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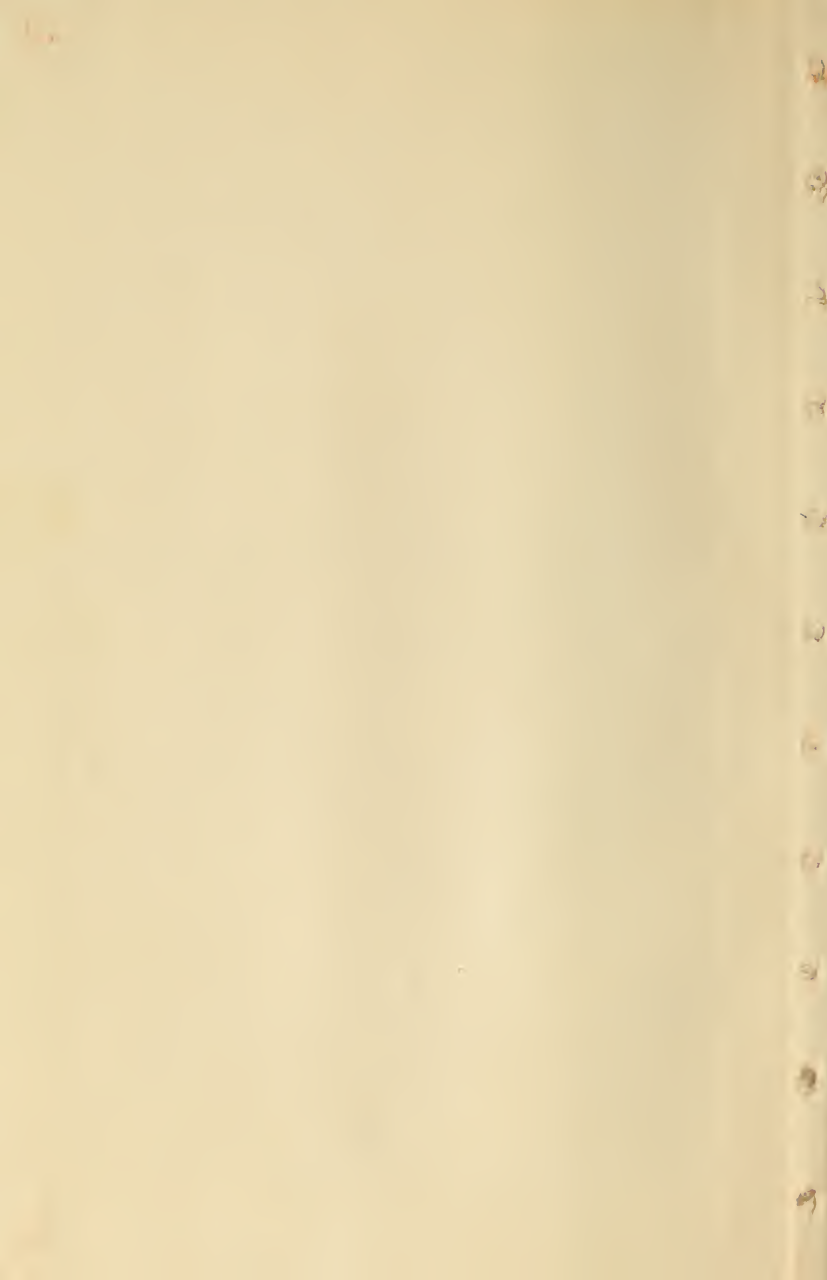
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SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH.

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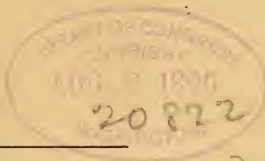
WE ARE SEVEN.
ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.
THE FOUNTAIN.
MICHAEL.
"MY HEART LEAPS UP."
WRITTEN IN MARCH.
TO THE DAISY.
THE SOLITARY REAPER.

TO THE CUCKOO.
"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF
DELIGHT."
THE DAFFODILS.
ODE TO DUTY.
LAODAMEIA.
TO A SKYLARK.
NINE SONNETS.

EDITED BY

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

OF greater interest than any other brief account of the poet's life could be, is the following outline dictated by Wordsworth himself, in 1847, at the request of his nephew:

“I was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7th, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law—as lawyers of this class were then called—and law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale.

“My mother was Anne, only daughter of William Cookson, mercer, of Penrith, and of Dorothy, born Crackanthorp, of the ancient family of that name, who, from the times of Edward the Third, had lived in Newbiggen Hall, Westmoreland. My grandfather was the first of the name of Wordsworth who came into Westmoreland, where he purchased the small estate of Sockbridge. He was descended from a family who had been settled at Peniston, in Yorkshire, near the sources of the Don, probably before the Norman Conquest. Their names appear on different occasions in all the transactions, personal and public, connected with that parish; and I possess, through the kindness of Colonel Beaumont, an almetry, made in 1525, at the expense of a William Wordsworth, as is expressed in a Latin inscription carved upon it, which carries the pedigree of the family back four generations from himself. The time of my infancy and early boyhood was passed partly at Cockermouth, and partly with my mother's parents at Penrith, where my mother, in the year 1778, died of a decline, brought on by a cold, in consequence of being put, at a friend's house in London, in what used to be called ‘a best bedroom.’ My father never recovered his usual cheerfulness of mind after this loss, and died when I was in my fourteenth year, a schoolboy just returned from Hawkshead, whither I had been sent with my elder brother, Richard, in my ninth year.

“I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before

Easter. An intimate friend of hers told me that she once said to her that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. The cause of this was that I was of a stiff, moody, and violent temper; so much so that I remember going once into the attic of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the foil in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, while I was at my grandfather's house at Penrith, along with my eldest brother, Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, on which the carpet was only laid down upon particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures, and I said to my brother, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then,' said I, 'here goes!' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat; for which, no doubt, though I have forgotten it, I was properly punished. But, possibly from some want of judgment in punishments inflicted, I had become perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement, and rather proud of it than otherwise.

"Of my earliest days at school I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty then, and in the vacations, to read whatever books I liked. For example, I read all Fielding's works, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and any part of Swift that I liked—*Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Tale of a Tub* being both much to my taste.

"It may be, perhaps, as well to mention that the first verses which I wrote were a task imposed by my master—the subject, *The Summer Vacation*; and of my own accord I added others upon *Return to School*. There was nothing remarkable in either poem; but I was called upon, among other scholars, to write verses upon the completion of the second centenary from the foundation of the school in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys. These verses were much admired—far more than they deserved; for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style. This exercise, however, put it into my head to compose verses from the impulse of my own mind, and I wrote, while yet a school-boy, a long poem running upon my own adventures and the scenery of the country in which I was brought

up. The only part of that poem which has been preserved, is the conclusion of it, which stands at the beginning of my collected poems.

“In the month of October, 1787, I was sent to St. John’s College, Cambridge, of which my uncle, Dr. Cookson, had been a fellow. The master, Dr. Chevallier, died very soon after; and, according to the custom of the time, his body, after being placed in the coffin, was removed to the hall of the college, and the pall spread over the coffin was stuck over by copies of verses, English or Latin, the composition of the students of St. John’s. My uncle seemed mortified when, upon inquiry, he learned that none of these verses were from my pen, ‘because,’ said he, ‘it would have been a fair opportunity for distinguishing yourself.’ I did not, however, regret that I had been silent on the occasion, as I felt no interest in the deceased person, with whom I had no intercourse, and whom I had never seen but during his walks in the college grounds.

“When at school, I, with the other boys of the same standing, was put upon reading the first six books of Euclid, with the exception of the fifth; and also in algebra I learnt simple and quadratic equations; and this was for me unlucky, because I had a full twelve months’ start of the freshmen of my year, and accordingly got into rather an idle way, reading nothing but classical authors according to my fancy, and Italian poetry. My Italian master was named Isola, and had been well acquainted with Gray, the poet. As I took to these studies with much interest, he was proud of the progress I made. Under his correction I translated the *Vision of Mirza*, and two or three other papers of the *Spectator*, into Italian. In the month of August, 1790, I set off for the Continent in companionship with Robert Jones, a Welshman, a fellow-collegian. We went staff in hand, without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket handkerchief, with about twenty pounds apiece in our pockets. We crossed from Dover, and landed at Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution, an event which was solemnized with due pomp at Calais. On the afternoon of that day we started, and slept at Ardres. For what seemed best to me worth recording in this tour, see the Poem of my own Life.¹

1. **The Prelude**, finished in 1805, and first published in 1850.

“After taking my degree in January, 1791, I went to London, stayed there some time, and then visited my friend Jones, who resided in the Vale of Clwydd, North Wales. Along with him, I made a pedestrian tour through North Wales, for which also see the poem.

“In the autumn of 1791 I went to Paris, where I stayed some little time, and then went to Orleans, with a view of being out of the way of my own countrymen, that I might learn to speak the language fluently. At Orleans, and Blois, and Paris, on my return, I passed fifteen or sixteen months.

“It was a stirring time. The king was dethroned when I was at Blois, and the massacres of September took place when I was at Orleans. But for these matters see also the poem. I came home² before the execution of the king, and passed the subsequent time among my friends in London and elsewhere³, till I settled with my only sister at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, in the year 1796.⁴ Here we were visited by Mr. Coleridge, then residing at Bristol; and for the sake of being near him when he had removed to Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, we removed to Alfoxden, three miles from that place. This was a very pleasant and productive time of my life. Coleridge, my sister, and I set off on a tour to Linton and other places in Devonshire; and in order to defray his part of the expense, Coleridge on the same afternoon commenced his poem of *The Ancient Mariner*; in which I was to have borne my part, and a few verses were written by me, and some assistance given in planning the poem; but our styles agreed so little, that I withdrew from the concern and he finished it himself.

“In the course of that spring I composed many poems, most of which were printed at Bristol, in one volume,⁵ by my friend,

2. In 1792. At this time Wordsworth was a republican, and in a letter to the Bishop of Llandaff advocated the abolition of the English monarchy and peerage.

3. In 1793 two short poems (*Descriptive Sketches* and *An Evening Walk*) were published, but they attracted little notice.

4. In 1795 Wordsworth received a legacy of £900 from his friend, Raisley Calvert.

5. **The Lyrical Ballads.**—“Mr. Cottle printed an edition of five hundred copies; but he says the sale was so slow, and the severity of most of the reviews so great, that its progress to oblivion seemed certain. He disposed of most of the five hundred volumes at a loss to a London bookseller, and the copyright being valued at *nil*. Cottle presented it to Wordsworth. Yet the first piece in this collection was Coleridge’s *Ancient Mariner*, and the concluding poem, Wordsworth’s exquisite lines on revisiting Tintern Abbey.” *Enc. Brit.* Prof. Dowden has published (1890) a reprint of this first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

Joseph Cottle, along with Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, and two or three other of his pieces.

"In the autumn of 1798, Mr. Coleridge, a friend of his, Mr. Chester, my sister, and I crossed from Yarmouth to Hamburg, where we remained a few days, and saw several times Klopstock, the poet. Mr. Coleridge and his friend went to Ratzburg, in the North of Germany, and my sister and I preferred going southward; and for the sake of cheapness, and the neighborhood of the Hartz Mountains, we spent the winter at the old imperial city of Goslar. The winter was perishingly cold—the coldest of the century; and the good people with whom we lodged told me one morning that they expected to find me frozen to death, my little sleeping-room being immediately over an archway. However, neither my sister nor I took any harm.

"We returned to England in the following spring, and went to visit our friends, the Hutchinsons, at Sockburn-on-Tees, in the county of Durham, with whom we remained till the 19th of December. We then came on St. Thomas's day, the 21st, to a small cottage⁶ at Town-end, Grasmere, which, in the course of a tour some months previously with Mr. Coleridge, I had been pleased with and had hired. This we furnished for about a hundred pounds, which sum had gone to my sister by a legacy from her uncle, Crackanthorp. I fell to composition immediately, and published in 1800 the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

"In the year 1802, I married Mary Hutchinson,⁷ at Brompton, near Scarborough, to which part of the country the family had removed from Sockburn. We had known each other from childhood, and had practiced reading and spelling with the same old dame at Penrith, a remarkable personage, who had taught three generations, of the upper classes generally, of the town of Penrith and its neighborhood.

"After our marriage, we dwelt, together with our sister, at Town-End, where three of our children were born.⁸ In the spring of 1808,⁹ the increase of our family caused us to move to

6. Called Dove Cottage. 1799.

7. In 1802 the then Earl of Lonsdale paid a debt due by his father to the Wordsworths. The poet and his sister Dorothy received about £1800 each.

8. In 1803 Wordsworth made a tour through Scotland. In 1807 he published two new volumes, which were reviewed and ridiculed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*.

9. About this time the *Excursion* (published in 1814) was finished. The publication of an essay in this year, showed that Wordsworth had given up

a larger house, then just built, Allan Bank, in the same vale; where our two younger children were born, and who died at the rectory, the house we afterwards occupied for two years. They died in 1812, and in 1813 we came to Rydal Mount,¹⁰ where we have since lived with no further sorrow until 1836, when my sister became a confirmed invalid, and our sister, Sarah Hutchinson, died. She lived alternately with her brother and with us."

Wordsworth died April 23, 1850.

his "republican dreams." He was "henceforward conservative of all time-honored institutions in church and state." To Shelley this seemed an abandonment of the cause of "truth and liberty." See his poem *To Wordsworth*, and also Browning's *Lost Leader*.

10. The poet was appointed, in 1813, distributor of stamps for the County of Westmoreland, at a salary of £500 a year. In 1837 he resigned this position to his son. From 1820 to 1837, Wordsworth at various times made visits to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. In 1839 he received from Oxford the degree of D.C.L. In 1843 he was appointed Poet Laureate.

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH.

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 ; 10
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. 20

“ 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. ”

19. Conway, in Wales. Wordsworth was living at Alfoxden when the poem was written. He had met the little girl five years before, while on a walking tour.

“ 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.”

30

“ 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.

40

“ 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 sunset, 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.

50

“ 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.

42. **Kerchief**, French *couvre-chef*, from *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, head.

47. **Porringer**, a bowl for porridge. The *n* has been inserted as in messenger.

" 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." 60

" 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!"

(Written, 1798—First published, 1798.)

Lines

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

JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10

64. The little maid's persistent child-faith in immortality is the theme of the poem.

1. Tintern Abbey, which has been called by a German traveler "the most beautiful ruin in the world," is on the right bank of the Wye, in Monmouthshire.

This poem proclaimed a new and deeper insight into the meaning of Nature. Wordsworth thought of Nature "as something not apart from" man, but as "interfused" with a spirit essentially the same as that which dwelt in human life. Mr. Myers says: "*The Lines written above Tintern Abbey* have become, as it were, the *locus classicus*, or consecrated formula of the Wordsworthian faith. They say in brief what it is the work of the poet's biographer to say in detail."

These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
 The wild green landscape. Once again I see
 These hedgerows—hardly hedgerows—little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The hermit sits alone.

20

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

30

40

We see into the life of things.

If this 50

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

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint, 60
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again ;
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts—
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams, 70
 Wherever nature led : more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all. I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me 80
 An appetite, a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts

Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour 90
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man : 100
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains, and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
 In Nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts ; the nurse, 110
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,

112. "For although he is no longer his former self, no longer feels the same all-sufficing passion for the mere external forms and colors of Nature, is no longer filled with the same gladness of mere animal life . . . he has reached a more serene and higher region ; higher because more human in its interest, more thoughtful in its nature, more moral in its object."—H. H. TURNER.

"The soul of the poet here comes in contact with Him Who is the author and upholder of Nature and of man."—SHAIRP.

"The keenest eyed of all modern poets for what is deep and essential in nature."—RUSKIN.

116. His sister Dorothy, whose life was one of continued devotion to her brother.

My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while 120
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear sister ! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy : for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, 130
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee ; and in after-years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind 140
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
 If solitude or fear or pain or grief
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget 150
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor will thou then forget,

That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake. 160

(1798-1798)

The Fountain.

A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true—
 A pair of friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
 Beside a mossy seat ;
 And from the turf a fountain broke,
 And gurgled at our feet.

“Now, Matthew,” said I, “let us match
 This water’s pleasant tune 10
 With some old border-song, or catch,
 That suits a summer’s noon ;

“Or of the church-clock and the chimes
 Sing here beneath the shade,
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
 Which you last April made.”

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
 The spring beneath the tree ;
 And thus the dear old man replied,
 The gray-haired man of glee : 20

“Down to the vale this water steers,
 How merrily it goes !
 ’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
 And flow as now it flows.

11. *Catch*, “a song sung in succession, where one catches it from another.”—JOHNSON.

21. *Steers*, holds its course ; from an old root meaning to hold steady.

- “ And here, on this delightful day,
 I cannot choose but think
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
 Beside this fountain’s brink.
- “ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
 My heart is idly stirred ; 30
 For the same sound is in my ears
 Which in those days I heard.
- “ Thus fares it still in our decay :
 And yet the wiser mind
 Mourns less for what age takes away
 Than what it leaves behind.
- “ The blackbird in the summer trees,
 The lark upon the hill,
 Let loose their carols when they please,
 Are quiet when they will. 40
- “ With Nature never do *they* wage
 A foolish strife : they see
 A happy youth, and their old age
 Is beautiful and free ;
- “ But we are pressed by heavy laws,
 And often, glad no more,
 We wear a face of joy because
 We have been glad of yore.
- “ If there be one who need bemoan
 His kindred laid in earth, 50
 The household hearts that were his own,
 It is the man of mirth.
- “ My days, my friend, are almost gone,
 My life has been approved ;
 And many love me, but by none
 Am I enough beloved.”
- “ Now both himself and me he wrongs,
 The man who thus complains.
 I live and sing my idle songs
 Upon these happy plains. 60

“ And, Matthew, for thy children dead
 I'll be a son to thee !”
 At this he grasped my hand, and said,
 “ Alas ! that cannot be.”

We rose up from the fountain-side,
 And down the smooth descent
 Of the green sheep-track did we glide,
 And through the wood we went ;

And ere we came to Leonard's rock,
 He sang those witty rhymes
 About the crazy old church-clock,
 And the bewildered chimes.

70

(1799-1800)

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 hither 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,

10

72. The mingling of deep emotion and ‘ witty rhymes,’ the alternation of sadness and lightness, gives to the poem such an uncertainty of tone, that, although the lines seem so baldly simple as hardly to bear repetition, its full charm is felt only after repeated readings. Matthew Arnold, in the preface to his edition of Wordsworth, says : “ If I had to pick out poems of a kind most perfectly to show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael*, *The Fountain*, *The Highland Reaper*.”

2. *Ghyll*, also spelled *gill* (Icelandic, *gil*), a deep, narrow glen. According to Skeat, it is from a root meaning to gape, yawn. Cp. *gills* of a fish.

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 20
 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 30
 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 40
 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 50
 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 traveler 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. 60
 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 70
 Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
 The certainty of honorable gain—
 Those fields, those hills (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. 80
 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, 90
 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 labor did not cease ; unless when all
 Turned to their cleanly supper-board, and there,
 Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100
 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 fireside ; 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, 110
 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, 120
 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.

108. **Sickle** and **scythe** are from the same root, meaning *cut*, which appears in Latin as *sec* (English *secant*, *section*, etc.), and in Anglo-Saxon as *sik* (*g*). The *c* in *scythe* is from a false spelling, the word being originally in Anglo-Saxon *sigthe*. *Flail* comes through French from the Latin *flagellum*, a whip. Its form in old French was *flael*.

This light was famous in its neighborhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life 130
 That 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, 140
 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
 That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150
 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 160
 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 170
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 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 180
 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 hindrance and a help;
 And for this cause not always, I believe, 190
 Receiving from his father hire of praise;
 Though naught 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 200
 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?

169. Clipping, shearing.

202. That is, in Michael's sight and to his ear.

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 210
 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. 220
 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 230
 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 240
 '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, 250
 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, 260
 And half-pennies—wherewith the neighbors bought
 A basket, which they filled with peddler'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 wondrous rich,
 And left estates and moneys to the poor,
 And, at his birthplace, built a chapel floored
 With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. 270
 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 280
 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 restles 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 290
 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, 300
 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 310
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
 The letter was read over ; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbors 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 320
 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 sheepfold ; 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, 330
 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 camest into the world—as oft befalls 340
 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 fireside
 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 350
 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 knowest, in us the old and young
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou

321. " Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties. . . . He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

" He strove to do that which has been declared to be the true secret of force in art, to make the trivial serve the expression of the sublime."—MORLEY.

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. 360
 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 loath
 To give their bodies to the family mould. 370
 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 burdened 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, 380
 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 ; 390
 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 400
 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, 410
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well ;
 When thou returnest, 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 sheepfold. At the sight 420
 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 neighbors, as he passed their doors,
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
 That followed him till he was out of sight. 430

A good report did from their kinsman come,
 Of Luke and his well-doing ; and the boy
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous 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, 440
 He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the sheepfold. 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 450
 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 to sun and cloud,
 And listened to the wind ; and, as before,
 Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep,
 And for the land, his small inheritance.
 And to that hollow dell from time to time 460
 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 sheepfold, sometimes was he seen,
 Sitting alone, or with his faithful dog,
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
 The length of full seven years, from time to time, 470
 He at the building of this sheepfold 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 plowshare has been through the ground
 On which it stood ; great changes have been wrought
 In all the neighborhood : yet the oak is left
 That grew beside their door ; and the remains
 Of the unfinished sheepfold may be seen
 Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

480

(1800-1800)

“My Heart Leaps Up.”

MY 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.

(1802-1807)

Written in March,

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

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,

482. Green-head Ghyll is not far from Town-End, where Wordsworth was living at the time *Michael* was written. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, speaks (1832) of a walk with Wordsworth “up Green-head Ghyll to see the unfinished sheepfold, recorded in *Michael*.”

All of Wordsworth's later critics unite in admiring this poem, considering the fitting of the language to the theme well-nigh perfect. The place of the poem, the life in the cottage and field, Luke's boyhood, the loss that comes, the pathetic laying of the sheepfold's corner-stone, the young man's departure, the brave looking up of the old man's after-life—all the parts of the simple tale are told with beautiful simplicity.

“Your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue ; and that literature and art are best for you which point out, in common life and familiar things, the objects for hopeful labor and for humble love.”—RUSKIN.

The green field sleeps in the sun ;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest ;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising ;
 There are forty feeding like one ! 10

Like an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill ;
 The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon.
 There's joy in the mountains ;
 There's life in the fountains ;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing ;
 The rain is over and gone ! 20

(1802-1807)

To the Daisy.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere !
 A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
 And oft, the long year through, the heir
 Of joy or sorrow,
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest ;
 A thoughtless thing ! who, once unblest, 10
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason ;
 But thou wouldst teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season.

8. **Thorough**, another spelling of *through*. The longer form is found in Shakespeare as both a preposition and an adverb.

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing ;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

(1802-1807)

The Solitary Reaper.

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

No nightingale did ever chant
 So sweetly to reposing bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

10

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

23. "I have been censured for the last line but one—'Thy function apostolical'—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes."—WORDSWORTH.

"To Wordsworth a flower is a living partaker of the common spiritual life and joy of being."—DOWDEN.

5. "It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly—might I say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed."—DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL.

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago : 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending.
 I listened till I had my fill ;
 And when I mounted up the hill, 30
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more

(1803-1807)

To The Cuckoo.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

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

Though babbling only to the vale
 Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

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

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listened to ; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush and tree and sky. 20

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

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

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

30

(1804-1807)

“She Was a Phantom of Delight.”

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament.
 Her eyes are stars of twilight fair ;
 Like twilights, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

20

32. “Of all his poems the *Cuckoo* is Wordsworth's own darling.”—HUTTON.
 18. “Of no other poet, except Shakespeare, have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth.”—LWCWELL.

And now I see with eyes serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

30

(1804-1807)

The Daffodils ;

OR, "I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD."

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

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky-way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :

10

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.

A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company ;
 I gazed and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

22. Hamlet II. 2, "While this machine is to him."

30. Although, as Wordsworth says, "the germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on the *Highland Girl*," the subject of the poem is the poet's wife.

6. "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them ; some rested their heads on the stones as on a pillow ; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily danced with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."—DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL.

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

(1804-1807)

Ode to Duty.

“Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte
 facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.”

STERN daughter of the voice of God!

 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove:
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely

 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work and know it not:
 Long may the kindly impulse last!
 But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed,
 Yet seek thy firm support according to their need.

20. Cp. *Lines above Tintern Abbey*, l. 25.

21. 22. The poet said he owed these lines to his wife. “The two best lines are by Mary.”

I, loving freedom, and untried—
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide—
 Too blindly have reposed my trust ;
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought.
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance desires ;
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face.
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and
 strong.

To humbler functions, awful power !
 I call thee : I myself commend 50
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !

37. **Unchartered**, unlicensed, lawless.

40. "In Wordsworth's ideal of human life the 'genial sense of youth' is strengthened and confirmed by mature reason : the truths of early intuitions become the fixed principles of later life."—GEORGE.

44. To one who is under the complete sway of Duty there comes the joy of another freedom, the freedom of obedience, which saves from "chance desires" and brings repose. "Whose service is perfect freedom."—PRAYER-BOOK. "As one free, as thy servant."—EPICTETUS. "The Laws of God : all men obey these, and have no Freedom at all but in obeying them."—CARLYLE.

47. Observe how Wordsworth identifies natural laws—nature's duty—with man's duty.

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp :
 Again that consummation she essayed ;
 But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made.
 The phantom parts, but parts to reunite,
 And reassume his place before her sight.

30

“ Protesilaos, lo! thy guide is gone !
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :
 This is our palace, yonder is thy throne ;
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
 Not to appall me have the gods bestowed
 This precious boon, and blest a sad abode.”

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

40

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

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

50

“ But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
 And he whose power restores thee hath decreed
 Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave :
 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
 As when their breath enriched Thessalian air

60

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

“This visage tells thee that my doom is past :
 Know, virtue were not virtue, if the joys
 Of sense were able to return as fast
 And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
 Those raptures duly, Erebus disdains ;
 Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.”

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

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

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

65. *Parcæ*, the fates: significant of the fixity of his doom.

71. *Erebus*, the lower world.

79. Two instances of restoration of the dead: Alcestis, by the power of Hercules, to her husband Admetus, for whom she had sacrificed her life; and Æson, Jason's father, by Medea's supernatural powers.

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

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

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel

In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,

The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;

100

Spake of heroic arts in graver mood

Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beautiful—imaged there

In happier beauty : more pellucid streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,

And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;

Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned

That privilege by virtue. “ Ill,” said he,

110

“ The end of man’s existence I discerned,

Who from ignoble games and revelry

Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,

While tears were thy best pastime, day and night :

“ And while my youthful peers before my eyes

(Each hero following his peculiar bent)

Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise

By martial sports, or, seated in the tent,

Chieftains and kings in counsel were detained ;

What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

120

“ The wished-for wind was given: I then revolved

The oracle, upon the silent sea ;

108. Of *Laodameia* Hazlitt wrote: “ It is a poem that might be read aloud in Elysium, and the spirits of departed heroes and sages would gather round to listen to it.”

122. That whoever of the Greeks first touched the Trojan shore should die.

And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
 The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,
 Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

“ Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter was the pang
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
 And on the joys we shared in mortal life, 130
 The paths which we have trod—these fountains, flowers ;
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

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

“ And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak ;
 In reason, in self-government too slow ; 140
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
 Our blest reunion in the shades below.
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathized ;
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend
 Towards a higher object. Love was given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
 For this the passion to excess was driven—
 That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.” 150

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

138. That is, deliverance from the temptation of being false to his resolution of self-sacrifice.

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved !

Her, who in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed ;

160

Delivered from the galling yoke of time
And these frail elements, to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man ; and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)

A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight :
A constant interchange of growth and blight !

170

(1614-1815)

To a Skylark.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :

10

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

167. **Fondly**, foolishly. Fond, or *fanned*, is the participle of the old verb *founer*, to act foolishly. Chaucer has *foune*, a fool.

170. The Latin writer, Pliny, in his Natural History, tells about these trees, which show Nature sympathizing with man.

11. Thy strain thrills the world below; yet it might seem, so uplifted art thou, to be independent of earthly influences.

Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder everlastingly.
 Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought, 10
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine.
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

(1802 1807)

Written in London.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom ! We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;
 The wealthiest man among us is the best ;
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry ; and these we adore : 10
 Plain living and high thinking are no more.
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

(1802-1807)

6. This brief passage illustrates Wordsworth's feeling of the "life" in Nature. In his poem, *Nutting*, after dragging "to earth both branch and bough, with crash and merciless ravage," he says, "I felt a sense of pain when I beheld the silent trees."

11. Here again, as in *We are Seven* and in the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, appears the poet's belief in the "divine nature" of childhood.

4. "This was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities."—WORDS-WORTH.

7. Compare Carlyle: "What is it that the modern English soul does in very truth dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be: The terror of not succeeding, of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world."

“The World is too Much with Us.”

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers—
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

(1806-1807)

Personal Talk.

I AM not one who much or oft delight
 To season my fireside with personal talk
 Of friends who live within an easy walk,
 Or neighbors daily, weekly, in my sight ;
 And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
 These all wear out of me, like forms with chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors for one feast-night.
 Better than such discourse doth silence long,
 Long, barren silence, square with my desire ; 10
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

(CONTINUED.)

Wings have we ; and as far as we can go
 We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,

14. Better, according to the poet, to see something divine in Nature, even though it be of “a creed outworn,” than to find the world only a place for “getting and spending.”

Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
 Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good : 20
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,
 To which I listen with a ready ear ;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear—
 The gentle lady married to the Moor ;
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.

(CONCLUDED.)

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote 30
 From evil-speaking ; rancor, never sought,
 Comes to me not, malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought.
 And thus from day to day my little boat
 Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
 The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays ! 40
 Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

(1806-1807)

Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

TAX not the royal saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
 Albeit laboring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence !

28. Referring to Othello and to Spenser's Faery Queen.
 37-40. On the pedestal of Wordsworth's statue in Westminster Abbey.
 1. Henry VI., who founded King's College in 1443.

Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely calculated less or more.
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, 10
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

(1821-1822)

Mosgiel Farm.

“ THERE !” said a stripling, pointing with meet pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
 “ Is Mosgiel Farm ; and that’s the very field
 Where Burns plowed up the daisy.” Far and wide
 A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
 Above sea-clouds, the peaks of Arran rose ;
 And, by that simple notice, the repose
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air was vivified.
 Beneath “ the random *bield* of clod or stone”
 Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower 10
 Near the lark’s nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away ; less happy than the one
 That, by the unwilling plowshare, died to prove
 The tender charm of poetry and love.

(1833-1835)

10. Cp. *Il Penseroso*, l. 148.

3. The name of the farm where Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert lived for a time.

6. **Arran**, an island across the Firth of Clyde from Ayrshire.

9. **Bield**, Scotch word, meaning *shelter*. See Burns’s beautiful poem, *To a Mountain Daisy*.

VARIOUS READINGS.

We are Seven.

1. 1798, "A simple child: dear brother Jim." Wordsworth says in a note that Coleridge wrote the line, "A little child, dear brother Jem."
 44. 1836, "And sing a song to them."
 49. I follow Arnold in reading "little" for "sister." Upon what authority he made the change I cannot find.
 54. 1798, "And all the summer day."
 63. 1836, "Quick was the little maid's reply."

Above Tintern Abbey.

4. 1845, "sweet" changed to "soft."
 13. 1798, "Among the woods and copses lose themselves,
 Nor with their green and simple hue, disturb
 The wild green landscape."
 1845, "Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses."
 19. In Ed. 1798, a line followed:
 "And the low copses—coming from the trees."
 23. 1798, "Though absent long
 These forms of beauty have not been to me."
 33. 1798, "As may have had no trivial influence."
 83. Arnold reads "or."

The Fountain.

9. 1800, "Now, Matthew, let us try to match."
 21. 1836, "No check, no stay, this streamlet fears."
 37. 1836, "The blackbird amid leafy trees,
 The lark above the hill."
 63. 1800, "grasped his hands." *and the impulse*

Michael.

9. 1800, "No habitation there is seen; but such
 As journey thither."
 17. 1800, "There is a straggling." *rough*
 18. 1836, "And to that simple object appertains
 A story—unenriched with strange events,
 Yet not unfit."
 22. 1800, "The earliest of those tales that spake to me,"
 66. 1836, "hills, which with vigorous step
 He had so often climbed."
 72. Ed. 1800 had here two additional lines, with other differences.
 79. 1800, "He had a wife, a comely matron, old."
 99. 1836, "the."
 102. 1836, "the meal."
 112. 1836, "With huge and black projection overbrowed."
 123. 1800, "was in."
 125. 1836, "far."
 128. Ed. 1800 had here five more lines, which have been omitted since 1802.
 144. 1800, "Effect which might perhaps have been produced
 By that instinctive tenderness."
 145. 1836, "Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all."
 146. 1800, "or that a child."
 147. Not in edd. before 1836.
 150. Edd. 1800 to 1820 had the following additional lines:
 "From such and other causes to the thoughts
 Of the old man, his only son was now
 The dearest object that he knew on earth."

155. 1800, "For dalliance and delight."
 158. 1836, "as with."
 163. 1836, "Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
 Sat with a fettered sheep before him stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade."
 192-206 not in ed. 1800.
 207. 1800, "While this good household thus were living on."
 221. 1836, "As soon as he had armed himself with strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
 The shepherd's sole resource to sell at once."
 233. 1800, "itself."
 253. 1836, "He may return to us."
 304. 1800, "Next morning."
 327. 1800, "which close to the brookside."
 338. 1836, "touch on" for "speak of."
 340. 1800, "as it befalls."
 348. 1836, "while."
 373. 1800, "from sixty years."
 406. 1800 (changed in 1802) "let this sheep-fold be
 Thy anchor and thy shield; amid all fear
 And all temptation, let it be to thee
 An emblem of the life thy fathers lived."
 424. Not till 1815.
 425. 1800, "Next morning, as had been resolved. the boy."
 450. 1800, "Would break the heart:—old Michael found it so."
 456. 1800, "and still looked up upon the sun."
 1832, "and still looked up toward the sun."
 468, 1800, "with that his faithful dog."

To the Daisy.

- 1-3. 1836, "Confiding flower, by Nature's care
 Made bold,—who, lodging here or there,
 Art all the long year through the heir."
 1843, "Bright flower, whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long year through the heir."
 6. 1836, "Communion with."
 17. Third stanza omitted by Arnold.

The Solitary Reaper.

10. 1827, "More welcome notes to weary bands."
 13. 1807, "No sweeter voice was ever heard."
 1827, "Such thrilling voice was never heard."
 29. 1820, "I listened motionless and still."
 30. 1807 and 1836, "And as."

To the Cuckoo.

5. This stanza underwent several changes. Ed. 1807 was as follows:
 "While I am lying on the grass,
 I hear thy restless shout:
 From hill to hill it seems to pass
 About, and all about."
 11. 1807, "To me no babbler with a tale
 Of sunshine and of flowers.
 Thou tellest. Cuckoo! in the vale
 Of visionary hours."
 1815. "I hear thee babbling to the vale
 Of sunshine and of flowers;
 And unto me thou bring'st a tale
 Of visionary hours."

She was a Phantom of Delight.

8. 1836, (only) "From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn."
 24. 1807, "betwixt."
 30. 1845, "of angelic light."

The Daffodils.

4. 1807, "A host of dancing daffodils ;
 Along the lake, beneath the trees,
 Ten thousand dancing in the breeze."
 7. This stanza did not appear till ed. 1815.
 15. In some edd., "be but."
 16. 1807, "a laughing company."

Ode to Duty.

8. 1807, "From strife and from despair ; a glorious ministry."
 15. 1807, "May joy be theirs while life shall last !
 And thou," etc.
 1836, "Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast."
 The reading here adopted is that of ed. 1827.
 21. 1807, "And blest are they who in the main
 This faith, even now, do entertain."
 24. 1807, "Yet find that other strength, according to their need."
 1836, "Yet find thy firm support."
 29. 1807, "Resolved that nothing e'er should press
 Upon my present happiness,
 I shoved unwelcome tasks away."
 1815, "And oft when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task imposed from day to day."
 40. Till 1827, "which."

Laodameia.

2. As in 1815. Changed in 1827 to :
 "Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;
 And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required."
 45. 1815, "did not withhold."
 51. 1815, "That then."
 58. Till 1845, "That thou shouldst cheat."
 68. 1836, "Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys."
 76. 1815, "The fervor—not the impotence of love."
 82. 1827, "in vernal bloom."
 101. 1815, "Spake, as a witness, of a second birth,
 For all that is most perfect upon earth."
 122. 1815, "Our future course, upon the silent sea."
 146. 1836, "Seeking a higher object."
 147. 1815, "for this end."
 158. Ed. 1815 (followed by Arnold and Rolfe) is adopted.
 1827, "By no weak pity might the gods be moved ;
 She who thus perished, not without the crime
 Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
 Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
 Apart from happy ghosts that gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."
 Other changes were made in edd. 1832. 1843.
 1845 (followed by Knight, Morley, and George):
 "Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
 She perished ; and, as for a wilful crime,
 By the just gods whom no weak pity moved,
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
 Apart from," etc.

To a Skylark.

7. The second stanza was transferred in 1845 to another poem, *A Morning Exercise*.

16. 1827, "with rapture."

Composed on the Beach near Calais.

1. 1836, "Air sleeps,—from strife or stir the clouds are free."

1842. "A fairer face of evening cannot be."

Ed. 1846 returned to 1807, as in text.

5. 1836, "The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea."

6. 1836, "But list!" Ed. 1842 returned to 1807.

Personal Talk.

12. 1807 (changed, 1815), "By my half-kitchen and half-parlor fire."

Personal Talk.—(Continued.)

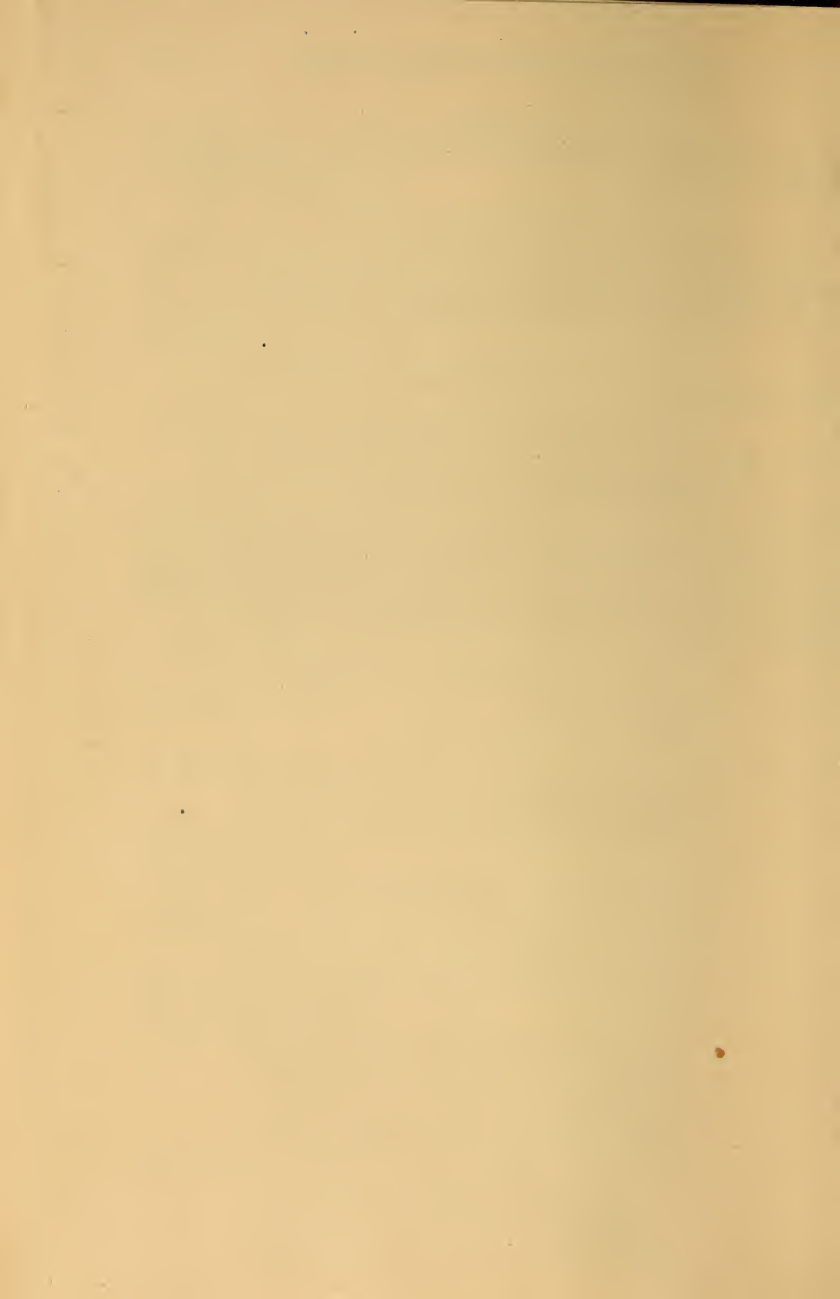
23-25. 1807, "Then do I find a never-failing store

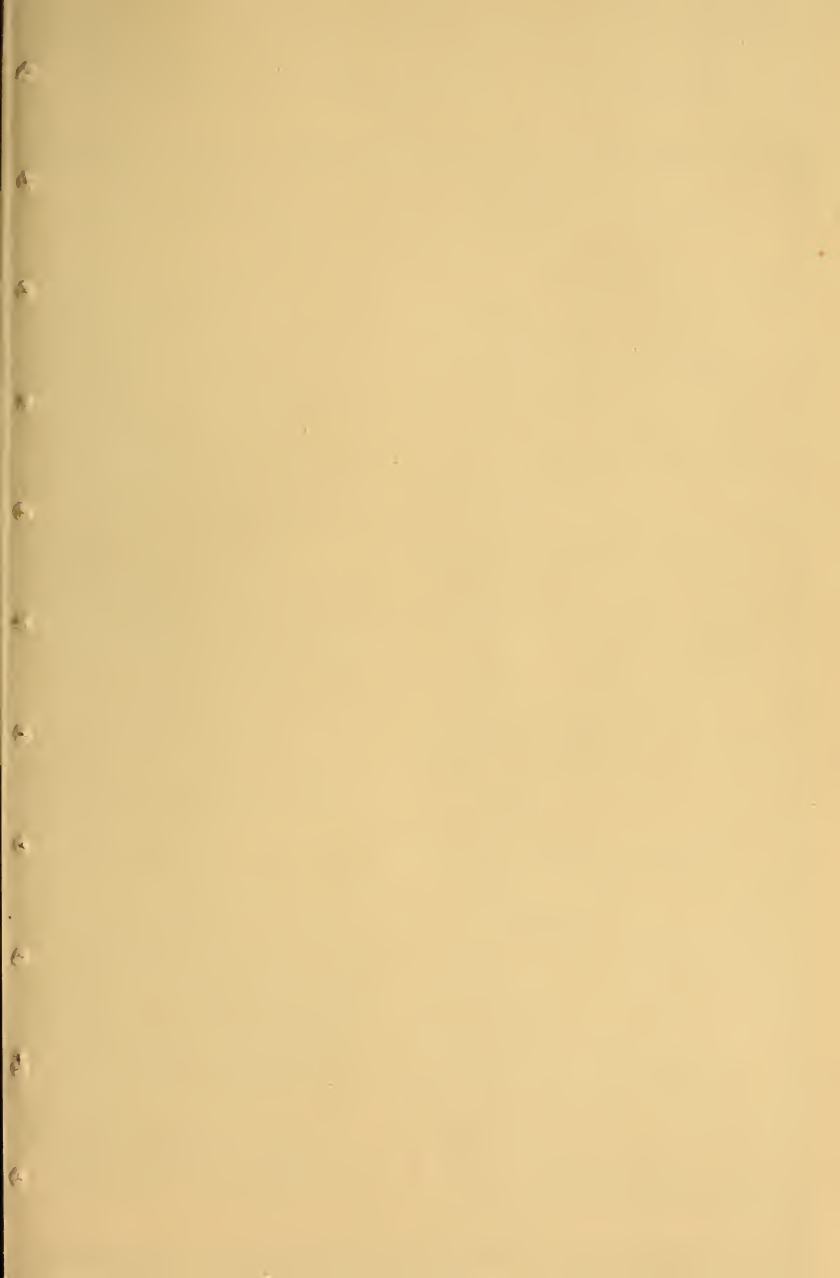
Of personal themes, and such as I love best ;

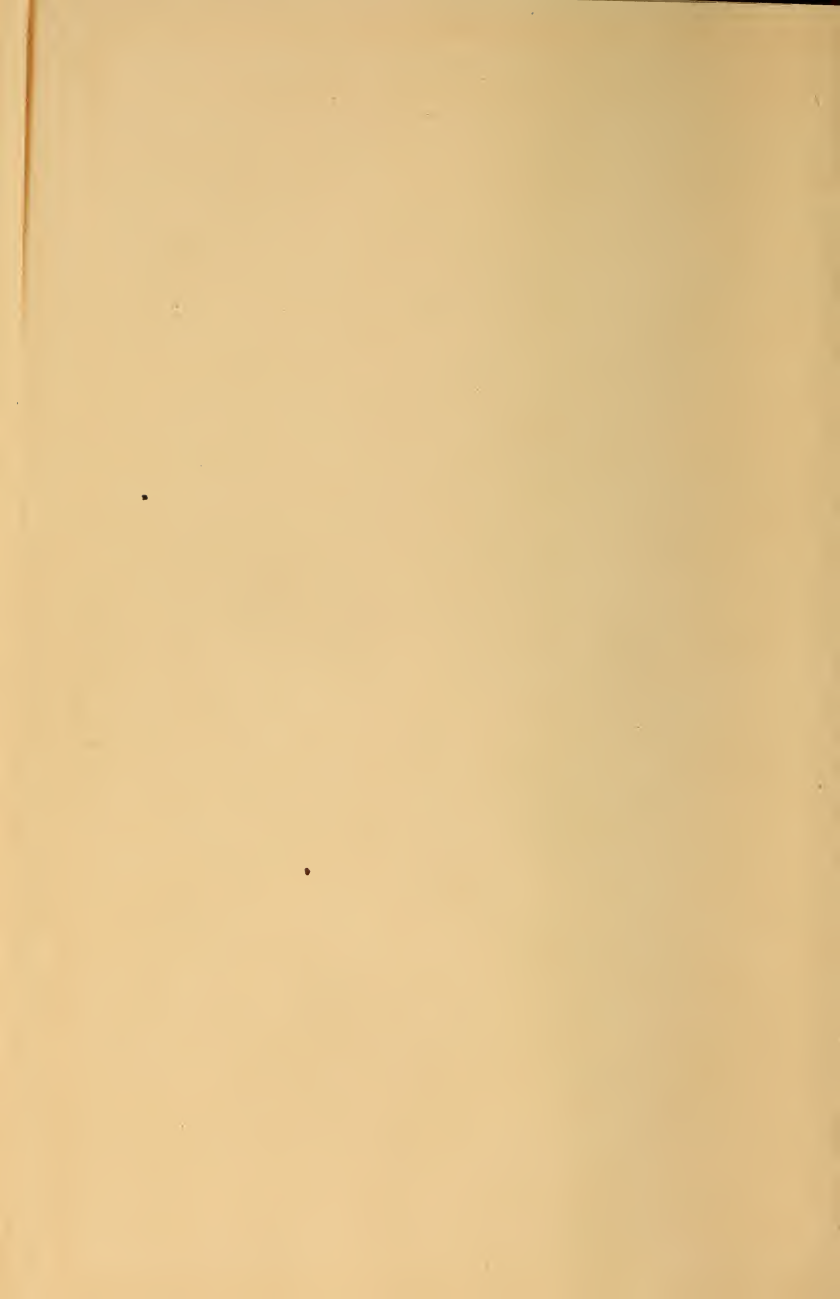
Matter wherein right voluble I am."

26. 1807, "Two will I mention dearer than the rest."

The reading of the latest date given above is generally that finally adopted by Wordsworth. Matthew Arnold, in whose opinion Wordsworth did "between 1798 and 1808 almost all his really first-rate work," has not hesitated, in spite of the poet's changes, to make frequent returns to earlier readings. The selections here published follow in the main the text of his edition.—J. H. D.







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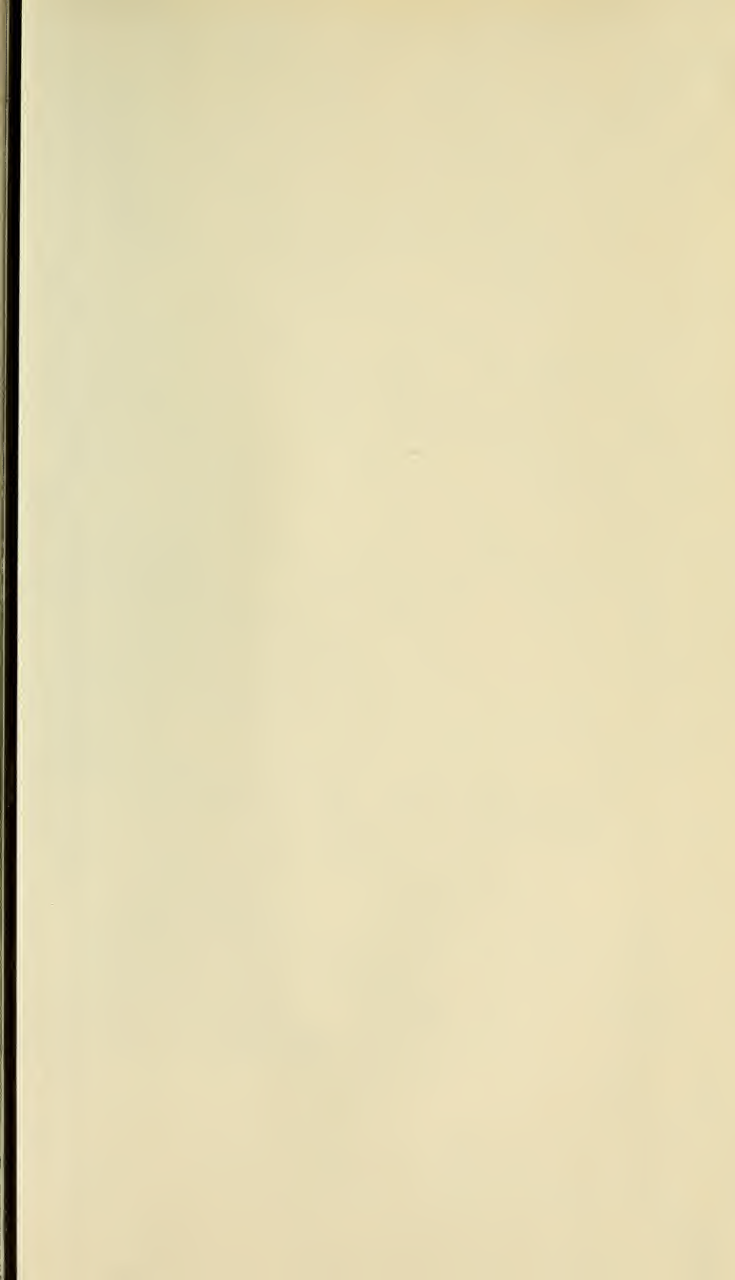
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