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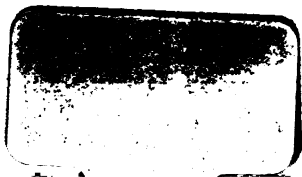
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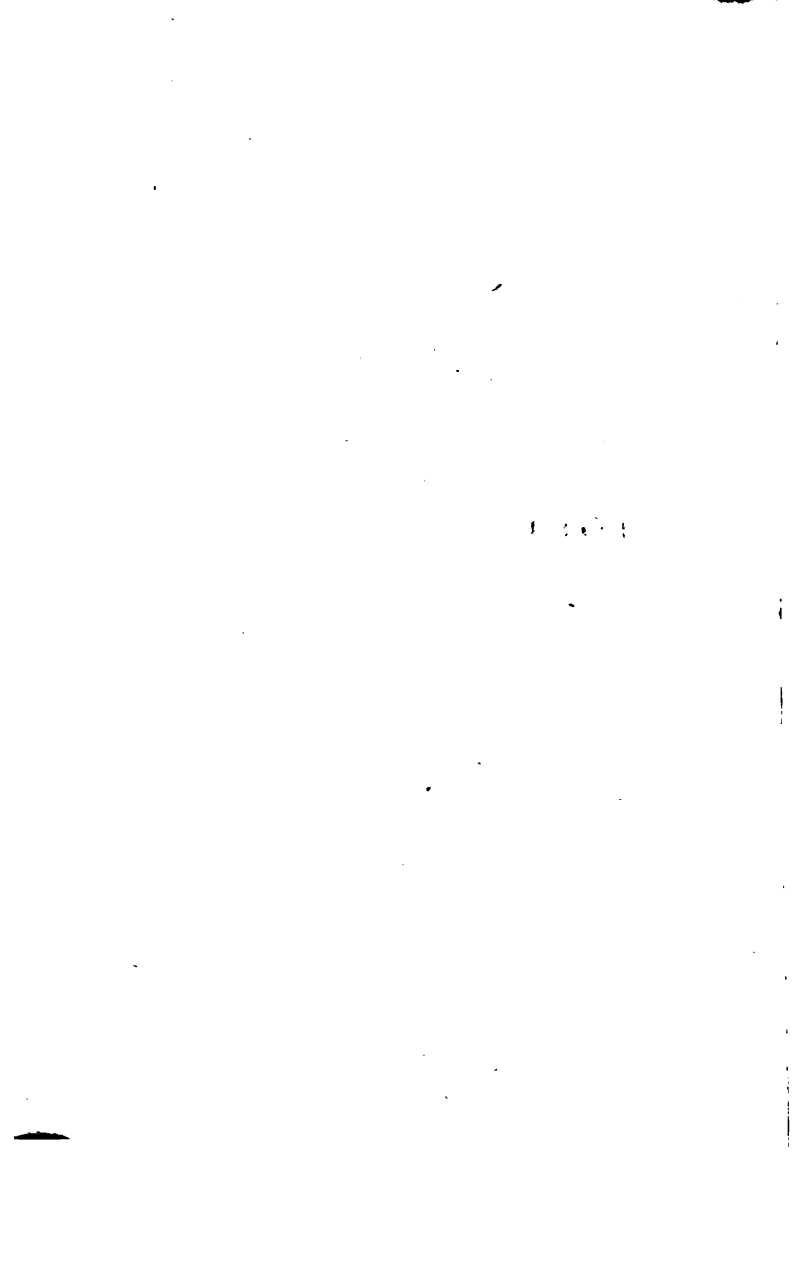
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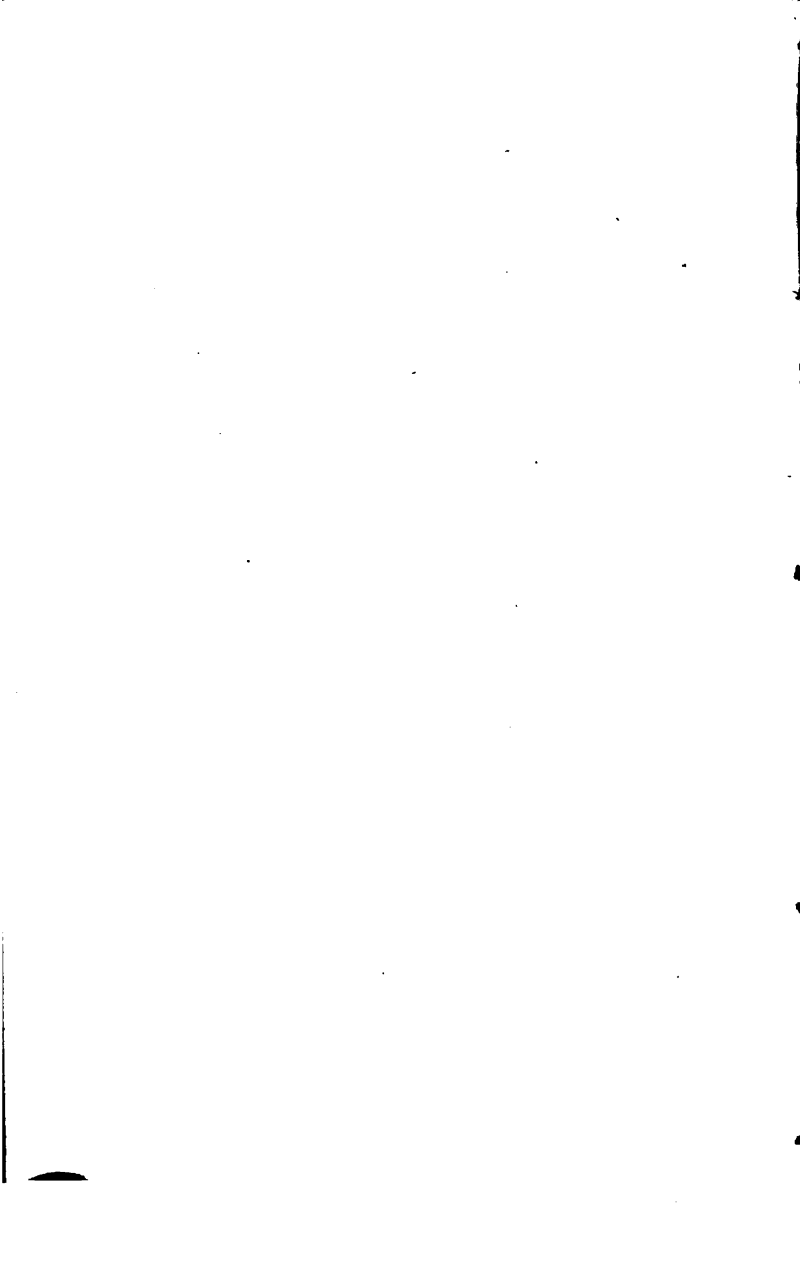


Francis H. Napier.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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*A New Edition.*

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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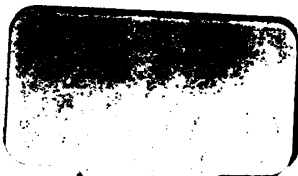
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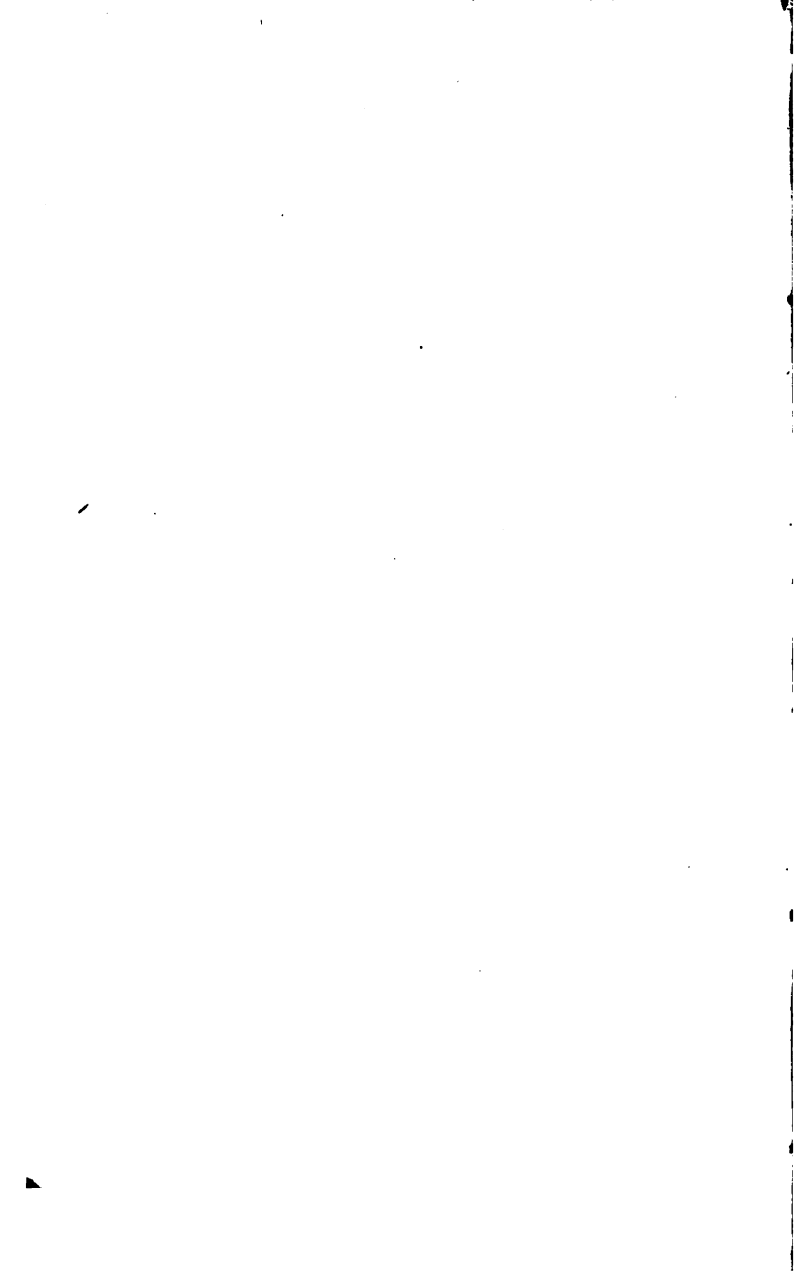


Francis H. Napier.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.





**POEMS**  
**OF**  
**SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.**

**VOL. V.**

**B**

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,  
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content :—  
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,  
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,  
(Visible though they be to half the earth,  
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)  
Are yet of no diviner origin,  
No purer essence, than the one that burns,  
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge  
Of some dark mountain ; or than those which seem  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,  
Among the branches of the leafless trees ;  
All are the undying offspring of one Sire :  
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,  
Shine, Poet ! in thy place, and be content !

I.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

---

“WHY, William, on that old grey stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?

Where are your books?—that light bequeathed  
To Beings else forlorn and blind!  
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your mother Earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you;  
As if you were her first-born birth,  
And none had lived before you!”

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
And thus I made reply :

“ The eye—it cannot choose but see ;  
We cannot bid the ear be still ;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress ;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking ?

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old grey stone,  
And dream my time away.”

## 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 ! 'tis a dull and endless strife :  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music ! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !  
He, too, is no mean preacher :  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :—  
We murder to dissect.

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

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the lake of Esthwaite,  
on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect.

---

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands  
Far from all human dwelling: what if here  
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?  
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?  
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,  
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind  
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

————— Who he was  
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod  
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree  
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,  
I well remember.—He was one who owned  
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,  
And led by nature into a wild scene  
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth

A favoured Being, knowing no desire  
Which genius did not hallow ; 'gainst the taint  
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,  
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,  
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,  
Owed him no service ; wherefore he at once  
With indignation turned himself away,  
And with the food of pride sustained his soul  
In solitude.—Stranger ! these gloomy boughs  
Had charms for him ; and here he loved to sit,  
His only visitants a straggling sheep,  
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper :  
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,  
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,  
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour  
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here  
An emblem of his own unfruitful life :  
And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze  
On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis  
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became  
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain  
The beauty, still more beauteous ! Nor, that time,  
When nature had subdued him to herself,  
Would he forget those Beings to whose minds  
Warm from the labours of benevolence  
The world, and human life, appeared a scene  
Of kindred loveliness : then he would sigh,  
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt  
What he must never feel : and so, lost Man !



On visionary views would fancy feed,  
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale  
He died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
Of young imagination have kept pure,  
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,  
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he has never used; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
The least of Nature's works, one who might move  
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
In lowliness of heart.

1796.

## IV.

## LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

---

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

Such views the youthful Bard allure;  
 But, heedless of the following gloom,  
 He deems their colours shall endure  
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.  
 —And let him nurse his fond deceit,  
 And what if he must die in sorrow!  
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,  
 Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

v.

## REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

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

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

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

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

1789.

---



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 VI.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

---

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
 While in a grove I sate reclined,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
 The human soul that through me ran ;  
 And much it grieved my heart to think  
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played ;  
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air ;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man ?

## VII.

## 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 paleness 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.

## VIII.

## TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE, AND  
SENT BY MY LITTLE BOY.

It is the first mild day of March :  
Each minute sweeter than before,  
The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

My Sister! ('tis a wish of mine)  
Now that our morning meal is done,  
Make haste, your morning task resign ;  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ;—and, pray,  
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;  
And bring no book : for this one day  
We 'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
Our living calendar :  
We from to-day, my Friend, will date  
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth :  
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than years of toiling reason :  
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.

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 IX.

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,  
 'Tis said he once was tall.  
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
 A running Huntsman merry ;  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is blooming as a 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, oh the heavy change !—bereft  
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !  
Old Simon to the world is left  
In liveried poverty.  
His Master's dead,—and no one now  
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;  
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
He is the sole survivor.

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  
Enclosed when he was stronger ;  
'Tis his, but what 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 labour could not wean them,  
Alas ! 'tis 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 every thing.  
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 endeavour,  
That at the root of the old tree  
He might have worked for ever.

“ You’re overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool,” to him I said ;  
And at the word right gladly he  
Received my proffered aid.  
I struck, and with a single blow  
The tangled root I severed,  
At which the poor old Man so long  
And vainly had endeavoured.

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.

## X.

## 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, sorrow 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 bemazed :  
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.

How 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 I  
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 should'st sound through the clouds,  
And back to the forests again !

1799.

## XI.

## 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* may'st 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 noon-day 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.

## XII.

## TO THE DAISY.

CONFIDING Flower, by Nature's care  
 Made bold,—who, lodging here or there,  
 Art all the long year through the heir  
     Of joy or sorrow,  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Communion 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 would'st 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,  
 Uncheck'd 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. 1803.

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 XIII.

## MATTHEW.

In the School of —— is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been School-masters 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 favourite 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 ?

## XIV.

## 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 grey ;  
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 colours, 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 church-yard 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.



## XV.

## 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 grey-haired man of glee :

“ No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears ;  
How merrily it goes !  
’Twill 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.

## XVI.

## TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND.

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING 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 honour 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 labouring many and the resting few ;

Health, meekness, ardour, 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 !

## XVII.

## INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE 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 crost ;  
 She hath crost, and without heed  
 All are following at full speed,  
 When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
 Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is over-head !

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 hath no fears,—  
 Him alone she sees and hears,—  
 Makes efforts with complainings ; nor gives o'er  
 Until her fellow sinks to re-appear 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 of thee.

We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past ;  
 And willingly have laid thee here at last :  
 For thou hadst lived till every thing 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 any where 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 honoured name !

1805.

## 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 snow ;  
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.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
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.

\* Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

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 !

1805.

## XX.

## ODE TO DUTY.

*'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more 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 find 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 any thing 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 ;  
Oh, 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 !



## 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 childish thought :  
 Whose high endeavours 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.  
—'Tis 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 labours 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 honourable 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 honours, 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 :—  
 'Tis, 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 and 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  
 Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

1806.

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 XXII.

## THE FORCE OF PRAYER \* ;

OR,

## THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

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 ?

“ **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.

\* See the White Doe of Rylstone, Vol. iv.

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.

This 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 succour come,  
And a patience to her grief.

Oh ! 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 !

## XXIII.

## DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH).

I.

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



## II.

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

## III.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica ! and mourn  
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn !  
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads  
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades !  
For him who to divinity aspired,  
Not on the breath of popular applause,  
But through dependence on the sacred laws  
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,  
Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)  
Which Dion learned to measure with sublime delight.—  
Now hath he overleaped the eternal bars ;  
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent  
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,  
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,  
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.  
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,  
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain ;  
And oft his cogitations sink as low  
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,  
The heaviest plummet of despair can go ;  
But whence that sudden check ? that fearful start !  
    He hears an uncouth sound—  
    Anon his lifted eyes

Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,  
 A Shape of more than mortal size  
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and round !  
     A woman's garb the Phantom wore,  
     And fiercely swept the marble floor,—  
     Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
     His force on Caspian foam to try ;  
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,  
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops  
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops !

## IV.

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

## v.

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

## vi.

Ill-fated Chief ! there are whose hopes are built  
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name ;  
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,  
Pursue thee with their deadly aim !  
O matchless perfidy ! portentous lust  
Of monstrous crime !—that horror-striking blade,  
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid  
The noble Syracusan low in dust !  
Shudder'd the walls—the marble city wept—  
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh ;

But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,  
As he had fallen in magnanimity ;  
Of spirit too capacious to require  
That Destiny her course should change ; too just  
To his own native greatness to desire  
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.  
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved  
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.  
Released from life and cares of princely state,  
He left this moral grafted on his Fate ;  
' Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,  
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,  
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.'

1816.

## XXIV.

## 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 !"—Absurd decree !  
 A mandate uttered to the foaming sea,  
 Is to its motion less than 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 (truth more worthy to be known)  
 From that time forth did for his brows disown  
 The ostentatious symbol of a crown ;  
 Esteeming earthly royalty  
 Contemptible and 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.”

## XXV.

*' 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 favourite 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 Antigone, 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, recal  
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.

1816.

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 XXVI.

## ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

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 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 resplendent miracle.

## III.

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 recal 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 favourite of the Soul !

## XXVII.

## 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 recompence  
 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! 'tis 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 .  
Diluvian records ; or the sighs 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 two 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.

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 XXVIII.

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, yon 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.



## XXIX.

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 Demi-gods 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 Herculanean 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 unfold ?  
Can haughty Time be just !

## XXX.

## 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 sunbright 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 odours 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 pre-eminent, who guides,  
Supports, adorns, and over all presides ;  
Distinguished only by inherent state  
From honoured 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.

## XXXI.

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 vapours have I watched, that won  
 Prismatic colours 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 may'st 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 grey 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 quire,  
 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.

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 XXXII.

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 smoothes 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.

## XXXIII.

TO THE LADY ——,

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION  
OF —— CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

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 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,  
 Nought 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,  
 Before this rugged soil was tilled,  
 Or human habitation rose  
 To interrupt the deep repose !

\* Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—in which stands St. Mary's Abbey, in Low Furness.

## IV.

Well may the villagers rejoice !  
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
Will be a hinderance 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 noon-tide 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 ;  
Yea, strives for others to bedim  
The glorious light too pure for him.

## VIII.

Alas ! that such perverted zeal  
Should spread on Britain's favoured 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 vapours 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 !

1823.

## XXXIV.

## 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 arose.

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.

XXXV.

## 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 colours, 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.

1828.

## XXXVI.

## 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 Humours 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, 'tis pure ;  
Your birthright is a fence  
From all that haughtier kinds endure  
Through tyranny of sense.  
Ah ! not alone by colours 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.

1829.



## XXXVII.

## LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

[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 ;  
 That spreads into an elfin pool opaque  
 Of which close boughs a glimmering mirror make,  
 On whose smooth breast with dimples light and small  
 The fly may settle, or the blossom fall.

—*There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower*  
Fearless, (but how obscured !) the golden Power,  
That from his 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.  
They pined, perhaps, 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 unproved 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 colours 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 splendours 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 gaiety and wit ;  
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,  
By the world's Ruler, on his honoured 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 realised : 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, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

## XXXVIII.

## INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS.

IN Brugès 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,  
'Twas 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 !  
Oh ! 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 ?



## XXXIX.

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 stedfast hours,  
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
 Unheeded, and the mute repose  
     Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

## XL.

## 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 balanced 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 portrayed,  
 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  
 Prest 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, served 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 existence, just  
To the least particle of sentient dust ;  
And, fixing by immutable decrees,  
Seedtime 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 endeavour 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 recompence ;  
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 Labour, '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,

'Twere 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.

## XLI.

## THOUGHT 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 labours 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 !

## XLII.

TO \_\_\_\_\_.

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, MARCH, 1833

'Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis  
Navita, nudus humi jacet, &c.'—*LUCRETIUS*.

LIKE a shipwreck'd Sailor tost  
By rough waves on a perilous coast,  
Lies the Babe, in helplessness  
And in tenderest nakedness,  
Flung by labouring 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 recompence ?

As a floating summer cloud,  
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
 To the sun-burnt traveller,  
 Or the stooping labourer,  
 Oft-times makes its bounty known  
 By its shadow round him thrown ;  
 So, by chequerings 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 succour, 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  
Hallowéd 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 here,  
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 !

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 XLIII.

## THE WARNING,

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing ;  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing  
 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 an unbelated 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 harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,  
Shall hoist their topmast flags in sign of glee,  
Honouring 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,  
Nor 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,  
 Till indiscriminating Ruin swept  
 The Land, and Wrong perpetual vigils kept ;  
 With proof before her that on public ends  
 Domestic virtue vitally depends.

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  
 Not for his own, but for thy innocent sake ?  
 Too late—or, should the providence of God  
 Lead, through blind 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 (whate'er be sought for or profest)  
 Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,  
 For compassing the end, else never gained ;  
 Yet governors and govern'd 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 labouring 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 !  
Oh 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 gaily 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  
Nought 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.

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 XLIV.

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 !

1833.

## XLV.

## THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY 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 burthen be not light  
We need not toil from morn to night ;  
The respite of the mid-day 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 !

Why should we crave 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 source,  
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.

## XLVI.

## 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,  
 Foreran 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 noon-day,  
 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 honour 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 addrest,  
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.  
Stript 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 yon exulting thrush the Muse  
Entrusts the imperfect song ;  
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
Throughout the live-long day,  
Till the first silver star appear,  
The sovereignty of May.

## XLVII.

## 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 odours ! music sweet,  
 Too sweet to pass away !  
 Oh 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 wayworn 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 cliff so bare but on its steeps  
 Thy favours 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 dale  
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 ! .

1826—1834.

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 XLVIII.

## 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 every where,  
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, who'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 colour emulates,  
Must needs be conversant with *upward* looks,  
Prayer's voiceless service ; but now, seeking nought  
And shunning nought, 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.

Offspring 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 favourite ; 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 fleshly 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 labours 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.”

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 Phillip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.



## XLIX.

## 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.

In the class entitled "Musings," 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.

## L.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED 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 colours—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  
 Tossed 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.

**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 INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS,  
THESE MEMORIALS  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT,  
*Dec. 11, 1834.*

I.

YARROW REVISITED.

1831.

[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 Abbotsford, 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 enthralling,  
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 Tiviot  
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 honour  
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 localised 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 enter'd ;  
 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  
ABBOTSFORD, 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 sceptred 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 Grave-yard 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 neighbouring 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  
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,  
On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
And o'er wide plains whereon the sky distils  
Her lark's loved 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,  
Though 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 unknown ?  
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. From 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 steam-boat 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 some old honours, 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 it 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-coloured 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.

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.

## X.

## EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN.

DISHONOUR'D Rock and Ruin ! that, by law  
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred  
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,  
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes  
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,  
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

## XI.

## IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute ! Oblivion, throw  
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung  
Roundstrath and mountain, stamped by the ancient 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 honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,  
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.  
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed  
By civil arts and labours 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*.

## XII.

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.

## XIII.

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.



## XIV.

'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 bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels share.

## XV.

## 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 vapour 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.

## 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 neighbourhood. 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," (Vol. 3, p. 154,) 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 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 hemm'd 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 grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,  
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost  
And splendour 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 Bannockbourn.  
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 crost.  
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 doth it become  
The ducal Owner, in his palace-home  
To naturalise 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 still—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 be-drowsed  
Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused :  
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

## XX.

## THE AVON.

(A FREDER 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 ear

## XXI.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN  
INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon  
Is but a name, nor 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 bestrown ;  
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 PENBETH.

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!\*

\* See Note.

## 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  
Sate musing ; on that hill the Bard would rove,  
Not mute, where now the linnet only sings :  
Thus every where to truth Tradition clings,  
Or Fancy localises 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 roadside 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 endeavour ;  
 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 relics 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 lacrymals !

## XXVI.

## APOLOGY,

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS.

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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 palace, or of temple, '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 civil 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.

## XXVII.

## THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

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 blessed  
 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 a 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 favourite 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 possession 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, sweep strong powers away,  
And feeble, of themselves, decay ;  
What poor abodes the heir-loom 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 canvass 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 vapours, 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.

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 recal to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country. 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 had an opportunity of benefiting 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 any thing 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.

THE  
RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of the following 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.]

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 wayworn 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 neighbourhood ;  
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 labour 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 here 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.

---

'Tis 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 Votaress, 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 harbourless,  
And honour 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 rumoured 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 Moscow'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.

O more than mighty change ! If e'er  
Amazement rose to pain,  
And joy's excess produced a fear  
Of something void and vain ;  
'Twas 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 honour high  
To them and nature paid !

1830.

# STANZAS

SUGGESTED

IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF ST. BEES' HEADS,

ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. 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 neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in the following 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 neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in the following Piece, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte 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.]



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 proffered 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, that once held a Christian place  
 In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?  
 When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,  
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand cross'd:  
 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 day-break,  
 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 Votaress, 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 quire,  
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 succour 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 Panyms 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 Judea 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.

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  
Made room 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.  
Oh 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.

# SONNETS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,  
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 sonnets 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 Dumfries-shire 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 quit 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 what is rightly revered may 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 birth-day 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  
Nemæan 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 splendours 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 wing’d 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 honours to this Fountain paid  
By hooded votaresses 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 !—  
Bright as a Star (that, from a sombre 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.

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  
That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak  
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

## XII.

## 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.

## XIII.

DESIRE we past illusions to recal?  
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide  
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?  
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal  
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.

## XIV.

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 you Tower, whose smiles adorn  
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence ;  
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,  
 A Tower of refuge to 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\* .

\* See Note.

## XV.

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\*.

\* The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

## XVI.

## 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  
Leapt 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.



## XVII.

## 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,  
Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene ?  
No—a Ship-soldier on paternal land,  
That o'er the channel holds august command,  
The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine ;  
Who, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring 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 !

## XVIII.

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 deign'd 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 favoured 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.

## XIX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire  
 And sound in principle, I seek repose  
 Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose \*,  
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire  
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire  
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,  
 A grey-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 ! "

\* Rushen Abbey.

## XX.

## 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 ;  
While, compassing the little mount 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.

## XXI.

DESPOND who will—I heard a voice exclaim,  
“ Though fierce the assault, and shatter’d the defence,  
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.”

## XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

(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.

## XXIII.

## ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

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.

## XXIV.

## ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

[See former series, p. 157.]

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 !



## XXV.

## THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOR 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.

## XXVI.

## 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 !

## XXVII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

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 the 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.

## XXVIII.

## 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 recal ;  
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.

## XXIX.

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 last.  
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—  
Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained  
In symmetry, and fashioned to endure,  
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,  
As the supreme Artificer ordained.

## XXX.

## 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.

## XXXI.

## 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.'

## XXXII.

## 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 colour grey.  
But what is colour, 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.



## XXXIII.

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.

## XXXIV.

## 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.

## XXXV.

“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 *biel* 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.

## XXXVI.

## 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 honour 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 neighbour dues of neighbourhood ;  
But I have traced thee on thy winding way  
With pleasure sometimes by the thought restrained  
That things far off are toiled for, while a good  
Not sought, because too near, is seldom gained.

## XXXVII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

(by Nollekins.)

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 issue 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.

## XXXVIII.

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's soul ; but He who wore  
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow  
Warmed our sad being with his glorious 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.

## XXXIX.

## NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary ;  
Down from the Pennine Alps \* how fiercely sweeps  
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 steeps  
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 !

\* The chain of Crossfell, which parts Cumberland and Westmoreland from Northumberland and Durham.

## XL.

## 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, howso'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.



## XLI.

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—pre-eminent, 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 !

## XLII.

## 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 honour ; 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 symbolise ; authentic Story  
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory !

## XLIII.

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 impress,  
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\*.

\* See Note.

## XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M———,

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

Nor in the mines beyond the western main,  
You tell me, Delia ! 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  
You say, but from 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 !

## XLV.

## CONCLUSION.

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.

## 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,  
As story says, in antique days  
A stern-brow'd 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.

\* 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 Water-fall.

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  
 Sequester'd 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 descried ?  
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 valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
He moved with stealthy pace ;  
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
He recognised 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 hermits' 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 !

1833.

## EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

## I.

**CALM** is the fragrant air, and loth to lose  
 Day's grateful warmth, tho' 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 a while 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.

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 II.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

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 ;  
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.

Silent, and stedfast as the vaulted sky,  
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie :—  
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore ?  
No ; 'tis 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 !

## III.

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)  

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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 tell-tale 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 recompence, 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 !’

1833.

## IV.

Nor 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.

## V.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,  
Hints to the thrush 'tis 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 favoured 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 splendour, 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.

## 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 daz-  
 zling 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 wish'd away  
 The petty pleasures of the garish 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 befriend ;  
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
“ I come to open out, for fresh display,  
The elastic vanities of yesterday ? ”

1834.

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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 when 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, headless Owl !  
Thee Athens revered in the studious grove ;  
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,  
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate  
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 replied.

1834.

## 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  
SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY.

## I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
With flying haste, I might have sent,  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment ;  
But 'tis 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 god-like 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 stop—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 heaven-ward 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 noon-tide 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, 'twas 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 ;  
 Oh, 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 !  
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendour 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 vapours, or sunny haze ;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled 'Intimations of Immortality,' at the conclusion of this volume, pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

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X.

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 can 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 labour'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, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,  
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb ;  
Canst 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 vapoury 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 phrenzy-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 ended 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 favouring 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.

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 XI.

## 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 belov'd (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 belov'd, once worshipp'd ! Time, that frowns  
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,  
Spare thy mild splendour ; 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, unreprieved, 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

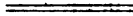


Of Science laid them open to mankind—  
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare  
God's glory ; and acknowledging thy share  
In that blest charge ; let us—without offence  
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—  
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.  
May sage and simple, catching 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, stedfast, and with loftier scope,  
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope !

1835.

## 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 neighbourhood, 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 the broad smooth stone  
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag  
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ;  
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,

Upon the second step of that small pile,  
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,  
He sat, and 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 roadside,  
And passes gently by, without a curse  
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary man ;  
His age has no companion. On the ground  
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,  
*They* move along the ground ; and, evermore,  
Instead of common and habitual sight  
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
He plies his weary journey ; seeing still,  
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,  
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 waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this man useless.—Statesmen! ye  
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,  
Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate  
Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not  
A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law  
That none, the meanest of created things,  
Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,  
A life and soul, to every mode of being  
Inseparably linked. Then be assured  
That least of all can aught—that ever owned  
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime  
Which man is born to—sink, howe'er depressed,  
So low as to be scorned without a sin;  
Without offence to God cast out of view;  
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower  
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement  
Worn out and worthless. 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 selfishness 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 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further. — Many, I believe, there are  
 Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
 Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel  
 No self-reproach ; who of the moral law  
 Established in the land where they abide  
 Are strict observers ; and not 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 neighbour, 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 grey locks against his withered face.  
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness  
Gives the last human interest to his heart.  
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,



Make him a captive!—for that pent-up din,  
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,  
Be his the natural silence of old age!  
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;  
And have around him, whether heard or not,  
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now  
Been doomed so long to settle upon earth  
That not without some effort they behold  
The countenance of the horizontal sun,  
Rising or setting, let the light at least  
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.  
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down  
Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank  
Of highway side, and with the little birds  
Share his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,  
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

1798.

## II.

## THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,  
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,  
 And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,  
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town ;  
 His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a crown ;  
 And his bright eyes look brighter, set off by the streak  
 Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—'mid the joy  
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy ;  
 There fashioned that countenance, which, in 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 neighbours 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 *ease* of his heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—  
With his grey 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 waggon 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 waggon, 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 up 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, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,  
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,  
 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 recognised 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 grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—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.

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 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,  
Oh, 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 :  
'Tis 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 ? 'Twas no more  
Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'Twas 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 grey 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 grey-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 may'st thou live ! for a teacher we see  
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

1800.

v.

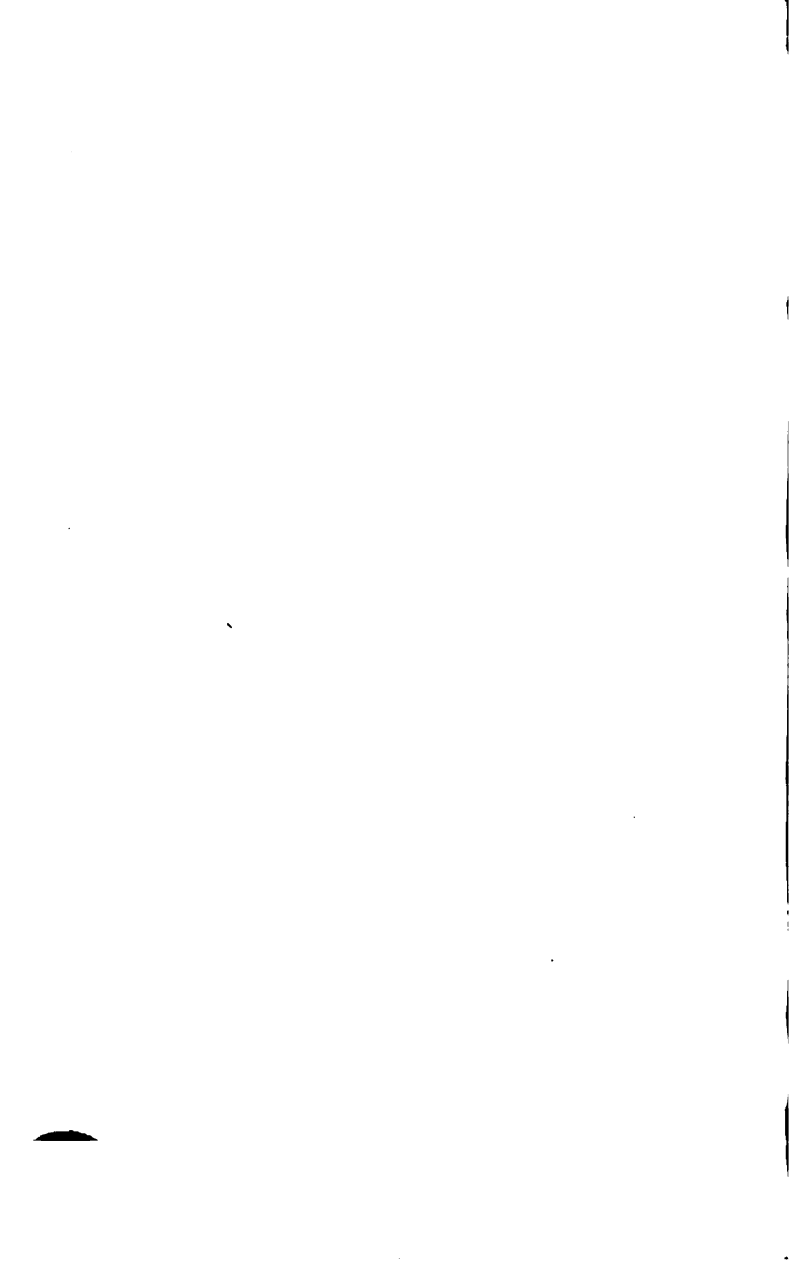
## ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

A SKETCH.

THE little hedgerow birds,  
 That peck along the road, regard him not.  
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,  
 His gait, is one expression: every limb,  
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak  
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves  
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued  
 To settled quiet: he is one by whom  
 All effort seems forgotten; one to whom  
 Long patience hath such mild composure given,  
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which  
 He hath no need. He is by nature led  
 To peace so perfect that the young behold  
 With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

1798.

**EPITAPHS**  
**AND**  
**ELEGIAC PIECES.**



## EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

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### 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 after death enjoined  
That thus his tomb 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 stedfast and invincible,  
 To quell the rage of literary War !

\* Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri  
 Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

## III.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind  
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!  
'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born  
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.  
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 laboured, 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 immoveably.  
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 equalise 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 birth-place, 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 honoured name,  
And live as long as its pure stream shall flow.

## VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy  
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 Libya, and not seldom, on the banks  
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas 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 out-pourings 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 Stagyrice,  
 Enriched and beautified his studious mind :  
 With Archimedes also he conversed  
 As with a chosen friend ; nor did he leave  
 Those laureat 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.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM,  
 PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy Neighbour 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.

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.

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 stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;  
I have submitted to a new control :  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;  
A deep distress hath humanised 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 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and well ;  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
That Hulk which labours 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 armour 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 'tis 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.

## IV.

## 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 ;  
 Labouring 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—

That neighbourhood 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 \*.

1805.

\* See Vol. ii. page 298, and the Poem which precedes this.

## V.

## L I N E S

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 deprest,  
 Importunate and heavy load \* !  
 The Comforter hath found me here,  
 Upon this lonely road ;

\* Importuna e grave salma.

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 ;  
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 ?

1806.

## VI.

## LINES

WRITTEN, NOVEMBER 13, 1814, 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 conned 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.

## VII.

## 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.



H.

“ 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.

## VIII.

## 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 bind 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—

Or 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 strik'st—and 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.

## IX.

## 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 honoured head ;  
While Friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,  
More than theatric force to Shakspeare'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 ;'  
A drooping daisy changed into a cup  
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.  
Within these groves, where still are flitting by  
Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,  
Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,  
When towers and temples fall, to speak of Thee !  
If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
Recal not there the wisdom of the Tomb,  
Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth,  
Will fringe the lettered stone ; and herbs spring forth,  
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,  
Shall penetrate the heart without a wound ;  
While truth and love their purposes fulfil,  
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
That could not lie concealed where Thou wert known ;  
Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,  
The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

Nov. 1830.

## X.

'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in hir 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,  
Nought 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 splendour 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.

## XI.

To a good Man of most dear memory  
This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart  
From the great city where he first drew breath,  
Was reared and taught ; and humbly earned his bread,  
To the strict labours 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 recompence 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,  
Humour 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,  
 Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins  
 That she can cover, left not his exposed  
 To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.  
 O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !

\* \* \* \* \*

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart  
 Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,  
 Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve  
 Fitly to guard the precious dust of him  
 Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed ;  
 For much that truth most urgently required  
 Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain :  
 Yet, haply, on the printed page received,  
 The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed  
 As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air  
 Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my Friend !  
 But more in show than truth ; and from the fields,  
 And from the mountains, to thy rural grave  
 Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er  
 Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers ;  
 And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still  
 Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity  
 Which words less free presumed not even to touch)  
 Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp  
 From infancy, through manhood, to the last  
 Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,  
 Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined  
 Within thy bosom.

‘ Wonderful ’ hath been  
 The love established between man and man,  
 ‘ Passing the love of women ; ’ and between  
 Man and his help-mate 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—'tis 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, humanising, hallowing powers,  
 Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—  
 More than sufficient recompence !

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 thro' life they *might* have been  
 In union, in partition only such ;  
 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High ;  
 Yet, thro' 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.

## XII.

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 stedfast 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 slumbers  
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.

\* See Note.



## ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS 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. page 8.

## 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 past 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 happy  
 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.  
     Oh 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 realised,

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 endeavour,

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.

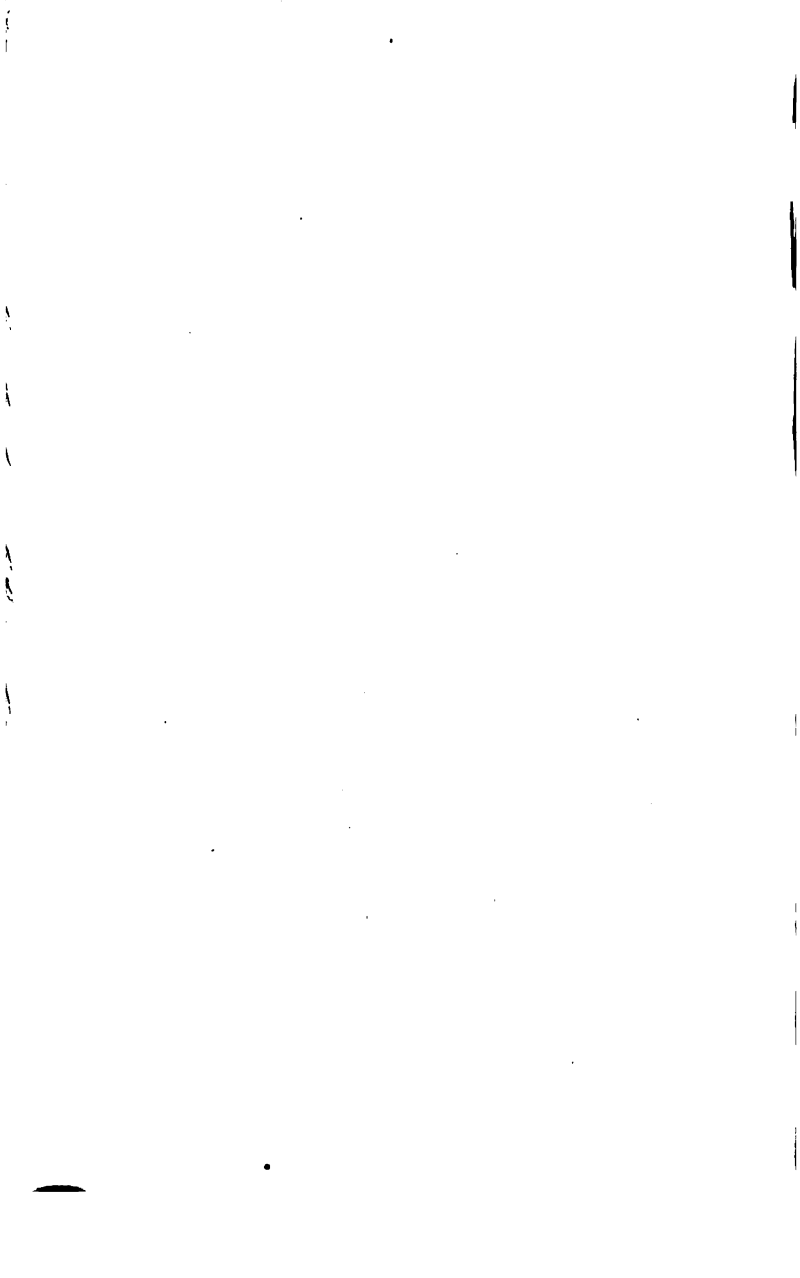
Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
     And let the young Lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
     Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
     Ye that through your hearts to-day  
     Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
     Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour 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,  
Forbode 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 colouring 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.

1803—6.



## POSTSCRIPT.

1835.

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IN the present volume, as in the author's previous poems, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings given vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, he trusts, 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 he has glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society: in reference to these, he wishes here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were he conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, he might avail himself of the periodical press for offering anonymously his thoughts, such as they are, to the world; but he feels that, in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from his 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 the author desires to make, and to admit the conclusions he would establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon his attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. He is aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than his own; yet he cannot forbear touching

upon one point of it, and to this he will confine himself, 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 he wishes 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 civilised 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 recognised, the author is not at issue with them any farther than he is 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, he 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 civilisation among them, been placed in circumstances more favourable 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 dis-

tance, 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 succour 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 endeavours to extract it from the inexplorable deep. But neither of these is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that, which is so often endured in civilised 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.’

The author may justly be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of his 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 endeavours 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 labourer 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 labour 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 maintained 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, viz. 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 neighbours 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 labour, 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 unwarrantable 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 honour 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 in-

dustry 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 labouring 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 labour, 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 labour, 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 common 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, the writer hopes, 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 eulogised, 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 indulged 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 a little reason to apprehend 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 exigences of the labouring multitude, that degree of ability to regulate the price of labour, which is indispensable for the reasonable interests of arts and manufactures, cannot, in Great Britain, be upheld.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection, the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories is alluded to. May the author here be permitted to say, that, after much reflection upon this subject, he has not been able to discover a more effectual mode of alleviating the evils to which that class are liable, and establishing a better harmony between them and their employers, than by a repeal of such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies? The combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labour, would be fairly checked by these associations ; 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 unfavourable 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 forced by political considerations upon the notice of the author, while treating of the labouring classes, he cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamour for extensive change in that department. The clamour 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 favourite cry; but, without adverting 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 co-operation 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 ardour 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 equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, 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 dishonour 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 every where, 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 humours, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favourable 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 at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe 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 every where 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 honourable 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 consideration, 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, viz. 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 sacrifices 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 uproot-

ing 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 exigences 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 thick 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 50,000. 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 over-rate 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 seems partly owing to a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly to 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, the not remote consequence will be, the infliction of a wound upon the moral heart of the English people, from which, till ages shall have gone by, it will not recover.

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, nor 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 endeavour 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 neighbourhoods, 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 favouritism, 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, co-operating 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.

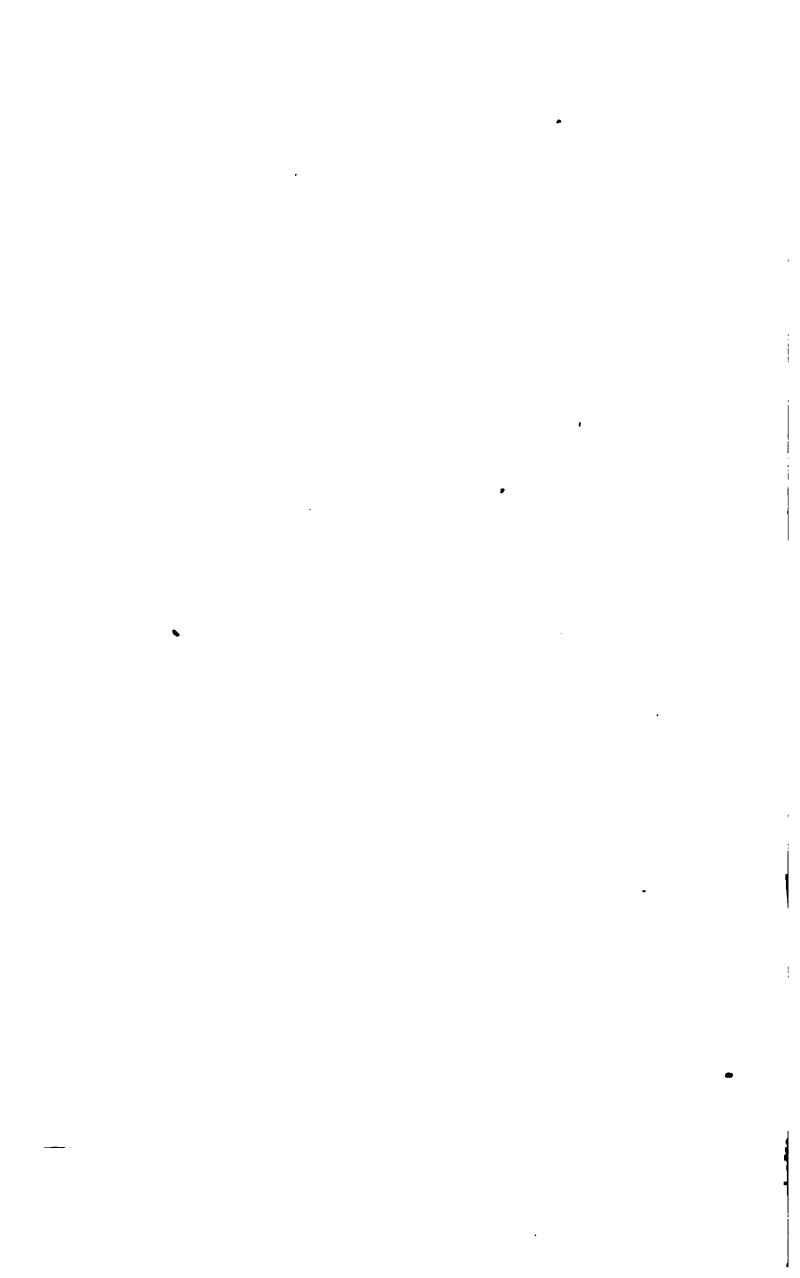
Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman, to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all ; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has been trod before so ably and so often : without pretending, however, to any thing 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 labour, but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts expressed in verse, that the Author entered upon the above notices, and with verse he will conclude. The passage is extracted from his MSS. 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, the Author would indeed rejoice, and little would he care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from him upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, his affections have been moved, and his 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.  
Their's 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.'



## NOTES.

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*Dion.* Page 56.

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato :

‘ Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing  
O’er breezeless water, on Locarno’s lake,  
Bears him on while proudly sailing  
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake :  
Behold ! the mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve ;  
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs  
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings  
A flaky weight of winter’s purest snows !  
—Behold !—as with a gushing impulse heaves  
That downy prow, and softly cleaves  
The mirror of the crystal flood,  
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,  
And pendent rocks, where’er, in gliding state,  
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate  
Or Rival, save the Queen of night  
Showering down a silver light,  
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite !’

Page 77. Line 28.

*' more high, the Dacian force,  
To hoof and finger mailed ;'—*

Here and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 107. Line 16.

*' Descending to the worm in charity ;'*

The author is indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

Page 162. Sonnet xv.

*' 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 Trossachs 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 the clan upon their laird : he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky 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 wayside, 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 ; and 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 in 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 Trossachs, 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 cowhouse 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 among 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 colours 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 Trossachs, 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 colours!—*MS.*

Page 165. Line 4.

‘ *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, harmonising 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-leafed 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 *adorn-  
ing* 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 neatness 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 elms 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 seaside. 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 169.

*'The 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 Pendracon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfall Park to Kedkirk, 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 kill'd Hart a greese,  
And Hart a greese kill'd 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 the author of these poems well remembers its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz., Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith church-yard; 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.

Page 204. Line 1.

*'Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties'*

The author is aware that he is here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader he feels 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 212. Line 5.

*' But if thou, like Cocytus,' &c.*

Many years ago, when the author 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, produced 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 Latrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind :—

— "ambiguo lapsu refuitque fuitque,  
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas."

Page 216. Line 11.

'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 218.

*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 Curwen as became her rank

and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

Page 222. Line 14.

*'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 superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

Page 226.

*By a retired Mariner.*

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with the author, who hopes, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

Page 228. Line 9.

*'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 232.

*On revisiting Dunolly Castle.*

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as the author afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 234.

*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, the author returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions, which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 237. Line 1.

*' 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. The author 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 238.

*Iona.*

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying the author's feeling better than any words of his own could do.

Page 244. Line 5.

*' 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 neighbourhood 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 Eamont, 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 247. Line 14.

*' 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 249. Line 1.

*' 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 the author first saw this monument, as he came upon it by surprise, he might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, he must say, he has not seen any other relique of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 251.

*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 275. Line 5.

‘*Wings at my shoulders seem to play.*’

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of “Jacob’s Dream,” by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.

Page 290.

‘*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. 95; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) “*The Excursion*,” passim.

Page 331. Line 1.

‘*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 Pilgrim, 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 335.

Walter Scott died	21st Sept. 1832.
S. T. Coleridge	25th July, 1834.
Charles Lamb	27th Dec. 1834.
Geo. Crabbe	3rd Feb. 1832.
Felicia Hemans	16th May, 1835.

## INDEX TO THE POEMS.

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