their very names that have separated

men who, whatever course they may have pursued, have ever had a bond of union in the wish to save the limited monarchy, and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life: but the Church having been forcibly brought by political considerations to my notice, while treating of the laboring classes, I cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamor for extensive change in that department. The clamor would be entitled to more respect, if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church, and the service it renders to the community. *Reform* is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confounded by a lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies

with respect to the term Reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement, and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves, or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief, that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that therefore we have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question, that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe, that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

“Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish,” is a favorite cry; but, without advertent to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefit would accrue from its *indiscriminate* adoption, to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the Church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many

thinly peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place. For a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who, being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who are under their spiritual guardianship. The curate, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind, in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness : while it prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own, with something of a suitable experience. If he should act under and in coöperation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted ; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seemliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions ; and by way of return for these benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining

incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardor of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, be added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in the use of money, that, in his new situation, he is apt to fall unawares into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent; whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a costlier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, his future usefulness will be proportionably impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh, with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation; whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent, being rarely forgotten, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax, or overstrained. In both



cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged, that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the world, — that spirit, and the obligations of the sacred office, may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the complex state of society that prevails in England, much more is required, both in large towns, and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. **As**

necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society, and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity, and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalizing church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realized, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionably weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispensable for the diffusion of that knowledge, by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, *that* preacher ranks among the first of benefactors, who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to

the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light, that disaffection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonor of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are *taught*, and repinings are engendered everywhere, by imputations being cast upon the government; and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humors, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favorable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks, he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God's will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good & least, is generally acceptable, but what we be-

lieve can be traced to preconceived intention, and specific acts and formal contrivances of human understanding. A Christian instructor thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment, by impressing the truth that,

In the unreasoning progress of the world,  
A wiser spirit is at work for us,  
A better eye than ours. MS.

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world; but our sphere of duty is upon earth; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong, in all but goodness of intention; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience! Nor is it less desirable for the purpose of counterbalancing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is as apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income, and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation

know what good their ancestors derived from their Church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that Church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there, it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine: one thing, however, is clear, that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and luxurious as England, the character of its clergy must unavoidably sink, and their influence be everywhere impaired, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inducements to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honorable maintenance for their children and wards, often direct their thoughts early towards the Church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness, or intellectual fitness. It is natural that a

boy or youth, with such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and be led into those habits of reflection, which will in some degree tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the Scriptures. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temporal considerations will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy of that Gospel, the lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to inculcate. Not inappositely may be here repeated an observation, which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, namely, that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to become less worldly-minded: the emoluments, howsoever reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been afloat upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that

order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon by the designing, for its degradation and disparagement. Some are beguiled by what they call the *voluntary system*, not seeing (what stares one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifice in order to supply it. Will the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved take from the means of their gratifications and pursuits, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit which they devour so greedily? Will *they* pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigencies of a people numerous and circumstanced as we are! Not more absurd would it be to expect that a knot of boys should draw upon the pittance of their pocket-money to build schools, or out of the abundance of their discretion be able to select fit masters to teach and keep them in order! Some, who clearly perceive the incompetence and folly of such a scheme for the agricultural part of the people, nevertheless think it feasible in large towns, where the rich might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the hick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years since, contained not more than

one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels, of every denomination, were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of fifty thousand. Were the parish church and the chapels of the Establishment existing there an *impediment* to the spread of the Gospel among that mass of people? Who shall dare to say so? But if any one, in the face of the fact which has just been stated, and in opposition to authentic reports to the same effect from various other quarters, should still contend, that a voluntary system is sufficient for the spread and maintenance of religion, we would ask, What kind of religion? Wherein would it differ, among the many, from deplorable fanaticism?

For the preservation of the Church Establishment, all men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive their true interest, would be strenuous: but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country! and how much is it to be regretted, that, while its zealous friends yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much overrate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter, and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, neither have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things



was partly produced by a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly by a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, in their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated, or too much impeded, by legal obstacles: these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means should be used to render the presence and powers of the Church commensurate with the wants of a shifting and still-increasing population.

This cannot be effected, unless the English Government vindicate the truth, that, as her Church exists for the benefit of all (though not in equal degree), whether of her communion or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, cause will be given to fear that a moral wound may be inflicted upon the heart of the English people, for which a remedy cannot be speedily provided by the utmost efforts which the members of the Church will themselves be able to make.

But let the friends of the Church be of good courage. Powers are at work, by which, under Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this or that demand of finical taste, not by cutting off this

or that from her Articles or Canons, to which the scrupulous or the overweening may object. Covert schism, and open nonconformity, would survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtilty had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided worship. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will tire of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Conventicles may disappear, congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests which the National Church ought chiefly to aim at lie among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up with no religion at all. The wants of these cannot but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be the disposition of the new constituencies under the reformed Parliament, and the course which the men of their choice may be inclined or compelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that individuals, acting in their private capacities, will endeavor to make up for the deficiencies of the legislature. Is it too much to expect that proprietors of large estates, where the inhabitants are without religious instruction, or where it is sparingly supplied, will deem it their duty to take part in this good work; and that thriving manufacturers and merchants will,

in their several neighborhoods, be sensible of the like obligation, and act upon it with generous rivalry?

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly increasing: and some may bend to it, who are not so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive; especially they who derive large incomes from lay-impropriations, in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations, or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favoritism, or purchased at insignificant prices after church spoliation; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that), may be prompted to make a return for which their tenantry and dependents will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given; an accession of means from these several sources, coöperating with a *well*-considered change in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the Church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman, to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may,

without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has been trod before so ably and so often: without pretending, however, to anything of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labor, but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts and feelings expressed in verse, that I entered upon the above notices, and with verse I will conclude. The passage is extracted from my manuscripts, written above thirty years ago: it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman — who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave — should read these lines, and be touched by them, I should indeed rejoice; and little would I care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from me upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, my affections have been moved, and my imagination exercised, under and *for* the guidance of reason.

"Here might I pause, and bend in reverence  
 To Nature, and the power of human minds;  
 To men as they are men within themselves.  
 How oft high service is performed within,  
 When all the external man is rude in show;  
 Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,  
 But a mere mountain chapel that protects  
 Its simple worshippers from sun and shower!  
 Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,  
 If future years mature me for the task,  
 Will I record the praises, making verse  
 Deal boldly with substantial things, — in truth  
 And sanctity of passion speak of these,  
 That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
 Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach,  
 Inspire, through unadulterated ears  
 Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope; my theme  
 No other than the very heart of man,  
 As found among the best of those who live,  
 Not unexalted by religious faith,  
 Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,  
 In Nature's presence: thence may I select  
 Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,  
 And miserable love that is not pain  
 To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
 Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.  
 Be mine to follow with no timid step  
 Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride  
 That I have dared to tread this holy ground,  
 Speaking no dream, but things oracular,  
 Matter not lightly to be heard by those  
 Who to the letter of the outward promise  
 Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit  
 In speech, and for communion with the world  
 Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then  
 Most active when they are most eloquent,  
 And elevated most when most admired.  
 Men may be found of other mould than these;  
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves

Encouragement and energy and will;  
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words  
As native passion dictates. Others, too,  
There are, among the walks of homely life,  
Still higher, men for contemplation framed;  
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;  
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.  
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,  
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:  
Words are but under-agents in their souls;  
When they are grasping with their greatest strength,  
They do not breathe among them; this I speak  
In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts  
For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,  
When we are unregarded by the world."

## INDEX TO THE POEMS.

---

[In case of need, seek under the word Lines, Sonnet, or Stanzae.]

---

- ABUSE** of Monastic Power, iv. 110  
**A Character**, iv. 234  
**A Complaint**, i. 280  
**Acquittal of the Bishops**, iv. 133  
**Address from the Spirit of Cocker-mouth Castle**, iv. 187  
 ——— to a Child, i. 191  
 ——— to Kilchurn Castle, iii. 20  
 ——— to my Infant Daughter, ii. 82  
 ——— to the Scholars of the Village School of ———, v. 147  
**Admonition**, ii. 321  
**A Fact, and an Imagination**, iv. 274  
**A Farewell**, i. 266  
**Afflictions of England**, iv. 128  
**A Flower-Garden**, ii. 20  
**After leaving Italy**, iii. 224  
 ———, iii. 224  
**After-thought (Riv. Dud.)**, iii. 270  
 ——— (Tour Contin.), iii. 148  
**A Gravestone. — Worcester Cathedral**, ii. 378  
**A Jewish Family**, ii. 260  
**Airey-Force Valley**, ii. 121  
**Aix-la-Chapelle**, iii. 140  
**Alfred**, iv. 89  
**Alfred's Descendants**, iv. 90  
**Alice Fell**, i. 196  
**American Tradition**, iii. 258  
**Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines**, iii. 222  
**A Morning Exercise**, ii. 17  
**Anecdote for Fathers**, i. 209  
**An Evening Walk**, i. 3  
**A Night-Piece**, ii. 120  
**A Night Thought**, iv. 259  
**Animal Tranquillity and Decay**, v. 134  
**An Interdict**, iv. 96  
**Anticipation, Oct. 1803**, iii. 81  
**A Parsonage in Oxfordshire**, ii. 370  
**A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland**, iii. 276  
**A Plea for Authors**, ii. 390  
**A Poet's Epitaph**, iv. 243  
**Apology (Ecc. Son)**, iv. 84  
 ——— (Ecc. Son), iv. 114  
 ——— (Pun. of Death), iv. 340  
 ——— (Yar. Rev.), iii. 296  
**A Prophecy, Feb. 1807**, iii. 87  
**Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V.**, iv. 107  
**Artegal and Elidure**, i. 255  
**Aspects of Christianity in America**, iv. 136  
 ———, iv. 137  
 ———, iv. 137  
**At Albano**, iii. 208  
**At Applethwaite**, ii. 322  
**At Bologna**, iv. 328

- At Bologna, iv. 329  
 ———, iv. 330  
 At Dover, iii. 184  
 At Florence, iii. 220  
 ———, iii. 221  
 ———, iii. 222  
 At Furness Abbey, ii. 397  
 ———, ii. 397  
 A Tradition of Oker Hill, ii. 380  
 At Rome, iii. 204  
 ———, iii. 204  
 ———, iii. 205  
 ———, iii. 206  
 At the Convent of Camaldoli, iii. 215  
 ———, iii. 216  
 ———, iii. 217  
 At the Grave of Burns, iii. 2  
 At Vallombrosa, iii. 218  
 A Wren's Nest, ii. 70
- BAPTISM, iv. 141  
 Before the Picture of the Baptist, iii. 220  
 Beggars, ii. 140  
 ———, Sequel, ii. 142  
 Botwell Castle, iii. 290  
 Bruges, iii. 136  
 ———, iii. 137
- CALAIS, Aug. 1802, iii. 65  
 ———, 15 Aug. 1802, iii. 67  
 Canute, iv. 92  
 Captivity. — Mary Queen of Scots, ii. 359  
 Casual Incitement, iv. 80  
 Catechizing, iv. 142  
 Cathedrals, etc., iv. 155  
 Cave of Staffa, iv. 209  
 ———, iv. 210  
 ———, iv. 211  
 Cenotaph, v. 145  
 Characteristics of a Child, i. 190  
 Character of the Happy Warrior, iv. 268  
 Charles the Second, iv. 130  
 Church to be erected, iv. 153  
 ———, iv. 154  
 Cistercian Monastery, iv. 100  
 Clerical Integrity, iv. 132  
 Conclusion (Ecc. Son.), iv. 158  
 ——— (Misc. Son.), ii. 366  
 ——— (Pun. of Death), iv. 339  
 ——— (Riv. Dud.), iii. 269  
 Confirmation, iv. 143  
 ———, iv. 143  
 Congratulation, iv. 152  
 Conjectures, iv. 73  
 Conversion, iv. 83  
 Corruptions of the Higher Clergy, iv. 109  
 Countess' Pillar, iii. 294  
 Crammer, iv. 120  
 Crusaders, iv. 103  
 Crusades, iv. 94
- DANISH Conquests, iv. 91  
 Decay of Piety, ii. 334  
 Dedication (Con. Tour), iii. 135  
 ——— (Misc. Son.), ii. 320  
 ——— (W. Doe of R.), iv. 1  
 Departure. — Vale of Grasmere, iii. 1  
 Descriptive Sketches, i. 20  
 Desultory Stanzas, iii. 184  
 Devotional Incitements, ii. 250  
 Dion, ii. 204  
 Dirge, v. 148  
 Dissensions, iv. 78  
 Dissolution of the Monasteries, iv. 111  
 ———, iv. 112  
 ———, iv. 113  
 Distractions, iv. 124  
 Druidical Excommunication, iv. 74
- EAGLES, iii. 280  
 Echo, upon the Gemmi, iii. 173  
 Edward VI., iv. 118  
 ——— signing the Warrant, iv. 118  
 Effusion. — Banks of the Brun, iii. 55  
 ———. Fower of Fell, iii. 152  
 Ejaculation, iv. 158



- Elegiac Musings. — Coleorton Hall, v. 166  
 ——— Stanzas, 1824, v. 163  
 ———, F. W. Goddard, iii. 177  
 ———, Peele Castle, v. 150  
 ——— Verses. John Wordsworth, 1805, v. 156  
 Elizabeth, iv. 122  
 Ellen Irwin, iii. 11  
 Emigrant French Clergy, iv. 151  
 Eminent Reformers, iv. 123  
 ———, iv. 124  
 Engelberg, iii. 149  
 English Reformers in Exile, iv. 122  
 Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, Bart., v. 1  
 Epitaph. Langdale Chapel-yard, v. 146  
 Epitaphs from Chiabrera, v. 136  
 Expostulation and Reply, iv. 230  
 Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg, v. 173  
 Extract from the Conclusion of a Poem, i. 1
- FANCY and Tradition, iii. 293  
 Farewell Lines, i. 372  
 Feelings of a French Royalist, iii. 117  
 ——— a Noble Biscayan, iii. 100  
 ——— the Tyrolese, iii. 92  
 Fidelity, iv. 263  
 Filial Piety, ii. 381  
 Fish-Women, iii. 185  
 Floating Island (D. W.), v. 27  
 Flowers, iii. 252  
 ——— Cave of Staffa, iv. 211  
 Foresight, i. 189  
 Forms of Prayer at Sea, iv. 147  
 Fort Fuentes, iii. 155  
 French Revolution, ii. 193  
 From the Alban Hills, iii. 209  
 Funeral Service, iv. 148
- GENERAL View. — Reformation, iv. 121  
 Glad Tidings, iv. 81  
 Glen Almain, iii. 16  
 Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase, v. 13  
 Goody Blake and Harry Gill, v. 41  
 Gordale, ii. 364  
 Grace Darling, v. 52  
 Greenock, iv. 215  
 Guilt and Sorrow, i. 51  
 Gunpowder Plot, iv. 125  
 Gypsies, ii. 144
- HART-LEAP Well, ii. 171  
 Hart's-Horn Tree, iii. 293  
 Her Eyes are Wild, i. 377  
 Highland Hut, iii. 284  
 Hint from the Mountains, ii. 52  
 Hints for the Fancy, iii. 256  
 Hoffer, iii. 90  
 Humanity, iv. 289  
 Hymn for the Boatmen. — Heidelberg, iii. 142
- ILLUSTRATED Books and Newspapers, iv. 257  
 Illustration, iv. 126  
 Imaginative Regrets, iv. 115  
 Incident at Bruges, iii. 137  
 ——— characteristic of a Favorite Dog, iv. 260  
 Indignation of a High-minded Squire, iii. 192  
 Influence abused, iv. 90  
 ——— of Natural Objects, i. 219  
 In Lombardy, iii. 223  
 Inscription. At the Request of Sir G. H. Beaumont, v. 72  
 ———. Black Comb, v. 75  
 ———. Crosthwaite Ch., v. 175  
 ——— For a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton, v. 73  
 ———. Hermitage, v. 84  
 ———. Hermit's Cell, v. 79

- Inscription. In a Garden of Sir G. H. Beaumont, v. 71  
 ———. In the Grounds of Cleorton, v. 70  
 ———. Island at Grasmere, v. 74  
 ———. Island at Rydal, v. 76  
 ———. On the Banks of a Rocky Stream, v. 86  
 ———. Spring of the Hermitage, v. 83  
 ———. upon a Rock, v. 81  
 Inside of King's College Chapel, iv. 156  
 ———, iv. 156  
 ———, iv. 157  
 Introduction (Ecc. Son.), iv. 72  
 Invocation to the Earth, v. 161  
 Iona, iv. 212  
 ———, iv. 213  
 Isle of Man, iv. 200  
 ———, iv. 200
- JOURNEY renewed, iii. 266
- LAMENT of Mary Queen of Scots, i. 285  
 Laodamia, ii. 196.  
 Latimer and Ridley, iv. 120  
 Latitudinarianism, iv. 130  
 Laud, iv. 127  
 Liberty. — Gold and Silver Fishes, v. 15  
 Lines. Above Tintern Abbey, ii. 186  
 ———. Album of the Countess of Lonsdale, v. 48  
 ———. Blank Leaf of "The Excursion," v. 163  
 ———. By the Sea-shore, iv. 174  
 ———. By the Sea-side, iv. 162  
 ———. By the Side of Rydal Mere, iv. 165  
 ———. Charles Lamb, v. 168  
 ———. Coast of Cumberland, iv. 161  
 ———. Expected Invasion, 1803, iii. 80
- Lines. In a Boat at Evening, i. 18  
 ———. In Early Spring, iv. 243  
 ———. Macpherson's Ossian, iv. 206  
 ———. Mr. Fox, v. 160  
 ———. Portrait, iv. 313  
 ———, iv. 318  
 ———. Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise, ii. 259  
 ———. Upon seeing a colored Drawing of the Bird of Paradise, iv. 320  
 ———. Yew-tree Seat, i. 49  
 London, 1802, iii. 73  
 Love-lies-bleeding, ii. 73  
 ———, Companion to, ii. 74  
 Loving and Liking, i. 369  
 Louisa, i. 272  
 Lowther, iv. 221  
 Lucy Gray, i. 199
- MALHAM Cove, ii. 364  
 Mary Queen of Scots, iv. 189  
 Maternal Grief, i. 302  
 Matthew, iv. 247  
 Memorial. — Lake of Thun, iii. 146  
 Memory, iv. 287  
 Michael, i. 342  
 Missions and Travels, iv. 88  
 Monastery of Old Bangor, iv. 80  
 Monastic Voluptuousness, iv. 111  
 Monks and Schoolmen, iv. 101  
 Monument of Mrs. Howard, iv. 217  
 Musings near Aquapendente, iii. 190  
 Mutability, iv. 150
- NEAR Rome. In Sight of St. Peter's, iii. 207  
 ———. Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, Aug. 7, 1802, iii. 65

- Near the Lake of Thrasy-  
mene, iii. 210  
— iii. 210
- New Churches, iv. 152  
— Churchyard, iv. 154
- Numery, iv. 218
- Nun's Well, Brigham, iv. 188
- Nutting, ii. 123
- OBLIGATIONS of Civil to Re-  
ligious Liberty, iv. 134
- Ode, iii. 82  
— composed in January,  
1816, iii. 125  
— composed on an Evening  
of Extraordinary Splendor,  
iv. 170  
— on May Morn-  
ing, iv. 306  
— Intimations of Immor-  
tality, v. 177  
— 1815, iii. 120  
— 1814, iii. 111  
— to Duty, iv. 266  
— to Lycoris, iv. 279  
—, iv. 281
- Old Abbeys, iv. 150
- On a Portrait of the Duke of  
Wellington, ii. 385
- Open Prospect, iii. 256
- Other Benefits, iv. 102  
—, iv. 102  
— Influences, iv. 85
- Our Lady of the Snow, iii. 150
- Oxford, May 30, 1820, ii. 367  
—, ii. 368
- PAPAL Abuses, iv. 97  
— Dominion, iv. 98
- Pastoral Character, iv. 139
- Patriotic Sympathies, iv. 129
- Paulinus, iv. 82
- Persecution, iv. 76  
— of the Covenant-  
ers, iv. 132
- Personal Talk, iv. 254
- Persuasion, iv. 82
- Peter Bell, ii. 272
- Pictare of Daniel in the Lion's  
Den, iii. 291
- Places of Worship, iv. 139
- Plea for the Historian, iii. 206
- Poor Robin v. 21
- Power of Music, ii. 133
- Prelude. Poems chiefly or  
Early and Late Years, v. 46
- Presentiments, ii. 241
- Primitive Saxon Clergy, iv. 84
- Processions. Chamouny, iii.  
174
- RECOLLECTION of the Por-  
trait of Henry VIII., ii. 368
- Recovery, iv. 76
- Reflections, iv. 116
- Regrets, iv. 149
- Remembrance of Collins, i. 19
- Repentance, i. 296
- Reproof, iv. 87
- Resolution and Independence,  
ii. 155
- Rest and be thankful. — Glen  
croe, iii. 283
- Retirement, ii. 348
- Return, iii. 259
- Revival of Popery, iv. 119
- Richard I., iv. 95
- Rob Roy's Grave, iii. 23
- Roman Antiquities. — Bishop-  
stone, ii. 379  
— Old Pen-  
rith, iii. 295
- Rural Architecture, i. 211  
— Ceremony, iv. 148  
— Illusions, ii. 75
- Ruth, ii. 145
- SACHEVEREL, iv. 135
- Sacrament, iv. 144
- Saints, iv. 113
- Saxon Conquest, iv. 79  
— Monasteries, iv. 88
- Scene in Venice, iv. 97  
— on the Lake of Brientz,  
iii. 149
- Seathwaite Chapel, iii. 260
- Seclusion, iv. 86  
—, iv. 86
- Sheep-washing, iii. 263
- Siege of Vienna raised by John  
Sobieski, iii. 118
- Simon Lee, iv. 237

- Sky Prospect. — France, iii. 182
- Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, ii. 179
- for the Spinning-wheel, ii. 51
- for the Wandering Jew, ii. 63
- Sonnet after visiting Waterloo, iii. 139
- at Bala-Sala, iv. 202
- at Sea off the Isle of Man, iv. 197
- between Namur and Liege, iii. 140
- by a Retired Mariner, iv. 201
- by the Sea-shore, Isle of Man, iv. 199
- composed after reading a Newspaper, iv. 323
- among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales, ii. 371
- at — Castle, iii. 28
- at Rydal, on May Morning, 1838, iii. 225
- by the Seaside, near Calais, August, 1802, iii. 64
- by the Side of Grasmere Lake, 1807, iii. 88
- during a Storm, ii. 352
- in Roslin Chapel, iii. 278
- in the Glen of Loch Etive, iii. 280
- in the Valley near Dover, iii. 70
- on a May Morning, 1838, ii. 385
- on Easter Sunday, ii. 333
- on the Banks of a Rocky Stream, ii. 362
- on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend, ii. 334
- Sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge, ii. 365
- , Convention of Cintra, iii. 89
- , iii. 96
- , 1811, iii. 105
- , 1811, iii. 106
- , 1801, iii. 66
- , 1810, iii. 99
- , 1810, iii. 103
- , 1820, ii. 380
- , from Michael Angelo, ii. 335
- , ii. 336
- , ii. 336
- , Hambleton Hills, ii. 349
- , Harbor of Boulogne, iii. 182
- in a Carriage. — Rhine, iii. 142
- in Allusion to various recent Histories, iv. 325
- , iv. 326
- , iv. 327
- in Sight of Cocker mouth, iv. 186
- in the Cathedral at Cologne, iii. 141
- in the Channel on the Coast of Cumberland, iv. 196
- in the Frith of Clyde, iv. 204
- , iv. 204
- in the Pass of Killcranky, iii. 32
- in the Sound of Mull, iii. 281
- in the Woods of Rydal, ii. 373
- , June, 1820, ii. 370
- , Kendal and Windermere Railway, ii. 395
- , Nov. 1, ii. 351
- , Nov. 1806, iii. 81
- , Nov. 1813, iii. 110
- , Nov. 1836, ii. 338
- , occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, iii. 117
- , iii. 116

- Sonnet, Oct. 1803, iii. 75  
 ———, iii. 76  
 ———, iii. 78  
 ——— on a Celebrated Event  
 in Ancient History, iii. 85  
 ———, iii. 86  
 ——— on approaching the  
 Staub-bach, iii. 144  
 ——— on entering Douglas  
 Bay, iv. 198  
 ——— on hearing the "Ranz  
 des Vaches," iii. 154  
 ——— on revisiting Dunolly  
 Castle, iv. 205  
 ——— on the Death of his  
 Majesty, George III., ii. 369  
 ——— on the Departure of Sir  
 Walter Scott, iii. 276  
 ——— on the Detraction  
 which followed, &c., ii. 331  
 ——— on the Extinction of the  
 Venetian Republic, iii. 67  
 ——— on the Final Submis-  
 sion of the Tyrolese, iii. 94  
 ——— on the Sight of a Manse  
 in the South of Scotland,  
 iii. 277  
 ———, Sept. 1, 1802, iii. 69  
 ———, Sept. 1815, ii. 351  
 ———, Sept. 1802. — Near  
 Dover, iii. 71  
 ——— suggested at Tyndrum,  
 iii. 282  
 ——— suggested by a View  
 from an Eminence, iii. 292  
 ——— suggested by the Mon-  
 ument of Mrs. Howard, iv.  
 218  
 ——— suggested by the View  
 of Lancaster Castle, iv. 332  
 ——— suggested by Westall's  
 Views, ii. 363  
 ———, Valley of Dover, iii. 183  
 ——— upon a Blank Leaf in  
 the Complete Angler, ii. 330  
 ——— upon the late General  
 East, iv. 324  
 ——— upon the Sight of a  
 Beautiful Picture, ii. 325  
 ——— written in London  
 Sept. 1802, iii. 72  
 Sonnet written in very early  
 Youth, i. 2  
 Spanish Guerillas, iii. 104  
 Sponsors, iv. 141  
 Stanzas. Catholic Cantons, iii.  
 147  
 ———. Cora Linn, iii. 52  
 ——— in Germany, iv. 241  
 ——— in the Simplon Pass,  
 iii. 172  
 ———. Needle-case, ii. 54  
 ———. On the Power of  
 Sound, ii. 262  
 ———. Sept. 1819, iv. 283  
 ———, iv. 284  
 ———. St. Bees, iv. 190  
 ——— written in March, ii.  
 138  
 ——— written in my Pocket  
 Copy of Thomson's Castle  
 of Indolence, i. 269  
 Star-Gazers, ii. 135  
 St. Catherine of Ledbury, ii.  
 360  
 Steamboats, Viaducts, and  
 Railways, iv. 219  
 Stepping Westward, iii. 18  
 Stray Pleasures, ii. 64  
 Struggle of the Britons, iv. 78  
 TEMPTATIONS from Roman  
 Refinements, iv. 77  
 Thanksgiving after Childbirth,  
 iv. 145  
 The Affliction of Margaret  
 ———, i. 298  
 The Armenian Lady's Love,  
 i. 361  
 The Avon, iii. 291  
 The Black Stones of Iona, iv.  
 214  
 The Blind Highland Boy, iii. 37  
 The Borderers, i. 80  
 The Brothers, i. 238  
 The Brownie, iii. 288  
 The Brownie's Cell, iii. 48  
 The Childless Father, i. 307  
 The Church of San Salvador,  
 iii. 157  
 The Column lying in the Sim-  
 plon Pass, iii. 171

- The Communion Service, iv. 146  
 The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman, i. 288  
 The Contrast, ii. 58  
 The Cottager to her Infant, i. 301  
 The Council of Clermont, iv. 94  
 The Cuckoo and the Nightingale, v. 97  
 The Cuckoo at Laverna, iii. 211  
 The Cuckoo-Clock, ii. 253  
 The Danish Boy, ii. 60  
 The Dunoly Eagle, iv. 206  
 The Earl of Breaulbane's Ruined Mansion, iii. 282  
 The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820, iii. 164  
 The Egyptian Maid, iii. 229  
 The Emigrant Mother, i. 308  
 The Excursion, vi. 1  
 The Faëry Chasm, iii. 255  
 The Fall of the Aar, iii. 145  
 The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, v. 126  
 The Force of Prayer, iv. 271  
 The Forsaken, i. 277  
 The Fountain, iv. 251  
 The French and the Spanish Guerillas, iii. 104  
 The French Army in Russia, iii. 106  
 \_\_\_\_\_, iii. 108  
 The German on the Heights of Hockheim, iii. 109  
 The Gleaner, v. 22  
 The Green Linnet, ii. 38  
 The Hunted Free, ii. 224  
 The Highland Broom, iii. 285  
 The Horn of Egremont Castle, v. 56  
 The Idiot Boy, i. 321  
 The Idle Shepherd-Boys, i. 205  
 The Infant M. M., ii. 376  
 The Italian Itinerant, iii. 159  
 The King of Swalen, iii. 68  
 The Kitten and Falling Leaves, ii. 77  
 The Lawyer's Noonday Hymn, iv. 305  
 The Last of the Flock, i. 291  
 The Last Supper, iii. 163  
 The Liturgy, iv. 140  
 The Longest Day, i. 221  
 The Marriage Ceremony, iv. 144  
 The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband, iii. 33  
 The Monument called Long Meg and her Daughters, iv. 220  
 The Mother's Return, i. 193  
 The Norman Boy, i. 225  
 The Norman Conquest, iv. 92  
 The Oak and the Broom, ii. 25  
 The Oak of Guernica, iii. 191  
 The Old Cumberland Beggar, v. 119  
 The Pass of Kirkstone, ii. 209  
 The Pet Lamb, i. 213  
 The Pilgrim's Dream, ii. 66  
 The Pillar of Trajan, iii. 226  
 The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome, iii. 203  
 The Plain of Donnerdale, iii. 261  
 The Poet and the Caged Turtle-dove, ii. 69  
 The Poet's Dream, i. 227  
 The Point at Issue, iv. 117  
 The Prelude, vii. 1  
 The Primrose of the Rock, ii. 239  
 The Prioress' Tale, v. 87  
 The Redbreast, i. 373  
 \_\_\_\_\_ chasing the Butterfly, ii. 49  
 The Resting-Place, iii. 264  
 The Reverie of Poor Susan, ii. 132  
 There was a Boy, ii. 117  
 The River Eden, iv. 216  
 The Russian Fugitive, v. 56  
 The Sailor's Mother, i. 395  
 The Seven Sisters, ii. 46  
 The Simplon Pass, ii. 125  
 The Small Columbine, v. 181  
 The Soutary Reaper, iii. 13  
 The Sombambalst, iv. 222  
 The Source of the Dacca  
 iii. 144

- The Sparrow's Nest, i. 188  
 The Stepping-Stones, iii. 254  
     , iii. 254  
 The Tables turned, iv. 232  
 The Thorn, ii. 162  
 The Three Cottage Girls, iii.  
     168  
 The Town of Schwytz, iii. 154  
 The Triad, ii. 225  
 The Trosachs, iii. 278  
 The Two April Mornings, iv.  
     248  
 The Two Thieves, v. 132  
 The Vaudois, iv. 105  
 The Virgin, iv. 114  
 The Wagoner, ii. 85  
 The Warning. — Sequel to the  
     First-born, iv. 298  
 The Waterfall and the Eglan-  
     tine, ii. 23  
 The Westmoreland Girl, i. 233  
 The White Doe of Rylstone,  
     iv. 1  
 The Widow on Windermere  
     Side, i. 359  
 The Wild Duck's Nest, ii. 329  
 The Wishing-Gate, ii. 233  
 The Wishing-Gate destroyed,  
     ii. 236  
 Thought of a Briton on the  
     Subjugation of Switzerland,  
     iii. 71  
 Thoughts on the Seasons, iv.  
     294  
 Thoughts.—Banks of the Nith,  
     iii. 6  
 To ———, i. 276  
 To ———, i. 281  
 To ———, i. 284  
 To ———, ii. 377  
 To a Butterfly, i. 187  
     , i. 265  
 To a Child. — Written in her  
     Album, v. 48  
 To a Friend on the Banks of  
     the Derwent, iv. 188  
 To a Highland Girl, iii. 13  
 To a Lady. — Madeira Flow-  
     ers, ii. 56  
 To an Octogenarian, v. 26  
 To a Painter, ii. 387  
 To a Painter, ii. 387  
 To a Redbreast (S. H.), v. 24  
 To a Sexton, ii. 30  
 To a Skylark, ii. 39  
     , ii. 195  
 To a Snowdrop, ii. 353  
 To a Young Lady who had  
     been, &c., &c., ii. 220  
 To B. R. Haydon, ii. 344  
     . Picture of  
     Napoleon Buonaparte, ii. 383  
 To Cordelia M——, iv. 228  
 To Enterprise, ii. 212  
 To H. C., i. 217  
 To H. C. Robinson, iii. 189  
 To ———, in her Seventieth  
     Year, ii. 377  
 To Joanna, ii. 3  
 To Lady Beaumont, ii. 354  
 To Lucca Giordano, iv. 180  
 To Lycoris, v. 69  
 To May, iv. 309  
 To M. H., ii. 10  
 To my Sister, iv. 235  
 To ———, on her First Ascent  
     of Helvellyn, ii. 218  
 To ———, on the Birth of her  
     First-born Child, iv. 295  
 To Rotha Q——, ii. 378  
 To S. H., ii. 332  
 To Sleep, ii. 327  
     , ii. 328  
 To the Author's Portrait, ii. 382  
 To the Clouds, ii. 255  
 To the Cuckoo, ii. 118  
     , ii. 375  
 To the Daisy, ii. 32  
     , ii. 36  
     , iv. 246  
     , v. 153  
 To the Earl of Lonsdale, iv. 221  
 To the Lady E. B. and the  
     Hon. Miss P., ii. 372  
 To the Lady Fleming.—Foun-  
     dation of Rydal Chapel, v. 39  
     — on the same Occasion,  
     v. 35  
 To the Lady Mary Lowther  
     ii. 353  
 To the Memory of Raisley Cal-  
     vert, ii. 342

- To the Men of Kent, iii. 78  
 To the Moon, iv. 175  
 ———, Rydal, iv. 178  
 To the Pennsylvanians, iv. 328  
 To the Planet Venus, Jan. 1838, ii. 392  
 ———, Loch Lomond, iii. 289  
 To the Poet, John Dyer, ii. 330  
 To the Rev. Chr. Wordsworth, D. D., ii. 392  
 To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, iii. 246  
 To the River Derwent, iv. 186  
 To the River Greta, iv. 185  
 To the Small Celandine, ii. 41  
 ———, ii. 43  
 To the Sons of Burns, iii. 9  
 To the Spade of a Friend, iv. 257  
 To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, ii. 372  
 To Thomas Clarkson, iii. 86  
 To Toussaint L'Ouverture, iii. 69  
 Tradition, iii. 262  
 Translation of the Bible, iv. 116  
 Transubstantiation, iv. 105  
 Irepidation of the Druids, iv. 74  
 Tributary Stream, iii. 260  
 Tribute to the Memory of a Favorite Dog, iv. 262  
 Troilus and Cresida, v. 112  
 Troubles of Charles the First, iv. 126  
 Tynwald Hill, iv. 202  
 UNCERTAINTY, iv. 75  
 VALEDICTORY SONNET, ii. 391  
 Vaudracour and Julia, i. 312  
 Vernal Ode, ii. 245  
 View from the Top of Black Comb, ii. 222  
 Visitation of the Sick, iv. 146  
 WALDENSES, iv. 107  
 Walton's Book of Lives, iv. 131  
 Wars of York and Lancaster iv. 108  
 Water-Fowl, ii. 221  
 We are Seven, i. 202  
 Wicliffe, iv. 109  
 William the Third, iv. 134  
 YARROW Revisited, iii. 271  
 ——— Visited, iii. 60  
 ——— Unvisited, iii. 29  
 Yew-Trees, ii. 121



## INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

---

- A BARKING** sound the shepherd hears, iv. 263  
A Book came forth of late, called Peter Bell, ii. 331  
A bright-haired company of youthful slaves, iv. 80  
Abruptly paused the strife; — the field throughout, iii. 109  
A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew, iii. 259  
Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown, iv. 183  
Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground, iii. 91  
Aerial Rock — whose solitary brow, ii. 327  
A famous man is Robin Hood, iii. 23  
Affections lose their object; Time brings forth, v. 26  
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by, ii. 328  
A genial hearth, a hospitable board, iv. 139  
Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers, iii. 33  
Ah! think how one compelled for life to abide, iv. 338  
Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung, iv. 85  
Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen, iii. 99  
Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit, iv. 328  
Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light, iv. 121  
Aias! what boots the long, laborious quest, iii. 92  
A little onward lend thy guiding hand, iv. 276  
All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed, ii. 387  
A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time, iii. 262  
Ambition, — following down this far-famed slope, iii. 171  
Amid a fertile region green with wood, iii. 291  
Amid the smoke of cities did you pass, ii. 3  
Amid this dance of objects sadness steals, iii. 142  
Among a grave fraternity of Monks, iv. 318  
Among the dwellers in the silent fields, v. 52  
Among the dwellings framed by birds, ii. 70  
Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream, iv. 186  
A month, sweet Little-ones, is past, i. 193  
An age hath been when Earth was proud, iv. 279  
A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags, ii. 7  
And is it among rude, untutored Dales, iii. 93  
And is this — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream, iii. 60

- And, not in vain embodied to the sight, iv. 102  
 And shall, the Pontiff asks, profaneness flow, iv. 94  
 And what is Penance with her knotted thong, iv. 110  
 And what melodious sounds at times prevail, iv. 102  
 An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow bold, ii. 133  
 Another year! — another deadly blow! iii. 81  
 A pen — to register; a key, iv. 287  
 A Pilgrim, when the summer day, ii. 66  
 A plague on your languages, German and Norse, iv. 241  
 A pleasant music floats along the Mere, iv. 92  
 A *Poet!* — He hath put his heart to school, ii. 383  
 A point of life between my Parents' dust, iv. 186  
 Army of Clouds! ye wing'd Host in troops, ii. 255  
 A Rock there is whose homely front, ii. 239  
 A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground, iii. 85  
 Around a wild and woody hill, iii. 146  
 Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe, iv. 204  
 Art thou a Statist, in the van, iv. 243  
 Art thou the bird whom Man loves best, ii. 49  
 ——— A simple Child, i. 202  
 As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest, iv. 104  
 As indignation mastered grief, my tongue, iii. 224  
 As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow, iv. 330  
 A slumber did my spirit seal, ii. 130  
 As often as I murmur here, ii. 63  
 As star that shines dependent upon star, iv. 139  
 As the cold aspect of a sunless way, ii. 359  
 A Stream, to mingle with your favorite Dee, ii. 372  
 A sudden conflict rises from the swell, iv. 135  
 As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain, iv. 76  
 As with the Stream our voyage we pursue, iv. 96  
 At early dawn, or rather when the air, ii. 364  
 A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain, i. 53  
 A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain, iii. 276  
 At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears, ii. 132  
 Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind, iii. 102  
 A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent, iv. 133  
 A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found, ii. 341  
 Avon, — a precious, an immortal name! iii. 291  
 A weight of awe, not easy to be borne, iv. 220  
 A whirl-blast from behind the hill, ii. 22  
 A wing'd Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought, iii. 139  
 A youth too certain of his power to wade, iv. 200  
  
 Bard of the Fleece, whose skillful genius made, ii. 330  
 Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear, ii. 322  
 Before I see another day, i. 288  
 Before the world had passed her time of youth, iv. 336  
 Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf, ii. 23  
 Beguiled into forgetfulness of care, iv. 313  
 Behold an emblem of our human mind, v. 86

- Behold a pupil of the monkish gown, iv. 89  
 Behold her, single in the field, iii. 19  
 Behold, within the leafy shade, i. 188  
 Beloved Vale! I said, when I shall con, ii. 322  
 Beneath the concave of an April sky, ii. 245  
 Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed, ii. 28  
 Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound, v. 73  
 Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod, iv. 153  
 Between two sister moorland rills, ii. 60  
 Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep, iv. 138  
 Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head, iv. 97  
 Blest is this Isle, — our native Land, v. 30  
 Blest Statesman he, whose Mind's unselfish will, iv. 325  
 Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong, iv. 197  
 Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight, iii. 96  
 Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere, iv. 246  
 Broken in fortune, but in mind entire, iv. 202  
 ——— Brook and road, ii. 125  
 Brook! whose society the poet seeks, ii. 362  
 Bruges I saw attired with golden light, iii. 136  
 But here no cannon thunders to the gale, iii. 269  
 But liberty, and triumphs on the Main, iv. 152  
 But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book, iv. 116  
 But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall, iv. 82  
 But what if one, through grove or flowery mead, iv. 87  
 But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord, iv. 105  
 By a blest Husband guided, Mary came, v. 144  
 By antique Fancy trimmed, — though lowly, bred, iii. 154  
 By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand, ii. 385  
 By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied, iv. 144  
 By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze, iii. 109  
 By playful smiles, alas! too oft, v. 146  
 By such examples moved to unbought pains, iv. 88  
 By their floating mill, ii. 64  
 By vain affections unenthralled, v. 145
- Call not the royal Swede unfortunate, iii. 97  
 Calm as an under-current, strong to draw, iv. 134  
 Calm is all nature as a resting wheel, i. 2  
 Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose, iv. 160  
 Calvert! it must not be unheard by them, ii. 342  
 Change me, some God, into that breathing rose! iii. 252  
 Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride, ii. 380  
 Child of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream, iii. 21  
 Child of the clouds! remote from every taint, iii. 249  
 Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb, iii. 86  
 Closing the sacred Book which long has fed, iv. 148  
 Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars, iii. 88  
 Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered, iv. 93  
 Come ye, who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land, iii. 80  
 Companion! by whose buoyant spirit cheered, iii. 189

- Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same, iii. 205
- Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell, ii. 349
- Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost, iv. 75
- Days passed, — and Monte Calvo would not clear, iii. 208
- Days undefiled by luxury or sloth, iv. 328
- Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs, iv. 141
- Dear Child of Nature, let them rail, ii. 220
- Dear Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse, iii. 135
- Dear native regions, I foretell, i. 1
- Dear Relics! from a pit of vilest mould, iii. 117
- Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed, iv. 189
- Deep is the lamentation! not alone, iv. 115
- Degenerate Douglas! O the unworthy Lord! iii. 28
- Departed Child! I could forget thee once, i. 302
- Departing Summer hath assumed, iv. 284
- Deplorable his lot who tills the ground, iv. 100
- Desire we past illusions to recall, iv. 197
- Desponding Father! mark this altered bough, ii. 359
- Despond who will, — / heard a voice exclaim, iv. 203
- Destined to war from very infancy, v. 140
- Did pangs of grief for lenient Time too keen, iv. 200
- Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute, iv. 257
- Dishonored Rock and Ruin! that, by law, iii. 280
- Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur, ii. 362
- Doomed as we are our native dust, iii. 147
- Doubling and doubling with laborious walk, iii. 283
- Down a swift stream, thus far, a bold design, iv. 135
- Dread hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast, iii. 156
- Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air, i. 373
- Earth has not anything to show more fair, ii. 365
- Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed, iv. 216
- Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung, iii. 119
- England! the time is come when thou shouldst wean, iii. 77
- Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand, ii. 392
- Enough! for see, with dim association, iv. 105
- Enough of climbing toil! — Ambition treads, iv. 281
- Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook, iii. 282
- Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes, v. 56
- Ere the Brothers through the gateway, v. 36
- Ere with cold beads of midnight dew, i. 275
- Ere yet our course was graced with social trees, iii. 252
- Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load, iii. 222
- Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky, ii. 195
- Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress, ii. 358
- Even so for me a Vision sanctified, ii. 338
- Even such the contrast that, where'er we move, iv. 126
- Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France, iv. 151
- Excuse is needless when with love sincere, ii. 332

- Failing impartial measure to dispense, ii. 390  
 Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sat, iii. 11  
 Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers, ii. 56  
 Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy: how few, i<sup>m</sup> 224  
 Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild, ii. 346  
 Fair Star of evening. Splendor of the west, iii. 64  
 Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap, iii. 265  
 Fame tells of groves, — from England far away, ii. 370  
 Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad, ii. 17  
 Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain-ground, i. 266  
 Far from my dearest Friend. 't is mine to rove, i. 3  
 Father! to God himself we cannot give, iv. 141  
 Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree, iv. 125  
 Feel for the wrongs to universal ken, iv. 331  
 Festivals have I seen that were not names, iii. 67  
 Fit retribution, by the moral code, iv. 336  
 Five years have past; five summers, with the length, ii. 186  
 Flattered with promise of escape, iv. 294  
 Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale, iii. 36  
 Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep, ii. 328  
 For action born, existing to be tried, iii. 210  
 Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise, iii. 266  
 For ever hallowed be this morning fair, iv. 81  
 For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes, iii. 149  
 Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs, iii. 209  
 Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base, ii. 16  
 For what contend the wise? — for nothing less, iv. 117  
 Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein, ii. 361  
 From Bolton's old monastic tower, iv. 4  
 From early youth I ploughed the restless Main, iv. 201  
 From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed, iv. 99  
 From Little down to Least, in due degree, iv. 142  
 From low to high doth dissolution climb, iv. 150  
 From R'te and Ordinance abused they fled, iv. 137  
 From Stirling Castle we had seen, iii. 29  
 From the Baptismal hour, through weal and woe, iv. 148  
 From the dark chambers of dejection freed, ii. 345  
 From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing, iii. 145  
 From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase, iii. 184  
 From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play, i<sup>m</sup> 358  
 Frowns are on every Muse's face, ii. 54  
 Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars, iv. 103  
  
 Genius of Raphael! if thy wings, ii. 260  
 Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill, iv. 180  
 Glad sight wherever new with old, ii. 58  
 Glide gently, thus for ever glide, i. 19  
 Glory to God! and to the Power who came, iv. 158  
 Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes, iii. 88  
 Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt, ii. 322

- Grant, that by this unsparing hurricane, iv. 116  
 Great men have been among us; hands that penned, iii. 73  
 Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones, iv. 185  
 Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend, ii. 332  
 Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft, iii. 215
- Had this effulgence disappeared, iv. 170  
 Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night, iii. 125  
 Hail to the fields, — with Dwellings sprinkled o'er, iii. 256  
 Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour, ii. 356  
 Hail, Virg'n Queen! o'er many an envious bar, iv. 122  
 Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye, iii. 95  
 Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown, ii. 320  
 Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean, iv. 329  
 Hark! 't is the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest, ii. 388  
 Harmonious Powers with Nature work, v. 27  
 Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string, iv. 128  
 Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, v. 82  
 ———— Hast thou then survived, ii. 82  
 Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill, ii. 383  
 Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall, iv. 100  
 Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more, iii. 70  
 Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black, iv. 214  
 Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise, iii. 106  
 Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed, iii. 293  
 Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing, ii. 397  
 Her eyes are wild, her head is bare, i. 377  
 Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat, ii. 324  
 High bliss is only for a higher state, i. 372  
 High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you, iii. 87  
 High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate, ii. 179  
 High is our calling, Friend! — Creative Art, ii. 344  
 High on a broad, unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down, i. 225  
 High on her speculative tower, iii. 164  
 His simple truths did Andrew glean, ii. 25  
 Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are, iv. 124  
 Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell, iv. 214  
 Hope rules a land for ever green, ii. 233  
 Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, iv. 211  
 Hopes, what are they? — Beads of morning, v. 79  
 How art thou named? In search of what strange land, ii. 373  
 How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high, v. 28  
 How beautiful when up a lofty height, i. 359  
 How beautiful your presence, how benign, iv. 84  
 How blest the Maid whose heart — yet free, iii. 168  
 How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright, ii. 271  
 How disappeared he? Ask the newt and toad, iii. 288  
 How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled, iv. 120  
 How profitless the relics that we cull, iii. 295  
 How richly glows the water's breast, i. 18  
 How rich that forehead's calm expanse, i. 262

- How sad a welcome! To each voyager, iv. 213  
 How shall I paint thee? — Be this naked stone, iii. 250  
 How soon, alas! did Man, created pure, iv. 98  
 How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks, ii. 344  
 Humanity, delighting to behold, iii. 106  
 Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast, iii. 104  
  
 I am not one who much or oft delight, iv. 254  
 I come, ye little noisy Crew, v. 147  
 I dropped my pen; and listened to the Wind, iii. 90  
 If from the public way you turn your steps, i. 342  
 If Life were slumber on a bed of down, iv. 190  
 If Nature, for a favorite child, iv. 247  
 If there be prophets on whose spirits rest, iv. 73  
 If these brief Records, by the Muses' art, ii. 366  
 If the whole weight of what we think and feel, ii. 248  
 If this great world of joy and pain, iv. 304  
 If thou in the dear love of some one Friend, v. 84  
 If to Tradition faith be due, iii. 285  
 If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share, iii. 225  
 I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain, iii. 66  
 I have a boy of five years old, i. 209  
 I heard (alas! 't was only in a dream), ii. 347  
 I heard a thousand blended notes, iv. 233  
 I know an aged Man constrained to dwell, v. 24  
 I listen, — but no faculty of mine, iii. 154  
 Imagination — ne'er before content, iii. 120  
 I marvel how Nature could ever find space, iv. 234  
 I met Louisa in the shade, i. 272  
 Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave, iii. 290  
 In Bruges town is many a street, iii. 137  
 In desultory walk through orchard grounds, v. 46  
 In distant countries have I been, i. 291  
 In due observance of an ancient rite, iii. 99  
 Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood, iii. 71  
 Inmate of a mountain dwelling, ii. 218  
 In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud, ii. 394  
 Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake, ii. 390.  
 In these fair vales bath many a Tree, v. 78  
 In the sweet shire of Cardigan, iv. 237  
 In this still place, remote from men, iii. 16  
 In trellised shed with clustering roses gay, iv. 1  
 Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you, iii. 117  
 In youth from rock to rock I went, ii. 32  
 I rose while yet the cattle, heat-oppressed, iii. 266  
 I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent, iv. 119  
 I saw an aged Beggar in my walk, v. 143  
 I saw far off the dark top of a Pine, iii. 203  
 I saw the figure of a lovely Maid, iv. 128  
 † *Death*, when evil against good has fought, iv. 334  
 † shiver, Spirit fierce and bold, iii. 2

- Is it a reed that 's shaken by the wind, iii. 65  
 Is then no nook of English ground secure, ii. 395  
 Is then the final page before me spread, iii. 184  
 Is there a power that can sustain and cheer, iii. 98  
 Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill? iii. 204  
 I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide, iii. 270  
 It is a beauteous evening, calm and free, ii. 339  
 It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown, ii. 192  
 It is not to be thought of, that the Flood, iii. 74  
 It is the first mild day of March, iv. 235  
 I travelled among unknown men, i. 275  
 ———— It seems a day, ii. 123  
 It was a *moral* end for which they fought, iii. 94  
 It was an April morning: fresh and clear, ii. 1  
 I've watched you now a full half-hour, i. 265  
 I wandered lonely as a cloud, ii. 130  
 I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile, v. 150  
 I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret, ii. 343  
 I, who accompanied with faithful pace, iv. 72
- Jesu! bless our slender Boat, iii. 142  
 Jones! as from Calais southward you and I, iii. 65  
 Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in  
 power, i. 227
- Keep for the Young the impassioned smile, ii. 212
- Lady! a Pen, perhaps with thy regard, v. 48  
 Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave, ii. 353  
 Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove, ii. 354  
 Lament! for Diocletian's fiery sword, iv. 76  
 Lance, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side, iv. 86  
 Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake, iv. 129  
 Let other bards of angels sing, i. 281  
 Let thy wheelbarrow alone, ii. 30  
 Let us quit the leafy arbor, i. 221  
 Lie here, without a record of thy worth, iv. 262  
 Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun, ii. 385  
 Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost, iv. 295  
 List, the winds of March are blowing, iv. 298  
 List! — 't was the Cuckoo. — O, with what delight, iii. 211  
 List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower, iv. 222  
 Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape, iii. 182  
 Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they, ii. 353  
 Long-favored England! be not thou misled, iv. 327  
 Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn, iii. 207  
 Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest, iv. 221  
 Look at the fate of summer flowers, i. 276  
 Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid, iii. 98  
 Lord of the vale! astounding Flood, iii. 52  
 Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up, v. 160



- Loving she is, and tractable, though wild, i. 190  
 Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance, ii. 388  
 Lo! where the Moon along the sky, iv. 259  
 Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen, iv. 221  
 Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells, iii. 178  
 Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live, ii. 139
- Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King, iv. 82  
 Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood, ii. 221  
 Mark the concentrated hazels that inclose, ii. 349  
 Meek Virgin Mother, more benign, iii. 150  
 Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book, iv. 327  
 Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy, iv. 128  
 Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road, iv. 74  
 Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil, iv. 123  
 Methinks that to some vacant hermitage, iv. 86  
 Methinks 't were no unprecedented feat, iii. 264  
 Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne, ii. 338  
 'Mid crowded obelisks and urns, iii. 9  
 Mid-noon is past; — upon the sultry mead, iii. 264  
 Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour, iii. 73  
 Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued, iv. 154  
*Miserrimus!* and neither name nor date, ii. 378  
 Monastic Domes! following my downward way, iv. 150  
 Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes, iv. 229  
 Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncroft, iv. 114  
 Motions and Means, on land and sea at war, iv. 219  
 My frame hath often trembled with delight, iii. 260  
 My heart leaps up when I behold, i. 187
- Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands, i. 49  
 Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove, iii. 208  
 Never enlivened with the liveliest ray, ii. 74  
 Next morning Troilus began to clear, v. 112  
 No fiction was it of the antique age, iii. 255  
 No more: the end is sudden and abrupt, iii. 296  
 No mortal object did these eyes behold, ii. 336  
 No record tells of lance opposed to lance, iii. 267  
 Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend, iv. 84  
 Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject, iv. 132  
 Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid, iv. 79  
 ——— Not a breath of air, ii. 121  
 Not envying Latian shades, — if yet they throw, iii. 213  
 Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep, iii. 269  
 Not in the lucid intervals of life, iv. 164  
 Not in the mines beyond the western main, iv. 228  
 Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly, iii. 144  
 Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell, ii. 348  
 Not 'mid the World's vain objects, that enslave, iii. 89  
 Not sedentary all: there are who roam, iv. 88  
 Not seldom, clad in radiant vest, v. 83

- Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance, iii. 254  
 Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard, ii. 376  
 Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew, iv. 206  
 Not to the object specially designed, iv. 334  
 Not utterly unworthy to endure, iv. 114  
 Not without heavy grief of heart did he. v. 142  
 Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright, iii. 110  
 Now that the farewell tear is dried, iii. 159  
 Now we are tired of boisterous joy, iii. 37  
 Now when the primrose makes a splendid show, v. 21  
 Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room, ii. 320  
  
 Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power, iii. 101  
 O blithe New-comer! I have heard, ii. 118  
 O dearer far than light and life are dear, i. 284  
 O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain, iii. 93  
 O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied, iii. 103  
 O flower of all that springs from gentle blood, v. 141  
 Of mortal parents is the Hero born, iii. 90  
 O for a dirge! But why complain? v. 163  
 O for a kindling touch from that pure flame, iii. 118  
 O for the help of Angels to complete, iii. 141  
 O Friend! I know not which way I must look, iii. 72  
 Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze, iv. 206  
 Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek, ii. 334  
 Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray, i. 199  
 Oft is the medal faithful to its trust, v. 71  
 O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee, ii. 327  
 O happy time of youthful lovers! (thus, i. 312  
 O Life! without thy checkered scene, iii. 148  
 O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously, quoth she, v. 87  
 O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot, iii. 257  
 Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee, iii. 67  
 Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky), v. 28  
 Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned, i. 308  
 Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear, iv. 109  
 Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound, iv. 202  
 One might believe that natural miseries, iii. 75  
 One morning, raw it was and wet, i. 305  
 One who was suffering tumult in his soul, ii. 352  
 On his morning rounds, the Master, iv. 260  
 O Nightingale! thou surely art, ii. 127  
 On, loitering Muse! — the swift Stream chides us, — on! iii. 258  
 O now that the genius of Bewick were mine, v. 132  
 On to Iona! — What can she afford, iv. 212  
 Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles, iv. 155  
 O pleasant exercise of hope and joy, ii. 193  
 O there is blessing in this gentle breeze, vii. 9  
 O thou who movest onward with a mind, v. 137  
 O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought, i. 217  
 Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine, iv. 337

- Our walk was far among the ancient trees, ii. 10  
 Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand, iv. 120  
 O what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech, ii. 383  
 O, what 's the matter? what 's the matter? v. 41
- Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies, ii. 41  
 Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep, iii. 276  
 Pastor and Patriot! — at whose bidding rise, iv. 188  
 Patriots informed with Apostolic light, iv. 137  
 Pause, courteous Spirit! — Balbi supplicates, v. 143  
 Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be, v. 81  
 Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side, ii. 323  
 People! your chains are severing link by link, iv. 323  
 Perhaps some needful service of the State, v. 136  
 Pleasures newly found are sweet, ii. 43  
 Portentous change, when History can appear, iv. 325  
 Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay, ii. 325  
 Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs, iv. 106  
 Prejudged by foes determined not to spare, iv. 127  
 Presentiments! they judge not right, ii. 241  
 Prompt transformation works the novel Lore, iv. 83  
 Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old, ii. 393  
 Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er, ii. 363
- Queen of the stars! so gentle, so benign, iv. 178
- Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Black Comb, iv. 196  
 Rapt above earth by power of one fair face, iii. 221  
 Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace, iv. 96  
 Record we too, with just and faithful pen, iv. 101  
 Redoubted King, of courage leonine, iv. 95  
 Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed, iv. 324  
 Rest, rest, perturbed Earth, v. 161  
 Return, Content! for fondly I pursued, iii. 265  
 Rise! — they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask, iv. 78  
 Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was gray, ii. 378  
 Rude is this Edifice, and thou hast seen, v. 74
- Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear, iii. 260  
 Sad thoughts, avaunt! — partake we their blithe cheer, iii. 263  
 Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud, iv. 324  
 Say, what is Honor? — 'T is the finest sense, iii. 95  
 Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills, iii. 277  
 Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net, iv. 122  
 Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned, ii. 343  
 Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew, — white  
 iv. 74  
 Seek who will delight in fable, i. 233  
 See the Condemned alone within his cell, iv. 339  
 See what gay wild-flowers deck this earth-built Cot, iii. 284  
 See, where his difficult way thae Old Man wins, iii. 223

- Serene, and fitted to embrace, ii. 204  
 Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here, ii. 391  
 Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald, ii. 46  
 Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow, ii. 323  
 She dwelt among the untrodden ways, i. 274  
 She had a tall man's height or more, ii. 140  
 She was a Phantom of delight, ii. 126  
 Show me the noblest Youth of present time, ii. 225  
 Shout, for a mighty Victory is won, iii. 81  
 Shun not this rite, neglected, yea abhorred, iv. 146  
 Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy, iv. 204  
 Six months to six years added he remained, v. 145  
 Six thousand veterans, practised in war's game, iii. 32  
 Small service is true service while it lasts, v. 48  
 Smile of the Moon! — for so I name, i. 285  
 So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive, iv. 319  
 Soft as a cloud is you blue Ridge, — the Mere, iv. 167  
 Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played, iii. 251  
 Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest, v. 12  
 Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands iv. 257  
 Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs, v. 75  
 Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay, v. 24  
 Stay near me; do not take thy flight, i. 187  
 Stern Daughter of the Voice of God, iv. 266  
 Strange fits of passion have I known, i. 273  
 Stranger! this hillock of misshapen stones, v. 76  
 Stretched on the dying Mother's lap lies dead, iv. 217  
 Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright, ii. 377  
 Such fruitless questions may not long beguile, iii. 258  
 Surprised by joy, impatient as the Wind, ii. 337  
 Sweet Flower! belike one day to have, v. 153  
 Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower, iii. 13  
 Sweet is the holiness of Youth; — so felt, iv. 118  
 Swifly turn the murmuring wheel, ii. 51  
 Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright, ii. 75  
  
 Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, &c. &c, iii. 250  
 Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, iv. 156  
 Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold, ii. 20  
 Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law, iv. 333  
 Thanks for the lessons of this spot, — fit school, iv. 210  
 That happy gleam of vernal eyes, v. 23  
 That heresies should strike, if truth be scanned, iv. 78  
 That is work of waste and ruin, i. 189  
 That way look, my Infant, lo, ii. 77  
 The Baptist might have been ordained to cry, iii. 220  
 The Bard, — whose soul is meek as dawning day, iii. 119  
 The captive Bird was gone; — to cliff or moor, iv. 205  
 The cattle, crowding round this beverage clear, iv. 188  
 The Cock is crowing, ii. 138  
 The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love, iv. 175  
 The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair, iv. 274

- The days are cold, the nights are long, i. 301  
 The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink, i. 213  
 The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine, v. 70  
 The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed, iv. 154  
 The fairest, brightest hues of ether fade, ii. 325  
 The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn, iv. 198  
 The fields which with covetous spirit we sold, i. 296  
 The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary, iv. 218  
 The forest huge of ancient Caledon, iii. 292  
 The formal World relaxes her cold chain, iv. 346  
 The gallant Youth, who may have gained, iii. 271  
 The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed, ii. 259  
 The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains, iii. 1  
 The God of Love, — *ah benedicite!* v. 97  
 The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king, ii. 329  
 The imperial stature, the colossal stride, ii. 368  
 The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye, iii. 268  
 The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor, ii. 171  
 The Land we from our fathers had in trust, iii. 92  
 The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill, iv. 168  
 The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close, iv. 165  
 ——— The little hedgerow birds, v. 134  
 The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek, iv. 112  
 The Lovers took within this ancient grove, iii. 293  
 The martial courage of a day is vain, iii. 96  
 The massy Ways, carried across these heights, v. 78  
 The Minstrels played their Christmas tune, iii. 246  
 The most alluring clouds that mount the sky, ii. 384  
 The old inventive Poets, had they seen, iii. 261  
 The oppression of the tumult, — wrath and scorn, iv. 80  
 The peace which others seek they find, i. 277  
 The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute, iii. 279  
 The post-boy drove with fierce career, i. 196  
 The power of Armies is a visible thing, iii. 105  
 The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed, ii. 336  
 There are no colors in the fairest sky, iv. 131  
 There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear, iii. 76  
 There is a change, — and I am poor, i. 280  
 There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine, v. 131  
 There is a little unpretending Rill, ii. 324  
 There is an Eminence, — of these our hills, ii. 7  
 There is a pleasure in poetic pains, ii. 355  
 There is a Thorn, — it looks so old, ii. 162  
 There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale, ii. 121  
 There never breathed a man who, when his life, v. 138  
 There! said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride, iv. 216  
 There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore  
   i. 211  
 There's more in words than I can teach, i. 369  
 There's not a nook within this solemn Pass, iii. 278  
 There's something in a flying horse, ii. 273

- There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs, ii. 117  
 There was a roaring in the wind all night, ii. 155  
 There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, v. 177  
 The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die, iv. 333  
 The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal, iv. 146  
 The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned, iv. 119  
 These times strike moneyed worldlings with dismay, iii. 76  
 These Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live, i. 238  
 The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo! v. 156  
 The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said, ii. 356  
 ——— The sky is overcast, ii. 120  
 The soaring lark is blest as proud, v. 13  
 The Spirit of Antiquity — enshrined, iii. 137  
 The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand, ii. 358  
 The struggling rill insensibly is grown, iii. 254  
 The sun has long been set, iv. 170  
 The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest, iv. 162  
 The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire, iv. 161  
 The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields, iv. 283  
 The tears of man in various measure gush, iv. 118  
 The Troop will be impatient; let us hie, i. 80  
 The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms, iv. 84  
 The unremitting voice of nightly streams, iv. 295  
 The valley rings with mirth and joy, i. 205  
 The Vested Priest before the Altar stands, iv. 144  
 The Virgin-Mountain, wearing like a Queen, iv. 126  
 The Voice of Song from distant lands shall call, iii. 68  
 The wind is now thy organist; — a clank, iii. 278  
 The woman-hearted Confessor prepares, iv. 92  
 The world forsaken, all its busy cares, iii. 216  
 The world is too much with us; late and soon, ii. 341  
 They called thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time, iv. 184  
 They dreamt not of a perishable home, iv. 157  
 The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale, iv. 143  
 They seek, are sought; to daily battle led, iii. 104  
 They who have seen the noble Roman's scorn, iii. 206  
 This Height a ministering Angel might select, ii. 222  
 This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls, iii. 280  
 This Lawn, a carpet all alive, iv. 288  
 This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry, ii. 59  
 This Spot — at once unfolding sight so fair, iv. 332  
 Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard, v. 15  
 Those had given earliest notice, as the lark, iv. 107  
 Those old credulities, to nature dear, iii. 204  
 Those silver clouds collected round the sun, ii. 224  
 Those words were uttered as in pensive mood, ii. 350  
 Though I beheld at first with blank surprise, ii. 387  
 Though joy attend thee orient at the birth, iii. 289  
 Though many suns have risen and set, iv. 309  
 Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and near, ii. 361  
 Though searching damps and many an envious flaw, iii. 165

- Though the bold wings of Poesy affect, ii. 366  
 Though the torrents from their fountains, ii. 63  
 Though to give timely warning and deter, iv. 337  
 Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think, iv. 187  
 Thou sacred Pile! whose turrets rise, iii. 158  
 Threats come which no submission may assuage, iv. 111  
 Three years she grew in sun and shower, ii. 128  
 Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls, ii. 371  
 Thus all things lead to Charity, secured, iv. 152  
 Thus is the storm abated by the craft, iv. 108  
 Thy functions are ethereal, ii. 263  
 'T is eight o'clock, — a clear March night, i. 324  
 'T is gone, — with old belief and dream, ii. 236  
 'T is He whose yester-evening's high disdain, ii. 389  
 'T is not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined, v. 126  
 'T is said, fantastic Ocean doth enfold, iii. 135  
 'T is said, that some have died for love, i. 278  
 'T is said that to the brow of yon fair hill, ii. 380  
 'T is spent, — this burning day of June, ii. 85  
 To a good Man of most dear memory, v. 168  
 To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield, iii. 174  
 To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen, iii. 48  
 To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor, iv. 147  
 Too frail to keep the lofty vow, iii. 6  
 To public notice, with reluctance strong, v. 163  
 Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men, iii. 69  
 Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw, iii. 281  
 Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou, iv. 218  
 Troubled long with warring notions, v. 83  
 True is it that Ambrosio Salinero, v. 139  
 'T was summer, and the sun had mounted high, vi. 11  
 Two Voices are there; one is of the sea, iii. 71
- Under the shadow of a stately Pile, iii. 220  
 Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget, iv. 134  
 Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind, iv. 98  
 Unquiet Childhood here by special grace, ii. 376  
 Untouched through all severity of cold, ii. 381  
 Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away, i. 307  
 Up to the throne of God is borne, iv. 305  
 Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books, iv. 232  
 Up with me! up with me into the clouds, ii. 39  
 Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill, iv. 90  
 Uttered by whom, or how inspired, designed, iii. 144
- Vallombrosa! I longed in thy shadiest wood, iii. 172  
 Vallombrosa! I longed in thy shadiest wood, iii. 215  
 Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent, iii. 78
- Wait, prithee, wait! this answer Lesbia threw, ii. 376  
 Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near, iv. 175

- Wansfell! this Household has a favored lot, ii. 293  
 Ward of the Law! — dread Shadow of a King, ii. 339  
 Was it to disenchant, and to undo, iii. 140  
 Was the aim frustrated by force or guile, ii. 364  
 Watch, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice, iv. 77  
 Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind, ii. 342  
 We can endure that he should waste our lands, iii. 102  
 Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air, v. 136  
 We had a female Passenger who came, iii. 69  
 We have not passed into a doleful City, iv. 215  
 Well have you Railway Laborers to this ground, ii. 397  
 Well mayst thou halt, — and gaze with brightening eye, ii. 321  
 Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains, iii. 282  
 Well worthy to be magnified are they, iv. 136  
 Were there, below, a spot of holy ground, i. 22  
 We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd, iv. 209  
 We talked with open heart, and tongue, iv. 251  
 We walked along, while bright and red, iv. 248  
 What aim had they, the pair of Monks, in size, iii. 217  
 What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled, iii. 253  
 What awful perspective! while from our sight, iv. 156  
 What beast in wilderness or cultured field, iv. 107  
 What beast of chase hath broken from the cover? iii. 173  
 What crowd is this? what have we here? we must not pass  
 it by, ii. 135  
 What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine, i. 283  
 What! he who, 'mid the kindred throng, iii. 55  
 What if our numbers barely could defy, iii. 79  
 What is good for a bootless bene, iv. 271  
 What know we of the Blest above, iii. 149  
 What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose, iii. 140  
 What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret, iv. 174  
 What need of clamorous bells, or ribbons gay, ii. 334  
 What strong allurements draws, what spirit guides, ii. 392  
 What though the Accused, upon his own appeal, iv. 289  
 What though the Italian pencil wrought not here, iii. 152  
 What way does the Wind come? What way does he go? i. 191  
 What, you are stepping westward? — Yea, iii. 18  
 When Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant cry, iv. 132  
 Whence that low voice? — A whisper from the heart, iii. 263  
 When far and wide, swift as the beams of morn, iii. 86  
 When first, descending from the moorlands, v. 173  
 When haughty expectations prostrate lie, ii. 356  
 When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came, iii. 210  
 When human touch (as monkish books attest), ii. 360  
 When I have borne in memory what has tamed, iii. 74  
 When, in the antique age of bow and spear, v. 35  
 When, looking on the present face of things, iii. 78  
 When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle, ii. 374  
 When Ruth was left half desolate, ii. 145  
 When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch, iii. 111



- When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains, iv. 90  
 When, to the attractions of the busy world, ii. 11  
 Where are they now, those wanton Boys? ii. 142  
 Where art thou, my beloved Son, i. 298  
 Where be the noisy followers of the game, iii. 183  
 Where be the temples which, in Britain's isle, i. 255  
 Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends, ii. 370  
 Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go? ii. 340  
 Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed, iv. 182  
 Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root, iv. 104  
 Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds, iii. 226  
 Where will they stop, those breathing Powers, ii. 250  
 While Anna's peers and early playmates tread, ii. 374  
 While beams of orient light shoot wide and high, ii. 394  
 While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport, ii. 330  
 While from the purpling east departs, iv. 306  
 While Merlin paced the Cornish sands, iii. 229  
 While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields, ii. 351  
 While poring Antiquarians search the ground, ii. 379  
 While the Poor gather round, till the end of time, iii. 294  
 Who but hails the sight with pleasure, ii. 52  
 Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high, iv. 181  
 Who comes, — with rapture greeted, and caressed, iv. 130  
 Who fancied what a pretty sight, ii. 48  
 Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he, iv. 268  
 Who ponders National events shall find, iv. 326  
 Who rashly strove thy Image to portray? iv. 320  
 Who rises on the banks of Seine, iii. 82  
 Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorcee, iii. 267  
 Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant, ii. 382  
 Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore, iii. 182  
 Why, Minstrel, these untuneful marmurings, ii. 326  
 Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle, iv. 184  
 Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic Boy, v. 159  
 Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled, iv. 158  
 Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine, iv. 199  
 Why, William, on that old gray stone, iv. 230  
 Wild Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip, ii. 373  
 Wisdom and Spirit of the universe, i. 219  
 With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme, v. 166  
 With each recurrence of this glorious morn, ii. 333  
 With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky, ii. 257  
 Within her gilded cage confined, ii. 58  
 Within our happy Castle there dwelt One, i. 269  
 Within the mind strong fancies work, ii. 209  
 With little here to do or see, ii. 36  
 With sacrifice before the rising morn, ii. 196  
 With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh, ii. 340  
 Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey, iv. 91  
 Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease, iv. 109  
 Woman! the Power who left his throne on high, iv. 145

- Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight, ii. 253  
 Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave, iv. 1-3  
  
 Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales, iii. 190  
 Ye brood of conscience, Spectres! that frequent, iv. 235  
 Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn, v. 72  
 Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth, ii. 367  
 Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims, iv. 211  
 Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace, ii. 335  
 Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear, iv. 140  
 Yes, it was the mountain Echo, ii. 194  
 Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved, i. 282  
 Yes, though he well may tremble at the sound, iv. 339  
 Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King, iii. 108  
 Yet are they here, the same unbroken knot, ii. 144  
 Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade, iv. 113  
 Yet more, — round many a Convent's blazing fire, iv. 111  
 Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand, iv. 113  
 Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine, iii. 222  
 Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind, iv. 130  
 Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes, iii. 102  
 Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew, v. 175  
 You call it, "Love-lies-bleeding," — so you may, ii. 73  
 You have heard a Spanish Lady, i. 361  
 Young England, — what is then become of Old, iv. 350

END OF VOL. V.











THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 374 736 7

