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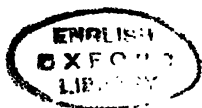
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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*In five Volumes.*

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VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR  
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,  
PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1827.

LONDON:  
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,  
New-Street-Square.



TO  
SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

ACCEPT my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Volumes to you.—In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing these Poems with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,

—for several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your Name and Family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace-Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood. — Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself — who have composed so many admirable Pictures from the suggestions of the same

scenery. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this Region excited your admiration ; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still-strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work, with the embellishments it has received from your Pencil,\* may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately  
and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,  
February 1. 1815.*

\* The state of the Plates does not allow these to be repeated in the present Edition.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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



## PREFACE.\*

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THE observations prefixed to that portion of these Volumes which was published many years ago, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," have so little of a special application to the greater part of the present enlarged and diversified collection, that they could not with propriety stand as an Introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those Pieces, I have transferred it to the end of the Second Volume †, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the Reader.

\* To the Edition published in 1815, in Two Octavo Volumes.

† In *this* Edition placed at the end of the 4th Vol.

In the Preface to that part of "The Recluse," lately published under the title of "The Excursion," I have alluded to a meditated arrangement of my minor Poems, which should assist the attentive Reader in perceiving their connection with each other, and also their subordination to that Work. I shall here say a few words explanatory of this arrangement, as carried into effect in the present Volumes.

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description, *i. e.* the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the Describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a



state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the Translator or Engraver ought to be to his Original. 2dly, Sensibility, — which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a Poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface, before-mentioned.) 3dly, Reflection, — which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy, — to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention, — by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most

fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment, — to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, the Narrative, — including the Epopœia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself

the source from which every thing primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, *Arma virumque cano* ; but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the *Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost* would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale ; — so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2dly, The Dramatic, — consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents ; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue ; though depending, to the degree that it does, upon music,

it has a strong claim to be ranked with the Lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyrical, — containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad; in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium, — descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the “ Seasons ” of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone’s School-mistress, The Cotter’s Saturday Night of Burns, The Twa Dogs of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton, Beattie’s Minstrel, Goldsmith’s “ Deserted Village.” The Epitaph, the Inscription,

the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic, — the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, “the Fleece” of Dyer, Mason’s “English Garden,” &c.

And, lastly, philosophical satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal; personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young’s Night Thoughts, and Cowper’s Task, are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each

of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes ; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view ; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, any thing material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust

there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this ; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author's conception, predominant in the production of them ; *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and *vice versá*. Both the above Classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of " Poems founded on the Affections ;" as might this latter from those, and from the class " Proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

It may be proper in this place to state, that the Extracts in the second Class, entitled "Juvenile Pieces," are in many places altered from the printed copy, chiefly by omission and compression. The slight alterations of another kind were for the most part made not long after the publication of the Poems from which the Extracts are taken.\* These Extracts seem to have a title to be placed here, as they were the productions of youth, and represent implicitly some of the features of a youthful mind, at a time when images of nature supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment, and almost of action; or, as it will be found expressed, of a state of mind when

—————"the sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms were then to me  
An appetite, a feeling, and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye."—

\* These Poems are now printed entire.



I will own that I was much at a loss what to select of these descriptions ; and perhaps it would have been better either to have reprinted the whole, or suppressed what I have given.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre : with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical ; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment ; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however

humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves : the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible, — the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification, — as to deprive the Reader of a voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem ; — in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman ;

“ He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.”

I come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. “ A man,” says an intelligent Author, “ has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense : it is the faculty which

*images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (*φανταζεσθαι* is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterized. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced." — *British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor.*

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other

instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination; thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance, of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that Faculty of which the Poet is "all compact;" he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity? — Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a Class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind,

of absent external objects ; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws ; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the Shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his Farm, thus addresses his Goats ;

“ Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro  
Dumosâ *pendere* procul de rupe videbo.”

————— “ half way down  
*Hangs* one who gathers samphire,”

is the well-known expression of Shakspeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the Cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word : neither the goats

nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey ; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

“ As when far off at Sea a Fleet descried  
*Hangs* in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles  
Of Ternate or Tydore, whence Merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs ; they on the trading flood  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole : so seemed  
Far off the flying Fiend.”

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image : First, the Fleet, an aggregate of many Ships, is represented as one mighty Person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters ; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself,

and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime object to which it is compared.

From images of sight we will pass to those of sound :

“ Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove *broods* ;”  
of the same bird,

“ His voice was *buried* among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze ;”

“ O, Cuckoo ! shall I call thee *Bird*,  
Or but a wandering *Voice* ?”

The Stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird ; but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the Bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. “ His voice was buried

among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar, and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shade in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

Shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?

This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the Cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the Cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of Spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an in-



citement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a new existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the Goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the Shepherd, contemplating it from the seclusion of the Cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other !

“ As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,  
Wonder to all who do the same espy  
By what means it could thither come, and whence  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,  
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf  
Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun himself.

Such seemed this Man ; not all alive or dead,  
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.  
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth altogether if it move at all.”

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The Stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the Sea-beast ; and the Sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone ; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man ; who is divested of so much of the

indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the Cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power : but the Imagination also shapes and *creates* ; and how ? By innumerable processes ; and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number, — alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced “ Sailing from Bengala,” “ They,” *i. e.* the “ Merchants,” representing the Fleet, resolved into a Multitude of Ships, ‘ ply ’ their voyage towards the extremities of the earth : “ So ” (referring to the word “ As ” in the commencement) “ seemed the flying Fiend ; ” the image of his

Person acting to recombine the multitude of Ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. “So seemed,” and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet’s mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

*Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from Heaven the rebellious Angels,

Attended by ten thousand, thousand Saints  
He onward came: far off his coming shone,—

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction, “His coming!”

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Volumes, and especially upon one division

of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, “draws all things to one, which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessaries, take one colour and serve to one effect.”\* The grand store-houses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphitism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those

\* Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.

countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations, — of which his character of Una is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible source.

“ I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you Kingdoms, called you Daughters !”

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention ; yet justified by a recollection of the insults which the Ignorant, the Incapable and the Presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself ; I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions ; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

I dismiss this subject with observing — that, in the series of Poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of Nature in the development of this faculty. Guided by one of my own

primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the Imagination. The Boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the riotous sounds which he had previously excited; and, at the moment when the intenseness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprised into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the Poem describes. — The Poems next in succession exhibit the faculty exerting itself upon various objects of the external universe; then follow others, where it is employed upon feelings, characters, and actions \*; and the Class is concluded with imaginative pictures of moral, political, and religious sentiments.

\* In the present edition, such of these as were furnished by Scottish subjects are incorporated with a class entitled, *Memoirs of a Tour in Scotland*.



To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterised as the Power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, "the aggregative and associative Power," my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these, are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from every thing but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an Alderman."

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas; — because these, and if they were a million times as high, it would be the same, are bounded: The expression is, "His stature reached the sky!" the illimitable firmament! — When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows — and continues to grow — upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect, less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties: — moreover, the images invariably modify each other. — The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic,

as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images, trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion; — the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. — Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our Nature, Imagination to incite and to

support the eternal. — Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with the Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples. — Referring the Reader to those inestimable Volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the Paradise Lost;

“ The dews of the evening most carefully shun,  
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the Sun.”

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathizing Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

“ Sky lowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completion of the mortal sin.”

The associating link is the same in each instance ; — dew or rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case, a flash of surprise and nothing more ; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects of the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in Nature so manifested ; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as “ Earth had, before, trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan.”

Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I scarcely dare venture to add that “An Address to an Infant,” which the reader will find under

the Class of Fancy in the present Volumes, exhibits something of this communion and interchange of instruments and functions between the two powers; and is, accordingly, placed last in the class, as a preparation for that of Imagination which follows.

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "A palsied King," and yet a military Monarch, — advancing for conquest with his Army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the Poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the Foe into his fortress, where

“ ————— a magazine  
 Of sovereign juice is cellared in ;  
 Liquor that will the siege maintain  
 Should Phœbus ne'er return again.”

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms.

“ 'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,  
 And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age ;  
 Matures the Young, restores the Old,  
 And makes the fainting Coward bold.

It lays the careful head to rest,  
 Calms palpitations in the breast,  
 Renders our lives' misfortune sweet ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,  
 And gird us round with hills of snow,  
 Or else go whistle to the shore,  
 And make the hollow mountains roar

4  
Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit ;  
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to ;  
When having drunk all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity ;  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty Brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the Wanting into Wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
The Afflicted into joy ; th' Opprest  
Into security and rest.

The Worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favour return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The Brave shall triumph in success,  
The Lovers shall have Mistresses,  
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,  
And the neglected Poet, Bays.



Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;  
For, freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are?"

It remains that I should express my regret at the necessity of separating my compositions from some beautiful Poems of Mr. Coleridge, with which they have been long associated in publication. The feelings with which that joint publication was made, have been gratified; its end is answered, and the time is come when considerations of general propriety dictate the separation. Three short pieces (now first published) are the work of a Female Friend; and the Reader, to whom they may be acceptable, is indebted to me for his pleasure; if any one regard them with dislike, or be disposed to condemn them, let the censure fall upon him, who, trusting in his own sense of their merit and their fitness for the place which they occupy, *extorted* them from the Authoress.

When I sate down to write this preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive; but as all that I deem necessary is expressed, I will here detain the reader no longer: — what I have further to remark shall be introduced by way of interlude, in some other part of these Volumes. \*

\* See the end of Vol. II.

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**P O E M S**

**REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.**

---

**VOL. I.**

**B**





---

I.

**M**y heart leaps up when I behold  
A Rainbow in the sky :  
So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a Man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The Child is Father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

## II.

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

---

STAY near me — do not take thy flight!  
A little longer stay in sight!  
Much converse do I find in Thee,  
Historian of my Infancy!  
Float near me; do not yet depart!  
Dead times revive in thee:  
Thou bring'st, gay Creature as thou art!  
A solemn image to my heart,  
My Father's Family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
The time, when, in our childish plays,  
My Sister Emmeline and I  
Together chased the Butterfly!  
A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey: — with leaps and springs  
I followed on from brake to bush;  
But She, God love her! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.

## III.

FORESIGHT,  
OR THE CHARGE OF A CHILD TO HIS YOUNGER  
COMPANION.

---

THAT is work of waste and ruin —  
Do as Charles and I are doing !  
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
We must spare them — here are many :  
Look at it — the Flower is small,  
Small and low, though fair as any :  
Do not touch it ! summers two  
I am older, Anne, than you,

Pull the Primrose, Sister Anne !  
Pull as many as you can.  
— Here are Daisies, take your fill ;  
Pansies, and the Cuckow-flower :  
Of the lofty Daffodil  
Make your bed, and make your bower ;  
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;  
Only spare the Strawberry-blossom !

Primroses, the Spring may love them —  
Summer knows but little of them :  
Violets, a barren kind,  
Withered on the ground must lie ;  
Daisies leave no fruit behind  
When the pretty flowerets die ;  
Pluck them, and another year  
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power  
To the favoured Strawberry-flower.  
When the months of Spring are fled  
Hither let us bend our walk ;  
Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
Then will hang on every stalk,  
Each within its leafy bower ;  
And for that promise spare the flower !

## IV.

## CHARACTERISTICS

OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

---

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild ;  
And Innocence hath privilege in her  
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;  
And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round  
Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.  
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,  
Not less if unattended and alone  
Than when both young and old sit gathered round  
And take delight in its activity,  
Even so this happy Creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her  
Is blithe society, who fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs.  
Light are her sallies as the tripping Fawn's  
Forth-startled from the fern where she lay couched ;

Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir  
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers ;  
Or from before it chasing wantonly  
The many-coloured images impressed  
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

## V.

**ADDRESS TO A CHILD,****DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.****By a female Friend of the Author.**

---

WHAT way does the wind come? What way does he go?  
He rides over the water, and over the snow,  
Through wood, and through vale ; and o'er rocky height,  
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;  
He tosses about in every bare tree,  
As, if you look up, you plainly may see ;  
But how he will come, and whither he goes  
There's never a Scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,  
And rings a sharp larum ; — but, if you should look,  
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow

Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,  
And softer than if it were covered with silk.  
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ;  
— Yet seek him, — and what shall you find in the place?  
Nothing but silence and empty space ;  
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves !

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me  
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see  
That he has been there, and made a great rout,  
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about ;  
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig  
That looked up at the sky so proud and big  
All last summer, as well you know,  
Studded with apples, a beautiful show !

Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,  
And growls as if he would fix his claws  
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle  
Drive them down, like men in a battle :  
— But let him range round ; he does us no harm,  
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;



Untouch'd by his breath see the candle shines bright,  
And burns with a clear and steady light ;  
Books have we to read, — but that half-stifled knell,  
Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

— Come now we'll to bed ! and when we are there  
He may work his own will, and what shall we care ?  
He may knock at the door, — we'll not let him in ;  
May drive at the windows, — we'll laugh at his din ;  
Let him seek his own home wherever it be ;  
Here's a *cozie* warm House for Edward and me.

## VI.

## THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

By the same.

---

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is passed  
Since your dear Mother went away, —  
And she to-morrow will return ;  
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings ! thought of joy !  
The eldest heard with steady glee ;  
Silent he stood ; then laughed amain, —  
And shouted, “ Mother, come to me !”

Louder and louder did he shout,  
With witless hope to bring her near ;  
“ Nay, patience ! patience, little boy !  
Your tender mother cannot hear.”

I told of hills, and far-off towns,  
And long, long vales to travel through ; —  
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
But he submits ; what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his Sister's breast ;  
She wars not with the mystery  
Of time and distance, night and day,  
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly ;  
She dances, runs without an aim,  
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her Brother now takes up the note,  
And echoes back his Sister's glee ;  
They hug the Infant in my arms,  
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
We rested in the garden bower ;  
While sweetly shone the evening sun  
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done, —  
Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,  
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
Of birds that build their nests and sing,  
And "all since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her our new-born tribes will show,  
The goslings green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go.

— But, see, the evening Star comes forth!  
To bed the Children must depart;  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart:

'Tis gone — and in a merry fit  
They run up stairs in gamesome race;  
I, too, infected by their mood,  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past — and, O the change!  
Asleep upon their beds they lie;  
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,  
And closed the sparkling eye.

## VII.

## LUCY GRAY ;

OR, SOLITUDE.

---

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
And, when I crossed the Wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary Child.

No Mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide Moor,  
— The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

Yo u yet may spy the Fawn at play,  
The Hare upon the Green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night —  
You to the Town must go ;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, Father ! will I gladly do :  
’Tis scarcely afternoon —  
The Minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the Moon.”

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot-band ;  
He plied his work ;— and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
She wandered up and down ;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb ;  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the Moor ;  
And thence they saw the Bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,  
“ In Heaven we all shall meet : ”  
— When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the footmarks small ;  
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :  
The marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;  
And to the Bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none !

— Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living Child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome Wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.



## VIII.

WE ARE SEVEN.  

---

— A simple Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad :  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;  
— Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be ?”

“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”  
She answered, “ Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven ! — I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,  
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“ You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”  
The little Maid replied,  
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,  
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit —  
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sun-set, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain ;  
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid ;  
And when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you then," said I,  
" If they two are in Heaven?"  
The little Maiden did reply,  
" O Master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead !  
Their spirits are in Heaven !"  
'Twas throwing words away : for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, " Nay, we are seven !"

## IX.

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS,

SHOWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING MAY  
BE TAUGHT.

---

I HAVE a boy of five years old ;  
His face is fair and fresh to see ;  
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,  
Our quiet home all full in view,  
And held such intermitted talk  
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran ;  
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
Our pleasant home when Spring began,  
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
Some fond regrets to entertain ;  
With so much happiness to spare,  
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet  
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,  
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet  
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me — every trace  
Of inward sadness had its charm ;  
“ Kilve,” said I, “ was a favoured place,  
And so is Liswyn farm.”

My boy was by my side, so slim  
And graceful in his rustic dress !  
And, as we talked, I questioned him,  
In very idleness.

“ Now tell me, had you rather be,”  
I said, and took him by the arm,  
“ On Kilve’s smooth shore, by the green sea,  
Or here at Liswyn farm ?”

In careless mood he look'd at me,  
While still I held him by the arm,  
And said, " At Kilve I'd rather be  
Than here at Liswyn farm."

" Now, little Edward, say why so ;  
My little Edward, tell me why." —  
" I cannot tell, I do not know." —  
" Why, this is strange," said I.

" For, here are woods, and green-hills warm :  
There surely must some reason be  
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm  
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my Boy hung down his head,  
He blush'd with shame, nor made reply ;  
And five times to the Child I said,  
" Why, Edward, tell me why ?"

His head he raised—there was in sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—  
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded Vane.

Then did the Boy his tongue unlock ;  
And thus to me he made reply :  
“ At Kilve there was no weather-cock,  
And that’s the reason why.”

O dearest, dearest Boy ! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.



## X.

## RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

FROM the meadows of ARMATH, on THIRLMERE's wild shore,  
 Three rosy-cheek'd School-boys, the highest not more  
 Than the height of a Counsellor's bag ;  
 To the top of GREAT HOW were once tempted to climb ;  
 And there they built up, without mortar or lime,  
 A Man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as they lay ;  
 They built him and christen'd him all in one day,  
 An Urchin both vigorous and hale ;  
 And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones.  
 Now Ralph is renown'd for the length of his bones ;  
 The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,  
And, in anger or merriment, out of the North  
Coming on with a terrible pother,  
From the peak of the crag blew the Giant away.  
And what did these School-boys? — The very next day  
They went and they built up another.

— Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works  
By Christian Disturbers more savage than Turks,  
Spirits busy to do and undo :  
At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes will flag ;  
Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the crag ;  
And I'll build up a Giant with you.

---

**GREAT HOW** is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

## XI.

## THE PET-LAMB.

A Pastoral.

---

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;  
I heard a voice; it said, " Drink, pretty Creature, drink !"  
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain Lamb with a Maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the Lamb was all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tether'd to a stone ;  
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,  
While to that Mountain Lamb she gave its evening meal.

The Lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,  
Seem'd to feast with head and ears ; and his tail with  
pleasure shook.

" Drink, pretty Creature, drink," she said in such a tone  
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a Child of beauty rare!  
I watch'd them with delight, they were a lovely pair.

Now with her empty Can the Maiden turn'd away ;  
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the Lamb she look'd ; and from that shady place  
I unobserved could see the workings of her face :  
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,  
Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little Maid might sing :

“ What ails thee, Young One ? what ? Why pull so at thy  
cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and board ?  
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;  
Rest, little Young One, rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

“ What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is wanting to thy heart ?  
Thy limbs are they not strong ? And beautiful thou art :  
This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have no peers ;  
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears !

“ If the Sun beshining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,  
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ;  
For rain and mountain storms ! the like thou need'st not  
fear —

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

“ Rest, little Young One, rest ; thou hast forgot the day  
When my Father found thee first in places far away ;  
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd by none,  
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

“ He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home .  
A blessed day for thee ! then whither wouldst thou roam ?  
A faithful Nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee year  
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

“ Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in  
this Can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;  
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,  
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

“ Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,  
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough ;  
My Playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

“ It will not, will not rest ! — Poor Creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee ?  
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

“ Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair !  
I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there ;  
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like Lions for their prey.

“ Here thou need’st not dread the raven in the sky ;  
Night and day thou art safe, — our cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?  
Sleep — and at break of day I will come to thee again !”

— As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;  
And it seem’d, as I retraced the ballad line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song ;  
“ Nay,” said I, “ more than half to the *Damsel* must belong,  
For she look’d with such a look, and she spake with such  
a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own.”

## XII.

## THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS ;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.\*

A Pastoral.

## I.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ;  
 Among the hills the echoes play  
 A never, never ending song,  
 To welcome in the May.  
 The Magpie chatters with delight ;  
 The mountain Raven's youngling brood  
 Have left the Mother and the Nest ;  
 And they go rambling east and west  
 In search of their own food ;  
 Or through the glittering Vapours dart  
 In very wantonness of heart.

\* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for Waterfall.

## II.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,  
Two Boys are sitting in the sun;  
Boys that have had no work to do,  
Or work that now is done.  
On pipes of sycamore they play  
The fragments of a Christmas Hymn ;  
Or with that plant which in our dale  
We call Stag-horn, or Fox's Tail,  
Their rusty Hats they trim :  
And thus, as happy as the Day,  
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

## III.

Along the river's stony marge  
The Sand-lark chants a joyous song ;  
The Thrush is busy in the wood,  
And carols loud and strong.  
A thousand Lambs are on the rocks,  
All newly born ! both earth and sky  
Keep jubilee ; and more than all,  
Those Boys with their green Coronals ;  
They never hear the cry,  
That plaintive cry ! which up the hill  
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.



## IV.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,  
 " Down to the stump of yon old yew  
 We'll for our Whistles run a race."

— Away the Shepherds flew.

They leapt — they ran — and when they came  
 Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
 Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
 " Stop !" to his comrade Walter cries —  
 He stopped with no good will :  
 Said Walter then, " Your task is here,  
 'Twill baffle you for half a year.

## V.

" Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross —  
 Come on, and in my footsteps tread !"  
 The other took him at his word,  
 And followed as he led.  
 It was a spot which you may see  
 If ever you to Langdale go ;  
 Into a chasm a mighty Block  
 Hath fallen, and made a Bridge of rock :  
 The gulf is deep below ;  
 And in a basin black and small  
 Receives a lofty Waterfall.

## VI.

With staff in hand across the cleft  
The Challenger pursued his march ;  
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gain'd  
The middle of the arch.  
When list ! he hears a piteous moan —  
Again ! — his heart within him dies —  
His pulse is stopp'd, his breath is lost,  
He totters, pallid as a ghost,  
And, looking down, espies  
A Lamb, that in the pool is pent  
Within that black and frightful Rent.

## VII.

The Lamb had slipp'd into the stream,  
And safe without a bruise or wound  
The Cataract had borne him down  
Into the gulf profound.  
His Dam had seen him when he fell,  
She saw him down the torrent borne ;  
And, while with all a mother's love  
She from the lofty rocks above  
Sent forth a cry forlorn,  
The Lamb, still swimming round and round,  
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

## VIII.

When he had learnt what thing it was,  
That sent this rueful cry; I ween,  
The Boy recover'd heart, and told  
The sight which he had seen.  
Both gladly now deferr'd their task;  
Nor was there wanting other aid —  
A Poet, one who loves the brooks  
Far better than the sages' books,  
By chance had thither stray'd;  
And there the helpless Lamb he found  
By those huge rocks encompass'd round.

## IX.

He drew it gently from the pool,  
And brought it forth into the light:  
The Shepherds met him with his charge,  
An unexpected sight!  
Into their arms the Lamb they took,  
Said they, "He's neither maim'd nor scarr'd."  
Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
And placed him at his Mother's side;  
And gently did the Bard  
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,  
And bade them better mind their trade.

## XIII.

To H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

---

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought;  
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
And fittest to unutterable thought  
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;  
Thou faery Voyager! that dost float  
In such clear water, that thy Boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;  
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,  
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;  
O blessed Vision! happy Child!  
That art so exquisitely wild,  
I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,  
Lord of thy house and hospitality;  
And Grief, uneasy Lover ! never rest  
But when she sate within the touch of thee.  
Oh ! too industrious folly !  
Oh ! vain and causeless melancholy !  
Nature will either end thee quite ;  
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
Preserve for thee, by individual right,  
A young Lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.  
What hast Thou to do with sorrow,  
Or the injuries of to-morrow ?  
Thou art a Dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,  
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks ;  
Or to be trail'd along the soiling earth ;  
A gem that glitters while it lives,  
And no forewarning gives ;  
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife  
Slips in a moment out of life.

## XIV.

## INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION  
IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH;

From an unpublished Poem.

(This extract is reprinted from "THE FRIEND.")

---

WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe !  
 Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought !  
 And givest to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion ! not in vain,  
 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn  
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human soul ;  
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man, —  
 But with high objects, with enduring things,  
 With life and nature ; purifying thus

The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear, — until we recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valleys made  
A lonely scene more lonesome ; among woods  
At noon ; and mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling Lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine :  
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,  
I heeded not the summons : — happy time  
It was indeed for all of us ; for me  
It was a time of rapture ! — Clear and loud  
The village clock toll'd six — I wheel'd about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse

That cares not for his home. — All shod with steel  
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice, in games  
Confederate, imitative of the Chase  
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,  
The Pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle: with the din  
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, — or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a Star,  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleam'd  
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still



The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopp'd short ; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheel'd by me — even as if the earth had roll'd  
With visible motion her diurnal round !  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

## XV.

## THE LONGEST DAY;

ADDRESSED TO \_\_\_\_\_  

---

LET us quit the leafy Arbour,  
And the torrent murmuring by :  
Sol has dropp'd into his harbour,  
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashion'd by the glowing light ;  
All that breathe are thankful debtors  
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended  
Eve renews her calm career ;  
For the day that now is ended,  
Is the Longest of the Year.

Laura ! sport, as now thou sportest,  
On this platform, light and free ;  
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,  
Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling  
That inspires the linnet's song?  
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet at this impressive season,  
Words which tenderness can speak  
From the truths of homely reason,  
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding  
Steal the landscape from the sight,  
I would urge this moral pleading,  
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs;— each day that follows  
Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows  
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,  
In his providence, assign'd  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ; — fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden !  
And when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapp'd in slumber,  
Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
That absorbs time, space, and number ;  
Look towards Eternity !

Follow thou the flowing River  
On whose breast are thither borne  
All Deceived, and each Deceiver,  
Through the gates of night and morn ;

Through the year's successive portals ;  
Through the bounds which many a star  
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,  
When his light returns from far.

Thus when Thou with Time hast travell'd  
Tow'rds the mighty gulf of things,  
And the mazy Stream unravell'd  
With thy best imaginings ;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,  
Think how pitiful that stay,  
Did not virtue give the meanest  
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While thy brow youth's roses crown.

Grasp it, — if thou shrink and tremble,  
Fairest Damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine Queen ;

And ensures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the Donor,  
Lord of Heaven's unchanging Year!



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**JUVENILE PIECES.**

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**VOL. I.**

**D**

*Of the Poems in this class, "THE EVENING WALK" and "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES" were first published in 1793. They are reprinted with some unimportant alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication. It would have been easy to amend them, in many passages, both as to sentiment and expression, and I have not been altogether able to resist the temptation: but attempts of this kind are made at the risk of injuring those characteristic features, which, after all, will be regarded as the principal recommendation of juvenile poems.*



## L

## EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM,

*Composed upon leaving School.*

---

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

Thus, when the Sun, prepared for rest,  
Hath gained the precincts of the West,  
Though his departing radiance fail  
To illuminate the hollow Vale,  
A lingering light he fondly throws  
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

## II.

## AN EVENING WALK,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

*General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's Regret of his Youth passed amongst them—Short Description of Noon—Cascade Scene—Noon-tide Retreat—Precipice and sloping Lights—Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain Farm, and the Cock—Slate Quarry—Sunset—Superstition of the Country, connected with that Moment—Swans—Female Beggar—Twilight Sounds—Western Lights—Spirits—Night—Moonlight—Hope—Night Sounds—Conclusion.*

**F**AR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove  
 Thro' bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove ;  
 Where Derwent stops his course to hear the roar  
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore ;  
 Where silver rocks the savage prospect cheer  
 Of giant yews that frown on Rydal's mere ;

Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,  
 To willow hedgerows, and to emerald meads ;  
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,  
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds ;  
 Where, deep embosom'd, shy \* Winander peeps  
 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps ;  
 Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,  
 And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes ! with other eyes, than once, I gaze  
 Upon the varying charm your round displays,  
 Than when, ere-while, I taught, " a happy child,"  
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild :  
 Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand  
 Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand ;  
 In youth's keen eye the livelong day was bright,  
 The sun at morning, and the stars of night,  
 Alike, when heard the bittern's hollow bill,  
 Or the first † woodcocks roam'd the moonlight hill.

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

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

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,  
And hope itself was all I knew of pain.  
For then, ev'n then, the little heart would beat  
At times, while young Content forsook her seat,  
And wild Impatience, panting upward, show'd  
Where, tipp'd with gold, the mountain-summits glow'd.  
Alas! the idle tale of man is found  
Depicted in the dial's moral round ;  
With Hope Reflection blends her social rays  
To gild the total tablet of his days ;  
Yet still, the sport of some malignant Pow'r,  
He knows but from its shade the present hour.

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

When, in the south, the wan noon, brooding still,  
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,  
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,  
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between ;  
When, at the barren wall's unshelter'd end,  
Where long rails far into the lake extend,

Crowded the shorten'd herds, and beat the tides  
 With their quick tails, and lash'd their speckled sides ;  
 When school-boys stretch'd their length upon the green ;  
 And round the humming elm, a glimmering scene !  
 In the brown park, in herds, the troubled deer  
 Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear ;  
 When horses in the sunburnt\* intake stood,  
 And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,  
 Or tracked the Passenger, in mute distress,  
 With forward neck the closing gate to press —  
 Then, while I wander'd up the huddling rill  
 Brightening with water-breaks the sombrous † ghyll,  
 As by enchantment, an obscure retreat  
 Open'd at once, and stay'd my devious feet.  
 While thick above the rill the branches close,  
 In rocky basin its wild waves repose,  
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,  
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between ;

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

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

Save that aloft the subtle sunbeams shine  
On wither'd briars that o'er the crags recline,  
Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,  
Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade ;  
Beyond, along the vista of the brook,  
Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,  
The eye reposes on a secret \* bridge  
Half grey, half shagg'd with ivy to its ridge ;  
Whence hangs, in the cool shade, the listless swain  
Lingering behind his disappearing wain.  
— Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,  
Bandusia's praise, wild Stream, should yield to thine !  
Never shall ruthless minister of Death  
'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath ;  
No goblets shall, for thee, be crown'd with flowers,  
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers ;  
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove  
A more benignant sacrifice approve ;  
A Mind, that, in a calm angelic mood  
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,

\* The reader who has made the tour of this country, will recognize, in this description, the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydale.

Beholds, of all from her high powers required,  
Much done, and much design'd, and more desired,—  
Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,  
Entire affection for all human kind.

— Sweet rill, farewell ! To-morrow's noon again  
Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood strain ;  
But now the sun has gain'd his western road,  
And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.

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

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view  
The spacious landscape change in form and hue !  
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood  
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood ;

There, objects, by the searching beams betray'd,  
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade ;  
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,  
Soften their glare before the mellow light ;  
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide  
Yon chesnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,  
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,  
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream :  
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud  
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud ;  
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,  
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the zephyrs sink,  
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink :  
And now, on every side, the surface breaks  
Into blue spots, and slowly-lengthening streaks ;  
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright  
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light ;  
There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,  
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray,  
And now the universal tides repose,  
And, brightly blue, the burnish'd mirror glows,



Save where, along the shady western marge,  
 Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal barge ;  
 The sails are dropp'd, the poplar's foliage sleeps,  
 And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deeps.

Their pannier'd train a groupe of potters goad,  
 Winding from side to side up the steep road ;  
 The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge,  
 Shot, down the headlong path darts with his sledge ;  
 Bright beams the lonely mountain horse illumine,  
 Feeding 'mid purple heath, " \* green rings," and broom ;  
 While the sharp slope the slacken'd team confounds,  
 † Downward the pond'rous timber-wain resounds ;  
 In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,  
 Dash'd o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps along ;  
 From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,  
 Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat ;  
 Sounds from the water-side the hammer'd boat ;  
 And blasted quarry thunders, heard remote !

\* " Vivid rings of green." — GREENWOOD'S Poem on Shooting.

† " Down the rough slope the pond'rous waggon rings."

BEATTIE.

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

\* Sweetly ferocious, round his native walks,  
 Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks ;  
 Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread ;  
 A crest of purple tops his warrior head.  
 Bright sparks his black and haggard eye-ball hurls  
 Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls ;  
 Whose state, like pine-trees, waving to and fro,  
 Droops, and o'er-canopies his regal brow ;  
 On tiptoe rear'd, he strains his clarion throat,  
 Threaten'd by faintly-answering farms remote :  
 Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,  
 While, flapp'd with conscious pride, resound his wings!

Bright'ning the cliffs between, where sombrous pine  
 And yew-trees o'er the silver rocks recline ;

\* " *Dolcemente feroce.*" — TASSO. — In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in the *l'Agriculture ou Les Georgiques Françaises*, of M. Rossuet.

I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,  
Dwarfpannier'd steeds, and men, and numerous wains:  
How busy the enormous hive within,  
While Echo dallies with the various din!  
Some (hardly heard their chisels' clinking sound).  
Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound ;  
Some, dim between the aëreal cliffs descried,  
O'erwalk the slender plank from side to side ;  
These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,  
Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing.

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that rears  
An edge all flame, the broad'ning sun appears ;  
A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,  
And breaks the spreading of its golden tides ;  
And now it touches on the purple steep  
That flings his shadow on the pictured deep.  
'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs aspire,  
With tow'rs and woods a " prospect all on fire ;"  
The coves and secret hollows, through a ray  
Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray ;  
The gilded turf invests with richer green  
Each speck of lawn the broken rocks between ;  
Deep yellow beams the scatter'd stems illumine,  
Far in the level forest's central gloom ;

Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,  
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,  
That, barking busy, 'mid the glittering rocks,  
Hunts, where he points, the intercepted flocks.  
Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots  
On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots ;  
The Druid stones their lighted fane unfold,  
And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold ;  
\* Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,  
Gives one bright glance, and drops behind the hill.

In these secluded vales, if village fame,  
Confirmed by silver hairs, belief may claim ;  
When up the hills, as now, retired the light,  
Strange apparitions mock'd the gazer's sight.

A desperate form appears, that spurs his steed  
Along the midway cliffs with violent speed ;  
Unhurt pursues his lengthen'd flight, while all  
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.  
Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show  
Of horsemen shadows winding to and fro ;

\* From Thomson. See Scott's Critical Essays.

At intervals imperial banners stream,  
And now the van reflects the solar beam,  
The rear thro' iron brown betrays a sullen gleam ;  
\* Lost gradual, o'er the heights in pomp they go,  
While silent stands th' admiring vale below ;  
Till, save the lonely beacon, all is fled,  
That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head.

Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail,  
On red slow-waving pinions, down the vale ;  
And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines,  
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines,  
How pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray  
Where winds the road along a secret bay ;  
By rills that tumble down the woody steeps,  
And run in transport to the dimpling deeps ;  
Along the " wild meand'ring shore " to view  
Obsequious Grace the winding Swan pursue :  
He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings  
His bridling neck between his towering wings ;

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

In all the majesty of ease, divides  
And glorying, looks around, the silent tides ;  
On as he floats, the silver'd waters glow,  
Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow.  
While tender Cares and mild domestic Loves,  
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves ;  
The Female with a meeker charm succeeds,  
And her brown little-ones around her leads,  
Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,  
Or playing wanton with the floating grass.  
She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride  
Forgets, unwearied watching every side ;  
She calls them near, and with affection sweet  
Alternately relieves their weary feet ;  
Alternately they mount her back, and rest  
Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

Long may ye float upon these floods serene ;  
Yours be these holms untrodden, still, and green,  
Whose leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,  
Where breathes in peace the lily of the vale.  
Yon Isle, which feels not even the milk-maid's feet,  
Yet hears her song, "by distance made more sweet,"

Yon isle conceals your home, your cottage bower,  
Fresh water rushes strew the verdant floor ;  
Long grass and willows form the woven wall,  
And swings above the roof the poplar tall.  
Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,  
With broad black feet ye crush your flow'ry walk ;  
Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn  
The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow horn ;  
Involve your serpent necks in changeful rings,  
Roll'd wantonly between your slippery wings,  
Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,  
Force half upon the wave your cumbrous flight.

Fair Swan ! by all a mother's joys caress'd,  
Haply some wretch has eyed, and called thee bless'd ;  
The whilst upon some sultry summer's day  
She dragg'd her babes along this weary way ;  
Or taught their limbs along the burning road  
A few short steps to totter with their load.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,  
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed,  
Turr to a silent smile their sleepy cry,  
By pointing to a shooting star on high :

I hear, while in the forest depth, he sees  
The Moon's fix'd gaze between the opening trees,  
In broken sounds her elder grief demand,  
And skyward lift, like one that prays, his hand,  
If, in that country, where he dwells afar,  
His father views that good, that kindly star ;  
— Ah me ! all light is mute amid the gloom,  
The interlunar cavern, of the tomb.  
— When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide,  
And fireless are the valleys far and wide,  
Where the brook brawls along the painful road,  
Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching broad,  
Oft has she taught them on her lap to play  
Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless ray  
Toss'd light from hand to hand ; while on the ground  
Small circles of green radiance gleam around.

Oh ! when the sleety showers her path assail,  
And roars between the hills the torrent gale.  
— No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,  
Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold ;  
Weak roof a cowering form two babes to shield,  
And faint the fire a dying heart can yield !



Press the sad kiss, fond mother ! vainly fears  
Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears ;  
No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,  
Thy breast their death-bed, coffin'd in thine arms.

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

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light  
Blends with the solemn colouring of the night ;  
'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,  
And round the West's proud lodge their shadows throw,  
Like Una shining on her gloomy way,  
The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray ;  
Shedding, through paly loopholes mild and small,  
Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall,  
Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale  
Tracking the fitful motions of the gale.

With restless interchange at once the bright  
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.  
No favour'd eye was e'er allow'd to gaze  
On lovelier spectacle in faery days ;  
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,  
Brushing with lucid wands the water's face ;  
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,  
Charm'd the tall circle of th' enchanted steeps.  
—The lights are vanished from the watery plains :  
No wreck of all the pageantry remains.  
Unheeded night has overcome the vales :  
On the dark earth the baffled vision fails ;  
The latest lingerer of the forest train,  
The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain ;  
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,  
Lost in the thicken'd darkness, glimmers hoar ;  
And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,  
Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear.  
— Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel  
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.  
Stay ! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay !  
Ah no ! as fades the vale, they fade away :

Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;  
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to thread  
Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed,  
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon  
Salute with boding note the rising moon,  
Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground,  
And pouring deeper blue to Æther's bound;  
And pleased her solemn pomp of clouds to fold  
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

See, o'er the eastern hill, where darkness broods  
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods;  
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,  
She lifts in silence up her lovely face;  
Above the gloomy valley flings her light,  
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;  
And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,  
To the green corn of summer autumn's hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn  
Her dawn, far lovelier than the Moon's own morn;

'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer  
The weary hills, impervious, blackening near ;  
— Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while  
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

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

But now the clear-bright Moon her zenith gains,  
And rimy without speck extend the plains ;  
The deepest dell the mountain's front displays,  
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays ;  
From the dark-blue " faint silvery threads " divide  
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide ;  
The scene is waken'd, yet its peace unbroke,  
By silver'd wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke,

That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood,  
Steal down the hills, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain streams, unheard by day,  
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.  
All air is, as the sleeping water, still,  
List'ning the aëreal music of the hill,  
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,  
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,  
Soon followed by his hollow-parting oar,  
And echoed hoof approaching the far shore ;  
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,  
Hurrying the feeding hare through rustling corn ;  
The tremulous sob of the complaining owl ;  
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl ;  
The distant forge's swinging thump profound ;  
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.



**DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES**

**TAKEN DURING**

***A PEDESTRIAN TOUR***

**AMONG**

**THE ALPS.**

**VOL. I.**

**E**





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

DEAR SIR,

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

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

I am happy in being conscious I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which

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

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

I am, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

*London, 1793.*

W. WORDSWORTH.

## III.

## DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.

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*Happiness (if she had been to be found on Earth) amongst the Charms of Nature — Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller — Author crosses France to the Alps — Present State of the Grande Chartreuse — Lake of Como — Time, Sunset — Same Scene, Twilight — Same Scene, Morning, its voluptuous Character; Old Man and Forest Cottage Music — River Tusa — Via Mala and Grison Gipsy. Schellenen-thal — Lake of Uri. Stormy Sunset — Chapel of William Tell — Force of Local Emotion — Chamois-chaser — View of the higher Alps — Manner of Life of a Swiss Mountaineer, interspersed with Views of the higher Alps — Golden Age of the Alps — Life and Views continued — Ranx des Vaches, famous Swiss Air — Abbey of Einsiedlen and its Pilgrims — Valley of Chamouny — Mont Blanc — Slavery of Savoy — Influence of Liberty on Cottage Happiness — France — Wish for the Extirpation of Slavery — Conclusion.*

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

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

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam,  
Who at the call of summer quits his home,  
And plods through some far realm o'ervale and height,  
Though seeking only holiday delight ;  
At least, not owning to himself an aim  
To which the Sage would give a prouder name.  
No gains too cheaply earn'd his fancy cloy,  
Though every passing zephyr whispers joy ;  
Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,  
Feeds the clear current of his sympathies.  
For him sod seats the cottage door adorn ;  
And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourne !  
Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,  
And dear the velvet green-sward to his tread :  
Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye ?  
Upward he looks—“ and calls it luxury ;”  
Kind Nature's charities his steps attend ;  
In every babbling brook he finds a friend ;

While chast'ning thoughts of sweetest use, bestow'd  
By Wisdom, moralise his pensive road.  
Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bower,  
To his spare meal he calls the passing poor ;  
He views the Sun uplift his golden fire,  
Or sink, with heart alive like \*Memnon's lyre ;  
Blesses the Moon that comes with kindly ray,  
To light him shaken by his rugged way ;  
With bashful fear no cottage children steal  
From him, a brother at the cottage meal ;  
His humble looks no shy restraint impart,  
Around him plays at will the virgin heart.  
While unsuspected wheels the village dance,  
The maidens eye him with enquiring glance,  
Much wondering what sad stroke of crazing Care  
Or desperate Love could lead a Wanderer there.

Me, lured by hope her sorrows to remove,  
A heart that could not much herself approve,  
O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,  
Her road elms rustling high above my head,

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

Or through her truant pathways' native charms,  
By secret villages and lonely farms,  
To where the Alps ascending white in air,  
Toy with the sun, and glitter from afar.

Even now, emerging from the forest's gloam,  
I heave a sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom.  
Where now is fled that Power whose frown severe  
Tamed "sober Reason" till she crouch'd in fear?  
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms,  
And Blasphemy the shuddering fane alarms;  
Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled heads;  
Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night o'erspreads;  
Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,  
And start the astonish'd shades at female eyes.  
That thundering tube the aged angler hears,  
And swells the groaning torrent with his tears;  
From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,  
And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.  
The cross, with hideous laughter, Demons mock,  
By \* angels planted on the aerial rock.

\* Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.

The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath  
 Along the mystic streams of \* Life and Death.  
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds  
 Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,  
 † Vallombre, 'mid her falling fanes, deplores,  
 For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves  
 Of Como, bosom'd deep in chesnut groves.  
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy steep  
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.  
 — To towns, whose shades of no rude sound complain,  
 To ringing team unknown and grating wain,  
 To flat-roof'd towns, that touch the water's bound,  
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,  
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,  
 And o'er the whiten'd wave their shadows fling :  
 The pathway leads, as round the steep it twines,  
 And Silence loves its purple roof of vines ;  
 The viewless lingerer hence, at evening, sees  
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees ;

\* Names of Rivers at the Chartreuse.

† Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse.

Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids  
Tend the small harvest of their garden glades,  
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view  
Stretch, o'er the pictured mirror, broad and blue,  
Tracking the yellow sun from steep to steep,  
As up the opposing hills with tortoise foot they creep.  
Here, half a village shines, in gold arrayed,  
Bright as the moon ; half hides itself in shade :  
While, from amid the darken'd roofs, the spire,  
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire :  
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw  
Rich golden verdure on the waves below.  
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,  
And steals into the shade the lazy oar ;  
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,  
And amorous music on the water dies.

How bless'd, delicious scene ! the eye that greets  
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats ;  
The unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs that scales ;  
The never-ending waters of thy vales ;  
The cots, those dim religious groves embower,  
Or, under rocks that from the water tower,



Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore ;  
Each with his household boat beside the door,  
Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic droop,  
Brightening the gloom where thick the forests stoop ;  
— Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky,  
Thy towns, that cleave like swallows' nests, on high ;  
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried  
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,  
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods  
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods ;  
— Thy lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue and grey  
Gleams, streak'd or dappled, hid from morning's ray  
Slow travelling down the western hills, to fold  
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold ;  
From thickly-glittering spires, the matin bell  
Calling the woodman from his desert cell,  
A summons to the sound of oars, that pass,  
Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass ;  
Slow swells the service, o'er the water borne,  
While fill each pause the ringing woods of morn.  
Farewell those forms that in thy noon-tide shade,  
Rest, near their little plots of wheaten glade ;

Those charms that bind the soul in powerless trance,  
Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing dance.  
Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine  
The sylvan cabin's lute-enliven'd gloom.  
— Alas! the very murmur of the streams  
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,  
While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell  
On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,  
Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's marge,  
And winds, from bay to bay, the vocal barge.

Yet arts are thine that soothe the unquiet heart,  
And smiles to Solitude and Want impart.  
I loved by silent cottage-doors to roam,  
The far-off peasant's day-deserted home ;  
And once I pierced the mazes of a wood,  
Where, far from public haunt, a cabin stood ;  
There by the door a hoary-headed Sire  
Touch'd with his wither'd hand an ancient lyre ;  
Beneath an old grey oak, as violets lie,  
Stretch'd at his feet with stedfast, upward eye,  
His children's children join'd the holy sound ;  
— A Hermit with his family around !

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

The Grison gipsy here her tent hath placed,  
Sole human tenant of the piny waste ;  
Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy locks,  
Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath the rocks.  
— The mind condemn'd, without reprieve, to go  
O'er life's long deserts with its charge of woe,

\* The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

With sad congratulation joins the train,  
Where beasts and men together o'er the plain  
Move on — a mighty caravan of pain ;  
Hope, strength, and courage, social suffering brings,  
Freshening the waste of sand with shades and springs.  
*She*, solitary, through the desert drear  
Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand with Fear.

A giant moan along the forest swells  
Protracted, and the twilight storm foretels,  
And, ruining from the cliffs, their deafening load  
Tumbles, — the wildering Thunder slips abroad ;  
On the high summits Darkness comes and goes,  
Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and snows ;  
The torrent, traversed by the lustre broad,  
Starts like a horse beside the flashing road ;  
In the roof'd \* bridge, at that terrific hour,  
She seeks a shelter from the battering show'r.  
— Fierce comes the river down ; the crashing wood  
Gives way, and half its pines torment the flood ;

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

\* Fearful, beneath, the Water-spirits call,  
And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its fall.

— Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the night ;  
No star supplies the comfort of its light,  
Glimmer the dim-lit Alps, dilated, round,  
And one sole light shifts in the vale profound ;  
While, opposite, the waning Moon hangs still,  
And red, above her melancholy hill.  
By the deep quiet gloom appall'd, she sighs,  
Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes.  
She hears, upon the mountain forest's brow ;  
The death-dog, howling loud and long, below ;  
On viewless fingers counts the valley-clock,  
Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.  
The dry leaves stir as with the serpent's walk,  
And, far beneath, Banditti voices talk ;  
Behind her hill, the Moon, all crimson, rides,  
And his red eyes the slinking Water hides.  
— Vex'd by the darkness, from the piny gulf  
Ascending, nearer howls the famish'd wolf,

- \* “ Red came the river down, and loud, and oft  
The angry Spirit of the water shriek'd.”

*HOMER'S Douglas.*

While through the stillness scatters wild dismay  
Her babe's small cry, that leads him to his prey.

Now, passing Urseren's open vale serene,  
Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green,  
Plunge with the Russ embrown'd by Terror's breath,  
Where danger roofs the narrow walks of death ;  
By floods, that, thundering from their dizzy height,  
Swell more gigantic on the stedfast sight ;  
Black drizzling crags, that, beaten by the din,  
Vibrate, as if a voice complain'd within ;  
Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks, afraid,  
Unstedfast, by a blasted yew upstayed ;  
By \* cells whose image, trembling as he prays,  
Awe-struck, the kneeling peasant scarce surveys ;  
Loose-hanging rocks the Day's bless'd eye that hide  
And † crosses rear'd to Death on every side,  
Which with cold kiss Devotion planted near,  
And, bending, water'd with the human tear,

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

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

That faded "silent" from her upward eye,  
Unmoved with each rude form of Danger nigh,  
Fix'd on the anchor left by him who saves  
Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

On as we move, a softer prospect opes,  
Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes.  
While mists, suspended on th' expiring gale,  
Moveless o'er-hang the deep secluded vale,  
The beams of evening, slipping soft between,  
Gently illuminate a sober scene ;  
Winding its dark-green wood and emerald glade,  
The still vale lengthens underneath the shade ;  
While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,  
Green dewy lights adorn the freshen'd mead,  
On the low\* brown wood-huts delighted sleep  
Along the brighten'd gloom reposing deep.  
While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,  
And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,  
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye  
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,

\* The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

Huge convent domes with pinnacles and tow'rs,  
And antique castles seen through drizzling show'rs.

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake !  
Lo ! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake,  
Where, by the unpathwayed margin, still and dread,  
Was never heard the plodding peasant's tread.  
Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach  
Far o'er the secret water dark with beech ;  
More high, to where creation seems to end,  
Shade above shade, the aërial pines ascend,  
Yet with his infants man undaunted creeps  
And hangs his small wood-cabin on the steeps.  
Where'er below amid the savage scene  
Peeps out a little speck of smiling green,  
A garden-plot the desert air perfumes,  
'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms ;  
A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff,  
Threading the painful crag, surmounts the cliff.  
— Before those hermit doors, that never know  
The face of traveller passing to and fro,  
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell  
For whom at morning toll'd the funeral bell ;



Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark forgoes,  
Touch'd by the beggar's moan of human woes;  
The grassy seat beneath their casement shade  
The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never stay'd.  
—There, did the iron Genius not disdain  
The gentle Power that haunts the myrtle plain,  
There, might the love-sick maiden sit, and chide  
The insuperable rocks and severing tide;  
There, watch at eve her lover's sun-gilt sail  
Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale;  
There, list at midnight till is heard no more,  
Below, the echo of his parting oar.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,  
Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry,  
Hovering o'er rugged wastes too bleak to rear  
That common growth of earth, the foodful ear;  
Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,  
And pines the unripen'd pear in summer's kindliest ray;  
Even here Content has fixed her smiling reign  
With Independence, child of high Disdain.  
Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,  
Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,  
And often grasps her sword, and often eyes;

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

'Tis storm; and, hid in mist from hour to hour,  
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour;  
The sky is veil'd, and every cheerful sight:  
Dark is the region as with coming night;  
But what a sudden burst of overpowering light!  
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,  
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;  
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine  
The wood-crown'd cliffs that o'er the lake recline;  
Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,  
At once to pillars turn'd that flame with gold:  
Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun  
The west, that burns like one dilated sun,  
Where in a mighty crucible expire  
The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire.

But lo! the Boatman, overaw'd, before  
The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar;

Confused the Marathonian tale appears,  
 While burn in his fall eyes the glorious tears.  
 And who that walks where men of ancient days  
 Have wrought with God-like arm the deeds of praise,  
 Feels not the spirit of the place control,  
 Exalt, and agitate his labouring soul?  
 Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,  
 Or wild Aosta lull'd by Alpine rills,  
 On Zutphen's plain ; or where, with soften'd gaze,  
 The old grey stones the plaided chief surveys ;  
 Can guess the high resolve, the cherish'd pain  
 Of him whom passion rivets to the plain,  
 Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,  
 And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye ;  
 Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,  
 And glad Dundee in " faint huzzas " expired !

But now with other mind I stand alone  
 Upon the summit of this naked cone,  
 And watch, from \*pike to pike, amid the sky  
 Small as a bird the chamois-chaser fly,

\* Pike is a word very commonly used in the north of Eng-  
 land, to signify a high mountain of the conic form, as Lang-  
 dale pike, &c.

\* Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave  
A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,  
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep ;  
Thro' worlds where Life, and Sound, and Motion sleep;  
Where Silence still her death-like reign extends,  
Save when the startling cliff unfrequent rends :  
In the deep snow the mighty ruin drown'd,  
Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound.  
— 'Tis his while wandering on, from height to height,  
To see a planet's pomp and steady light  
In the least star of scarce-appearing night,  
While the near Moon, that coasts the vast profound  
Wheels pale and silent her diminish'd round,  
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,  
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays :  
To him the day-star glitters small and bright,  
Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,  
And he can look beyond the sun, and view  
Those fast-receding depths of sable blue,  
Flying till vision can no more pursue !

\* For most of the images in the next sixteen verses I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting observations annexed to his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

—At once bewildering mists around him close,  
And cold and hunger are his least of woes ;  
The Demon of the snow, with angry roar  
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.  
Then with Despair's whole weight his spirits sink,  
No bread to feed him, and the snow his drink,  
While, ere his eyes can close upon the day,  
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with fear afar,  
Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar ?  
Or rather stay to taste the mild delights  
Of pensive \*Underwalden's pastoral heights ?

—Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has seen  
The native Genii walk the mountain green ?  
Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,  
Soft music from the aërial summit steal ?  
While o'er the desert, answering every close,  
Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.

\* The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps : this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

— And sure there is a secret Power that reigns  
 Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,  
 Nought \* but the herds that, pasturing upward, creep,  
 Hung dim-discover'd from the dangerous steep,  
 Or summer hamlet, flat and bare, on high  
 Suspended, 'mid the quiet of the sky.  
 How still ! no irreligious sound or sight  
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.  
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills  
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,  
 Broke only by the melancholy sound  
 Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round ;  
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue  
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods' steady *sugh* † ;  
 The solitary heifer's deepen'd low ;  
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow ;  
 Save that, the stranger seen below, the boy  
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas,  
 Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze,

\* This picture is from the middle region of the Alps.

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

When hums the mountain bee in May's glad ear,  
And emerald isles to spot the heights appear  
When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,  
And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,  
When fragrant scents beneath the enchanted tread  
Spring up, his choicest wealth around him spread,  
The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale,  
To silence leaving the deserted vale ;  
Mounts, where the verdure leads, from stage to stage,  
And pastures on, as in the Patriarchs' age :  
O'er lofty heights serene and still they go,  
And hear the rattling thunder far below ;  
They cross the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed,  
Rock'd on the dizzy larch's narrow tread ;  
Or steal beneath loose mountains, half deterr'd,  
That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.  
—I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps  
To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,  
Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws,  
The fodder of his herds in winter snows.  
Far different life to what tradition hoar  
Transmits of days more blest in times of yore ;  
Then Summer lengthen'd out his season bland,  
And with rock-honey flow'd the happy land.

Continual fountains welling cheer'd the waste,  
And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste.  
Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled,  
Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled ;  
Nor Hunger forced the herds from pastures bare  
For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to dare.  
Then the milk-thistle bade those herds demand  
Three times a day the pail and welcome hand.  
But human vices have provoked the rod  
Of angry Nature to avenge her God.  
Thus does the father to his sons relate,  
On the lone mountain top, their changed estate.  
Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts  
Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn : with gold the verdant mountain glows,  
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.  
Far-stretch'd beneath the many-tinted hills  
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,  
A solemn sea ! whose vales and mountains round  
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.  
A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide  
And bottomless, divides the midway tide.  
Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear  
The pines that near the coast their summits rear ;



Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant shore  
Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar ;  
Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound  
Unnumber'd streams with hollow roar profound :  
Mount through the nearer mist the chant of birds,  
And talking voices, and the low of herds,  
The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,  
And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.  
Think not, suspended from the cliff on high,  
He looks below with undelighted eye.  
— No vulgar joy is his, at even-tide  
Stretch'd on the scented mountain's purple side.  
For as the pleasures of his simple day  
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,  
Nought round its darling precincts can he find  
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind,  
While Hope, that ceaseless leans on Pleasure's urn,  
Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.

Once Man entirely free, alone and wild,  
Was bless'd as free—for he was Nature's child.  
He, all superior but his God disdain'd,  
Walk'd none restraining, and by none restrain'd,  
Confess'd no law but what his reason taught,  
Did all he wish'd, and wish'd but what he ought.

As Man in his primeval dower array'd  
The image of his glorious Sire display'd,  
Even so, by vestal Nature guarded, here  
The traces of primeval Man appear ;  
The native dignity no forms debase,  
The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace.  
The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,  
He marches with his flute, his book, and sword ;  
Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared  
With this " the blessings he enjoys to guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground  
For many a wond'rous victory renown'd,  
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,  
With few in arms, \* innumerable foes,  
When to those glorious fields his steps are led,  
An unknown power connects him with the dead.

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

For images of other worlds are there ;  
Awful the light, and holy is the air.  
Uncertain through his fierce uncultured soul  
Like lighted tempests troubled transports roll ;  
To viewless realms his Spirit towers amain,  
Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when pass'd that solemn vision by,  
He holds with God himself communion high,  
Where the dread peal of swelling torrents fills  
The sky-roof'd temple of the eternal hills ;  
Or, when upon the mountain's silent brow  
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,  
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow ;  
While needle peaks of granite shooting bare  
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air :  
—Great joy, by horror tamed, dilates his heart,  
And the near heavens their own delights impart.  
—When the Sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell,  
Alps overlooking Alps their state up-swell ;  
Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of \* Fear and Storms,  
Lift, all serene, their still, illumined forms,

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

In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,  
Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,  
Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows ;  
That hut which from the hills his eyes employs  
So oft, the central point of all his joys.  
And as a swift, by tender cares opprest,  
Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,  
So to the untrodden floor, where round him looks  
His father, helpless as the babe he rocks,  
Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair,  
Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.  
There, safely guarded by the woods behind,  
He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,  
Hears Winter, calling all his Terrors round,  
Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound.  
Through Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide  
Unstain'd by envy, discontent, and pride.  
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,  
With one bright bell, a favourite Heifer's neck ;  
Well-pleased upon some simple annual feast,  
Remember'd half the year and hoped the rest,  
If dairy produce from his inner hoard  
Of thrice ten summers consecrate the board.

— Alas! in every clime a flying ray  
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way.  
“ Here,” cried a thoughtful Swain, upon whose head  
The “ blossoms of the grave” were thinly spread,  
Last night, while by his dying fire, as closed  
The day, in luxury my limbs reposed,  
“ Here Penury oft from Misery’s mount will guide  
Even to the summer door his icy tide,  
And here the avalanche of Death destroy  
The little cottage of domestic joy.  
But, ah! the unwilling mind may more than trace  
The general sorrows of the human race :  
The churlish gales, that unremitting blow  
Cold from necessity’s continual snow,  
To us the gentle groups of bliss deny  
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.  
Yet more ; — compell’d by Powers which only deign  
That *solitary* man disturb their reign,  
Powers that support a never-ceasing strife  
With all the tender charities of life,  
The father, as his sons of strength become  
To pay the filial debt, for food to roam,  
From his bare nest amid the storms of heaven  
Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven ;

His last dread pleasure watches to the plain —  
And never, eagle-like, beholds again !”

When the poor heart has all its joys resign'd,  
Why does their sad remembrance cleave behind ?  
Lo ! where through flat Batavia's willowy groves,  
Or by the lazy Seine the exile roves ;  
Soft o'er the waters mournful measures swell,  
Unlocking tender thought's “ memorial cell ;”  
Past pleasures are transform'd to mortal pains,  
While poison spreads along the listener's veins,  
Poison which not a frame of steel can brave,  
Bows his young head with sorrow to the grave.\*

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume !  
Fair smiling lights the purpled hills illumine !  
Soft gales and dews of life's delicious morn,  
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return !  
Soon flies the little joy to man allow'd,  
And grief before him travels like a cloud :  
For come Diseases on, and Penury's rage,  
Labour, and Care, and Pain, and dismal Age,

\* The effect of the famous air called in French *Ranz des Vaches* upon the Swiss troops.

Till, Hope-deserted, long in vain his breath  
Implores the dreadful untried sleep of Death.  
— 'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine  
Between interminable tracts of pine,  
A Temple stands ; which holds an awful shrine,  
By an uncertain light reveal'd, that falls  
On the mute Image and the troubled walls :  
Pale, dreadful faces round the Shrine appear,  
Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in fear ;  
While strives a secret Power to hush the crowd,  
Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her rights aloud.

Oh ! give not me that eye of hard disdain  
That views undimm'd Ensiedlen's\* wretched fane.  
Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torment meet,  
Dire clap of hands, distracted chafe of feet ;  
While, loud and dull, ascends the weeping cry,  
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.  
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear  
One flower of hope — Oh, pass and leave it there.

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

— The tall Sun, tiptoe on an Alpine spire,  
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire ;  
Now let us meet the Pilgrims ere the day  
Close on the remnant of their weary way ;  
While they are drawing toward the sacred floor  
Where the charm'd worm of pain shall gnaw no more.  
How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste  
The \*fountains rear'd for them amid the waste !  
There some with tearful kiss each other greet,  
And some, with reverence, wash their toil-worn feet.  
Yes, I will see you when ye first behold  
Those holy turrets tipp'd with evening gold,  
In that glad moment when the hands are prest  
In mute devotion on the thankful breast.

Last let us turn to where Chamouny† shields  
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields ;  
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,  
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend.

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

† This word is pronounced upon the spot Chàmouny : I have taken the liberty of changing the accent.



A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns  
 Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains ;  
 Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fann'd,  
 Here all the Seasons revel hand in hand.  
 — Red stream the cottage-lights ; the landscape fades,  
 Erroneous wavering mid the twilight shades.  
 Alone ascends that Hill of matchless height, \*  
 That holds no commerce with the summer Night.  
 From age to age, amid his lonely bounds  
 The crash of ruin fitfully resounds ;  
 Mysterious havoc ! but serene his brow,  
 Where daylight lingers mid perpetual snow ;  
 Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

At such an hour I heaved a pensive sigh,  
 When roar'd the sullen Arve in anger by,  
 That not for thy reward, delicious Vale !  
 Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale ;  
 That thou, the slave of slaves, art doom'd to pine ;  
 Hard lot ! — for no Italian arts are thine,  
 To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.

\* It is only from the higher part of the valley of Châmoigny that Mont Blanc is visible.

Beloved Freedom ! were it mine to stray,  
With shrill winds roaring round my lonely way,  
O'er the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad moors,  
Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's shores ;  
To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose,  
And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows ;  
In the wide range of many a varied round,  
Fleet as my passage was, I still have found  
That where despotic courts their gems display,  
The lilies of domestic joy decay,  
While the remotest hamlets blessings share  
In thy dear presence known, and only there !  
The casement's shed more luscious woodbine binds,  
And to the door a neater pathway winds ;  
At early morn, the careful housewife, led  
To cull her dinner from its garden bed,  
Of weedless herbs a healthier prospect sees,  
While hum with busier joy her happy bees ;  
In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,  
And laugh with merrier blaze her evening fires ;  
Her infants' cheeks with fresher roses glow,  
And wilder graces sport around their brow ;  
By clearer taper lit, a cleanlier board  
Receives at supper hour her tempting hoard ;

The chamber hearth with fresher boughs is spread,  
And whiter is the hospitable bed.

And oh, fair France ! though now along the shade  
Where erst at will the grey-clad peasant stray'd,  
Gleam war's discordant vestments through the trees,  
And the red banner fluctuates in the breeze ;  
Though martial songs have banish'd songs of love,  
And nightingales forsake the village grove,  
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,  
And the short thunder, and the flash of arms ;  
While, as Night bids the startling uproar die,  
Sole sound, the \* Sourd renews his mournful cry !  
— Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power  
Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage door :  
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes  
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.  
Yes, as I roam'd where Loiret's waters glide  
Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,  
When from October clouds a milder light  
Fell, where the blue flood rippled into white,

\* An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

Methought from every cot the watchful bird  
Crow'd with ear-piercing power till then unheard ;  
Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,  
Rock'd the charm'd thought in more delightful dreams ;  
Chasing those long, long dreams, the falling leaf  
Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief ;  
The measured echo of the distant flail  
Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale ;  
A more majestic tide \* the water roll'd,  
And glow'd the sun-gilt groves in richer gold.  
— Though Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise  
Red on the hills his beacon's comet blaze ;  
Bid from on high his lonely cannon sound,  
And on ten thousand hearths his shout rebound ;  
His larum-bell from village-tower to tower  
Swing on the astounded ear its dull undying roar ;  
Yet, yet rejoice, though Pride's perverted ire  
Rouse Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills in fire !  
Lo ! from the innocuous flames, a lovely birth,  
With its own Virtues springs another earth :

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

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

Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride  
Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride,  
To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty bowers,  
And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribb'd towers  
— Give them, beneath their breast while gladness springs,  
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings ;  
And grant that every sceptred Child of clay,  
Who cries, presumptuous, "here their tides shall stay,"  
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,  
With all his creatures sink — to rise no more !

To-night, my friend, within this humble cot  
Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot  
In timely sleep ; and, when at break of day,  
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,  
With lighter heart our course we may renew,  
The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.

## IV.

THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

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

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

The staff I yet remember which upbore  
The bending body of my active Sire ;  
His seat beneath the honey'd sycamore  
Where the bees humm'd, and chair by winter fire ;  
When market-morning came, the neat attire  
With which, though bent on haste, myself I deck'd ;  
My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire,  
When stranger pass'd, so often I have check'd ;  
The red-breast known for years, which at my casement peck'd.

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

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

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,  
That when I loved him not I cannot say.  
Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song  
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May.  
When we began to tire of childish play,  
We seem'd still more and more to prize each other ;  
We talk'd of marriage and our marriage day ;  
And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

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

We lived in peace and comfort ; and were blest  
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.  
Three lovely infants lay upon my breast ;  
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sigh'd,  
And knew not why. My happy Father died  
When sad distress reduced the children's meal :  
Thrice happy ! that for him the grave did hide  
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,  
And tears that flow'd for ills which patience could not heal.



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

There long were we neglected, and we bore  
Much sorrow, ere the fleet its anchor weigh'd ;  
Green fields before us, and our native shore,  
We breathed a pestilential air, that made  
Ravage for which no knell was heard. We pray'd  
For our departure ; wish'd and wish'd — nor knew  
'Mid that long sickness, and those hopes delay'd,  
That happier days we never more must view :  
The parting signal stream'd, at last the land withdrew.

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

The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,  
Disease and famine, agony and fear,  
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,  
It would thy brain unsettle even to hear.  
All perish'd — all, in one remorseless year,  
Husband and Children ! one by one, by sword  
And ravenous plague, all perish'd : every tear  
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board  
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored.

Peaceful as some immeasurable plain  
By the first beams of dawning light imprest,  
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main.  
The very ocean hath its hour of rest.  
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.  
Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were !  
As quiet all within me. I was blest !  
And look'd, and look'd along the silent air,  
Until it seem'd to bring a joy to my despair.

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

Some mighty gulf of separation past,  
I seem'd transported to another world : —  
A thought resign'd with pain, when from the mast  
The impatient mariner the sail unfurl'd,  
And, whistling, call'd the wind that hardly curl'd  
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home  
And from all hope I was for ever hurl'd.  
For me — farthest from earthly port to roam  
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might come.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)  
That I, at last, a resting-place had found ;  
“ Here will I dwell,” said I, “ my whole life long,  
Roaming the illimitable waters round :  
Here will I live : — of every friend disown'd  
And end my days upon the ocean flood.” —  
To break my dream the vessel reach'd its bound :  
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.

By grief enfeebled, was I turn'd adrift,  
Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock ;  
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock.  
I lay where, with his drowsy Mates, the Cock  
From the cross timber of an out-house hung :  
Dismally toll'd, that night, the city clock !  
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,  
Nor to the beggar's language could I frame my tongue.

So pass'd another day, and so the third ;  
Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort.  
— In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirr'd,  
Near the sea-side I reach'd a ruin'd Fort :  
There, pains which nature could no more support,  
With blindness link'd, did on my vitals fall,  
And after many interruptions short  
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl ;  
Unsought for was the help that did my life recall.

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

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

They with their pannier'd Asses semblance made  
Of Potters wandering on from door to door :  
But life of happier sort to me pourtray'd,  
And other joys my fancy to allure ;  
The bag-pipe, dinning on the midnight moor,  
In barn uplighted ; and companions boon  
Well met from far with revelry secure,  
Among the forest glades, when jocund June  
Roll'd fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

But ill they suited me — those journeys dark  
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch !  
To charm the surly House-dog's faithful bark,  
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.  
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,  
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,  
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill :  
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

What could I do, unaided and unblest ?  
My Father ! gone was every friend of thine :  
And kindred of dead husband are at best  
Small help ; and, after marriage such as mine,  
With little kindness would to me incline.  
Ill was I then for toil or service fit :  
With tears whose course no effort could confine,  
By the road-side forgetful would I sit  
Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

I led a wandering life among the fields ;  
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
I lived upon what casual bounty yields,  
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
The ground I for my bed have often used :  
But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth  
Is, that I have my inner self abused,  
Forgone the home delight of constant truth,  
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth  
Three years thus wandering, often have I view'd,  
In tears, the sun towards that country tend  
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude :  
And now across this moor my steps I bend —  
Oh ! tell me whither — for no earthly friend  
Have I." — She ceased, and weeping turn'd away ;—  
As if because her tale was at an end  
She wept ; — because she had no more to say  
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

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# POEMS

FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

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VOL. I.

G





## I.

## THE BROTHERS.\*

"THESE Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live  
 A profitable life: some glance along,  
 Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,  
 And they were butterflies to wheel about  
 Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise,  
 Perch'd on the forehead of a jutting crag,  
 Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,  
 Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,  
 Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,  
 Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.  
 But, for that moping Son of Idleness,  
 Why can he tarry *yonder*? — In our church-yard  
 Is neither epitaph nor monument,

\* This Poem was intended to conclude a series of pastorals, the scene of which was laid among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. I mention this to apologise for the abruptness with which the poem begins.

Tombstone nor name — only the turf we tread  
And a few natural graves.” To Jane, his wife,  
Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.  
It was a July evening ; and he sate  
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves  
Of his old cottage, — as it chanced, that day,  
Employ’d in winter’s work. Upon the stone  
His Wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,  
While, from the twin cards tooth’d with glittering wire,  
He fed the spindle of his youngest Child,  
Who turn’d her large round wheel in the open air  
With back and forward steps. Towards the field  
In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,  
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,  
While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent  
Many a long look of wonder : and at last,  
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge  
Of carded wool which the old man had piled  
He laid his implements with gentle care,  
Each in the other lock’d ; and, down the path  
That from his cottage to the church-yard led,  
He took his way, impatient to accost  
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering there

'Twas one well known to him in former days,  
A Shepherd-lad ;— who ere his sixteenth year  
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust  
His expectations to the fickle winds  
And perilous waters, — with the mariners  
A fellow-mariner, — and so had fared  
Through twenty seasons ; but he had been rear'd  
Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
Was half a Shepherd on the stormy seas.  
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds  
Of caves and trees :— and, when the regular wind  
Between the tropics fill'd the steady sail,  
And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,  
Lengthening invisibly its weary line  
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours  
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang  
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze ;  
And, while the broad green wave and sparkling foam  
Flash'd round him images and hues that wrought  
In union with the employment of his heart,  
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,  
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,  
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,

Saw mountains,—saw the forms of sheep that grazed  
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,  
And shepherds clad in the same country gray  
Which he himself had worn.\*

And now at last

From perils manifold, with some small wealth  
Acquired by traffic mid the Indian Isles,  
To his paternal home he is return'd,  
With a determin'd purpose to resume  
The life he had lived there ; both for the sake  
Of many darling pleasures, and the love  
Which to an only brother he has borne  
In all his hardships, since that happy time  
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two  
Were brother Shepherds on their native hills.  
—They were the last of all their race : and now,  
When Leonard had approach'd his home, his heart  
Fail'd in him ; and, not venturing to inquire  
Tidings of one whom he so dearly loved,  
Towards the church-yard he had turn'd aside ;

\* This description of the Calenture is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of *The Hurricane*.

That, as he knew in what particular spot  
His family were laid, he thence might learn  
If still his Brother lived, or to the file  
Another grave was added.— He had found  
Another grave,— near which a full half-hour  
He had remain'd; but, as he gazed, there grew  
Such a confusion in his memory,  
That he began to doubt; and he had hopes  
That he had seen this heap of turf before,—  
That it was not another grave; but one  
He had forgotten. He had lost his path,  
As up the vale, that afternoon, he walk'd  
Through fields which once had been well known to him:  
And oh what joy the recollection now  
Sent to his heart! He lifted up his eyes,  
And, looking round, imagined that he saw  
Strange alteration wrought on every side  
Among the woods and fields, and that the rocks,  
And everlasting hills themselves were changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field had come  
Unseen by Leonard, at the church-yard gate  
Stopp'd short,— and thence, at leisure, limb by limb  
Perused him with a gay complacency.

Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,  
'Tis one of those who needs must leave the path  
Of the world's business to go wild alone :  
His arms have a perpetual holiday ;  
The happy Man will creep about the fields,  
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring  
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles,  
Into his face, until the setting sun  
Write Fool upon his forehead. Planted thus  
Beneath a shed that over-arch'd the gate  
Of this rude church-yard, till the stars appear'd,  
The good Man might have communed with himself,  
But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,  
Approach'd ; he recognised the Priest at once,  
And, after greetings interchanged, and given  
By Leonard to the Vicar as to one  
Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

LEONARD.

You live, Sir, in these dales, a quiet life :  
Your years make up one peaceful family ;  
And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome come  
And welcome gone, they are so like each other,  
They cannot be remember'd ? Scarce a funeral  
Comes to this church-yard once in eighteen months ;

And yet, some changes must take place among you :  
 And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks  
 Can trace the finger of mortality,  
 And see, that with our threescore years and ten  
 We are not all that perish.—I remember,  
 (For many years ago I pass'd this road)  
 There was a foot-way all along the fields  
 By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that dark cleft !  
 To me it does not seem to wear the face  
 Which then it had.

PRIEST.

Nay, Sir, for aught I know,  
 That chasm is much the same—

LEONARD.

But, surely, yonder —

PRIEST.

Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend  
 That does not play you false.—On that tall pike  
 (It is the loneliest place of all these hills)  
 There were two Springs which bubbled side by side,  
 As if they had been made that they might be  
 Companions for each other: the huge crag  
 Was rent with lightning—one hath disappear'd ;

The other, left behind, is flowing still.\*——  
 For accidents and changes such as these,  
 We want not store of them ;—a water-spout  
 Will bring down half a mountain ; what a feast  
 For folks that wander up and down like you,  
 To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff  
 One roaring cataract !—a sharp May-storm  
 Will come with loads of January snow,  
 And in one night send twenty score of sheep  
 To feed the ravens ; or a Shepherd dies  
 By some untoward death among the rocks :  
 The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge—  
 A wood is fell'd :—and then for our own homes !  
 A Child is born or christen'd, a Field plough'd,  
 A Daughter sent to service, a Web spun,  
 The old House-clock is deck'd with a new face ;  
 And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates  
 To chronicle the time, we all have here  
 A pair of diaries,—one serving, Sir,  
 For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side—

\* This actually took place upon Kidstow Pike at the head of Hawes-water.



Yours was a stranger's judgment : for Historians,  
Commend me to these valleys !

LEONARD.

Yet your Church-yard  
Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,  
To say that you are heedless of the past :  
An orphan could not find his mother's grave :  
Here's neither head nor foot-stone, plate of brass,  
Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our earthly state  
Nor emblem of our hopes : the dead man's home  
Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

PRIEST.

Why, there, Sir, is a thought that's new to me !  
The Stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg their bread  
If every English Church-yard were like ours ;  
Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth :  
We have no need of names and epitaphs ;  
We talk about the dead by our fire-sides.  
And then, for our immortal part ! ~~we~~ want  
No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale :  
The thought of death sits easy on the man  
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

LEONARD.

Your Dalesmen, then, do in each other's thoughts  
Possess a kind of second life : no doubt

You, Sir, could help me to the history  
Of half these Graves ?

PRIEST.

For eight-score winters past,  
With what I've witness'd, and with what I've heard,  
Perhaps I might ; and, on a winter-evening,  
If you were seated at my chimney's nook,  
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,  
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round ;  
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.  
Now there's a grave — your foot is half upon it, —  
It looks just like the rest ; and yet that Man  
Died broken-hearted.

LEONARD.

'Tis a common case.

We'll take another : who is he that lies  
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three graves ?  
It touches on that piece of native rock  
Left in the church-yard wall.

PRIEST.

That's Walter Ewbank.

He had as white a head and fresh a cheek  
As ever were produced by youth and age  
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.

Through five long generations had the heart  
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflow'd the bounds  
Of their inheritance, that single cottage —  
You see it yonder ! — and those few green fields.  
They toil'd and wrought, and still, from Sire to Son,  
Each struggled, and each yielded as before  
A little — yet a little — and old Walter,  
They left to him the family heart, and land  
With other burthens than the crop it bore.  
Year after year the old man still kept up  
A cheerful mind, — and buffeted with bond,  
Interest, and mortgages ; at last he sank,  
And went into his grave before his time.  
Poor Walter ! whether it was care that spurr'd him  
God only knows, but to the very last  
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale :  
His pace was never that of an old man :  
I almost see him tripping down the path  
With his two Grandsons after him : — but You,  
Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,  
Have far to travel, — and on these rough paths  
Even in the longest day of midsummer —

LEONARD.

But those two Orphans !

PRIEST.

Orphans! — Such they were —  
 Yet not while Walter lived:—for, though their parents  
 Lay buried side by side as now they lie,  
 The old Man was a father to the boys,  
 Two fathers in one father : and if tears,  
 Shed when he talk'd of them where they were not,  
 And hauntings from the infirmity of love,  
 Are aught of what makes up a mother's heart,  
 This old Man, in the day of his old age,  
 Was half a mother to them.—If you weep, Sir,  
 To hear a Stranger talking about Strangers,  
 Heaven bless you when you are among your kindred!  
 Ay—You may turn that way—it is a grave  
 Which will bear looking at.

LEONARD.

These Boys — I hope  
 They loved this good old Man?—

PRIEST.

They did — and truly :  
 But that was what we almost overlook'd,  
 They were such darlings of each other. For,  
 Though from their cradles they had lived with Walter,  
 The only Kinsman near them, and though he

Inclined to them by reason of his age,  
With a more fond, familiar tenderness,  
They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,  
And it all went into each other's hearts.  
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,  
Was two years taller : 'twas a joy to see,  
To hear, to meet them ! — From their house the School  
Is distant three short miles — and in the time  
Of storm and thaw, when every water-course  
And unbridged stream, such as you may have noticed  
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,  
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,  
Would Leonard then, when elder boys perhaps  
Remain'd at home, go staggering through the fords,  
Bearing his Brother on his back. I've seen him,  
On windy days, in one of those stray brooks,  
Ay, more than once I've seen him mid-leg deep,  
Their two books lying both on a dry stone  
Upon the hither side : and once I said,  
As I remember, looking round these rocks  
And hills on which we all of us were born,  
That God who made the great book of the world  
Would bless such piety —

LEONARD.

It may be then —

PRIEST.

Never did worthier lads break English bread ;  
The finest Sunday that the Autumn saw.  
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,  
Could never keep these boys away from church,  
Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.  
Leonard and James ! I warrant, every corner  
Among these rocks, and every hollow place  
Where foot could come, to one or both of them  
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.  
Like Roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills ;  
They play'd like two young Ravens on the crags :  
Then they could write, ay and speak too, as well  
As many of their betters — and for Leonard !  
The very night before he went away,  
In my own house I put into his hand  
A Bible, and I'd wager house and field  
That, if he is alive, he has it yet.

LEONARD.

It seems, these Brothers have not lived to be  
A comfort to each other.—

PRIEST.

That they might  
Live to such end, is what'both old and young  
In this our valley all of us have wish'd,  
And what, for my part, I have often pray'd:  
But Leonard —

LEONARD.

Then James still is left among you?

PRIEST.

'Tis of the elder Brother I am speaking:  
They had an Uncle; — he was at that time  
A thriving man, and traffick'd on the seas:  
And, but for that same Uncle, to this hour  
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud.  
For the Boy loved the life which we lead here;  
And though of unripe years, a stripling only,  
His soul was knit to this his native soil.  
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak  
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,  
The Estate and House were sold; and all their Sheep,  
A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,  
Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thousand years: —  
Well — all was gone, and they were destitute.  
And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,

Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.  
Twelve years are past since we had tidings from him.  
If there were one among us who had heard  
That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,  
From the great Gavel \*, down by Leeza's Banks,  
And down the Enna, far as Egremont,  
The day would be a very festival ;  
And those two bells of ours, which there you see —  
Hanging in the open air — but, O good Sir !  
This is sad talk — they 'll never sound for him —  
Living or dead. — When last we heard of him,  
He was in slavery among the Moors  
Upon the Barbary Coast. — 'Twas not a little  
That would bring down his spirit ; and no doubt,  
Before it ended in his death, the Youth  
Was sadly cross'd — Poor Leonard ! when we parted,  
He took me by the hand, and said to me,

\* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the Gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Ennerdale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the Lake of Ennerdale : on issuing from the Lake, it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne, or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below Egremont.



If ever the day came when he was rich,  
 He would return, and on his Father's Land  
 He would grow old among us.

LEONARD.

If that day  
 Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day for him ;  
 He would himself, no doubt, be happy then  
 As any that should meet him —

PRIEST.

Happy ! Sir —

LEONARD.

You said his kindred all were in their graves,  
 And that he had one Brother —

PRIEST.

That is but  
 A fellow tale of sorrow. From his youth  
 James, though not sickly, yet was delicate ;  
 And Leonard being always by his side  
 Had done so many offices about him,  
 That, though he was not of a timid nature,  
 Yet still the spirit of a Mountain Boy  
 In him was somewhat check'd; and, when his Brother  
 Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,  
 The little colour that he had was soon  
 Stolen from his cheek; he droop'd, and pined, and pined —

LEONARD.

But these are all the graves of full-grown men !

PRIEST.

Ay, Sir, that pass'd away : we took him to us ;  
He was the Child of all the dale — he lived  
Three months with one, and six months with another ;  
And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love :  
And many, many happy days were his.  
But, whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief  
His absent Brother still was at his heart.  
And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we found  
(A practice till this time unknown to him)  
That often, rising from his bed at night,  
He in his sleep would walk about, and sleeping  
He sought his Brother Leonard. — You are moved !  
Forgive me, Sir : before I spoke to you,  
I judged you most unkindly.

LEONARD.

But this Youth,  
How did he die at last ?

PRIEST.

One sweet May morning,  
(It will be twelve years since when Spring returns)  
He had gone forth among the new-dropp'd lambs,

With two or three Companions, whom their course  
Of occupation led from height to height  
Under a cloudless sun, till he, at length,  
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge  
The humour of the moment, lagg'd behind.  
You see yon precipice ; — it wears the shape  
Of a vast building made of many crags ;  
And in the midst is one particular rock  
That rises like a column from the vale,  
Whence by our shepherds it is call'd THE PILLAR.  
Upon its aëry summit crown'd with heath,  
The Loiterer, not unnoticed by his Comrades,  
Lay stretch'd at ease ; but, passing by the place  
On their return, they found that he was gone.  
No ill was fear'd ; but one of them by chance  
Entering, when evening was far spent, the house  
Which at that time was James's home, there learn'd  
That nobody had seen him all that day :  
The morning came, and still he was unheard of :  
The neighbours were alarm'd, and to the Brook  
Some hasten'd, some towards the Lake : ere noon  
They found him at the foot of that same Rock —  
Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after  
I buried him, poor Youth, and there he lies !

LEONARD.

And that then *is* his grave ! — Before his death  
You say that he saw many happy years ?

PRIEST.

Ay, that he did —

LEONARD.

And all went well with him ? —

PRIEST.

If he had one, the youth had twenty homes.

LEONARD.

And you believe, then, that his mind was easy ? —

PRIEST.

Yes, long before he died, he found that time  
Is a true friend to sorrow ; and unless  
His thoughts were turn'd on Leonard's luckless fortune,  
He talk'd about him with a cheerful love.

LEONARD.

He could not come to an unhallow'd end !

PRIEST.

Nay, God forbid ! — You recollect I mention'd  
A habit which disquietude and grief  
Had brought upon him ; and we all conjectured  
That, as the day was warm, he had lain down  
Upon the grass, — and waiting for his comrades,

He there had fallen asleep ; that in his sleep  
He to the margin of the precipice  
Had walk'd, and from the summit had fallen headlong.  
And so, no doubt, he perish'd : at the time,  
We guess, that in his hands he must have held  
His Shepherd's staff ; for midway in the cliff  
It had been caught ; and there for many years  
It hung — and moulder'd there.

The Priest here ended —  
The Stranger would have thank'd him, but he felt  
A gushing from his heart, that took away  
The power of speech. Both left the spot in silence ;  
And Leonard, when they reach'd the church-yard gate,  
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turn'd round, —  
And, looking at the grave, he said, " My Brother !"  
The Vicar did not hear the words : and now,  
Pointing towards the Cottage, he entreated  
That Leonard would partake his homely fare :  
The other thank'd him with a fervent voice ;  
But added, that, the evening being calm,  
He would pursue his journey. So they parted.  
It was not long ere Leonard reach'd a grove  
That overhung the road : he there stopp'd short,

And, sitting down beneath the trees, review'd  
All that the Priest had said: his early years  
Were with him in his heart: his cherish'd hopes,  
And thoughts which had been his an hour before,  
All press'd on him with such a weight, that now,  
This vale, where he had been so happy, seem'd  
A place in which he could not bear to live:  
So he relinquish'd all his purposes.  
He travell'd on to Egremont: and thence,  
That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest,  
Reminding him of what had pass'd between them;  
And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,  
That it was from the weakness of his heart  
He had not dared to tell him who he was.

This done, he went on shipboard, and is now  
A Seaman, a gray-headed Mariner.

## II.

## ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, AND MILTON'S  
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.)

---

WHERE be the Temples which, in Britain's Isle,  
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?  
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile  
Of clouds—that in cerulean ether blazed!  
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,  
    They sank, deliver'd o'er  
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,  
No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed  
In old Armorica, whose secret springs  
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed  
The wond'rous current of forgotten things;  
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,  
    And Albion's giants quelled,—  
A brood whom no civility could melt,  
"Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,  
And rooted out the intolerable kind ;  
And this too-long-polluted land imbued  
With goodly arts and usages refined ;  
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,  
    And Pleasure's sumptuous bowers ;  
Whence all the fix'd delights of house and home,  
Friendships that will not break, and love that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain ! region all too fair  
For self-delighting fancy to endure  
That silence only should inhabit there,  
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure !  
But, intermingled with the generous seed,  
    Grew many a poisonous weed ;  
Thus fares it still with all that takes its birth  
From human care, or grows upon the breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon ! that war of vengeance waged  
By Guendolen against her faithless lord ;  
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,  
Had slain his Paramour with ruthless sword :  
Then, into Severn hideously defiled,  
    She flung her blameless child,  
Sabrina, — vowing that the stream should bear  
That name through every age, her hatred to declare.



So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear  
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.  
Ye lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot hear,  
Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.  
But One there is, a child of nature meek,  
    Who comes her sire to seek ;  
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast  
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,  
And those that Milton loved in youthful years ;  
The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes ;  
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers ;  
Of Arthur, — who, to upper light restored  
    With that terrific sword  
Which yet he wields in subterranean war,  
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star !

What wonder, then, if in such ample field  
Of old tradition, one particular flower  
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,  
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour ?  
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,  
    While I this flower transplant  
Into a garden stored with Poesy ;  
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,  
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free !

A KING more worthy of respect and love  
Than wise Gorbonian, ruled not in his day ;  
And grateful Britain prospered far above  
All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway ;  
He poured rewards and honours on the good ;  
    The Oppressor he withstood ;  
And while he served the gods with reverence due,  
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son ;  
But how unworthy of such sire was he !  
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,  
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.  
From crime to crime he mounted, till at length  
    The nobles leagued their strength  
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased ;  
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exilè went,  
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain ;  
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,  
He urged his persevering suit in vain.  
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,  
Dire poverty assail'd ;  
And, tired with slights which he no more could brook,  
Towards his native soil he cast a longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage sped ;  
He landed ; and, by many dangers scared,  
“ Poorly provided, poorly followed,”  
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.  
How changed from him who, born to highest place,  
Had swayed the royal mace,  
Flatter'd and feared, despised yet deified,  
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side !

From that wild region where the crownless king  
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,  
Supporting life by water from the spring,  
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,  
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends  
A messenger he sends ;  
And from their secret loyalty requires  
Shelter and daily bread,—the amount of his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn  
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear  
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,  
From which the tusky boar hath fled in fear ;  
And, scouring tow'rds him o'er the grassy plain,  
Behold the hunter train !  
He bids his little company advance  
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,  
Hath check'd his foaming courser— Can it be !  
Methinks that I should recognise that face,  
Though much disguised by long adversity !  
He gazed, rejoicing, and again he gazed,  
Confounded and amazed—  
“ It is the king, my brother !” and, by sound  
Of his own voice confirm'd, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,  
Feebly return'd by daunted Artegal ;  
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,  
And apprehensions dark and criminal.  
Loth to restrain the moving interview,  
The attendant lords withdrew ;  
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,  
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

“ By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met ;  
 — O Brother ! to my knowledge lost so long,  
 But neither lost to love, nor to regret,  
 Nor to my wishes lost ;—forgive the wrong,  
 (Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,  
     Thy royal mantle worn :  
 I was their natural guardian ; and 'tis just  
 That now I should restore what hath been held in trust.”

Awhile the astonished Artegal stood mute,  
 Then thus exclaimed—“ To me, of titles shorn,  
 And stripped of power !—me, feeble, destitute,  
 To me a kingdom !—spare the bitter scorn !  
 If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,  
     Then, on the wide-spread wings  
 Of war, had I returned to claim my right ;  
 This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite.”

“ I do not blame thee,” Elidure replied,  
 “ But, if my looks did with my words agree,  
 I should at once be trusted, not defied,  
 And thou from all disquietude be free.  
 May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,  
     Who to this blessèd place  
 At this blest moment led me, if I speak  
 With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak !

" Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,  
 The British sceptre, here would I to thee  
 The symbol yield ; and would undo this clasp,  
 If it confined the robe of sovereignty.  
 Odious to me the pomp of regal court,  
     And joyless sylvan sport,  
 While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,  
 Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn !"

Then Artegal thus spake— " I only sought,  
 Within this realm a place of safe retreat ;  
 Beware of rousing an ambitious thought ;  
 Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet !  
 Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind  
     Art pitiably blind ;  
 Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st rue,  
 When that which has been done no wishes can undo.

" Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,  
 Would balance claim with claim, and right with right ?  
 But thou — I know not how inspired, how led —  
 Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight !  
 And this for one who cannot imitate  
     Thy virtue, who may hate :  
 For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,  
 He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord.

“ Lifted in magnanimity above  
Aught that my feeble nature could perform,  
Or even conceive ; surpassing me in love  
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm ;  
I, Brother ! only should be king in name,  
    And govern to my shame ;  
A shadow in a hated land, while all  
Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall.”

“ Believe it not,” said Elidure ; “ respect  
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most  
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,  
Which stands the universal empire’s boast ;  
This can thy own experience testify ;  
    Nor shall thy foes deny  
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,  
Our Father’s spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

“ And what if o’er that bright unbosoming  
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past !  
Have we not seen the glories of the spring  
By veil of noontide darkness overcast ?  
The frith that glittered like a warrior’s shield,  
    The sky, the gay green field,  
Are vanished ; — gladness ceases in the groves,  
And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain coves.

“ But is that gloom dissolved? how passing clear  
Seems the wide world — far brighter than before !  
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,  
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore,  
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;  
    Re-seated on thy throne,  
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,  
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

“ But, not to overlook what thou may'st know,  
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few ;  
And circumspect must be our course, and slow,  
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.  
Dismiss thy followers ; — let them calmly wait  
    Such change in thy estate  
As I already have in thought devised ;  
And which, with caution due, may soon be realised.”

The Story tells what courses were pursued,  
Until King Elidure, with full consent  
Of all his Peers, before the multitude,  
Rose, — and, to consummate this just intent,  
Did place upon his Brother's head the Crown,  
    Relinquished by his own ;  
Then to his people cried, “ Receive your Lord,  
Gorbonian's first-born Son, your rightful King restored !



The People answered with a loud acclaim :  
Yet more ; — heart-smitten by the heroic deed,  
The reinstated Artegal became  
Earth's noblest penitent ; from bondage freed  
Of vice, — thenceforth unable to subvert  
Or shake his high desert.  
Long did he reign ; and, when he died, the tear  
Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved ;  
With whom a Crown (temptation that hath set  
Discord in hearts of men till they have braved  
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)  
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem  
A thing of no esteem,  
And, from this triumph of affection pure,  
He bore the lasting name of " pious Elidure !"

## III.

## THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
 Those bright blue eggs together laid !  
 On me the chance-discovered sight  
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.—  
 I started—seeming to espy  
 The home and sheltered bed,—  
 The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,  
 My Father's House, in wet or dry,  
 My Sister Emmeline and I  
 Together visited.

She looked at it as if she feared it ;  
 Still wishing, dreading to be near it :  
 Such heart was in her, being then  
 A little Prattler among men.  
 The Blessing of my later years  
 Was with me when a Boy :  
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;  
 And humble cares, and delicate fears ;  
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;  
 And love, and thought, and joy.

## IV.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

---

I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;  
And, little Butterfly ! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless !—not frozen seas  
More motionless ! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again !

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours ;  
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers ;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary ;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !  
Come often to us, fear no wrong ;  
Sit near us on the bough !  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song ;  
And summer days when we were young ;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.

## V.

## A FAREWELL.

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1802.

---

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,  
 Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair  
 Of that magnificent Temple which doth bound  
 One side of our whole Vale with grandeur rare ;  
 Sweet Garden-orchard, eminently fair,  
 The loveliest spot that man hath ever found,  
 Farewell ! — we leave thee to heaven's peaceful care,  
 Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.

Our boat is safely anchor'd by the shore,  
 And safely she will ride when we are gone ;  
 The flowering shrubs that decorate our door  
 Will prosper, though untended and alone :  
 Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none :  
 These narrow bounds contain our private store  
 Of things earth makes and sun doth shine upon ;  
 Here are they in our sight — we have no more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell !  
For two months now in vain we shall be sought ;  
We leave you here in solitude to dwell  
With these our latest gifts of tender thought ;  
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,  
Bright gowan, and marsh-marygold, farewell !  
Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,  
And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear ;  
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,  
Our own contrivance, Building without peer !  
—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,  
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,  
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,  
Will come to you,—to you herself will wed,—  
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear Spot ! which we have watched with tender heed,  
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms blown  
Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,  
Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,  
Making all kindness registered and known ;  
Thou for our sakes, though Nature's Child indeed,  
Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,  
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle Place,  
That hast thy wayward moods, as thou dost show  
To them who look not daily on thy face ;  
Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost know,  
And say'st when we forsake thee, " Let them go !"  
Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild race  
Of weeds and flowers, till we return be slow, —  
And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell her tales of years gone by,  
And this sweet spring the best beloved and best.  
Joy will be flown in its mortality ;  
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.  
Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's breast  
Glittered at evening like a starry sky ;  
And in this Bush our Sparrow built her nest,  
Of which I sung one Song that will not die.

O happy Garden ! whose seclusion deep  
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours ;  
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep  
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers,  
And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers ;  
Two burning months let summer overleap,  
And, coming back with Her who will be ours,  
Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

## VI.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S  
*CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.*

---

WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt One  
Whom without blame I may not overlook;  
For never sun on living creature shone  
Who more devout enjoyment with us took:  
Here on his hours he hung as on a book;  
On his own time here would he float away,  
As doth a fly upon a summer brook;  
But go to-morrow—or belike to-day—  
Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful home,  
And find elsewhere his business or delight;  
Out of our Valley's limits did he roam:  
Full many a time, upon a stormy night,  
His voice came to us from the neighbouring height:  
Oft did we see him driving full in view  
At mid-day when the sun was shining bright;  
What ill was on him, what he had to do,  
A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah ! piteous sight it was to see this Man  
When he came back to us, a withered flower,—  
Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.  
Down would he sit ; and without strength or power  
Look at the common grass from hour to hour :  
And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,  
Where apple-trees in blossom made a bower,  
Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay ;  
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle Tribe it was  
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew ;  
For happier soul no living creature has  
Than he had, being here the long day through.  
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo :  
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong :  
But Verse was what he had been wedded to ;  
And his own mind did like a tempest strong  
Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,  
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,  
A noticeable man with large grey eyes,  
And a pale face that seem'd undoubtedly  
As if a blooming face it ought to be ;  
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear  
Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy ;  
Profound his forehead was, though not severe ;  
Yet some did think that he had little business here :



Sweet heaven forefend ! his was a lawful right ;  
Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy ;  
His limbs would toss about him with delight  
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.  
Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy  
To banish listlessness and irksome care ;  
He would have taught you how you might employ  
Yourself ; and many did to him repair, —  
And, certes, not in vain ; he had inventions rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried :  
Long blades of grass, plucked round him as he lay,  
Made — to his ear attentively applied —  
A Pipe on which the wind would deftly play ;  
Glasses he had, that little things display,  
The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,  
A mailèd angel on a battle day ;  
The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,  
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear  
His music, and to view his imagery :  
And, sooth, these two did love each other dear,  
As far as love in such a place could be ;  
There did they dwell — from earthly labour free,  
As happy spirits as were ever seen ;  
If but a bird, to keep them company,  
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,  
As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden Queen.

## VII. .

LOUISA.  

---

I MET Louisa in the shade ;  
And having seen that lovely Maid,  
Why should I fear to say  
That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong ;  
And down the rocks can leap along,  
Like rivulets in May ?

And she hath smiles to earth unknown ;  
Smiles, that with motion of their own  
Do spread, and sink, and rise ;  
That come and go with endless play,  
And ever, as they pass away,  
Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her Cottage-home ;  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
In weather rough and bleak ;  
And, when against the wind she strains,  
Oh ! might I kiss the mountain rains  
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"  
If I with her but half a noon  
May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
When up she winds along the brook  
To hunt the waterfalls.

## VIII.

---

STRANGE fits of passion I have known :  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the Lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befel.

When she I loved was strong and gay,  
And like a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath the evening Moon.

Upon the Moon I fixed my eye,  
All over the wide lea ;  
My Horse trudged on — and we drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot ;  
And as we climbed the hill,  
Towards the roof of Lucy's cot  
The Moon descended still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon !  
And all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending Moon.

My Horse moved on ; hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped :  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright Moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
Into a Lover's head ! —  
“ O mercy !” to myself I cried,  
“ If Lucy should be dead !”

IX.

---

**SHE** dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A Violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye !  
— Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her Grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me !

X.

---

I TRAVELLED among unknown Men,  
In Lands beyond the Sea ;  
Nor, England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time ; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And She I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings shewed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played ;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew  
Had mingled tears of thine,  
I grieved, fond Youth ! that thou shouldst sue  
To haughty Geraldine.

Immoveable by generous sighs,  
She glories in a train  
Who drag, beneath our native skies,  
An Oriental Chain.

Pine not like them with arms across,  
Forgetting in thy care  
How the fast-rooted trees can toss  
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest Rivulet will take  
Its own wild liberties ;  
And, every day, the imprisoned Lake  
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,  
But scorn with scorn outbrave ;  
A Britain, even in love, should be  
A subject, not a slave !



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

**Look** at the fate of summer Flowers,  
**Which** blow at daybreak, droop ere even-song ;  
**And,** grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,  
**Measured** by what we are and ought to be,  
**Measured** by all that trembling we foresee,  
 Is not so long !

**If** human Life do pass away,  
**Perishing** yet more swiftly than the Flower,  
**Whose** frail existence is but of a day ;  
**What** space hath Virgin's Beauty to disclose  
**Her** sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing Rose ?  
 Not even an hour !

**The** deepest grove whose foliage hid  
**The** happiest Lovers Arcady might boast,  
**Could** not the entrance of this thought forbid :  
**O** be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid !  
**Nor** rate too high what must so quickly fade,  
 So soon be lost.

Then shall Love teach some virtuous Youth  
“ To draw out of the Object of his eyes,”  
The whilst on Thee they gaze in simple truth,  
Hues more exalted, “ a refinèd Form,”  
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,  
And never dies.

## XIII.

'Tis said, that some have died for love :  
 And here and there a church-yard grave is found  
 In the cold North's unhallowed ground, —  
 Because the wretched Man himself had slain,  
 His love was such a grievous pain.  
 And there is one whom I five years have known ;  
 He dwells alone  
 Upon Helvellyn's side :  
 He loved — the pretty Barbara died,  
 And thus he makes his moan :  
 Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid  
 When thus his moan he made ;  
 “ Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that oak !  
 Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,  
 That in some other way yon smoke  
 May mount into the sky !  
 The clouds pass on ; they from the heavens depart :  
 I look — the sky is empty space ;  
 I know not what I trace ;  
 But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

“ O ! what a weight is in these shades ! Ye leaves,  
When will that dying murmur be suppress !

Your sound my heart of peace bereaves,  
It robs my heart of rest.

Thou Thrush, that singest loud — and loud and free,  
Into yon row of willows flit,

Upon that alder sit ;

Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

“ Roll back, sweet Rill ! back to thy mountain bounds,  
And there for ever be thy waters chained !

For thou dost haunt the air with sounds

That cannot be sustained ;

If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough

Headlong yon waterfall must come,

Oh let it then be dumb ! —

Be any thing, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now.

“ Thou Eglantine, whose arch so proudly towers,  
(Even like a rainbow spanning half the vale)

Thou one fair shrub, oh ! shed thy flowers,

And stir not in the gale.

For thus to see thee nodding in the air, —

To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,

Thus rise and thus descend, —

Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear.”

The Man who makes this feverish complaint  
Is one of giant stature, who could dance  
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.  
Ah gentle Love ! if ever thought was thine  
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face  
Turn from me, gentle Love ! nor let me walk  
Within the sound of Emma's voice, or know  
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

## XIV.

A COMPLAINT.  

---

THERE is a change — and I am poor ;  
YOUR Love hath been, nor long ago,  
A FOUNTAIN at my fond HEART's door,  
WHose only business was to flow ;  
AND flow it did ; not taking heed  
OF its own bounty, or my need.

WHAT happy moments did I count !  
BLEst was I then all bliss above !  
NOW, for this consecrated FOUNT  
OF murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
WHAT have I ? shall I dare to tell ?  
A COMFORTLESS and hidden WELL.

A WELL of love — it may be deep —  
I trust it is, — and never dry :  
WHAT matter ? if the WATERS sleep  
IN silence and obscurity.  
— SUCH change, and at the very door  
OF my fond HEART, hath made me poor.

## XV.

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

LET other Bards of Angels sing,  
 Bright Suns without a spot ;  
 But thou art no such perfect Thing ;  
 Rejoice that thou art not !

Such if thou wert in all men's view,  
 A universal show,  
 What would my Fancy have to do,  
 My Feelings to bestow ?

The world denies that Thou art fair ;  
 So, Mary, let it be  
 If nought in loveliness compare  
 With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
 Whose veil is unremoved  
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
 And the Lover is beloved.

XVI.

---

How rich that forehead's calm expanse !  
How bright that Heaven-directed glance !  
— Waft her to Glory, winged Powers,  
Ere Sorrow be renewed,  
And intercourse with mortal hours  
Bring back a humbler mood !  
So looked Cecilia when she drew  
An Angel from his station ;  
So looked — not ceasing to pursue  
Her tuneful adoration !

But hand and voice alike are still ;  
No sound *here* sweeps away the will  
That gave it birth ; — in service meek  
One upright arm sustains the cheek,  
And one across the bosom lies —  
That rose, and now forgets to rise,  
Subdued by breathless harmonies  
Of meditative feeling ;  
Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,  
Through the pure light of female eyes  
Their sanctity revealing !



## XVII.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

O **DEARER** far than light and life are dear,  
 Full oft our human foresight I deplore ;  
 Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear  
 That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more !

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,  
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest ;  
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,  
 With " sober certainties " of love is blest.

If a faint sigh, not meant for human ear,  
 Tell that these words thy humbleness offend,  
 Cherish me still — else faltering in the rear  
 Of a steep march ; uphold me to the end.

Peace settles where the Intellect is meek,  
 And Love is dutiful in thought and deed ;  
 Through Thee communion with that Love I seek ;  
 The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the creed.

## XVIII.

LAMENT

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

---

“ Smile of the Moon ! — for so I name  
That silent greeting from above ;  
A gentle flash of light that came  
From Her whom drooping Captives love ;  
Or art thou of still higher birth ?  
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
My torpor to reprove !

“ Bright boon of pitying Heaven — alas !  
I may not trust thy placid cheer !  
Pondering that Time to-night will pass  
The threshold of another year ;  
For years to me are sad and dull ;  
My very moments are too full  
Of hopelessness and fear.

“ And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
That struck perchance the farthest cone  
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
To visit me, and me alone ;  
Me, unapproached by any friend,  
Save those who to my sorrows lend  
Tears due unto their own.

“ To-night, the church-tower bells will ring  
Through these wide realms a festive peal ;  
To the new year a welcoming ;  
A tuneful offering for the weal  
Of happy millions lulled in sleep ;  
While I am forced to watch and weep,  
By wounds that may not heal.

“ Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
Still higher — to be cast thus low !  
Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
On aught of more ambitious show  
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields !  
— It is my royal state that yields  
This bitterness of woe.

“ Yet how? — for I, if there be truth  
In the world’s voice, was passing fair ;  
And beauty, for confiding youth,  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch, without the Owner’s crime,  
The most resplendent hair.

“ Unblest distinction ! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains : —  
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
Is gone ; — but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit ; for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

“ A Woman rules my prison’s key ;  
A sister Queen, against the bent  
Of law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me — doubtful of th’ event ;  
Great God, who feel’st for my distress,  
My thoughts are all that I possess,  
O keep them innocent !

“ Farewell desire of human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court,  
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport ;  
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross  
Is able to supply my loss,  
My burthen to support.

“ Hark ! the death-note of the year  
Sounded by the castle-clock !”  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ;  
But oft the woods renewed their green,  
Ere the tired head of Scotland’s Queen  
Reposed upon the block !

## XIX.

## THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with Deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the Desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other Tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. In the high Northern Latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the Northern Lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

BEFORE I see another day,  
 Oh let my body die away!  
 In sleep I heard the northern gleams;  
 The stars were mingled with my dreams;  
 In rustling conflict through the skies,  
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
 And yet they are upon my eyes,  
 And yet I am alive;  
 Before I see another day,  
 Oh let my body die away!

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;  
Yet is it dead, and I remain.  
All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;  
And they are dead, and I will die.  
When I was well, I wished to live,  
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;  
But they to me no joy can give,  
No pleasure now, and no desire.  
Then here contented will I lie !  
Alone I cannot fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on  
Another day, a single one !  
Too soon I yielded to despair ;  
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?  
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;  
And oh how grievously I rue,  
That, afterwards, a little longer,  
My Friends, I did not follow you !  
For strong and without pain I lay,  
My Friends, when ye were gone away.

My Child ! they gave thee to another,  
A woman who was not thy mother.  
When from my arms my Babe they took,  
On me how strangely did he look !  
Through his whole body something ran,  
A most strange working did I see ;  
— As if he strove to be a man,  
That he might pull the sledge for me.  
And then he stretched his arms, how wild !  
Oh mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !  
In two days more I must have died.  
Then do not weep and grieve for me ;  
I feel I must have died with thee.  
O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
The way my Friends their course did bend,  
I should not feel the pain of dying,  
Could I with thee a message send ;  
Too soon, my Friends, ye went away ;  
For I had many things to say.



I'll follow you across the snow ;  
Ye travel heavily and slow ;  
In spite of all my weary pain  
I'll look upon your tents again.  
— My fire is dead, and snowy white  
The water which beside it stood ;  
The wolf has come to me to-night,  
And he has stolen away my food.  
For ever left alone am I,  
Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

XX.

## THE

## LAST OF THE FLOCK.

---

IN distant countries have I been,  
And yet I have not often seen  
A healthy Man, a Man full grown,  
Weep in the public roads alone.  
But such a one, on English ground,  
And in the broad highway, I met ;  
Along the broad highway he came,  
His cheeks with tears were wet.  
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad ;  
And in his arms a Lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
As if he wished himself to hide :  
Then with his coat he made essay  
To wipe those briny tears away.  
I followed him, and said, " My Friend,  
What ails you? wherefore weep you so?"  
— " Shame on me, Sir ! this lusty Lamb,  
He makes my tears to flow.  
To-day I fetched him from the rock ;  
He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single Man,  
And after youthful follies ran,  
Though little given to care and thought,  
Yet, so it was, a Ewe I bought ;  
And other sheep from her I raised,  
As healthy sheep as you might see ;  
And then I married, and was rich  
As I could wish to be ;  
Of sheep I numbered a full score,  
And every year increased my store.

Year after year my stock it grew ;  
And from this one, this single Ewe,  
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
As sweet a flock as ever grazed !  
Upon the mountain did they feed,  
They throve, and we at home did thrive.  
— This lusty Lamb of all my store  
Is all that is alive ;  
And now I care not if we die,  
And perish all of poverty.

Six Children, Sir ! had I to feed ;  
Hard labour in a time of need !  
My pride was tamed, and in our grief  
I of the Parish asked relief.  
They said, I was a wealthy man ;  
My sheep upon the mountain fed,  
And it was fit that thence I took  
Whereof to buy us bread.”  
“ Do this : how can we give to you,”  
They cried, “ what to the poor is due ?”

I sold a sheep, as they had said,  
And bought my little children bread,  
And they were healthy with their food ;  
For me — it never did me good.  
A woeful time it was for me,  
To see the end of all my gains,  
The pretty flock which I had reared  
With all my care and pains,  
To see it melt like snow away !  
For me it was a woeful day.

Another still ! and still another !  
A little lamb, and then its mother !  
It was a vein that never stopped —  
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped.  
Till thirty were not left alive  
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,  
And I may say, that many a time  
I wished they all were gone —  
Reckless of what might come at last  
Were but the bitter struggle past.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,  
And wicked fancies crossed my mind ;  
And every man I chanced to see,  
I thought he knew some ill of me.  
No peace, no comfort could I find,  
No ease, within doors or without ;  
And crazily and wearily,  
I went my work about,  
Bent oftentimes to flee from home,  
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

Sir ! 'twas a precious flock to me,  
As dear as my own children be ;  
For daily with my growing store  
I loved my children more and more.  
Alas ! it was an evil time ;  
God cursed me in my sore distress ;  
I prayed, yet every day I thought  
I loved my children less ;  
And every week, and every day,  
My flock it seemed to melt away.

They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!  
From ten to five, from five to three,  
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;—  
And then at last from three to two;  
And, of my fifty, yesterday  
I had but only one:  
And here it lies upon my arm,  
Alas! and I have none;—  
To-day I fetched it from the rock;  
It is the last of all my flock.”

## XXI.

## REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

---

THE fields which with covetous spirit we sold,  
Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,  
Would have brought us more good than a burthen of gold,  
Could we but have been as contented as they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us, said I,  
“Let him come, with his purse proudly grasped in his hand;  
But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,— we’ll die  
Before he shall go with an inch of the land!”

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;  
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;  
We could do what we chose with the land, it was ours;  
And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;  
And often, like one overburthened with sin,  
With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,  
I look at the fields — but I cannot go in!



When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,  
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,  
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,  
"What ails you, that you must come creeping to me!"

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad ;  
Our comfort was near if we ever were crost ;  
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,  
We slighted them all, — and our birth-right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son  
Whomust now be a wanderer! — but peace to that strain!  
Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,  
The Sabbath's return — and its leisure's soft chain !

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,  
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,  
Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep  
That besprinkled the field — 'twas like youth in my blood !

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a snail ;  
And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,  
That follows the thought — We've no land in the vale,  
Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie !

## XXII.

## THE AFFLICTION

OF

*MARGARET.*

---

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,  
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
Oh find me, prosperous or undone !  
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
Why am I ignorant of the same  
That I may rest ; and neither blame  
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received  
No tidings of an only child ;  
To have despaired, and have believed,  
And be for evermore beguiled ;  
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
I catch at them, and then I miss ;  
Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,  
An object beauteous to behold ;  
Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth  
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :  
If things ensued that wanted grace,  
As hath been said, they were not base ;  
And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the Young-one dream,  
When full of play and childish cares,  
What power hath even his wildest scream,  
Heard by his Mother unawares !  
He knows it not, he cannot guess :  
Years to a Mother bring distress ;  
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought ; and, being blind,  
Said, " Pride shall help me in my wrong :  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed : " and that is true ;  
I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;  
Think not of me with grief and pain :  
I now can see with better eyes ;  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of Heaven have wings,  
And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight ;  
They mount, how short a voyage brings  
The Wanderers back to their delight !  
Chains tie us down by land and sea ;  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;  
Or thou upon a Desert thrown  
Inheritest the Lion's Den ;  
Or hast been summoned to the Deep,  
Thou, Thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for Ghosts ; but none will force  
Their way to me : — 'tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Betwixt the living and the dead ;  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of Him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;  
I dread the rustling of the grass ;  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass :  
I question things, and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind ;  
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief :  
If any chance to heave a sigh,  
They pity me and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my Son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end ;  
I have no other earthly friend.

## XXIII.

## THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY A FEMALE FRIEND.

---

THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
 The north-wind sings a doleful song;  
 Then hush again upon my breast;  
 All merry things are now at rest,  
     Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
 The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;  
 There's nothing stirring in the house  
 Save one *wæe*, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
     Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;  
 'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
 On the window-pane bedropped with rain :  
 Then, little Darling ! sleep again,  
     And wake when it is day.

## XXIV.

## THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,  
 A foggy day in winter time)  
 A Woman on the road I met,  
 Not old, though something past her prime :  
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;  
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient Spirit is not dead ;  
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;  
 Proud was I that my country bred  
 Such strength, a dignity so fair :  
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate ;  
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
 " What treasure," said I, " do you bear,  
 Beneath the covert of your Cloak,  
 Protected from the cold damp air ?"  
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,  
 " A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird.

“ I had a Son, — the waves might roar,  
He feared them not, a Sailor gay !  
But he will cross the deep no more :  
In Denmark he was cast away ;  
And I have travelled weary miles to see  
If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

“ The Bird and Cage they both were his :  
'Twas my Son's Bird ; and neat and trim  
He kept it : many voyages  
This Singing-bird had gone with him ;  
When last he sailed, he left the Bird behind ;  
From bodings as might be that hung upon his mind.

“ He to a Fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
And pipe its song in safety ;— there  
I found it when my Son was dead ;  
And now, God help me for my little wit !  
I bear it with me, Sir ! he took so much delight in it.”



## XXV.

## THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

---

“ UP, Timothy, up with your Staff and away !  
 Not a soul in the village this morning will stay ;  
 The Hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,  
 And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds.”

— Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet, and green,  
 On the slopes of the pastures all colours were seen ;  
 With their comely blue aprons, and caps white as snow,  
 The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh springs of green box-wood, not six months before,  
 Filled the funeral basin \* at Timothy's door ;  
 A Coffin through Timothy's threshold had past ;  
 One Child did it bear, and that Child was his last.

\* In several parts of the North of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of Sprigs of Box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a Sprig of this Box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and the fray,  
The horse and the horn, and the hark ! hark away !  
Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut  
With a leisurely motion the door of his hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said,  
“ The key I must take, for my Ellen is dead.”  
But of this in my ears not a word did he speak,  
And he went to the chase with a tear on his cheek.

## XXVI.

## THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

---

ONCE in a lonely Hamlet I sojourned  
In which a Lady driven from France did dwell ;  
The big and lesser griefs, with which she mourned,  
In friendship, she to me would often tell.

This Lady, dwelling upon English ground,  
Where she was childless, daily would repair  
To a poor neighbouring Cottage ; as I found,  
For sake of a young Child whose home was there.

Once, having seen her take with fond embrace  
This Infant to herself, I framed a lay,  
Endeavouring, in my native tongue, to trace  
Such things as she unto the Child might say :  
And thus, from what I knew, had heard, and guessed,  
My song the workings of her heart expressed.

“ Dear Babe, thou Daughter of another,  
One moment let me be thy Mother !  
An Infant’s face and looks are thine ;  
And sure a Mother’s heart is mine :  
Thy own dear Mother’s far away,  
At labour in the harvest-field :  
Thy little Sister is at play ; —  
What warmth, what comfort would it yield  
To my poor heart, if Thou would’st be  
One little hour a child to me !

Across the waters I am come,  
And I have left a Babe at home :  
A long, long way of land and sea !  
Come to me — I ’m no enemy :  
I am the same who a thy side  
Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
For thee, sweet Baby ! — thou hast tried,  
Thou know’st the pillow of my breast ;  
Good, good art thou ; — alas ! to me  
Far more than I can be to thee.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

Here, little Darling, dost thou lie ;  
An Infant Thou, a Mother I !  
Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears ;  
Mine art thou — spite of these my tears.  
Alas ! before I left the spot,  
My Baby and its dwelling-place ;  
The Nurse said to me, ‘ Tears should not  
Be shed upon an Infant’s face,  
It was unlucky ’ — no, no, no ;  
No truth is in them who say so !

My own dear Little-one will sigh,  
Sweet Babe ! and they will let him die.  
‘ He pines,’ they’ll say, ‘ it is his doom,  
And you may see his hour is come.’  
Oh ! had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,  
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,  
And countenance like a summer’s day,  
They would have hopes of him — and then  
I should behold his face again !

'Tis gone — like dreams that we forget ;  
There was a smile or two — yet — yet  
I can remember them, I see  
The smiles, worth all the world to me.  
Dear Baby ! I must lay thee down ;  
Thou troublest me with strange alarms ;  
Smiles hast Thou, bright ones of thy own ;  
I cannot keep thee in my arms,  
By those bewildering glances crost  
In which the light of his is lost.

Oh ! how I love thee ! — we will stay  
Together here this one half day.  
My Sister's Child, who bears my name,  
From France to sheltering England came ;  
She with her Mother crossed the sea ;  
The Babe and Mother near me dwell :  
My Darling, she is not to me  
What thou art ! though I love her well :  
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here !  
Never was any Child more dear !

— I cannot help it — ill intent  
I've none, my pretty Innocent !  
I weep — I know they do thee wrong,  
These tears — and my poor idle tongue.  
Oh, what a kiss was that ! my cheek  
How cold it is ! but thou art good ;  
Thine eyes are on me — they would speak,  
I think, to help me if they could.  
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,  
My heart again is in its place !

While thou art mine, my little Love,  
This cannot be a sorrowful grove ;  
Contentment, hope, and Mother's glee,  
I seem to find them all in thee :  
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers ;  
I'll call thee by my Darling's name ;  
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
Thy features seem to me the same ;  
His little Sister thou shalt be :  
And, when once more my home I see,  
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."

## XXVII.

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

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*The following tale was written as an Episode, in a work from which its length may perhaps exclude it. The facts are true; no invention as to these has been exercised, as none was needed.*

---

**O** HAPPY time of youthful lovers, (thus  
 My story may begin) O balmy time,  
 In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
 Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven !  
 To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
 (Fancy that sports more desperately with minds  
 Than ever fortune hath been known to do)  
 The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by years  
 Whose progress had a little overstepped  
 His stripling prime. A town of small repute,  
 Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,  
 Was the Youth's birth-place. There he wooed a Maid  
 Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit  
 With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,



Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,  
From which her graces and her honours sprung :  
And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,  
With haughty indignation, spurned the thought  
Of such alliance.— From their cradles up,  
With but a step between their several homes,  
Twins had they been in pleasure ; after strife  
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again ;  
Each other's advocate, each other's stay ;  
And strangers to content if long apart,  
Or more divided than a sportive pair  
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering  
Within the eddy of a common blast,  
Or hidden only by the concave depth  
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age  
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given,  
By ready nature, for a life of love,  
For endless constancy, and placid truth ;  
But whatso'er of such rare treasure lay  
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support  
Of their maturer years, his present mind  
Was under fascination ; — he beheld

A vision, and adored the thing he saw.  
Arabian fiction never filled the world  
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.  
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring ;  
Life turned the meanest of her implements,  
Before his eyes, to price above all gold ;  
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine ;  
Her chamber window did surpass in glory  
The portals of the dawn ; all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon him ; pathways, walks,  
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,  
Surcharged, within him, — overblest to move  
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world  
To its dull round of ordinary cares ;  
A man too happy for mortality !

So passed the time, till, whether through effect  
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved  
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it not !  
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw  
So many bars between his present state  
And the dear haven where he wished to be  
In honourable wedlock with his Love,

Was in his judgment tempted to decline  
To perilous weakness, and entrust his cause  
To nature for a happy end of all ;  
Deem that by such fond hope the Youth was swayed,  
And bear with their transgression, when I add  
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,  
Carried about her for a secret grief  
The promise of a mother.

To conceal

The threatened shame, the parents of the Maid  
Found means to hurry her away by night  
And unforewarned, that in some distant spot  
She might remain shrouded in privacy,  
Until the babe was born. When morning came,  
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,  
And all uncertain whither he should turn,  
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils ; but soon  
Discovering traces of the fugitives,  
Their steps he followed to the Maid's retreat.  
The sequel may be easily divined,—  
Walks to and fro — watchings at every hour ;  
And the fair Captive, who, when'er she may,  
Is busy at her casement as the swallow

Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,  
About the pendant nest, did thus espy  
Her Lover! — thence a stolen interview,  
Accomplished under friendly shade of night.

I pass the raptures of the Pair; — such theme  
Is, by innumerable poets, touched  
In more delightful verse than skill of mine  
Could fashion, chiefly by that darling bard  
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
And of the lark's note heard before its time,  
And of the streaks that laced the severing clouds  
In the unrelenting east. — Through all her courts  
The vacant City slept; the busy winds,  
That keep no certain intervals of rest,  
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed  
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat  
Aloft; — momentous but uneasy bliss!  
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung  
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

They parted; and the generous Vaudracour  
Reached speedily the native threshold, bent  
On making (so the Lovers had agreed)

A sacrifice of birthright to attain  
A final portion from his Father's hand ;  
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then would flee  
To some remote and solitary place,  
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,  
Where they may live, with no one to behold  
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.  
But *now* of this no whisper ; not the less,  
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped  
Touching the matter of his passion, still,  
In his stern Father's hearing, Vaudracour  
Persisted openly that death alone  
Should abrogate his human privilege  
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.

“ You shall be baffled in your mad intent  
If there be justice in the Court of France,”  
Muttered the Father.— From these words the Youth  
Conceived a terror, — and, by night or day,  
Stirred nowhere without weapons — that full soon  
Found dreadful provocation : for at night  
When to his chamber he retired, attempt

Was made to seize him by three armed men,  
Acting, in furtherance of the Father's will,  
Under a private signet of the State.  
One, did the Youth's ungovernable hand  
Assault and slay; — and to a second gave  
A perilous wound, — he shuddered to behold  
The breathless corse; then peacefully resigned  
His person to the law, was lodged in prison,  
And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you beheld a tuft of winged seed  
That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,  
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use  
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,  
Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro  
Through the wide element? or have you marked  
The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,  
Within the vortex of a foaming flood,  
Tormented? by such aid you may conceive  
The perturbation of each mind; — ah, no!  
Desperate the Maid — the Youth is stained with blood!  
But as the troubled seed and tortured bough  
Is Man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the Court,  
Was pardon gained, and liberty procured ;  
But not without exaction of a pledge  
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.  
He flew to her from whom they would divide him —  
He clove to her who could not give him peace —  
Yea, his first word of greeting was, — “ All right  
Is gone from me ; my lately-towering hopes,  
To the least fibre of their lowest root,  
Are withered ; — thou no longer canst be mine,  
I thine — the Conscience-stricken must not woo  
The unruffled Innocent, — I see thy face,  
Behold thee, and my misery is complete !”

“ One, are we not ?” exclaimed the Maiden — “ One,  
For innocence and youth, for weal and woe ?”  
Then with the Father’s name she coupled words  
Of vehement indignation ; but the Youth  
Checked her with filial meekness ; for no thought  
Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising  
Of hasty censure, modelled in the eclipse  
Of true domestic loyalty, did e’er  
Find place within his bosom. — Once again  
The persevering wedge of tyranny

Achieved their separation ; — and once more  
Were they united, — to be yet again  
Disparted — pitiable lot ! But here  
A portion of the Tale may well be left  
In silence, though my memory could add  
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,  
Was traversed from without ; much, too, of thoughts  
That occupied his days in solitude  
Under privation and restraint ; and what,  
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,  
And what, through strong compunction for the past,  
He suffered — breaking down in heart and mind !

Doomed to a third and last captivity,  
His freedom he recovered on the eve  
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was born,  
Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes  
Of future happiness. “ You shall return,  
Julia,” said he, “ and to your Father's house  
Go with the Child. — You have been wretched, yet  
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs  
Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.  
Malice, beholding you, will melt away.



Go ! — 'tis a Town where both of us were born ;  
None will reproach you, for our truth is known ;  
And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our fate  
Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.  
With ornaments — the prettiest, nature yields  
Or art can fashion, shall you deck your Boy,  
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks  
Till no one can resist him. — Now, even now,  
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn ;  
My Father from the window sees him too ;  
Startled, as if some new-created Thing  
Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods  
Bounded before him ; — but the unweeting Child  
Shall by his beauty win his Grandsire's heart  
So that it shall be softened, and our loves  
End happily — as they began !” These gleams  
Appeared but seldom: oftener was he seen  
Propping a pale and melancholy face  
Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus  
His head upon one breast, while from the other  
The Babe was drawing-in its quiet food.  
— That pillow is no longer to be thine,  
Fond Youth ! that mournful solace now must pass

Into the list of things that cannot be !  
Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears  
The sentence, by her Mother's lip pronounced,  
That dooms her to a Convent. — Who shall tell,  
Who dares report, the tidings to the Lord  
Of her affections? So they blindly asked  
Who knew not to what quiet depths a weight  
Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down ; —  
The word, by others dreaded, he can hear  
Composed and silent, without visible sign  
Of even the least emotion. Noting this  
When the impatient Object of his love  
Upbraided him with slackness, he returned  
No answer, only took the Mother's hand  
And kissed it — seemingly devoid of pain,  
Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed,  
Was a dependent on the obdurate heart  
Of One who came to disunite their lives  
For ever — sad alternative ! preferred,  
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,  
To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.  
— So be it !

In the city he remained  
A season after Julia had withdrawn

To those religious walls. He, too, departs —  
Who with him? — even the senseless Little-one!  
With that sole Charge he passed the city-gates,  
For the last time, attendant by the side  
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,  
In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,  
That rose a brief league distant from the town,  
The Dwellers in that house where he had lodged  
Accompanied his steps, by anxious love  
Impelled: — they parted from him there, and stood  
Watching below, till he had disappeared  
On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,  
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle  
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!) that veiled  
The tender Infant: and at every inn,  
And under every hospitable tree  
At which the Bearers halted or reposed,  
Laid him with timid care upon his knees,  
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to look,  
Upon the Nursling which his arms embraced.  
— This was the manner in which Vaudracour  
Departed with his Infant; and thus reached  
His Father's house, where to the innocent Child  
Admittance was denied. The young Man spake

No words of indignation or reproof,  
But of his Father begged, a last request,  
That a retreat might be assigned to him  
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,  
With such allowance as his wants required ;  
For wishes he had none. To a Lodge that stood  
Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age  
Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew ;  
And thither took with him his infant Babe,  
And one Domestic, for their common needs,  
An aged Woman. It consoled him here  
To attend upon the Orphan, and perform  
Obsequious service to the precious Child,  
Which, after a short time, by some mistake  
Or indiscretion of the Father, died. —  
The Tale I follow to its last recess  
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which ;  
Theirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine !

From this time forth he never shared a smile  
With mortal creature. An Inhabitant  
Of that same Town, in which the Pair had left  
So lively a remembrance of their griefs,  
By chance of business, coming within reach

Of his retirement, to the forest lodge  
Repaired, but only found the Matron there,  
Who told him that his pains were thrown away,  
For that her Master never uttered word  
To living Thing — not even to her. — Behold !  
While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached ;  
But, seeing some one near, even as his hand  
Was stretched towards the garden gate, he shrunk —  
And, like a shadow, glided out of view.  
Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place  
The Visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth  
Cut off from all intelligence with man,  
And shunning even the light of common day ;  
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France  
Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,  
Rouse him : but in those solitary shades  
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind !

## XXVIII.

THE IDIOT BOY.

---

'Tis eight o'clock, — a clear March night,  
The Moon is up — the Sky is blue,  
The Owlet, in the moonlight air,  
Shouts, from nobody knows where ;  
He lengthens out his lonely shout,  
Halloo ! halloo ! a long halloo !

— Why bustle thus about your door,  
What means this bustle, Betty Foy ?  
Why are you in this mighty fret ?  
And why on horseback have you set  
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy ?

There's scarce a soul that's out of bed ;  
Good Betty, put him down again ;  
His lips with joy they burr at you ;  
But, Betty ! what has he to do  
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein ?

But Betty's bent on her intent ;  
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,  
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,  
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,  
As if her very life would fail.

There 's not a house within a mile,  
No hand to help them in distress :  
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,  
And sorely puzzled are the twain,  
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's Husband's at the wood,  
Where by the week he doth abide,  
A woodman in the distant vale ;  
There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;  
What must be done ? what will betide ?

And Betty from the lane has fetched  
Her Pony, that is mild and good,  
Whether he be in joy or pain,  
Feeding at will along the lane,  
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—  
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy  
Has up upon the saddle set  
(The like was never heard of yet)  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay  
Across the bridge and through the dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a Doctor from the town,  
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,  
There is no need of whip or wand;  
For Johnny has his holly-bough,  
And with a *hurly-burly* now  
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told  
The Boy, who is her best delight,  
Both what to follow, what to shun,  
What do, and what to leave undone,  
How turn to left, and how to right.



And Betty's most especial charge,  
Was, " Johnny ! Johnny ! mind that you  
Come home again, nor stop at all, —  
Come home again, whate'er befall,  
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,  
Both with his head, and with his hand,  
And proudly shook the bridle too ;  
And then ! his words were not a few,  
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,  
Though Betty 's in a mighty flurry,  
She gently pats the Pony's side,  
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,  
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,  
Oh ! then for the poor Idiot Boy !  
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
For joy his head and heels are idle,  
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,  
In Johnny's left hand you may see  
The green bough motionless and dead :  
The Moon that shines above his head  
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,  
That till full fifty yards were gone,  
He quite forgot his holly whip,  
And all his skill in horsemanship,  
Oh ! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,  
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,  
Proud of herself, and proud of him,  
She sees him in his travelling trim,  
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,  
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart !  
He's at the Guide-post — he turns right,  
She watches till he's out of sight,  
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr — now Johnny's lips they burr,  
As loud as any mill, or near it ;  
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,  
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,  
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale :  
Her Messenger 's in merry tune ;  
The Owlets hoot, the Owlets curr,  
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,  
As on he goes beneath the Moon.

His Steed and He right well agree ;  
For of this Pony there 's a rumour,  
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,  
And should he live a thousand years,  
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a Horse that thinks !  
And when he thinks his pace is slack ;  
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,  
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell  
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,  
And far into the moonlight dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a Doctor from the town,  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,  
Is in the middle of her story,  
What comfort soon her Boy will bring,  
With many a most diverting thing,  
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,  
By this time is not quite so flurried:  
Demure with porringer and plate  
She sits, as if in Susan's fate  
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good Woman! she,  
You plainly in her face may read it,  
Could lend out of that moment's store  
Five years of happiness or more  
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then  
With Betty all was not so well ;  
And to the road she turns her ears,  
And thence full many a sound she hears,  
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;  
“ As sure as there 's a moon in heaven,”  
Cries Betty, “ he 'll be back again ;  
They 'll both be here — 'tis almost ten —  
Both will be here before eleven.”

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;  
The clock gives warning for eleven ;  
’Tis on the stroke — “ He must be near,”  
Quoth Betty, “ and will soon be here,  
As sure as there 's a moon in heaven.”

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,  
And Johnny is not yet in sight,  
— The Moon 's in heaven, as Betty sees,  
But Betty is not quite at ease ;  
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,  
On Johnny vile reflections cast :  
“ A little idle sauntering Thing !”  
With other names, an endless string ;  
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,  
That happy time all past and gone,  
“ How can it be he is so late ?  
The Doctor he has made him wait,  
Susan ! they 'll both be here anon.”

And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad *quandary* ;  
And then there's nobody to say  
If she must go or she must stay !  
— She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one ;  
But neither Doctor nor his Guide  
Appear along the moonlight road ;  
There's neither horse nor man abroad,  
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear  
Of sad mischances not a few,  
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned,  
Or lost, perhaps, and never found ;  
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this  
With, " God forbid it should be true !"  
At the first word that Susan said  
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,  
" Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

" I must be gone, I must away,  
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise ;  
Susan, we must take care of him,  
If he is hurt in life or limb" —  
" Oh God forbid !" poor Susan cries.

" What can I do?" says Betty, going,  
" What can I do to ease your pain ?  
Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay ;  
I fear you're in a dreadful way,  
But I shall soon be back again."

“ Nay, Betty, go ! good Betty, go !  
There ’s nothing that can ease my pain.”  
Then off she hies ; but with a prayer  
That God poor Susan’s life would spare,  
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,  
And far into the moonlight dale ;  
And how she ran, and how she walked,  
And all that to herself she talked,  
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,  
In great and small, in round and square,  
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,  
In bush and brake, in black and green,  
’Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

The bridge is past — far in the dale ;  
And now the thought torments her sore,  
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,  
To hunt the moon within the brook,  
And never will be heard of more.



Now is she high upon the down,  
Alone amid a prospect wide ;  
There 's neither Johnny nor his Horse  
Among the fern or in the gorse ;  
There 's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

“ Oh saints ! what is bécome of him ?  
Perhaps he 's climbed into an oak,  
Where he will stay till he is dead ;  
Or, sadly he has been misled,  
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

“ Or him that wicked Pony 's carried  
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall ;  
Or in the castle he 's pursuing  
Among the ghosts his own undoing ;  
Or playing with the waterfall.”

At poor old Susan then she railed,  
While to the town she posts away ;  
“ If Susan had not been so ill,  
Alas ! I should have had him still,  
My Johnny, till my dying day.”

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,  
The Doctor's self could hardly spare ;  
Unworthy things she talked, and wild ;  
Even he, of cattle the most mild,  
The Pony had his share.

And now she's got into the town,  
And to the Doctor's door she hies ;  
'Tis silence all on every side ;  
The town so long, the town so wide,  
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,  
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap ;  
The Doctor at the casement shows  
His glimmering eyes that peep and dose !  
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

“ Oh Doctor ! Doctor ! where's my Johnny ! ”

“ I'm here, what is't you want with me ? ”

“ Oh Sir ! you know I'm Betty Foy,  
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,  
You know him—him you often see ;

“ He ’s not so wise as some folks be.”  
“ The devil take his wisdom !” said  
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,  
“ What, Woman ! should I know of him ?”  
And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

“ O woe is me ! O woe is me !  
Here will I die ; here will I die ;  
I thought to find my lost one here,  
But he is neither far nor near,  
Oh ! what a wretched Mother I !”

She stops, she stands, she looks about ;  
Which way to turn she cannot tell.  
Poor Betty ! it would ease her pain  
If she had heart to knock again ;  
— The clock strikes three — a dismal knell !

Then up along the town she hies,  
No wonder if her senses fail,  
This piteous news so much it shocked her,  
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,  
And she can see a mile of road ;  
“ Oh cruel ! I'm almost threescore ;  
Such night as this was ne'er before,  
There's not a single soul abroad.”

She listens, but she cannot hear  
The foot of horse, the voice of man ;  
The streams with softest sound are flowing,  
The grass you almost hear it growing,  
You hear it now if e'er you can.

The Owlets through the long blue night  
Are shouting to each other still :  
Fond lovers ! yet not quite hob' nob,  
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,  
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,  
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin :  
A green-grown pond she just has past,  
And from the brink she hurries fast,  
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;  
Such tears she never shed before ;  
“ Oh dear, dear Pony ! my sweet joy !  
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy !  
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more.”

A thought is come into her head :  
“ The Pony he is mild and good,  
And we have always used him well ;  
Perhaps he 's gone along the dell,  
And carried Johnny to the wood.”

Then up she springs as if on wings ;  
She thinks no more of deadly sin ;  
If Betty fifty ponds should see,  
The last of all her thoughts would be  
To drown herself therein.

O Reader ! now that I might tell  
What Johnny and his Horse are doing !  
What they 've been doing all this time,  
Oh could I put it into rhyme,  
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !  
He with his Pony now doth roam  
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,  
To lay his hands upon a star,  
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he 's turned himself about,  
His face unto his horse's tail,  
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,  
All like a silent Horseman-Ghost,  
He travels on along the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,  
A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;  
Yon valley, now so trim and green,  
In five months' time, should he be seen,  
A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,  
And like the very soul of evil,  
He's galloping away, away,  
And so will gallop on for aye,  
The bane of all that dread the devil !

I to the Muses have been bound  
These fourteen years, by strong indentures :  
O gentle Muses ! let me tell  
But half of what to him befel ;  
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?  
Why will ye thus my suit repel ?  
Why of your further aid bereave me ?  
And can ye thus unfriended leave me ;  
Ye Muses ! whom I love so well ?

Who 's yon, that, near the waterfall,  
Which thunders down with headlong force,  
Beneath the Moon, yet shining fair,  
As careless as if nothing were,  
Sits upright on a feeding Horse ?

Unto his Horse, there feeding free,  
He seems, I think, the rein to give ;  
Of Moon or Stars he takes no heed ;  
Of such we in romances read :  
— 'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very Pöny too!

Where is she, where is Betty Foy?

She hardly can sustain her fears;

The roaring waterfall she hears,

And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pöny's worth his weight in gold:

Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!

She's coming from among the trees,

And now all full in view she sees

Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pöny too:

Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy?

It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,

'Tis he whom you so long have lost,

He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again — her arms are up —

She screams — she cannot move for joy;

She darts, as with a torrent's force,

She almost has o'erturned the Horse,

And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.



And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud,  
Whether in cunning or in joy  
I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,  
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs  
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she 's at the Pony's tail,  
And now is at the Pony's head, —  
On that side now, and now on this ;  
And, almost stifled with her bliss,  
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;  
She 's happy here, is happy there,  
She is uneasy every where ;  
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when  
She knows not, happy Betty Foy !  
The little Pony glad may be,  
But he is milder far than she,  
You hardly can perceive his joy.

“ Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor ;  
You've done your best, and that is all.”  
She took the reins, when this was said,  
And gently turned the Pony's head  
From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,  
The moon was setting on the hill,  
So pale you scarcely looked at her :  
The little birds began to stir,  
Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,  
Wind slowly through the woody dale ;  
And who is she, betimes abroad,  
That hobbles up the steep rough road ?  
Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,  
And many dreadful fears beset her,  
Both for her Messenger and Nurse ;  
And as her mind grew worse and worse,  
Her body it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,  
On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;  
Point after point did she discuss ;  
And while her mind was fighting thus,  
Her body still grew better.

“ Alas ! what is become of them ?  
These fears can never be endured,  
I'll to the wood.” — The word scarce said,  
Did Susan rise up from her bed,  
As if by magic cured.

Away she posts up hill and down,  
And to the wood at length is come ;  
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting ;  
Oh me ! it is a merry meeting  
As ever was in Christendom.

The Owls have hardly sung their last,  
While our four Travellers homeward wend ;  
The Owls have hooted all night long,  
And with the Owls began my song,  
And with the Owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,  
Cried Betty, " Tell us, Johnny, do,  
Where all this long night you have been,  
What you have heard, what you have seen,  
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard  
The Owls in tuneful concert strive ;  
No doubt too he the Moon had seen ;  
For in the moonlight he had been  
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he  
Made answer, like a Traveller bold,  
(His very words I give to you,)  
" The Cocks did crow to-who, to-who,  
And the Sun did shine so cold."  
— Thus answered Johnny in his glory,  
And that was all his travel's story.

## XXIX.

## MICHAEL,

A PASTORAL POEM.

---

IF from the public way you turn your steps  
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,  
You will suppose that with an upright path  
Your feet must struggle ; in such bold ascent  
The pastoral Mountains front you, face to face.  
But, courage ! for around that boisterous Brook  
The mountains have all opened out themselves,  
And made a hidden valley of their own.  
No habitation can be seen ; but they  
Who journey thither find themselves alone  
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites  
That overhead are sailing in the sky.  
It is in truth an utter solitude ;  
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell  
But for one object which you might pass by,  
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook

Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones !  
And to that place a story appertains,  
Which, though it be ungarnished with events,  
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,  
Or for the summer shade. It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men  
Whom I already loved ; — not verily  
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills  
Where was their occupation and abode.  
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy  
Careless of books, yet having felt the power  
Of Nature, by the gentle agency  
Of natural objects led me on to feel  
For passions that were not my own, and think  
(At random and imperfectly indeed)  
On man, the heart of man, and human life.  
Therefore, although it be a history  
Homely and rude, I will relate the same  
For the delight of a few natural hearts ;  
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake  
Of youthful Poets, who among these Hills  
Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the Forest-side in Grasmere Vale  
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name ;  
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,  
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,  
And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt  
And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,  
Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,  
When others heeded not, He heard the South  
Make subterraneous music, like the noise  
Of Bagpipers on distant Highland hills.  
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock  
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,  
" The winds are now devising work for me !"  
And, truly, at all times, the storm — that drives  
The Traveller to a shelter — summoned him  
Up to the mountains : he had been alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,  
That came to him and left him on the heights.  
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

And grossly that man errs, who should suppose  
That the green Valleys, and the Streams and Rocks,  
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.  
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed  
The common air ; the hills, which he so oft  
Had climbed with vigorous steps ; which had impressed  
So many incidents upon his mind  
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;  
Which like a book preserved the memory  
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,  
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,  
So grateful in themselves, the certainty  
Of honourable gain ; these fields, these hills,  
Which were his living Being, even more  
Than his own blood — what could they less ? had laid  
Strong hold on his affections, were to him  
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.  
His Helpmate was a comely Matron, old —  
Though younger than himself full twenty years.  
She was a woman of a stirring life,  
Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had



Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,  
That small for flax ; and if one wheel had rest,  
It was because the other was at work.  
The Pair had but one Inmate in their house,  
An only Child, who had been born to them  
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began  
To deem that he was old,—in Shepherd's phrase,  
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,  
With two brave Sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,  
The one of an inestimable worth,  
Made all their Household. I may truly say,  
That they were as a proverb in the vale  
For endless industry. When day was gone,  
And from their occupations out of doors  
The Son and Father were come home, even then,  
Their labour did not cease ; unless when all  
Turned to their cleanly supper-board, and there,  
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,  
Sat round their basket piled with oaten cakes,  
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal  
Was ended, LUKE (for so the Son was named)  
And his old Father both betook themselves  
To such convenient work as might employ  
Their hands by the fire-side ; perhaps to card

Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair  
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,  
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,  
That in our ancient uncouth country style  
Did with a huge projection overbrow  
Large space beneath, as duly as the light  
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a Lamp ;  
An aged utensil, which had performed  
Service beyond all others of its kind.  
Early at evening did it burn and late,  
Surviving Comrade of uncounted Hours,  
Which going by from year to year had found  
And left the couple neither gay perhaps  
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,  
Living a life of eager industry.  
And now, when LUKE had reached his eighteenth year  
There by the light of this old Lamp they sat,  
Father and Son, while late into the night  
The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,  
Making the cottage through the silent hours  
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.  
This Light was famous in its neighbourhood,

And was a public Symbol of the life  
The thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,  
Their Cottage on a plot of rising ground  
Stood single, with large prospect, North and South,  
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,  
And Westward to the village near the Lake ;  
And from this constant light, so regular  
And so far seen, the House itself, by all  
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years,  
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs  
Have loved his Helpmate ; but to Michael's heart  
This son of his old age was yet more dear—  
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same  
Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all—  
Than that a child, more than all other gifts,  
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,  
And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
By tendency of nature needs must fail.  
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,  
His Heart and his Heart's joy ! For oftentimes  
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,

Had done him female service, not alone  
For pastime and delight, as is the use  
Of Fathers, but with patient mind enforced  
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked  
His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy  
Had put on Boy's attire, did Michael love,  
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,  
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he  
Had work by his own door, or when he sat  
With sheep before him on his Shepherd's stool,  
Beneath that large old Oak, which near their door  
Stood,—and, from its enormous breadth of shade,  
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,  
Thence in our rustic dialect was called  
The CLIPPING TREE,\* a name which yet it bears.  
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,  
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,  
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks  
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed

\* Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.

Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep  
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts  
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the Boy grew up  
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek  
Two steady roses that were five years old,  
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut  
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped  
With iron, making it throughout in all  
Due requisites a perfect Shepherd's Staff,  
And gave it to the Boy ; wherewith equipt  
He as a Watchman oftentimes was placed  
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock ;  
And, to his office prematurely called,  
There stood the Urchin, as you will divine,  
Something between a hinderance and a help ;  
And for this cause not always, I believe,  
Receiving from his Father hire of praise ;  
Though nought was left undone which staff or voice,  
Or looks, or threatening gestures could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand  
Against the mountain blasts ; and to the heights,

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,  
He with his Father daily went, and they  
Were as companions, why should I relate  
That objects which the Shepherd loved before  
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came  
Feelings and emanations—things which were  
Light to the sun and music to the wind;  
And that the Old Man's heart seemed born again.

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up:  
And now when he had reached his eighteenth year,  
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

WHILE in this sort the simple Household lived  
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came  
Distressful tidings. Long before the time  
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound  
In surety for his Brother's Son, a man  
Of an industrious life, and ample means, —  
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
Had prest upon him, — and old Michael now  
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,

A grievous penalty, but little less  
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,  
At the first hearing, for a moment took  
More hope out of his life than he supposed  
That any old man ever could have lost.  
As soon as he had gathered so much strength  
That he could look his trouble in the face,  
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell  
A portion of his patrimonial fields.  
Such was his first resolve ; he thought again,  
And his heart failed him. " Isabel," said he,  
Two evenings after he had heard the news,  
" I have been toiling more than seventy years,  
And in the open sunshine of God's love  
Have we all lived ; yet if these fields of ours  
Should pass into a Stranger's hand, I think  
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
Our lot is a hard lot ; the sun himself  
Has scarcely been more diligent than I ;  
And I have lived to be a fool at last  
To my own family. An evil Man  
That was, and made an evil choice, if he  
Were false to us ; and if he were not false,  
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this

Had been no sorrow. I forgive him — but  
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.  
When I began, my purpose was to speak  
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.  
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel ; the land  
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free ;  
He shall possess it, free as is the wind  
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,  
Another Kinsman — he will be our friend  
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,  
Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall go,  
And with his Kinsman's help and his own thrift  
He quickly will repair this loss, and then  
May come again to us. If here he stay,  
What can be done? Where every one is poor,  
What can be gained?" At this the Old Man paused,  
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind  
Was busy, looking back into past times.  
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,  
He was a Parish-boy — at the Church-door  
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,  
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought  
A Basket, which they filled with Pedlar's wares ;  
And with this Basket on his arm, the Lad,



Went up to London, found a Master there,  
Who out of many chose the trusty Boy  
To go and overlook his merchandise  
Beyond the seas : where he grew wonderous rich,  
And left estates and monies to the poor,  
And at his birth-place built a Chapel floored  
With Marble, which he sent from foreign lands.  
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,  
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,  
And her face brightened. The Old Man was glad,  
And thus resumed : — “ Well, Isabel ! this scheme  
These two days has been meat and drink to me.  
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.  
— We have enough — I wish indeed that I  
Were younger, — but this hope is a good hope.  
— Make ready Luke’s best garments, of the best  
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth  
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :  
— If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night.”  
Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth  
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days  
Was restless morn and night, and all day long  
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare  
Things needful for the journey of her son.

But Isabel was glad when Sunday came  
To stop her in her work : for, when she lay  
By Michael's side, she through the two last nights  
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep :  
And when they rose at morning she could see  
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon  
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves  
Were sitting at the door, " Thou must not go :  
We have no other child but thee to lose,  
None to remember — do not go away,  
For if thou leave thy Father he will die."  
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice ;  
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,  
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare  
Did she bring forth, and all together sat  
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work ;  
And all the ensuing week the house appeared  
As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at length  
The expected letter from their Kinsman came,  
With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy ;  
To which, requests were added, that forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times or more  
The letter was read over ; Isabel  
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round ;  
Nor was there at that time on English land  
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel  
Had to her house returned, the Old Man said,  
“ He shall depart to-morrow.” To this word  
The Housewife answered, talking much of things  
Which, if at such short notice he should go,  
Would surely be forgotten. But at length  
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,  
In that deep Valley, Michael had designed  
To build a Sheep-fold ; and, before he heard  
The tidings of his melancholy loss,  
For this same purpose he had gathered up  
A heap of stones, which by the Streamlet's edge  
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.  
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked ;  
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,  
And thus the Old Man spake to him : — “ My Son,  
To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full heart  
I look upon thee, for thou art the same

That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,  
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.  
I will relate to thee some little part  
Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good  
When thou art from me, even if I should speak  
Of things thou canst not know of. — After thou  
First cam'st into the world — as oft befalls  
To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away  
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue  
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,  
And still I loved thee with increasing love.  
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds  
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-side  
First uttering, without words, a natural tune ;  
When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy  
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,  
And in the open fields my life was passed  
And on the mountains, else I think that thou  
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.  
But we were playmates, Luke : among these hills,  
As well thou know'st, in us the old and young  
Have played together, nor with me didst thou  
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."  
Luke had a manly heart ; but at these words

He sobbed aloud. The Old Man grasped his hand,  
And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see  
That these are things of which I need not speak.  
— Even to the utmost I have been to thee  
A kind and a good Father : and herein  
I but repay a gift which I myself  
Received at others' hands ; for, though now old  
Beyond the common life of man, I still  
Remember them who loved me in my youth.  
Both of them sleep together : here they lived,  
As all their Forefathers had done ; and when  
At length their time was come, they were not loth  
To give their bodies to the family mould.  
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.  
But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,  
And see so little gain from threescore years.  
These fields were burthened when they came to me ;  
Till I was forty years of age, not more  
Than half of my inheritance was mine.  
I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my work,  
And till these three weeks past the land was free.  
— It looks as if it never could endure  
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,  
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good

That thou shouldst go." At this the Old Man paused ;  
Then pointing to the Stones near which they stood,  
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :

" This was a work for us ; and now, my Son,  
It is a work for me. But, lay one Stone —  
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.  
Nay, Boy, be of good hope ; — we both may live  
To see a better day. At eighty-four  
I still am strong and hale ; — do thou thy part,  
I will do mine. — I will begin again  
With many tasks that were resigned to thee ;  
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,  
Will I without thee go again, and do  
All works which I was wont to do alone,  
Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless thee, Boy !  
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast  
With many hopes — It should be so — Yes — yes —  
I knew that thou couldst never have a wish  
To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me  
Only by links of love : when thou art gone,  
What will be left to us ! — But, I forget  
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,  
As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,  
When thou art gone away, should evil men

Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,  
And of this moment ; hither turn thy thoughts,  
And God will strengthen thee : amid all fear  
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou  
Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,  
Who, being innocent, did for that cause  
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well —  
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see  
A work which is not here : a covenant  
'Twill be between us — But, whatever fate  
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here ; and Luke stooped down,  
And, as his Father had requested, laid  
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight  
The Old Man's grief broke from him, to his heart  
He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept ;  
And to the House together they returned.  
— Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,  
Ere the night fell : — with morrow's dawn the Boy  
Began his journey, and when he had reached  
The public Way, he put on a bold face ;  
And all the Neighbours as he passed their doors

Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,  
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,  
Of Luke and his well-doing : and the Boy  
Wrote loving letters, full of wonderous news.  
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout  
" The prettiest letters that were ever seen."  
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.  
So, many months passed on : and once again  
The Shepherd went about his daily work  
With confident and cheerful thoughts ; and now  
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour  
He to that valley took his way, and there  
Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began  
To slacken in his duty ; and at length  
He in the dissolute city gave himself  
To evil courses : ignominy and shame  
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last  
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love ;  
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
Would overset the brain, or break the heart :



I have conversed with more than one who well  
Remember the Old Man, and what he was  
Years after he had heard this heavy news.  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks  
He went, and still looked up upon the sun,  
And listened to the wind; and as before  
Performed all kinds of labour for his Sheep,  
And for the land his small inheritance.  
And to that hollow Dell from time to time  
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which  
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
The pity which was then in every heart  
For the Old Man — and 'tis believed by all  
That many and many a day he thither went,  
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen  
Sitting alone, with that his faithful Dog,  
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.  
The length of full seven years from time to time  
He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,  
And left the work unfinished when he died.  
Three years, or little more, did Isabel

Survive her Husband : at her death the estate  
Was sold, and went into a Stranger's hand.  
The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR  
Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground  
On which it stood ; great changes have been wrought  
In all the neighbourhood : — yet the Oak is left  
That grew beside their Door ; and the remains  
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

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**THE WAGGONER.**

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TO  
CHARLES LAMB, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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

to you ; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your Writings, and of the high esteem with which I am

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT,  
*May* 20. 1819.

## THE WAGGONER.

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### CANTO FIRST.

'Tis spent — this burning day of June !  
 Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing ;  
 The dor-hawk, solitary bird,  
 Round the dim crags on heavy pinions wheeling,  
 Buzzes incessantly, a tiresome tune ;  
 That constant voice is all that can be heard  
 In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon !

Confiding Glow-worms ! 'tis a night  
 Propitious to your earth-born light ;  
 But, where the scattered stars are seen  
 In hazy straits the clouds between,  
 Each, in his station twinkling not,  
 Seems changed into a pallid spot.

The air, as in a lion's den,  
Is close and hot ; — and now and then  
Comes a tired and sultry breeze  
With a haunting and a panting,  
Like the stifling of disease ;  
The mountains rise to wonderous height,  
And in the heavens there hangs a weight ;  
But the dews allay the heat,  
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir !  
'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner ; —  
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,  
Companion of the night and day.  
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,  
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound  
• In a moment lost and found,  
The Wain announces — by whose side,  
Along the banks of Rydal Mere,  
He paces on, a trusty Guide, —  
Listen ! you can scarcely hear !  
Hither he his course is bending ; —  
Now he leaves the lower ground,  
And up the craggy hill ascending



Many a stop and stay he makes,  
Many a breathing-fit he takes ;—  
Steep the way and wearisome,  
Yet all the while his whip is dumb !

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

There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH  
Once hung, a Poet harbours now,—  
A simple water-drinking Bard ;  
Why need our Hero then (though frail  
His best resolves) be on his guard?—  
He marches by, secure and bold,—  
Yet, while he thinks on times of old,  
It seems that all looks wonderous cold ;  
He shrugs his shoulders—shakes his head—  
And, for the honest folk within,  
It is a doubt with Benjamin  
Whether they be alive or dead !

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

Some shining notice will be *there*,  
Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin full well  
Is known, and by as strong a spell  
As used to be that sign of love  
And hope — the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE ;  
He knows it to his cost, good Man !  
Who does not know the famous SWAN ?  
Uncouth although the object be,  
An image of perplexity ;  
Yet not the less it is our boast,  
For it was painted by the Host ;  
His own conceit the figure planned,  
'Twas coloured all by his own hand ;  
And that frail Child of thirsty clay,  
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,  
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction  
Quaint stories of the Bird's attraction !\*

Well ! that is past — and in despite  
Of open door and shining light.

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

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

Now am I fairly safe to-night —  
And never was my heart more light.  
I trespassed lately worse than ever —  
But Heaven will bless a good endeavour ;  
And, to my soul's delight, I find  
The evil One is left behind.  
Yes, let my master fume and fret,  
Here am I — with my Horses yet !  
My jolly Team, he finds that ye  
Will work for nobody but me !  
Good proof of this the Country gained,  
One day, when ye were vexed and strained —

Entrusted to another's care,  
And forced unworthy stripes to bear.  
Here was it — on this rugged spot  
Which now, contented with our lot,  
We climb — that, piteously abused,  
Ye plunged in anger and confused :  
As chance would have it, passing by  
I saw you in your jeopardy :  
A word from me was like a charm —  
The ranks were taken with one mind ;  
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,  
Moved like a vessel in the wind !  
— Yes, without me, up hills so high  
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.  
Then grieve not, jolly Team ! though tough  
The road we travel, steep and rough.  
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,  
And all their fellow Banks and Braes,  
Full often make you stretch and strain,  
And halt for breath and halt again,  
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing  
That side by side we still are going !

While Benjamin in earnest mood  
His meditations thus pursued,

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

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

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

The **ASTROLOGER** was not unseen  
By solitary Benjamin :  
But total darkness came anon,  
And he and every thing was gone.  
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,  
(That would have sounded through the trees  
Had aught of sylvan growth been there)  
Was felt throughout the region bare :  
The rain rushed down — the road was battered,  
As with the force of billows shattered ;  
The horses are dismayed, nor know  
Whether they should stand or go ;

And Benjamin is groping near them,  
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.  
He is astounded, — wonder not, —  
With such a charge in such a spot ;  
Astounded in the mountain gap  
By peals of thunder, clap on clap !  
And many a terror-striking flash ; —  
And somewhere, as it seems, a crash,  
Among the rocks ; with weight of rain,  
And sullen motions long and slow,  
That to a dreary distance go —  
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
A rending o'er his head begins the 'fray again.

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



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

The voice, to move commiseration,  
Prolonged its earnest supplication —  
“ This storm that beats so furiously —  
This dreadful place ! oh pity me !”

While this was said, with sobs between,  
And many tears, by one unseen ;  
There came a flash — a startling glare,  
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare !  
’Tis not a time for nice suggestion,  
And Benjamin, without further question,  
Taking her for some way-worn rover,  
Said, “ Mount, and get you under cover !”

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

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

Then Benjamin entreats the Man  
Would mount, too, quickly as he can :  
The Sailor, Sailor now no more,  
But such he had been heretofore,

To courteous Benjamin replied,  
" Go you your way, and mind not me ;  
For I must have, whate'er betide,  
My Ass and fifty things beside, —  
Go, and I 'll follow speedily !"

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

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

## CANTO SECOND.

IF Wytheburn's modest House of Prayer,  
As lowly as the lowliest Dwelling,  
Had, with its belfry's humble stock,  
A little pair that hang in air,  
Been mistress also of a Clock,  
(And one, too, not in crazy plight)  
Twelve strokes that Clock would have been telling  
Under the brow of old Helvellyn —  
Its bead-roll of midnight,  
Then, when the Hero of my tale  
Was passing by, and down the vale  
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween  
As if a storm had never been)  
Proceeding with an easy mind;  
While he, who had been left behind,  
Intent to use his utmost haste,  
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,

And gives another lusty cheer ;  
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,  
A welcome greeting he can hear ; —  
It is a fiddle in its glee  
Dinning from the CHERRY TREE !

Thence the sound — the light is there —  
As Benjamin is now aware,  
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,  
Had almost reached the festive door,  
When, startled by the Sailor's roar,  
He hears a sound and sees the light,  
And in a moment calls to mind  
That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT ! \*

Although before in no dejection,  
At this insidious recollection  
His heart with sudden joy is filled, —  
His ears are by the music thrilled,

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

His eyes take pleasure in the road  
Glittering before him bright and broad ;  
And Benjamin is wet and cold,  
And there are reasons manifold  
That make the good, tow'rds which he's yearning,  
Look fairly like a lawful earning.

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

“ Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we,  
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE !”  
This was the outside proclamation,  
This was the inside salutation ;

What bustling—jostling—high and low !  
A universal overflow !  
What tankards foaming from the tap !  
What store of cakes in every lap !  
What thumping—stumping—over-head !  
The thunder had not been more busy :  
With such a stir, you would have said,  
This little place may well be dizzy !  
'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour —  
'Tis what can be most prompt and eager ;—  
As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
The pewter clatters on the wall ;  
The very bacon shows its feeling,  
Swinging from the smoky ceiling !

A steaming Bowl—a blazing fire —  
What greater good can heart desire ?  
'Twere worth a wise man's while to try  
The utmost anger of the sky ;  
To *seek* for thoughts of painful cast,  
If such be the amends at last.  
Now, should you think I judge amiss,  
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this ;  
For soon, of all the happy there,  
Our Travellers are the happiest pair.

All care with Benjamin is gone —  
 A Cæsar past the Rubicon !  
 He thinks not of his long, long strife ;—  
 The Sailor, Man by nature gay,  
 Hath no resolves to throw away ;  
 And he hath now forgot his Wife,  
 Hath quite forgotten her—or may be  
 Deems that she is happier, laid  
 Within that warm and peaceful bed ;  
     Under cover,  
     Terror over,  
 Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.

    With bowl in hand,  
     (It may not stand)  
 Gladdest of the gladsome band,  
 Amid their own delight and fun,  
 They hear—when every dance is done—  
 They hear—when every fit is o'er—  
 The fiddle's *squeak*\*—that call to bliss,  
 Ever followed by a kiss ;

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



They envy not the happy lot,  
But enjoy their own the more !

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,  
Up springs the Sailor from his chair —  
Limps (for I might have told before  
That he was lame) across the floor —  
Is gone — returns — and with a prize ;  
With what ? — a Ship of lusty size ;  
A gallant stately Man of War,  
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.  
Surprise to all, but most surprise  
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,  
Not knowing that he had befriended  
A Man so gloriously attended !

“ This,” cries the Sailor, “ a Third-rate is —  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis !  
This was the Flag-Ship at the Nile,  
The Vanguard — you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty maid, if you look near,  
You ’ll find you ’ve much in little here !  
A nobler Ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim :

I'll set, my Friends, to do you honour,  
Set every inch of sail upon her."  
So said, so done ; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all ; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the Showman's part ;  
And then, as from a sudden check,  
Cries out — " 'Tis there, the Quarter-deck  
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood —  
A sight that would have roused your blood !  
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,  
Burnt like a fire among his men ;  
Let this be Land, and that be Sea,  
Here lay the French — and *thus* came we !"

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,  
The Dancers all were gathered round,  
And, such the stillness of the house,  
You might have heard a nibbling mouse ;  
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,  
The Sailor through the story runs  
Of Ships to Ships and guns to guns ;  
And does his utmost to display  
The dismal conflict, and the might  
And terror of that wondrous night !

“ A Bowl, a Bowl of double measure,”  
Cries Benjamin, “ a draught of length,  
To Nelson, England’s pride and treasure,  
Her bulwark and her tower of strength !”  
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,  
The Mastiff, from beneath the waggon,  
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,  
Rattled his chain — ’twas all in vain,  
For Benjamin, triumphant soul !  
He heard the monitory growl ;  
Heard — and in opposition quaffed  
A deep, determined, desperate draught !  
Nor did the battered Tar forget,  
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt :  
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,  
Back to her place the ship he led ;  
Wheeled her back in full apparel ;  
And so, flag flying at mast-head,  
Re-yoked her to the Ass : — anon,  
Cries Benjamin, “ We must be gone.”  
Thus, after two hours’ hearty stay,  
Again behold them on their way !

## CANTO THIRD.

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

That no one else may have business near them,  
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

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

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,  
The triumph of your late devotion !  
Can aught on earth impede delight,  
Still mounting to a higher height ;  
And higher still — a greedy flight !  
Can any low-born care pursue her,  
Can any mortal clog come to her ?  
No notion have they — not a thought,  
That is from joyless regions brought !  
And, while they coast the silent lake,  
Their inspiration I partake ;  
Share their empyreal spirits — yea,  
With their enraptured vision, see —  
O fancy — what a jubilee !  
What shifting pictures — clad in gleams  
Of colour bright as feverish dreams !  
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,  
Involved and restless all — a scene

Pregnant with mutual exaltation,  
Rich change, and multiplied creation !  
This sight to me the Muse imparts ; —  
And then, what kindness in their hearts !  
What tears of rapture, what vow-making,  
Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking !  
What solemn, vacant, interlacing,  
As if they 'd fall asleep embracing !  
Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
And in the excess of amity,  
Says Benjamin, " That ass of thine,  
He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine:  
If he were tethered to the Waggon,  
He 'd drag as well what he is dragging ;  
And we, as brother should with brother,  
Might trudge it alongside each other !

Forthwith, obedient to command  
The horses made a quiet stand ;  
And to the Waggon's skirts was tied  
The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,  
(The Mastiff not well pleased to be  
So very near such company.)

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

“ Thy Wife and Child are snug and warm,  
Thy Ship will travel without harm ;  
I like,” said Benjamin, “ her shape and stature ;  
And this of mine — this bulky Creature  
Of which I have the steering — this,  
Seen fairly, is not much amiss !  
We want your streamers, Friend, you know ;  
But, all together, as we go,  
We make a kind of handsome show !  
Among these hills, from first to last,  
We’ve weathered many a furious blast ;  
Hard passage forcing on, with head  
Against the storm, and canvass spread.  
I hate a boaster — but to thee  
Will say ’t, who know’st both land and sea,  
The unluckiest Hulk that sails the brin  
Is hardly worse beset than mine,

When cross winds on her quarter beat ;  
And, fairly lifted from my feet,  
I stagger onward — Heaven knows how —  
But not so pleasantly as now —  
Poor Pilot I, by snows confounded,  
And many a foundrous pit surrounded !  
Yet here we are, by night and day  
Grinding through rough and smooth our way,  
Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;  
And long shall be so yet — God willing !”

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



“ Yon Screech-owl,” says the Sailor, turning  
Back to his former cause of mourning,  
“ Yon Owl ! — pray God that all be well !  
'Tis worse than any funeral bell ;  
As sure as I 've the gift of sight,  
We shall be meeting Ghosts to-night !”  
— Said Benjamin, “ This whip shall lay  
A thousand, if they cross our way.  
I know that Wanton's noisy station,  
I know him and his occupation ;  
The jolly Bird hath learned his cheer  
On the banks of Windermere ;  
Where a tribe of them make merry,  
Mocking the Man that keeps the Ferry ;  
Hallooing from an open throat,  
Like Travellers shouting for a Boat.  
— The tricks he learned at Windermere  
This vagrant Owl is playing here —  
That is the worst of his employment ;  
He's in the height of his enjoyment !”

This explanation stilled the alarm,  
Cured the foreboder like a charm ;

This, and the manner, and the voice,  
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice ;  
His heart is up — he fears no evil  
From life or death, from man or devil ;  
He wheeled — and, making many stops,  
Brandished his crutch against the mountain tops ;  
And, while he talked of blows and scars,  
Benjamin, among the stars,  
Beheld a dancing — and a glancing ;  
Such retreating and advancing  
As, I ween, was never seen  
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars !

## CANTO FOURTH.

THUS they, with freaks of proud delight,  
Beguile the remnant of the night ;  
And many a snatch of jovial song  
Regales them as they wind along ;  
While to the music, from on high,  
The echoes make a glad reply. —  
But the sage Muse the revel heeds  
No farther than her story needs ;  
Nor will she servilely attend  
The loitering journey to its end.  
— Blithe Spirits of her own impel  
The Muse, who scents the morning air,  
To take of this transported Pair  
A brief and unreprieved farewell ;  
To quit the slow-paced Waggon's side,  
And wander down yon hawthorn dell,  
With murmuring Greta for her guide.

— There doth she ken the awful form  
Of Raven-crag — black as a storm —  
Glimmering through the twilight pale ;  
And Gimmer-crag \*, his tall twin-brother,  
Each peering forth to meet the other : —  
And, while she roves through St. John's Vale,  
Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,  
By sheep-track or through cottage lane,  
Where no disturbance comes to intrude  
Upon the pensive solitude,  
Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,  
With the rude Shepherd's favoured glance,  
Beholds the Faeries in array,  
Whose party-coloured garments gay  
The silent company betray ;  
Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight !  
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light  
Is touched — and all the band take flight.  
— Fly also, Muse ! and from the dell  
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;  
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn  
Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;

\* The crag of the ewe lamb.

Across yon meadowy bottom look,  
Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;  
And see, beyond that hamlet small,  
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,  
Lurking in a double shade,  
By trees and lingering twilight made !  
There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,  
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
To noble Clifford ; from annoy  
Concealed the persecuted Boy,  
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed  
His flock, and pipe on Shepherd's reed ;  
Among this multitude of hills,  
Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;  
Which soon the morning shall enfold,  
From east to west, in ample vest  
Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the Streamlet's bed  
Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;  
Even while I speak, their skirts of grey  
Are smitten by a silver ray ;  
And lo ! — up Castrigg's naked steep  
(Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep

Along — and scatter and divide  
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)  
The stately Waggon is ascending  
With faithful Benjamin attending,  
Apparent now beside his team —  
Now lost amid a glittering steam.  
And with him goes his Sailor Friend,  
By this time near their journey's end,  
And, after their high-minded riot,  
Sickening into thoughtful quiet ;  
As if the morning's pleasant hour  
Had for their joys a killing power.

They are drooping, weak, and dull ;  
But the horses stretch and pull ;  
With increasing vigour climb,  
Eager to repair lost time ;  
Whether, by their own desert,  
Knowing there is cause for shame,  
They are labouring to avert  
At least a portion of the blame,  
Which full surely will alight  
Upon *his* head, whom, in despite

Of all his faults, they love the best ;  
Whether for him they are distrest ;  
Or, by length of fasting roused,  
Are impatient to be housed ;  
Up against the hill they strain —  
Tugging at the iron chain —  
Tugging all with might and main —  
Last and foremost, every horse  
To the utmost of his force !  
And the smoke and respiration  
Rising like an exhalation,  
Blends with the mist, — a moving shroud  
To form — an undissolving cloud ;  
Which, with slant ray, the merry sun  
Takes delight to play upon.  
Never, surely, old Apollo,  
He, or other God as old,  
Of whom in story we are told,  
Who had a favourite to follow  
Through a battle or elsewhere,  
Round the object of his care,  
In a time of peril, threw  
Veil of such celestial hue ;

Interposed so bright a screen  
Him and his enemies between !

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



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

There he is — resolved to stop,  
Till the Waggon gains the top ;  
But stop he cannot — must advance :  
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,  
Espies — and instantly is ready,  
Self-collected, poised, and steady ;  
And, to be the better seen,  
Issues from his radiant shroud,  
From his close-attending cloud,  
With careless air and open mien.  
Erect his port, and firm his going ;  
So struts yon Cock that now is crowing ;  
And the morning light in grace  
Strikes upon his lifted face,  
Hurrying the pallid hue away  
That might his trespasses betray.  
But what can all avail to clear him,  
Or what need of explanation,  
Parley, or interrogation ?  
For the Master sees, alas !  
That unhappy Figure near him,

Limping o'er the dewy grass,  
Where the road it fringes, sweet,  
Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;  
And, O indignity ! an Ass,  
By his noble Mastiff's side,  
Tethered to the Waggon's tail :  
And the Ship, in all her pride,  
Following after in full sail !  
Not to speak of Babe and Mother ;  
Who, contented with each other,  
And snug as birds in leafy arbour,  
Find, within, a blessed harbour !

With eager eyes the Master pries ;  
Looks in and out — and through and through ;  
Says nothing — till at last he spies  
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,  
A wound — where plainly might be read  
What feats an Ass's hoof can do !  
But drop the rest : — this aggravation,  
This complicated provocation,  
A hoard of grievances unsealed ;  
All past forgiveness it repealed ;—

And thus, and through distempered blood  
On both sides, Benjamin the good,  
The patient, and the tender-hearted,  
Was from his Team and Waggon parted ;  
When duty of that day was o'er,  
Laid down his whip — and served no more. —  
Nor could the Waggon long survive  
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :  
It lingered on ; — Guide after Guide  
Ambitiously the office tried ;  
But each unmanageable hill  
Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ; —  
And sure it is, that through this night,  
And what the morning brought to light,  
Two losses had we to sustain,  
We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN !

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Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,  
The gift of this adventurous Song ;  
A record which I dared to frame,  
Though timid scruples checked me long ;

They checked me — and I left the theme  
Untouched — in spite of many a gleam  
Of fancy which thereon was shed,  
Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
Upon the side of a distant hill :  
But Nature might not be gainsaid ;  
For what I have and what I miss  
I sing of these — it makes my bliss !  
Nor is it I who play the part,  
But a shy spirit in my heart,  
That comes and goes — will sometimes leap  
From hiding-places ten years' deep ;  
Or haunts me with familiar face —  
Returning, like a ghost unlaid,  
Until the debt I owe be paid.  
Forgive me, then ; for I had been  
On friendly terms with this Machine :  
In him, while he was wont to trace  
Our roads, through many a long year's space,  
A living Almanack had we ;  
We had a speaking Diary,  
That, in this uneventful place,  
Gave to the days a mark and name  
By which we knew them when they came.

— Yes, I, and all about me here,  
Through all the changes of the year,  
Had seen him through the mountains go,  
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
Majestically huge and slow :  
Or, with a milder grace adorning  
The Landscape of a summer's morning ;  
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain  
The moving image to detain ;  
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
Of echoes, to his march kept time ;  
When little other business stirred,  
And little other sound was heard ;  
In that delicious hour of balm,  
Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
While yet the Valley is arrayed,  
On this side with a sober shade ;  
On that is prodigally bright —  
Crag, lawn, and wood — with rosy light. —  
But most of all, thou lordly Wain !  
I wish to have thee here again,  
When windows flap and chimney roars,  
And all is dismal out of doors ;

And, sitting by my fire, I see  
Eight sorry Carts, no less a train !  
Unworthy Successors of thee,  
Come straggling through the wind and rain :  
And oft, as they pass slowly on,  
Beneath my window — one by one —  
See, perched upon the naked height  
The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
A single Traveller — and there  
Another — then perhaps a Pair —  
The lame, the sickly, and the old ;  
Men, Women, heartless with the cold ;  
And Babes in wet and starveling plight ;  
Which once, be weather as it might,  
Had still a nest within a nest,  
Thy shelter — and their Mother's breast !  
Then most of all, then far the most,  
Do I regret what we have lost ;  
Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—  
And of his stately Charge, which none  
Could keep alive when he was gone !

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**POEMS**  
**OF THE FANCY.**

**VOL. I.**

**P**





## I.

## A MORNING EXERCISE.

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

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

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,  
 Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill ;  
 A feathered Task-master cries " WORK AWAY !"  
 And, in thy iteration, " WHIP POOR WILL,"\*  
 Is heard the Spirit of a toil-worn Slave,  
 Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave !

\* See Waterton's Wanderings in South America.

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

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

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

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

How would it please old Ocean to partake,  
With Sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony that thou best lov'st to make  
Where earth resembles most his blank domain !  
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear  
These matins mounting tow'rds her native sphere.

Chanter by Heaven attracted, whom no bars  
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,  
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute ;  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine !

## II.

## TO THE DAISY.

---

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

G. WITHERS.

---

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

\* His muse.

When Winter decks his few grey hairs  
Thee in the scanty wreath he wears ;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
    That she may sun thee ;  
Whole summer fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy Wight !  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
    When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the Traveller in the lane ;  
If welcome once thou count'st it gain ;  
    Thou art not daunted,  
Nor car'st if thou be set at naught :  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
    When such are wanted.

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

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
    Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare ;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art ! — a Friend at hand, to scare  
    His melancholy.

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

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

When, smitten by the morning ray,  
 I see thee rise, alert and gay,  
 Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play  
     With kindred gladness :  
 And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
 Hath often eased my pensive breast  
     Of careful sadness.

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

Child of the Year ! that round dost run  
 Thy course, bold lover of the sun,  
 And cheerful when the day's begun  
     As morning Leveret,  
 \* Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;  
 Dear shalt thou be to future men  
 As in old time ; -- thou not in vain,  
     Art Nature's favourite.

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

III.

---

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



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

## IV.

## THE GREEN LINNET.

---

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

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

While Birds, and Butterflies, and Flowers  
Make all one Band of Paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
    Art sole in thy employment ;  
A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair,  
    Thyself thy own enjoyment.

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

My sight he dazzles, half deceives,  
A Bird so like the dancing Leaves ;  
Then flits, and from the Cottage eaves  
    Pours forth his song in gushes ;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked and treated with disdain  
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
    While fluttering in the bushes.

## V.

THE CONTRAST.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

Say, Dora ! tell me by yon placid Moon,  
If called to choose between the favoured pair,  
Which would you be, — the Bird of the Saloon,  
By Lady fingers tended with nice care,  
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,  
Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy Shed ?

## VI.

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.\*

---

PANSIES, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,  
 Let them live upon their praises ;  
 Long as there 's a sun that sets  
 Primroses will have their glory ;  
 Long as there are Violets,  
 They will have a place in story :  
 There 's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little Celandine.

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

\* Common Pilewort.

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
Bold, and lavish of thyself;  
Since we needs must first have met  
I have seen thee, high and low,  
Thirty years or more, and yet  
'Twas a face I did not know ;  
Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

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

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



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

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

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Scorned and slighted upon earth !  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,  
Singing at my heart's command,  
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love !

## VII.

## TO THE SAME FLOWER.

---

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
When they lie about our feet :  
February last, my heart  
First at sight of thee was glad ;  
All unheard of as thou art,  
Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
Celandine ! and long ago,  
Praise of which I nothing know.

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

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

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

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;  
While the patient Primrose sits  
Like a Beggar in the cold,  
Thou, a Flower of wiser wits,  
Slipp'st into thy sheltered hold ;  
Bright as any of the train  
When ye all are out again.

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

## VIII.

## THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

---

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

“Dost thou presume my course to block?

Off, off! or, puny Thing!

I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock

To which thy fibres cling.”

The Flood was tyrannous and strong;

The patient Briar suffered long,

Nor did he utter groan or sigh,

Hoping the danger would be past:

But, seeing no relief, at last

He ventured to reply.

“Ah!” said the Briar, “blame me not;

Why should we dwell in strife?

We who in this sequestered spot

Once lived a happy life!

You stirred me on my rocky bed—

What pleasure through my veins you spread!

The Summer long, from day to day,

My leaves you freshened and bedewed;

Nor was it common gratitude

That did your cares repay.

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

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

What more he said I cannot tell.  
The Torrent thundered down the dell  
With aggravated haste ;  
I listened, nor aught else could hear ;  
The Briar quaked — and much I fear  
Those accents were his last.



## IX.

## THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

---

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

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

‘ Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,  
Along this mountain’s edge,  
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,  
Wedge driving after wedge.  
Look up ! and think, above your head  
What trouble, surely, will be bred ;  
Last night I heard a crash — ’tis true,  
The splinters took another road—  
I see them yonder — what a load  
For such a Thing as you !

You are preparing, as before,  
To deck your slender shape ;  
And yet, just three years back—no more—  
You had a strange escape.  
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ;  
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,  
And hitherward pursued its way :  
This ponderous Block was caught by me,  
And o'er your head, as you may see,  
'Tis hanging to this day !

The Thing had better been asleep,  
Whatever thing it were,  
Or Breeze, or Bird, or Dog, or Sheep,  
That first did plant you there.  
For you and your green twigs decoy  
The little witless Shepherd-boy  
To come and slumber in your bower ;  
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,  
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon !  
Will perish in one hour.

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

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

Even such as his may be my lot,  
What cause have I to haunt  
My heart with terrors? Am I not  
In truth a favoured plant!  
On me such bounty Summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers;  
And, when the Frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay  
That you might look at me and say,  
This Plant can never die.

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

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

One night, my Children ! from the North  
There came a furious blast ;  
At break of day I ventured forth,  
And near the Cliff I passed.  
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
And whirled, and whirled him far away ;  
And, in one hospitable cleft,  
The little careless Broom was left  
To live for many a day."

## X.

## SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE PASTORAL  
VALES OF WESTMORLAND.

---

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

Now, beneath the starry sky,  
Couch the widely-scattered sheep; —  
Ply the pleasant labour, ply!  
For the spindle, while they sleep,  
Runs with motion smooth and fine,  
Gathering up a trustier line.

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



## XI.

## THE REDBREAST AND BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the Bird whom Man loves best,  
 The pious Bird with the scarlet breast,  
     Our little English Robin ;  
 The Bird that comes about our doors  
 When Autumn winds are sobbing ?  
 Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors ?  
     Their Thomas in Finland,  
     And Russia far inland ?  
 The Bird, who by some name or other  
 All men who know thee call their Brother,  
 The Darling of Children and men ?  
 \* Could Father Adam open his eyes,  
 And see this sight beneath the skies,  
 He'd wish to close them again.

If the Butterfly knew but his friend,  
 Hither his flight he would bend ;

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

And find his way to me  
 Under the branches of the tree :  
 In and out, he darts about ;  
 Can this be the Bird, to man so good,  
 That, after their bewildering,  
 Did cover with leaves the little children,  
 So painfully in the wood ?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue  
 A beautiful Creature,  
 That is gentle by nature ?  
 Beneath the summer sky  
 From flower to flower let him fly ;  
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.  
 The Cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness,  
 He is the Friend of our summer gladness :  
 What hinders, then, that ye should be  
 Playmates in the sunny weather,  
 And fly about in the air together !  
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,  
 A crimson as bright as thine own :  
 If thou would'st be happy in thy nest,  
 O pious Bird ! whom Man loves best,  
 Love him, or leave him alone !

## XII.

## THE KITTEN

AND

## THE FALLING LEAVES.

---

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

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

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat ;  
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;  
Here, for neither Babe nor me,  
Other Play-mate can I see.  
Of the countless living things,  
That with stir of feet and wings,  
(In the sun or under shade,  
Upon bough or grassy blade)  
And with busy revellings,  
Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
Made this Orchard's narrow space,  
And this Vale so blithe a place ;  
Multitudes are swept away  
Never more to breathe the day :  
Some are sleeping ; some in Bands  
Travelled into distant Lands ;  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighbourhood ;  
And, among the Kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their mirth aside.  
— Where is he that giddy Sprite,  
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,

Who was blest as bird could be,  
Feeding in the apple-tree ;  
Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
Turning blossoms inside out ;  
Hung with head towards the ground,  
Fluttered, perched, into a round  
Bound himself, and then unbound ;  
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin !  
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen !  
Light of heart, and light of limb,  
What is now become of Him ?  
Lambs, that through the mountains went  
Frisking, bleating merriment,  
When the year was in its prime,  
They are sobered by this time.  
If you look to vale or hill, ;  
If you listen, all is still,  
Save a little neighbouring Rill,  
That from out the rocky ground  
Strikes a solitary sound.  
Vainly glitters hill and plain,  
And the air is calm in vain ;  
Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
Of a sky serene and pure ;

Creature none can she decoy  
Into open sign of joy :  
Is it that they have a fear  
Of the dreary season near ?  
Or that other pleasures be  
Sweeter even than gaiety ?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
In the impenetrable cell  
Of the silent heart which Nature  
Furnishes to every Creature ;  
Whatsoe'er we feel and know  
Too sedate for outward show,  
Such a light of gladness breaks,  
Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks, —  
Spreads with such a living grace  
O'er my little Laura's face ;  
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
That almost I could repine  
That your transports are not mine,  
That I do not wholly fare  
Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair !  
And I will have my careless season  
Spite of melancholy reason,

Will walk through life in such a way  
That, when time brings on decay,  
Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladness.  
— Pleased by any random toy ;  
By a Kitten's busy joy,  
Or an Infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy ;  
I would fare like that or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss ;  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have faculties to take,  
Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
Matter for a jocund thought,  
Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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