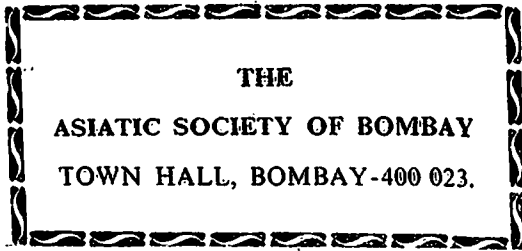
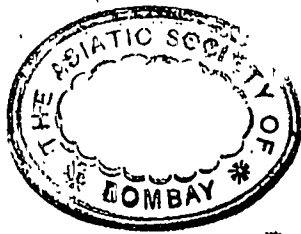




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POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH:

INCLUDING

LYRICAL BALLADS,

AND THE

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES OF THE AUTHOR.

WITH ADDITIONAL POEMS,

A NEW PREFACE, AND A SUPPLEMENTARY ESSAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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DAVISON Lombard Street,  
Whitechapel, London.

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POEMS  
OF THE IMAGINATION  
CONTINUED.

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## XVIII.

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.)

---

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
 Twice seven consenting years have shed  
 Their utmost bounty on thy head :  
 And these gray Rocks ; this household Lawn ;  
 These Trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
 This fall of water, that doth make  
 A murmur near the silent Lake ;  
 This little Bay, a quiet Road  
 That holds in shelter thy Abode ;  
 In truth together ye do seem  
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
 Such Forms as from their covert peep  
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !

Yet, dream and vision 'as thou art,  
 I bless thee with a human heart :  
 God shield thee to thy latest years !  
 I neither know thee nor thy peers ;  
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away :  
 For never saw I mien, or face,  
 In which more plainly I could trace  
 Benignity and home-bred sense  
 Ripening in perfect innocence.  
 Here, scattered like a random seed,  
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need  
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
 And maidenly shamefacedness :  
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
 The freedom of a Mountaineer.  
 A face with gladness overspread !  
 Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !  
 And seemliness complete, that sways  
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
 With no restraint, but such as springs  
 From quick and eager visitings

Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
 Of thy few words of English speech:  
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
 That gives thy gestures grace and life!  
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
 Thus beating up against the wind.

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

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

## XIX.

*THE SOLITARY REAPER.*

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

No Nighthale did ever chaunt  
 So sweetly to reposing bands  
 Of Travellers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian Sands:  
 No sweeter voice was ever heard  
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

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

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

## XX.

*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,  
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 !

Like an army defeated  
The Snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The Plough-boy 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!



## XXI.

*GIPSIES.*

YET are they here!—the same unbroken knot  
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!

Men, Women, Children, yea the frame  
Of the whole Spectacle the same!

Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,  
Now deep and red, the colouring of night;

That on their Gipsy-faces falls,  
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.

—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone while I  
Have been a Traveller under open sky,  
Much witnessing of change and cheer,  
Yet as I left I find them here!

The weary Sun betook himself to rest.  
—Then issued Vesper from the fulgent West,  
    Outshining like a visible God  
    The glorious path in which he trod.  
And now, ascending, after one dark hour,  
And one night's diminution of her power,  
    Behold the mighty Moon! this way  
    She looks as if at them—but they  
Regard not her:—oh better wrong and strife,  
Better vain deeds or evil than such life!  
    The silent Heavens have goings-on ;  
    The stars have tasks—but these have none!

## XXII.

*BEGGARS.*

SHE had a tall Man's height, or more ;  
 No bonnet screened her from the heat ;  
 A long drab-coloured Cloak she wore,  
 A Mantle reaching to her feet :  
 What other dress she had I could not know ;  
 Only she wore a Cap that was as white as snow.

In all my walks, through field or town,  
 Such Figure had I never seen :  
 Her face was of Egyptian brown :  
 Fit person was she for a Queen,  
 To head those ancient Amazonian files :  
 Or ruling Bandit's Wife, among the Grecian Isles.

Before me begging did she stand,  
 Pouring out sorrows like a sea;  
 Grief after grief:—on English Land  
 Such woes I knew could never be;  
 And yet a boon I gave her; for the Creature  
 Was beautiful to see; “a Weed of glorious feature!”

I left her, and pursued my way;  
 And soon before me did espy  
 A pair of little Boys at play,  
 Chasing a crimson butterfly;  
 The Taller followed with his hat in hand,  
 Wreathed round with yellow flow'rs, the gayest of the land.

The Other wore a rimless crown,  
 With leaves of laurel stuck about:  
 And they both followed up and down,  
 Each whooping with a merry shout;  
 Two Brothers seemed they, eight and ten years old;  
 And like that Woman's face as gold is like to gold.

They bolted on me thus, and lo!  
 Each ready with a plaintive whine;  
 Said I, "Not half an hour ago  
 Your Mother has had alms of mine."

"That cannot be," one answer'd, "She is dead."  
 "Nay but I gave her pence, and she will buy you bread."

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."

"Sweet Boys, you're telling me a lie;

"It was your Mother, as I say—"

And in the twinkling of an eye,

"Come, come!" cried one; and, without more ado,

Off to some other play they both together flew.

## XXIII.

## YARROW UNVISITED.

1803.

(See the various Poems the Scene of which is laid upon the Banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton, beginning

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



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

“ Let Yarrow Folk, *frae* Selkirk Town,  
 “ Who have been buying, selling,  
 “ Go back to Yarrow, ’tis their own,  
 “ Each Maiden to her Dwelling!  
 “ On Yarrow’s Banks let herons feed,  
 “ Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
 “ But we will downwards with the Tweed,  
 “ Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

“ There’s Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
 “ Both lying right before us;  
 “ And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed  
 “ The Lintwhites sing in chorus;  
 “ There’s pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land  
 “ Made blithe with plough and harrow:  
 “ Why throw away a needful day  
 “ To go in search of Yarrow?

“ What’s Yarrow but a River bare  
 “ That glides the dark hills under?  
 “ There are a thousand such elsewhere  
 “ As worthy of your wonder.”

—Strange words they seem’d of slight and scorn;  
 My True-love sighed for sorrow;  
 And looked me in the face, to think  
 I thus could speak of Yarrow!

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

" Let Beeves and home-bred Kine partake  
 " The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
 " The Swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
 " Float double, Swan and Shadow!  
 " We will not see them; will not go,  
 " To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
 " Enough if in our hearts we know  
 " There's such a place as Yarrow

" Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!  
 " It must, or we shall rue it:  
 " We have a vision of our own;  
 " Ah! why should we undo it?  
 " The treasured dreams of times long past,  
 " We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
 " For when we're there although 'tis fair  
 " 'Twill be another Yarrow!

\* See Hamilton's Ballad as above.



“ If Care with freezing years should come,  
“ And wandering seem but folly,—  
“ Should we be loth to stir from home,  
“ And yet be melancholy;  
“ Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
“ ’Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
“ That earth has something yet to show,  
“ The bonny Holms of Yarrow!”

## XXIV.

## YARROW VISITED,

September, 1814.

---

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

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

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
 Save where that pearly whiteness  
 Is round the rising sun diffused,  
 A tender, hazy brightness;  
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection;  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

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

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

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

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

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
 For sportive youth to stray in ;  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength ;  
 And age to wear away in !  
 Yon Cottage seems a bower of bliss ;  
 It promises protection  
 To studious ease, and generous cares,  
 And every chaste affection !

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
 The wild wood's fruits to gather,  
 And on my True-love's forehead plant  
 A crest of blooming heather!  
 And what if I enwreathed my own!  
 'Twere no offence to reason;  
 The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
 To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
 Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;  
 A ray of Fancy still survives—  
 Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasure;  
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
 Accordant to the measure.

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

## XXV.

*STAR-GAZERS.*

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here! we must not  
pass it by;

A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:  
Long is it as a Barber's Pole, or Mast of little Boat,  
Some little Pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's waters  
float.

The Show-man chooses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy  
Square;

And he's as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue  
and fair;

Calm, though impatient is the Crowd; Each is ready with  
the fee,

And envies him that's looking—what an insight must  
it be!

Yet, Show-man, where can lie the cause? Shall thy  
 Implement have blame,  
 A Boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to shame?  
 Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault?  
 Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is this resplendent Vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here?  
 Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear?  
 The silver Moon with all her Vales, and Hills of might-  
 tiest fame,  
 Do they betray us when they're seen? and are they but a  
 name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,  
 And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do her  
 wrong?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have had,  
 And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that these Spectators  
 rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,  
 Have souls which never yet have ris'n, and therefore  
 prostrate lie?

No, no, this cannot be — Men thirst for power and  
 majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind  
 employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady joy,  
 That doth reject all shew of pride, admits no outward sign,  
 Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry and pore  
 Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than  
 before:

One after One they take their turns, nor have I one  
 espied

That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.



## XXVI.

*RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.*

---

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night ;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods ;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods ;  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters ;  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the moors  
The Hare is running races in her mirth ;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist ; which, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor ;  
 I saw the Hare that raced about with joy ;  
 I heard the woods, and distant waters, roar ;  
 Or heard them not, as happy as a Boy :  
 The pleasant season did my heart employ :  
 My old remembrances went from me wholly ;  
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy .

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
 Of joy in minds that can no farther go,  
 As high as we have mounted in delight  
 In our dejection do we sink as low,  
 To me that morning did it happen so ;  
 And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came ;  
 Dim sadness, and blind thoughts I knew not nor could name .

I heard the Sky-lark singing in the sky ;  
 And I bethought me of the playful Hare :  
 Even such a happy Child of earth am I ;  
 Even as these blissful Creatures do I fare ;  
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;  
 But there may come another day to me—  
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty .

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
 As if life's business were a summer mood ;  
 As if all needful things would come unsought  
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;  
 But how can He expect that others should  
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all :

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride ;  
 Of Him who walked in glory and in joy  
 Behind his plough, upon the mountain-side :  
 By our own spirits are we deified ;  
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;  
 But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
 A leading from above, a something given,  
 Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,  
 When up and down my fancy thus was driven,  
 And I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
 I saw a Man before me unawares :  
 The oldest Man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

My course I stopped as soon as I espied  
 The Old Man in that naked wilderness :  
 Close by a Pond, upon the further side,  
 He stood alone : a minute's space I guess  
 I watched him, he continuing motionless :  
 'To the Pool's further margin then I drew ;  
 He being all the while before me full in view.

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 itself.

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
 Nor all asleep ; in his extreme old age :  
 His body was bent double, feet and head  
 Coming together in their pilgrimage ;  
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,  
 Upon a long grey Staff of shaven wood :  
 And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
 Beside the little pond or moorish flood  
 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.

At length, himself unsettling, he the Pond  
 Stirred with his Staff, and fixedly did look  
 Upon the muddy water, which he conn'd,  
 As if he had been reading in a book :  
 And now such freedom as I could I took ;  
 And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
 " This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the Old Man make,  
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :  
 And him with further words I thus bespake,  
 " What kind of work is that which you pursue ?  
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
 He answered me with pleasure and surprise ;  
 And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
 Yet each in solemn order followed each,  
 With something of a lofty utterance drest ;  
 Choice word, and measured phrase ; above the reach  
 Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;  
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
 Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come  
 To gather Leeches, being old and poor :  
 Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
 And he had many hardships to endure :  
 From Pond to Pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;  
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance :  
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The Old Man still stood talking by my side ;  
 But now his voice to me was like a stream  
 Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;  
 And the whole Body of the man did seem  
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;  
 Or like a Man from some far region sent,  
 To give me human strength, and strong admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills ;  
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;  
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;  
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead.  
 But now, perplex'd by what the Old Man had said,  
 My question eagerly did I renew,  
 " How is it that you live, and what is it you do ?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;  
 And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide  
 He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet  
 The waters of the Ponds where they abide.  
 " Once I could meet with them on every side ;  
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;  
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
 The Old Man's shape, and speech, all troubled me :  
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
 About the weary moors continually,  
 Wandering about alone and silently.  
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soot with this he' other matter blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
But stately in the main ; and, when he ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find  
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.  
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure ;  
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor."



## XXVII.

*THE THORN.*

“ THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,  
In truth, you’d find it hard to say  
How it could ever have been young,  
It looks so old and gray.  
Not higher than a two years’ child  
It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;  
No leaves it has, no thorny points ;  
It is a mass of knotted joints,  
A wretched thing forlorn.  
It stands erect, and like a stone  
With lichens it is overgrown.

Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown  
 With lichens to the very top,  
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
 A melancholy crop :  
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
 And this poor Thorn they clasp it round  
 So close, you'd say that they were bent  
 With plain and manifest intent  
 To drag it to the ground ;  
 And all had joined in one endeavour  
 To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
 Where oft the stormy winter gale  
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds  
 It sweeps from vale to vale ;  
 Not five yards from the mountain path,  
 This Thorn you on your left espy ;  
 And to the left, three yards beyond,  
 You see a little muddy Pond  
 Of water, never dry ;  
 I've measured it from side to side :  
 'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.

And, close beside this aged Thorn,  
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
 A beauteous heap, a Hill of moss,  
 Just half a foot in height.

All lovely colours there you see,  
 All colours that were ever seen;  
 And mossy net-work too is there,  
 As if by hand of lady fair  
 The work had woven been;  
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there!  
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
 Green, red, and pearly white.  
 This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
 Which close beside the Thorn you see,  
 So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
 Is like an infant's grave in size,  
 As like as like can be:  
 But never, never any where,  
 An infant's grave was half so fair.

Now would you see this aged Thorn,  
 This Pond, and beauteous Hill of moss,  
 You must take care and choose your time  
 The mountain when to cross.

For oft there sits, between the Heap  
 That's like an infant's grave in size,  
 And that same Pond of which I spoke,  
 A Woman in a scarlet cloak,  
 And to herself she cries,  
 " Oh misery! oh misery!  
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!"

At all times of the day and night  
 This wretched Woman thither goes;  
 • And she is known to every star,  
 And every wind that blows;  
 And there beside the Thorn she sits  
 When the blue daylight's in the skies,  
 And when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
 Or frosty air is keen and still,  
 And to herself she cries,  
 " Oh misery! oh misery!  
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!"

“ Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,  
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,  
Thus to the dreary mountain-top  
Does this poor Woman go ?  
And why sits she beside the Thorn  
When the blue daylight's in the sky,  
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
Or frosty air is keen and still,  
And wherefore does she cry ?—  
Oh wherefore, wherefore ? tell me why  
Does she repeat that doleful cry ?”

“ I cannot tell ; I wish I could ;  
For the true reason no one knows :  
But if you'd gladly view the spot,  
The spot to which she goes ;  
The Heap that's like an infant's grave,  
The Pond—and Thorn, so old and gray ;  
Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—  
And, if you see her in her hut,  
Then to the spot away !—  
I never heard of such as dare  
Approach the spot when she is there.”

" But wherefore to the mountain-top  
 Can this unhappy Woman go,  
 Whatever star is in the skies,  
 Whatever wind may blow ?"  
 " Nay, rack your brain—'tis all in vain,  
 I'll tell you every thing I know ;  
 But to the Thorn, and to the Pond  
 Which is a little step beyond,  
 I wish that you would go :  
 Perhaps, when you are at the place,  
 You something of her tale may trace:

I'll give you the best help I can :  
 Before you up the mountain go,  
 Up to the dreary mountain-top,  
 I'll tell you all I know.  
 'Tis now some two-and-twenty years  
 Since she (her name is Martha Ray)  
 Gave, with a maiden's true good will,  
 Her company to Stephen Hill ;  
 And she was blithe and gay,  
 And she was happy, happy still  
 Whene'er she thought of Stephen Hill.

And they had fix'd the wedding-day,  
 The morning that must wed them both ;  
 But Stephen to another Maid  
 Had sworn another oath ;  
 And with this other Maid to church  
 Unthinking Stephen went—  
 Poor Martha ! on that woeful day  
 A pang of pitiless dismay  
 Into her soul was sent ;  
 A Fire was kindled in her breast,  
 Which might not burn itself to rest.

They say, full six months after this,  
 While yet the summer leaves were green,  
 She to the mountain-top would go,  
 And there was often seen.  
 'Tis said, a child was in her womb,  
 As now to any eye was plain ;  
 She was with child, and she was mad ;  
 Yet often she was sober sad  
 From her exceeding pain.  
 Oh me ! ten thousand times I'd rather  
 That he had died, that cruel father !

" Sad case for such a brain to hold  
 Communion with a stirring child!  
 Sad case, as you may think, for one  
 Who had a brain so wild!  
 Last Christmas when we talked of this,  
 Old farmer Simpson did maintain,  
 That in her womb the infant wrought  
 About its mother's heart, and brought  
 Her senses back again:  
 And when at last her time drew near,  
 Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

No more I know, I wish I did,  
 And I would tell it all to you;  
 For what became of this poor child  
 There's none that ever knew:  
 And if a child was born or no,  
 There's no one that could ever tell;  
 And if 'twas born alive or dead,  
 There's no one knows, as I have said;  
 But some remember well,  
 That Martha Ray about this time  
 Would up the mountain often climb.



And all that winter, when at night  
 The wind blew from the mountain-peak,  
 'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,  
 The churchyard path to seek :  
 For many a time and oft were heard  
 Cries coming from the mountain-head :  
 Some plainly living voices were ;  
 And others, I've heard many swear,  
 Were voices of the dead :  
 I cannot think, whate'er they say,  
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

But that she goes to this old Thorn,  
 The Thorn which I've described to you,  
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
 I will be sworn is true.  
 For one day with my telescope,  
 To view the ocean wide and bright,  
 When to this country first I came,  
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
 I climbed the mountain's height :  
 A storm came on, and I could see  
 No object higher than my knee.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain,  
 No screen, no fence could I discover,  
 And then the wind! in faith, it was  
 A wind full ten times over.  
 I looked around, I thought I saw  
 A jutting crag,—and off I ran,  
 Head-foremost, through the driving rain,  
 The shelter of the crag to gain;  
 And, as I am a man,  
 Instead of jutting crag, I found  
 A Woman seated on the ground.

I did not speak—I saw her face,  
 Her face—it was enough for me;  
 I turned about and heard her cry,  
 “ O misery! O misery!”  
 And there she sits, until the moon  
 Through half the clear blue sky will go;  
 And, when the little breezes make  
 The waters of the Pond to shake,  
 As all the country know,  
 She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
 “ Oh misery! oh misery!”

“ But what’s the Thorn? and what’s the Pond?  
 And what’s the Hill of moss to her?  
 And what’s the creeping breeze that comes  
 The little Pond to stir?”  
 “ I cannot tell; but some will say  
 She hanged her baby on the tree;  
 Some say she drowned it in the pond,  
 Which is a little step beyond:  
 But all and each agree,  
 The little babe was buried there,  
 Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.

I’ve heard, the moss is spotted red  
 With ‘drops of that poor infant’s blood:  
 But kill a new-born infant thus,  
 I do not think she could!  
 Some say, if to the Pond you go,  
 And fix on it a steady view,  
 The shadow of a babe you trace,  
 A baby and a baby’s face,  
 And that it looks at you;  
 Whene’er you look on it, ’tis plain  
 The baby looks at you again.

And some had sworn an oath that she  
 Should be to public justice brought ;  
 And for the little infant's bones  
 With spades they would have sought.  
 But then the beauteous Hill of moss  
 Before their eyes began to stir ;  
 And for full fifty yards around,  
 The grass,—it shook upon the ground ;  
 But all do still aver  
 The little Babe is buried there,  
 Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.

I cannot tell how this may be :  
 But plain it is, the Thorn is bound  
 With heavy tufts of moss, that strive  
 To drag it to the ground ;  
 And this I know, full many a time,  
 When she was on the mountain high,  
 By day, and in the silent night,  
 When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
 That I have heard her cry,  
 “ Oh misery ! oh misery !  
 Oh, woe is me ! oh misery ! ”

## XXVIII.

*HART-LEAP WELL.*

*Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road which leads from Richmond to Ask-rigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.*



THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley moor  
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;  
He turned aside towards a Vassal's door,  
And, "Bring another Horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another Horse!"—That shout the Vassal heard,  
And saddled his best Steed, a comely gray;  
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third  
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's eyes ;  
 The Horse and Horseman are a happy pair ;  
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar ;  
 But Horse and Man are vanished, one and all ;  
 Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
 Calls to the few tired Dogs that yet remain :  
 Brach, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
 Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he chid and cheered them on  
 With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ;  
 But breath and eye-sight fail ; and, one by one,  
 The Dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?  
 The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?  
 —This Chase it looks not like an earthly Chase ;  
 Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side ;  
 I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
 Nor will I mention by what death he died ;  
 But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a thorn ;  
 He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor Boy :  
 He neither smacked his whip, nor blew his horn,  
 But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious act ;  
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned ;  
 And foaming like a mountain cataract.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :  
 His nose half-touched a spring beneath a hill,  
 And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
 The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
 (Was never man in such a joyful case !)  
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling place.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least  
 Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found  
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast  
 Had left imprinted on the verdant ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face and cried, “ Till now  
 Such sight was never seen by living eyes :  
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,  
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a Pleasure-house upon this spot,  
 And a small Arbour, made for rural joy ;  
 'Twill be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's cot,  
 A place of love for Damsels that are coy.

A cunning Artist will I have to frame  
 A bason for that Fountain in the dell ;  
 And they, who do make mention of the same  
 From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

And, gallant brute ! to make thy praises known,  
 Another monument shall here be raised ;  
 Three several Pillars, each a rough-hewn Stone,  
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.



And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
 I will come hither with my Paramour;  
 And with the Dancers, and the Minstrel's song,  
 We will make merry in that pleasant Bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
 My Mansion with its Arbour shall endure;—  
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
 And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,  
 With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.  
 —Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,  
 And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered,  
 A Cup of Stone received the living Well;  
 Three Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
 And built a House of Pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall  
 With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—  
 Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall,  
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

...  
And thither, when the summer-days were long,  
Sir Walter journey'd with his Paramour;  
And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song  
Made merriment within that pleasant Bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—  
But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale.

*PART SECOND.*

---

THE moving accident is not my trade :  
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :  
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
 Three Aspens at three corners of a square,  
 And one, not four yards distant, near a Well.

What this imported I could ill divine :  
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
 I saw three Pillars standing in a line,  
 The last Stoue Pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head;  
 Half-wasted the square Mound of tawny green;  
 So that you just might say, as then I said,  
 " Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
 More doleful place did never eye survey;  
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
 And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
 When one, who was in Shepherd's garb attired,  
 Came up the Hollow:—Him did I accost,  
 And what this place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
 Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.  
 "A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!  
 But something ails it now; the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless Stumps of aspen wood—  
 Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
 These were the Bower; and here a Mansion stood,  
 The finest palace of a hundred realms!

The Arbour does its own condition tell;  
 You see the Stones, the Fountain, and the Stream;  
 But as to the great Lodge! you might as well  
 Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
 Will wet his lips within that Cup of stone;  
 And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
 This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,  
 And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,  
 I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
 That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the Creature's brain have  
 passed!  
 Even from the top-most Stone, upon the Steep,  
 Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
 —O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;  
 And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
 What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
 And come and make his death-bed near the Well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
 Lulled by this Fountain in the summer-tide;  
 This water was perhaps the first he drank  
 When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn  
 He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;  
 And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
 Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

But now here's neither grass nor pleasant shade ;  
 The sun on drearier Hollow never shone ;  
 So will it be, as I have often said,  
 Till Trees, and Stones, and Fountain all are gone."

" Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;  
 Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :  
 This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;  
 His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
 That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
 Maintains a deep and reverential care  
 For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,  
 This is no common waste, no common gloom ;  
 But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
 Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known;  
But, at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shews, and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

## XXIX.

## S O N G,

AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,

*Upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates  
and Honours of his Ancestors.*

---

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal Strain that hath been silent long.

“ From Town to Town, from Tower to Tower,  
The Red Rose is a gladsome Flower.  
Her thirty years of Winter past,  
The Red Rose is revived at last;



She lifts her head for endless spring,  
 For everlasting blossoming :  
 Both Roses flourish, Red and White.  
 In love and sisterly delight  
 The two that were at strife are blended,  
 And all old troubles now are ended.—  
 Joy! joy to both! but most to her  
 Who is the Flower of Lancaster!  
 Behold her how She smiles to-day  
 On this great throng, this bright array!  
 Fair greeting doth she send to all  
 From every corner of the Hall;  
 But, chiefly, from above the Board  
 Where sits in state our rightful Lord,  
 A Clifford to his own restored!

They came with banner, spear, and shield;  
 And it was proved in Bosworth-field.  
 Not long the Avenger was withstood,  
 Earth helped him with the cry of blood :  
 St. George was for us, and the might  
 Of blessed Angels crown'd the right.  
 Loud voice the Land hath uttered forth,  
 We loudest in the faithful North :

Our Fields rejoice, our Mountains ring,  
 Our Streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
 Our Strong-abodes and Castles see  
 The glory of their royalty.  
 How glad is Skipton at this hour—  
 Though she is but a lonely Tower !  
 Silent, deserted of her best,  
 Without an Inmate or a Guest,  
 Knight, Squire, or Yeoman, Page, or Groom ;  
 We have them at the Feast of Brough'm.  
 How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
 Of years be on her!—She shall reap  
 A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
 As in a dream her own renewing.  
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
 Beside her little humble Stream ;  
 And she that keepeth watch and ward  
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;  
 They both are happy at this hour,  
 Though each is but a lonely Tower :—  
 But here is perfect joy and pride  
 For one fair House by Emont's side,  
 This day distinguished without peer  
 To see her Master and to cheer ;  
 Him, and his Lady Mother dear !

Oh ! it was a time forlorn  
 When the Fatherless was born—  
 Give her wings that she may fly,  
 Or she sees her Infant die !  
 Swords that are with slaughter wild  
 Hunt the Mother and the Child.  
 Who will take them from the light ?  
 —Yonder is a Man in sight—  
 Yonder is a House—but where ?  
 No, they must not enter there.  
 To the Caves, and to the Brooks,  
 To the Clouds of Heaven she looks ;  
 She is speechless, but her eyes  
 Pray in ghostly agonies.  
 Blissful Mary, Mother mild,  
 Maid and Mother undefiled,  
 Save a Mother and her Child !

Now Who is he that bounds with joy  
 On Carrock's side, a Shepherd Boy ?  
 No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
 Light as the wind along the grass.  
 Can this be He who hither came  
 In secret, like a smothered flame ?

"

O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
 For shelter, and a poor Man's bread?  
 God loves the Child; and God hath willed  
 "That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
 The Lady's words, when forced away,  
 The last she to her Babe did say,  
 "My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest  
 I may not be; but rest thee, rest,  
 For lowly Shepherd's life is best!"

Alas! when evil men are strong  
 No life is good, no pleasure long.  
 The Boy must part from Mosedale's Groves,  
 And leave Blencathara's rugged Coves,  
 And quit the Flowers that Summer brings  
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;  
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
 —Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!  
 Hear it, good Man, old in days!  
 Thou Tree of covert and of rest  
 For this young Bird that is distress;  
 Among thy branches safe he lay,  
 And he was free to sport and play,  
 When Falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant Harp, that sings of fear  
 And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
 I said, when evil Men are strong,  
 No life is good, no pleasure long,  
 A weak and cowardly untruth !  
 Our Clifford was a happy Youth,  
 And thankful through a weary time,  
 That brought him up to manhood's prime.  
 — Again he wanders forth at will,  
 And tends a Flock from hill to hill :  
 His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen  
 Such garb with such a noble mien ;  
 Among the Shepherd-grooms no Mate  
 Hath he, a Child of strength and state !  
 Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
 And a cheerful company,  
 That learned of him submissive ways ;  
 And comforted his private days.  
 To his side the Fallow-deer  
 Came, and rested without fear ;  
 The Eagle, Lord of land and sea,  
 Stooped down to pay him fealty ;  
 And both the undying Fish that swim  
 Through Bowscale-Tarn did wait on him,

The pair were Servants of his eye  
 In their immortality ;  
 They moved about in open sight,  
 To and fro, for his delight.  
 He knew the Rocks which Angels haunt  
 On the Mountains visitant ;  
 He hath kenn'd them taking wing :  
 And the Caves where Faeries sing  
 He hath entered ; and been told  
 By Voices how Men liv'd of old.  
 Among the Heavens his eye can see  
 Face of thing that is to be ;  
 And, if Men report him right,  
 He can whisper words of might.  
 —Now another day is come,  
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom :  
 He hath thrown aside his Crook,  
 And hath buried deep his Book ;  
 Armour rusting in his Halls  
 On the blood of Clifford calls ;—  
 “ Quell the Scot,” exclaims the Lance,  
 Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the Shield—  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;

Field of death, where'er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory!  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd, in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his Ancestors restored,  
 Like a re-appearing Star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the Flock of War!"

Alas! the fervent Harper did not know  
 That for a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed,  
 Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,  
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor Men lie,  
 His daily Teachers had been Woods and Rills,  
 The silence that is in the starry sky,  
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage Virtue of the Race,  
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:  
 Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place  
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the Vales, and every cottage hearth ;  
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more :  
And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
"The Good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.



## XXX.

---

YES! full surely 'twas the Echo,  
 Solitary, clear, profound,  
 Answering to Thee, shouting Cuckoo!  
 Giving to thee Sound for Sound.

Unsolicited reply  
 To a babbling wanderer sent;  
 Like her ordinary cry,  
 Like—but oh how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?  
 Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!  
 Slaves of Folly, Love, or Strife,  
 Voices of two different Natures?

Have not We too?—Yes we have  
Answers, and we know not whence ;  
Echoes from beyond the grave,  
Recognized intelligence ?

Such within ourselves we hear  
Oft-times, ours though sent from far ;  
Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;  
For of God,—of God they are !

## XXXI.

*FRENCH REVOLUTION,*

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT\*.

Reprinted from "THE FRIEND."



OH! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
 For mighty were the Auxiliars, which then stood  
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love!  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
 The attraction of a country in Romance!  
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
 When most intent on making of herself

\* This, and the Extract, vol. I. page 44, and the first Piece of this Class, are from the unpublished Poem of which some account is given in the Preface to the EXCURSION.

A prime Enchantress—to assist the work,  
Which then was going forward in her name!  
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth  
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets  
(To take an image which was felt no doubt  
Among the bowers of paradise itself)  
The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
What Temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of? The inert  
Were roused, and lively Natures rapt away!  
They who had fed their childhood upon dreamis,  
The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty and strength  
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred  
Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood  
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
And in the region of their peaceful selves;—  
Now was it that *both* found, the Meek and Lofty,  
Did both find helpers to their heart's desire;  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish!

Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia, subterraneous Fields,  
Or some secreted Island, heaven knows where !  
But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where in the end  
We find our happiness, or not at all !

## XXXII.



IT is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown,  
And is descending on his embassy ;—  
Nor Traveller gone from Earth the Heavens to espy !  
'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown,  
First admonition that the sun is down,  
For yet it is broad day-light !—clouds pass by ;  
A few are near him still—and now the sky,  
He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.  
O most ambitious Star ! an inquest wrought  
Within me when I recognised thy light ;  
A moment I was startled at the sight :  
And, while I gazed, there came to me a thought  
That even I beyond my natural race  
Might step as thou dost now :—might one day trace  
Some ground not mine ; and, strong her strength above,  
My Soul, an Apparition in the place,  
Tread there, with steps that no one shall reprove !

## XXXIII.

## L I N E S

*Composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks  
of the Wye during a Tour.*

July 13, 1798.

---

FIVE years have passed; 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,  
Which on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,

\* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

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 hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
 Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms  
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees;  
 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.

Though absent long,  
 These forms of beauty 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 may have had no 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 burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world  
 Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul:  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things.

If this

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

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
 With many recognitions dim and faint,  
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
 The picture of the mind revives again :  
 While here I stand, not only with the sense  
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
 That in this moment there is life and food  
 For future years. And so I dare to hope  
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first  
 I came among these hills ; when like a roe  
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
 Wherever nature led : more like a man  
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
 And their glad animal movements all gone by,)  
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
 What then I was. The sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
 An appetite : a feeling and a love,  
 That had no need of a remoter charm,

By thought supplied, or 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  
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity,  
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains; and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create\*,  
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks  
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,  
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I make,  
 Knowing that Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress

\* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect.

With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
 And let the misty mountain winds be free  
 To blow against thee : and, in after years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; Oh ! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,  
 If I should be where I no more can hear  
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
 That on the banks of this delightful stream

We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,  
Unwearied in that service: rather say  
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

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POEMS  
PROCEEDING FROM SENTIMENT  
AND REFLECTION.

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I.

LINES

*Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite,  
on a desolate Part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect.*

---

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

————— Who he was  
That piled these stones, and with the mossy sod  
First covered o'er, and taught this aged Tree  
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,

I well remember.—He was one who owned  
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,  
And led by nature into a wild scene  
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth  
A favoured Being, knowing no desire  
Which Genius did not hallow,—'gainst the taint  
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,  
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,  
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,  
Owed him no service: wherefore he at once  
With indignation turned himself away,  
And with the food of pride sustained his soul  
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs  
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,  
His only visitants a stragglng sheep,  
The stone-chat, or the sand-lark, restless Bird  
Piping along the margin of the lake;  
And on these barren rocks, with juniper,  
And heath, and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er,  
Fixing his down-cast eye, he many an hour  
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here  
An emblem of his own unfruitful life:  
And lifting up his head, he then would gaze  
On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis

Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became  
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain  
 The beauty still more beauteous. Nor, that time,  
 When Nature had subdued him to herself,  
 Would he forget those beings, to whose minds,  
 Warm from the labours of benevolence,  
 The world, and man himself, appeared a scene  
 Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh  
 With mournful joy, to think that others felt  
 What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!  
 On visionary views would fancy feed,  
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale  
 He died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
 Of young imagination have kept pure,  
 Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know, that pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
 For any living thing, hath faculties  
 Which he has never used; that thought with him  
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
 The least of Nature's works, one who might move

The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
In lowliness of heart.

## II.

*CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.*


---

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
 Whom every Man in arms should wish to be?  
 — It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
 That make the path before him always bright:  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;

In face of these doth exercise a power  
 Which is our human-nature's highest dower ;  
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;  
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;  
 Is placable—because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
 As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
 'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
 He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
 To virtue every triumph that he knows :  
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,  
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
 On honourable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire ;

Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state ;  
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :  
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which heaven has join'd  
 Great issues, good or bad for human-kind,  
 Is happy as a Lover ; and attired  
 With sudden brightness like a Man inspired ;  
 And through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
 —He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a Soul whose master bias leans  
 To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;  
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity

It is his darling passion to approve;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :  
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, 'lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won :  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpast :  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or He must go to dust without his fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :  
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
 Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.



## III.

*ROB ROY'S GRAVE.*

The History of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his Grave is near the head of Loch Keterine, in one of those small pin-fold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the Traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A famous Man is Robin Hood,  
 The English Ballad-singer's joy!  
 And Scotland has a Thief as good,  
 An Outlaw of as daring mood;  
 She has her brave ROB ROY!  
 Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,  
 And let us chaunt a passing Stave  
 In honour of that Hero brave!

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

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

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

Said generous Rob, “ What need of Books ?  
 “ Burn all the Statutes and their shelves :  
 “ They stir us up against our Kind ;  
 “ And worse, against Ourselves.

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

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

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

“ For why?—because the good old Rule  
 “ Sufficeth them, the simple Plan,  
 “ That they should take who have the power,  
 “ And they should keep who can.

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

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

“ All Kinds, and Creatures, stand and fall  
 “ By strength of prowess or of wit;  
 “ ’Tis God’s appointment who must sway,  
 “ And who is to submit.

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

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
 Through summer's heat and winter's snow :  
 The Eagle, he was Lord above,  
 And Rob was Lord below. -

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

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

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

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

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

"Tis fit that we should do our part;  
 "Becoming, that mankind should learn  
 "That we are not to be surpassed  
 "In fatherly concern.

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

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

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

Oh! say not so; compare them not;  
 I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!  
 Would wrong thee no where; least of all  
 Here standing by thy Grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,  
 Wild Chieftain of a Savage Clan!  
 Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love  
 The *liberty* of Man.

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

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

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays  
Alone upon Loch Veol's Heights,  
    And by Loch Lomond's Braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
Are faces that attest the same;  
And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd,  
    At sound of ROB ROY's name.

## IV.

*A POET'S EPITAPH.*


---

ART thou a Statesman, in the van  
 Of public business trained and bred?  
 —First learn to love 'one living man;  
 Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh;  
 Go, carry to some other place  
 The hardness of thy coward eye,  
 The falsehood of thy sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?  
 A rosy Man, right plump to see?  
 Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near:  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.



Art thou a man of gallant pride;  
 A Soldier, and no man of chaff?  
 Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,  
 And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,  
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece  
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
 That he below may rest in peace,  
 That abject thing, thy soul, away!

—A Moralist perchance appears;  
 Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:  
 And He has neither eyes nor ears;  
 Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling  
 Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;  
 A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
 An intellectual All in All!

Shut close the door ; press down the latch ;  
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust ;  
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
 Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,  
 And clad in homely russet brown ?  
 He murmurs near the running brooks  
 A music sweeter than their own. —

He is retired as noontide dew,  
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;  
 And you must love him, ere to you  
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;  
 And impulses of deeper birth  
 Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
 Some random truths he can impart,  
 —The harvest of a quiet eye  
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

## V.

*EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.*

- “ WHY, William, on that old gray stone,  
 “ Thus for the length of half a day,  
 “ Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
 “ And dream your time away ?
- “ Where are your books?—that light bequeathed  
 “ To beings else forlorn and blind !  
 “ Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
 “ From dead men to their kind.
- “ You look round on your mother earth,  
 “ As if she for no purpose bore you ;  
 “ As if you were her first-born birth,  
 “ And none had lived before you !”

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

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

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

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

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

## VI.

*THE TABLES TURNED;*

AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME SUBJECT.



UP! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
 Why all this toil and trouble?  
 Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,  
 Or surely you'll grow double.

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
 A freshening lustre mellow  
 Through all the long green fields has spread,  
 His first sweet evening yellow.

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

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

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

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

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

Enough of Science and of Art ;  
 Close up these barren leaves ;  
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
 That watches and receives.

## VII.

## ADDRESS

## TO THE SONS OF BURNS

*After visiting their Father's Grave.*

(August 14th, 1803.)



YE now are panting up life's hill!  
 'Tis twilight time of good and ill,  
 And more than common strength and skill  
     Must ye display  
 If ye would give the better will  
     Its lawful sway.

Strong-bodied if ye be to bear  
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!  
 But if your Father's wit ye share,  
     Then, then indeed,  
 Ye Sons of Burns! for watchful care  
     There will be need.



For honest men delight will take  
To shew you favor for his sake,  
Will flatter you; and Fool and Rake  
Your steps pursue :  
And of your Father's name will make  
A snare for you.

Let no mean hope your souls enslave ;  
Be independent, generous, brave !  
Your Father such example gave,  
And such revere !  
But be admonish'd by his Grave,—  
And think, and fear !

## VIII.

## TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

*Composed while we were labouring together in his Pleasure-Ground.*

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his Lands;  
 And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,  
 Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;  
 I press thee through the yielding soil with pride.

Rare Master has it been thy lot to know;  
 Long hast Thou served a Man to reason true;  
 Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
 The toiling many and the resting few;

Health, quiet, meekness, ardour, hope secure,  
 And industry of body and of mind;  
 And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
 As Nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing  
 In concord with his River murmuring by ;  
 Or in some silent field, while timid Spring  
 Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when Death has laid  
 Low in the darksome Cell thine own dear Lord ?  
 That Man will have a trophy, humble Spade !  
 A trophy nobler than a Conqueror's sword.

If he be One that feels, with skill to part  
 False praise from true, or greater from the less,  
 Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
 Thou monument of peaceful happiness !

With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day,  
 His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate.  
 And, when thou art past service, worn away,  
 Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn ;  
 An *Heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou be :—  
 High will he hang thee up, and will adorn  
 His rustic chimney with the last of Thee !

## IX.

## WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

*I must apprise the Reader that the stoves in North Germany generally have the impression of a galloping Horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.*



A FIG for your languages, German and Norse !  
 Let me have the song of the Kettle ;  
 And the tongs and the poker, instead of that Horse  
 That gallops away with such fury and force  
 On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

Our earth is no doubt made of excellent stuff ;  
 But her pulses beat slower and slower :  
 The weather in Forty was cutting and rough,  
 And then, as Heaven knows, the Glass stood low enough ;  
 And now it is four degrees lower.

Here's a Fly, a disconsolate creature,—perhaps  
 A child of the field, or the grove ;  
 And, sorrow for him ! this dull treacherous heat  
 Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,  
 And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas ! how he fumbles about the domains  
 Which this comfortless oven environ !  
 He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,  
 Now back to the tiles, and now back to the wall,  
 And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed ;  
 The best of his skill he has tried ;  
 His feelers methinks I can see him put forth  
 To the East and the West, and the South and the North ;  
 But he finds neither Guide-post nor Guide.

See ! his spindles sink under him, foot, leg and thigh ;  
 His eye-sight and hearing are lost ;  
 Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws ;  
 And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze  
 Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No Brother, no Friend has he near him—while I  
 Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love;  
 As blest and as glad in this desolate gloom,  
 As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,  
 And woodbines were hanging above,

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing!  
 Thy life I would gladly sustain  
 Till summer comes up from the South, and with crowds  
 Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst sound through the  
     clouds,  
 And back to the forests again.

## X.

## L I N E S

*Written at a small Distance from my House, and sent by my little Boy to the  
Person to whom they are addressed.*



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

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

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

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

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

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

One moment now may give us more  
 Than fifty years of reason :  
 Our minds shall drink at every pore  
 The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts may make,  
 Which they shall long obey :  
 We 'for the year to come may take  
 Our temper from to-day.



And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls:  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress;  
—And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country.*



DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!  
 —There is a nest in a green dale,  
 A harbour and a hold,  
 Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see  
 Thy own delightful days, and be  
 A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a Shepherd-boy,  
 As if thy heritage were joy,  
 And pleasure were thy trade,  
 Thou, while thy Babes around thee cling,  
 Shalt shew us how divine a thing  
 A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
 Nor leave thee when grey-hairs are nigh  
 A melancholy slave;  
 But an old age serene and bright,  
 And lovely as a Lapland night,  
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.

## XII.

*LINES*

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

---

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

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

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

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

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

If I these thoughts may not prevent,  
If such be of my creed the plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

## XIII.

*SIMON LEE,*

THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

*With an Incident in which he was concerned.*

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,  
An Old Man dwells, a little man,  
I've heard he once was tall.  
Of years he has upon his back,  
No doubt, a burthen weighty ;  
He says he is three score and ten,  
But others say he's eighty.

A long blue livery-coat has he,  
That's fair behind, and fair before ;  
Yet, meet him where you will, you see  
At once that he is poor.  
Full five-and-twenty years he lived ,  
A running Huntsman merry ;  
And, though he has but one eye left,  
His cheek is like a cherry.

"

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And no man was so full of glee ;  
 To say the least, four counties round  
 Had heard of Simon Lee ;  
 His Master's dead, and no one now  
 Dwells in the hall of Ivor ;  
 Men, Dogs, and Horses, all are dead ;  
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,  
 His dwindled body's half awry ;  
 His ancles, too, are swoln and thick ;  
 His legs are thin and dry.  
 When he was young he little knew  
 Of husbandry or tillage ;  
 And now is forced to work, though weak,  
 —The weakest in the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
 Could leave both man and horse behind ;  
 And often, ere the race was done,  
 He reeled and was stone-blind.  
 And still there's something in the world  
 At which his heart rejoices ;  
 For when the chiming hounds are out,  
 He dearly loves their voices !

His hunting feats have him bereft  
 Of his right eye, as you may see:  
 And then, what limbs those feats have left  
 To poor old Simon Lee!  
 He has no son, he has no child,  
 His Wife, an aged woman,  
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
 Upon the village Common.

Old Ruth works out of doors with him,  
 And does what Simon cannot do;  
 For she, not over stout of limb,  
 Is stouter of the two.  
 And, though you with your utmost skill  
 From labour could not wean them,  
 Alas! 'tis very little, all  
 Which they can do between them.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor.  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger;  
 But what avails the land to them,  
 Which they can till no longer?

Few months of life has he in store,  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works, the more  
 Do his weak ancles swell.

My gentle Reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,  
 And I'm afraid that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle Reader! you would find  
 A tale in every thing.  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 I hope you'll kindly take it:  
 It is no tale; but, should you think,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
 This Old Man doing all he could  
 To unearth the root of an old tree,  
 A sump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock tottered in his hand;  
 So vain was his endeavour  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have worked for ever.



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

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seemed to run  
So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done.  
—I’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning.  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Has oftener left me mourning.

## XIV.

*ANDREW JONES.*


---

I HATE that Andrew Jones : he'll breed  
 His children up to<sup>d</sup>waste and pillage :  
 I wish the press-gang, or the drum  
 Would, with its rattling music, come—  
 And sweep him from the village.

I said not this, because he loves  
 Through the long day to swear and tittle ;  
 But for the poor dear sake of one  
 To whom a foul deed he had done,  
 A friendless man, a travelling Cripple.

For this poor crawling helpless wretch  
 Some Horseman, who was passing by,  
 A penny on the ground had thrown ;  
 But the poor Cripple was alone,  
 And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground,  
 For it had long been droughty weather :  
 So with his staff the Cripple wrought  
 Among the dust, till he had brought  
 The halfpennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way  
 Just at the time ; and there he found  
 The Cripple in the mid-day heat  
 Standing alone, and at his feet  
 He saw the penny on the ground.

He stooped and took the penny up ;  
 And when the Cripple nearer drew,  
 Quoth Andrew, “ *Under half-a-crown,  
 What a man finds is all his own ;  
 And so, my friend, good day to you.*”

And hence I say, that Andrew's boys  
 Will all be trained to waste and pillage ;  
 And wished the press-gang or the drum  
 Would, with its rattling music, come—  
 And sweep him from the village.

## XV.

*In the School of —— is a Tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several Persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the Foundation of the School, with the Time at which they entered upon and quitted their Office. Opposite one of those Names the Author wrote the following Lines.*



IF Nature, for a favourite Child  
 In thee hath tempered so her clay,  
 That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
 Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines ; and then review  
 This tablet, that thus humbly rears  
 In such diversity of hue  
 Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,  
 Cypher and syllable! thine eye  
 Has travelled down to Matthew's name,  
 Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
 Then be it neither checked nor stayed :  
 For Matthew a request I make  
 Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
 Is silent as a standing pool ;  
 Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
 And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs  
 Of one tired out with fun and madness ;  
 The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
 Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
 Of still and serious thought went round,  
 It seemed as if he drank it up—  
 He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou Soul of God's best earthly mould !  
 Thou happy Soul ! and can it be  
 That these two words of glittering gold  
 Are all that must remain of thee ?

## XVI.

THE

*TWO APRIL MORNINGS.*

---

WE walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun ;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
“ The will of God be done !”

A village Schoolmaster 'was he,  
With hair of glittering gray ;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

“ Our work,” said I, “ was well begun ;  
 Then, from thy breast what thought,  
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
 So sad a sigh has brought ?”

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
 And fixing still his eye  
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
 To me he made reply :

“ Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
 Brings fresh into my mind  
 A day like this which I have left  
 Full thirty years behind.

“ And just above yon slope of corn  
 Such colours, and no other,  
 Were in the sky, that April morn,  
 Of this the very brother.

“ With rod and line I sued the sport  
 Which that sweet season gave,  
 And, coming to the church, stopped short  
 Beside my daughter’s grave.

“ Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
 The pride of all the vale ;  
 And then she sang ;—she would have been  
 A very nightingale.

“ Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
 And yet I loved her more,  
 For so it seemed, than till that day  
 I e'er had loved before.

“ And, turning from her grave, I met  
 Beside the church-yard Yew  
 A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
 With points of morning dew.

“ A basket on her head she bare ;  
 Her brow was smooth and white :  
 To see a Child so very fair,  
 It was a pure delight !

“ No fountain from its rocky cave  
 E'er tripped with foot so free ;  
 She seemed as happy as a wave  
 That dances on the sea.



“ There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine ;  
I lookèd at her and looked again ;  
—And did not wish her mine.”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now  
Methinks I see him stand,  
As at that moment, with his bough  
Of wilding in his hand.

## XVII.

*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 ! let us try to match  
This water’s pleasant tune  
With some old Border-song, or Catch  
That suits a summer’s noon.

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

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

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

“ And here, on this delightful day,  
 I cannot choose but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this Fountain’s brink.

“ My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirred,  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.

“ Thus fares it still in our decay :  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away  
 Than what it leaves behind.

“ The Blackbird in the summer trees,  
 The Lark upon the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will,

“ With Nature never do *they* wage  
 A foolish strife ; they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free :

“ But we are pressed by heavy laws ;  
 And often, glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy, because  
 We have been glad of yore.

“ If there is one who need bemoan  
 His kindred laid in earth,  
 The household hearts that were his own,  
 It is the man of mirth.

“ My days, my Friend, are almost gone,  
 My life has been approved,  
 And many love me; but by none  
 Am I enough beloved.”

“ Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
 The man who thus complains!  
 I live and sing my idle songs  
 Upon these happy plains,

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

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

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

## XVIII.

*LINES*

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.



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

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

## XIX.

## REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,

*Written upon the Thames near Richmond.*



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

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

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

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



## XX.

---

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 Neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:  
And, for my chance-acquaintance, Ladies bright,  
Sons, Mothers, Maidens withering on the stalk,  
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk  
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.  
Better than such discourse doth silence long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the lov'd presence of my cottage-fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kittle, whispering its faint undersong.

" Yet life," you say, " is life ; we have seen and see,  
 And with a living pleasure we describe ;  
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
 The languid mind into activity.  
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee,  
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."  
 Even be it so : yet still among your tribe,  
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me !  
 Children are blest, and powerful ; their world lies  
 More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,  
 And part far from them :—sweetest melodies  
 Are those that are by distance made more sweet ;  
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes  
 He is a Slave ; the meanest we can meet !

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go  
 We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,  
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood  
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low ;  
 Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

There do I find a never-failing store  
 Of personal themes, and such as I love best;  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am:  
 Two will I mention, dearer than the rest;  
 The gentle Lady, married to the Moor;  
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine: for thus I live remote  
 From evil-speaking; rancour, 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 harbour, lodging peaceably.  
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,  
 Whogave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,  
 The Poets, who on earth have made us Heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!  
 Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,  
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

## XXI.

*INCIDENT,*

*Characteristic of a favourite Dog, which belonged to a  
Friend of the Author.*

---

ON his morning rounds the Master  
Goes to learn how all things fare;  
Searches pasture after pasture,  
Sheep and Cattle eyes with care;  
And, for silence or for talk,  
He hath Comrades in his walk;  
Four Dogs, each pair of different breed,  
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See, a Hare before him started!  
—Off they fly in earnest chace;  
Every Dog is eager-hearted,  
All the four are in the race!  
And the Hare whom they pursue  
Hath an instinct what to do;  
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;  
But, like an arrow, to the River takes.

Deep the River was, and crusted  
 Thinly by a one night's frost;  
 But the nimble Hare hath trusted  
 To the ice, and safely crost;  
 She hath crost, and without heed  
 All are following at full speed,  
 When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,  
 Breaks—and the Greyhound, DART, is over head!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—  
 See them cleaving to the sport!  
 MUSIC has no heart to follow,  
 Little MUSIC, she stops short.  
 She hath neither wish nor heart,  
 Hers is now another part:  
 A loving Creature she, and brave!  
 And fondly strives her struggling Friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,  
 Very hands as you would say!  
 And afflicting moans she fetches,  
 As he breaks the ice away.  
 For herself she hath no fears,—  
 Him alone she sees and hears,—  
 Makes efforts and complainings; nor gives o'er  
 Until her Fellow sunk, and reappeared no more.

## XXII.

## TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

---

LIE here sequestered:—be this little mound  
 For ever thine, and be it holy ground!  
 Lie here, without a record of thy worth,  
 Beneath the covering of the common earth!  
 It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
 Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;  
 More thou deserv'st; but *this* Man gives to Man,  
 Brother to Brother, *this* is all we can.  
 Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
 Shall find thee through all changes of the year:  
 This Oak points out thy grave; the silent Tree  
 Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I prayed for thee, and that thy end were past ;  
 And willingly have laid thee here at last :  
 For thou hadst lived, till every thing that cheers  
 In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;  
 Extreme old age had wasted thee away ;  
 And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;  
 Thy ears were deaf ; and feeble were thy knees,—  
 I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,  
 Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
 And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.  
 It came, and we were glad ; yet tears were shed ;  
 Both Man and Woman wept when Thou wert dead ;  
 Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,  
 Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share ;  
 But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,  
 Found scarcely any where in like degree !  
 For love, that comes to all ; the holy sense,  
 Best gift of God, in thee was most intense ;  
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind  
 Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind :  
 Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
 The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law :—  
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame ;  
 Our tears from passion and from reason came,  
 And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name !

## XXIII.

*THE FORCE OF PRAYER;*

OR,

## THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

---

“What is good for a bootless bene?”

With these dark words begins my Tale;  
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring  
 When Prayer is of no avail?

“What is good for a bootless bene?”

The Falconer to the Lady said;  
 And she made answer “ENDLESS SORROW!”  
 For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer’s words,  
 And from the look of the Falconer’s eye;  
 And from the love which was in her soul  
 For her youthful Romilly.



—Young Romilly through Barden Woods  
 Is ranging high and low ;  
 And holds a Greyhound in a leash,  
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

And the Pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
 How tempting to bestride !  
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in  
 With rocks on either side.

This Striding-place is called THE STRID,  
 A name which it took of yore :  
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
 And shall, a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
 And what may now forbid  
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
 Shall bound across THE STRID ?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
 That the River was strong and the rocks were steep ?  
 —But the Greyhound in the leash hung back,  
 And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
 And strangled by a merciless force ;  
 For never more was young Romilly seen  
 Till he rose a lifeless Corse!

Now there is stillness in the Vale,  
 And long unspeaking sorrow :—  
 Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a Lover the Lady wept,  
 A solace she might borrow  
 From death, and from the passion of death ;—  
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
 Which was to be to-morrow :  
 Her hope was a farther-looking hope,  
 And hers is a Mother's sorrow.

He was a Tree that stood alone,  
 And proudly did its branches wave ;  
 And the Root of this delightful Tree  
 Was in her Husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, " Let there be  
In Bolton, on the Field of Wharf,  
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared ;  
And Wharf, as he moved along,  
To Matins joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at Even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief ;  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our Friend!

## XXIV.

*FIDELITY.*

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a Dog or Fox;  
 He halts, and searches with his eyes  
 Among the scattered rocks :  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
 And instantly a Dog is seen,  
 Glaucing from that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry :

Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in Hollow or on Height ;  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
 What is the Creature doing here ?

It was a Cove, a huge Recess,  
 That keeps till June December's snow  
 A lofty Precipice in front,  
 A silent Tarn\* below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public Road or Dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes does a leaping Fish  
 Send through the Tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The Crag repeat the Raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the Rainbow comes—the Cloud—  
 And Mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
 And Sun-beams ; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past,  
 But that enormous Barrier binds it fast.

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

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
 The Shepherd stood : then makes his way  
 Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
 As quickly as he may ;  
 Nor far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground ;  
 The appalled Discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The Man had fallen, that place of fear !  
 At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear :  
 He instantly recalled the Name,  
 And who he was, and whence he came ;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable Tale I tell !  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,  
 This Dog had been through three months' space  
 A Dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
On which the Traveller thus had died /  
The Dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his Master's side:  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows, who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate.

## XXV.

## ODE TO DUTY.

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**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:  
 May joy be theirs while life shall last!  
 And 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 blest are they who in the main  
 This faith, even now, do entertain :  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
 Full oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task imposed, from day to day ;  
 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 which ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we any thing so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
 And Fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient Heavens through Thee are fresh  
 and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh ! let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

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MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

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## I.

*PREFATORY SONNET.*

**NUNS** fret not at their Convent's narrow room ;  
 And Hermits are contented with their Cells ;  
 And Students with their pensive Citadels :  
 Maids at the Wheel, the Weaver at his Loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy ; Bees that soar for bloom,  
 High as the highest Peak of Furness Fells,  
 Will murmur by the hour in Foxglove bells :  
 In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
 Ourselves, no prison is : and hence to me,  
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground :  
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
 Should find short solace there, as I have found.

## II.

UPON THE SIGHT

OF A

*BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.*

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay  
Yon Cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;  
Which stopped that Band of Travellers on their way  
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;  
And shewed the Bark upon the glassy flood  
For ever anchored in her sheltering Bay.  
Soul-soothing Art! which Morning, Noon-tide, Even  
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry!  
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given  
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

## III.

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether fade;  
 The sweetest notes must terminate and die;  
 O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony  
 Softly resounded through this rocky glade;  
 Such strains of rapture as \* the Genius played  
 In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high;  
 He who stood visible to Mirzah's eye,  
 Never before to human sight betrayed.  
 Lo, in the vale the mists of evening spread!  
 The visionary Arches are not there,  
 Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas;  
 Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,  
 From which I have been lifted on the breeze  
 Of harmony, above all earthly care.

\* See the vision of Mirzah in the Spectator.

## IV.



"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind ;  
 " Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays ;  
 " Heavy is woe ;—and joy, for human-kind,  
 " A mournful thing,—so transient is the blaze !"  
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days  
 Who wants the glorious faculty assigned  
 To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,  
 And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.  
 Imagination is that sacred power,  
 Imagination lofty and refined :  
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine Flower  
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind  
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.



## V.



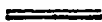
HAIL Twilight,—sovereign of one peaceful hour!  
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power!  
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower  
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest  
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest  
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower  
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen  
The self-same Vision which we now behold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power, brought forth;—  
These mighty barriers, and the gulph between;  
The floods,—the stars,—a spectacle as old  
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

## VI.



THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,  
“ Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright !”  
Forthwith, that little Cloud, in ether spread,  
And penetrated all with tender light,  
She cast away, and shewed her fulgent head  
Uncover'd ;—dazzling the Beholder's sight  
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,  
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.  
Meanwhile that Veil, removed or thrown aside,  
Went, floating from her, darkening as it went ;  
And a huge Mass, to bury or to hide,  
Approached this glory of the firmament ;  
Who meekly yields, and is obscur'd ;—content  
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

## VII.



How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks  
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!  
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,  
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks;  
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,  
Like to a bonny Lass, who plays her pranks  
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,—  
When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks  
The crowd beneath her. Verily, I think,  
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream  
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,  
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam  
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

## VIII.



WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
As vigorous as a Lark at break of day:  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
What boots the enquiry?—Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for; let her travel where she may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
Yet still I ask, what Haven is her mark?  
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,  
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

## IX.

---

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress  
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp  
Sullenly glaring through sepulchral damp,  
So burns yon Taper mid its black recess  
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless :  
The Lake below reflects it not ; the sky  
Muffled in clouds affords no company  
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.  
Yet round the body of that joyless Thing,  
Which sends so far its melancholy light,  
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
A gay society with faces bright,  
Conversing, reading, laughing ;—or they sing,  
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

## X.



MARK the concentrated Hazels that enclose  
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray  
Of noontide suns :—and even the beams that play  
And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,  
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows  
Upon that roof—amid embowering gloom  
The very image framing of a Tomb,  
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose  
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye Trees!  
And Thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep  
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep :  
For more than Fancy to the influence bends  
When solitary Nature condescends  
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

## XI.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE  
HAMILTON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

---

DARK, and more dark, the shades of Evening fell ;  
The wish'd-for point was reach'd—but late the hour ;  
And little could we see of all that power  
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.  
The western sky did recompence us well  
With Grecian Temple, Minaret, and Bower ;  
And, in one part, a Minster with its Tower  
Substantially expressed—a place for Bell  
Or Clock to toll from ! Many a glorious pile  
Did we behold, fair sights that might repay  
All disappointment ! and, as such, the eye  
Delighted in them ; but we felt, the while,  
We should forget them :—they are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away.

## XII.



. . . . . *they are of the sky,*  
*And from our earthly memory fade away.* —

THESE words were uttered in a pensive mood,  
 Mine eyes yet lingering on that solemn sight :  
 A contrast and reproach to gross delight,  
 And life's unspiritual pleasures daily woo'd !  
 But now upon this thought I cannot broöd ;  
 It is unstable, and deserts me quite :  
 Nor will I praise a Cloud, however bright,  
 Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food. \*  
 The Grove, the sky-built Temple, and the Dome,  
 Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,  
 Find in the heart of man no natural home :  
 The immortal Mind craves objects that endure :  
 These cleave to it ; from these it cannot roam,  
 Nor they from it : their fellowship is secure.



## XIII.

COMPOSED AT ~~THE~~ CASTLE.

---

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

## XIV

*TO THE POET, DYER.*


---

BARD of the Flecce, whose skilful Genius made  
 That Work a living landscape fair and bright;  
 Nor hallowed less with musical delight  
 Than those soft scenes through which thy Childhood stray'd,  
 Those southern Tracts of Cambria, " deep embayed,  
 By green hills fenced, by Ocean's murmur lulled ;"  
 Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled  
 For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade  
 Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,  
 Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,  
 A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay  
 Long as the Shepherd's bleating flock shall stray  
 O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste ;  
 Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill.

## XV.

*TO SLEEP.*

O GENTLE Sleep! do they belong to thee,  
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love  
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,  
A Captive never wishing to be free.  
This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me  
A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove  
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,  
Now on the water vexed with mockery.  
I have no pain that calls for patience, no;  
Hence I am cross and peevish as a child:  
And pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,  
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:  
O gentle Creature! do not use me so,  
But once and deeply let me be beguiled!

## XVI.

*TO SLEEP.*

A FLOCK of sleep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;  
I've thought of all by turns; and still I lie  
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:  
So do not let me wear to-night away:  
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

## XVII.

*TO SLEEP.*


---

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!  
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;  
 The very sweetest words that fancy frames  
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!  
 Dear bosom Child we call thee, that dost steep  
 In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames  
 All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims  
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,  
 I surely not a man ungently made,  
 Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost?  
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,  
 Mere Slave of them who never for thee prayed,  
 Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

## XVIII.



WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,  
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed ;  
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.  
A goodly Vessel did I then espy  
Come like a Giant from a haven broad ;  
And lustily along the Bay she strode,  
“ Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.”  
This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,  
Yet I pursued her with a Lover’s look ;  
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer :  
When will she turn, and whither ? She will brook  
No tarrying ; where she comes the winds must stir :  
On went She,—and due north her journey took.

## XIX.

## TO THE RIVER DUDDON.



O MOUNTAIN-Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot  
 Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude:  
 Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude  
 A Field or two of brighter green, or Plot  
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot  
 Of stationary sunshine: thou hast viewed  
 These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed  
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.  
 Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,  
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,  
 Though simple thy Companions were and few;  
 And through this wilderness a passage cleave  
 Attended but by thy own Voice, save when  
 The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue.

## XX.

*FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.*



YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
 And I be undeluded, unbetray'd;  
 For if of our affections none find grace  
 In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made  
 The world which we inhabit? Better plea  
 Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
 Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,  
 Who such Divinity to thee imparts  
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
 His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
 With beauty, which is varying every hour:  
 But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
 Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
 That breathes on earth the air of paradise.



## XXI.

FROM THE SAME.

---

No mortal object did these eyes behold  
 When first they met the placid light of thine,  
 And my Soul felt her destiny divine,  
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :  
 Heaven-born, the Soul a heaven-ward course must hold ;  
 Beyond the visible world She soars to seek,  
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)  
 Ideal Form, the universal mould.  
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
 In that which perishes : nor will he lend  
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend.  
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,  
 Which kills the soul : Love betters what is best,  
 Even here below, but more in heaven above.

## XXII.

FROM THE SAME.

*TO THE SUPREME BEING.*

---

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed  
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
Which of its native self can nothing feed :  
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,  
Which quickens only where thou say'st it may :  
Unless thou shew to us thine own true way  
No man can find it : Father ! thou must lead.  
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of thee,  
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

## XXIII.

*TO THE LADY* —————  
  
=====

LADY! the songs of Spring were in the grove  
 While I was framing beds for winter flowers ;  
 While I was planting green unfading bowers,  
 And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,  
 And sheltering wall ; and still, as fancy wove  
 The dream, to time and nature's blended powers  
 I gave this paradise for winter hours,  
 A labyrinth, Lady ! which your feet shall rove.  
 Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,  
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom  
 Or of high gladness you shall hither bring ;  
 And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines  
 Be gracious as the music and the bloom  
 And all the mighty ravishment of Spring.

## XXIV.



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 up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;  
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea ;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

## XXV.

*WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.*

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.  
 The Kine are couched upon the dewy grass ;  
 The Horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,  
 Is up, and cropping yet his later meal :  
 Dark is the ground ; a slumber seems to steal  
 O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.  
 Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,  
 Home-felt, and home-created, seems to heal  
 That grief for which the senses still supply  
 Fresh food ; for only then, when memory  
 Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends, restrain  
 Those busy cares that would allay my pain :  
 Oh ! leave me to myself ; nor let me feel  
 The officious touch that makes me droop again .

## XXVI.

COMPOSED UPON

*WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,*

Sept. 3, 1803.

---

EARTH has not any thing to shew more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, ne'er felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

## XXVII.



PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled:  
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;  
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide  
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;  
While not an English Mountain we behold  
By the celestial Muses glorified.  
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds:  
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,  
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty  
Our British Hill is fairer far: He shrouds  
His double-fronted head in higher clouds,  
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

## XXVIII.



BROOK, whose society the Poet seeks  
Intent his wasted spirits to renew ;  
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue  
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,  
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks ;  
If I some type of thee did wish to view,  
Thee,—and not thee thyself, I would not do  
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,  
Channels for tears ; no Naiad should'st thou be,  
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints, nor hairs ;  
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee  
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,  
And hath bestowed on thee a better good ;  
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.



## XXIX.

*ADMONITION,*

*Intended more particularly for the Perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.*



YES, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!  
 —The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook  
 Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,  
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!  
 But covet not the Abode—Oh! do not sigh,  
 As many do, repining while they look;  
 Sighing a wish to tear from Nature's Book  
 This blissful leaf with harsh impiety.  
 Think what the home would be if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,  
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
 The roses to the Porch which they entwine:  
 Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day  
 On which it should be touched would melt, and melt away!

## XXX.



“ BELOVED Vale!” I said, “ when I shall con-  
Those many records of my childish years,  
Remembrance of myself and of my peers  
Will press me down: to think of what is gone  
Will be an awful thought, if life have one.”  
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears  
Distressed me; I looked round, I shed no tears;  
Deep thought, or awful vision, I had none.  
By thousand petty fancies I was crost,  
To see the Trees, which I had thought so tall,  
Mere dwarfs; the Brooks so narrow, Fields so small.  
A Juggler’s Balls old Time about him tossed;  
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all  
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

## XXXI.

---

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne  
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud—  
Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed ;  
But all the steps and ground about were strown  
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone  
Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,  
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,  
“ Thou art our king, O Death ! to thee we groan.”  
I seemed to mount those steps ; the vapours gave  
Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one  
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
With her face up to heaven ; that seemed to have  
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone ;  
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !

## XXXII.



SURPRIZED by joy—impatient as the Wind  
 I wished to share the transport—Oh! with whom  
 But Thee, long buried in the silent Tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
 Love, faithful love recalled thee to my mind—  
 But how could I forget thee?—Through what power,  
 Even for the least division of an hour,  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return  
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
 That neither present time, nor years unborn  
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

## XXXIII.



It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free ;  
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
 The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea :  
 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,  
 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.

## XXXIV.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, IN  
THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

---

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribbands gay,  
 These humble Nuptials to proclaim or grace?  
 Angels of Love, look down upon the place,  
 Shed on the chosen Vale a sun-bright day!  
 Even for such omen would the Bride display  
 No mirthful gladness:—serious is her face,  
 Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts keep pace  
 With gentleness, in that becoming way  
 Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear,  
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife:  
 But, when the closer view of wedded life  
 Hath shewn that nothing human can be clear  
 From frailty, for that insight may the Wife  
 To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

## XXXV.

*ON APPROACHING HOME*

AFTER A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1803.

---

FLY, some kind Spirit, fly to Grasmere Vale !  
 Say that we come, and come by this day's light ;  
 Glad tidings!—spread them over field and height ;  
 But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;  
 There let a mystery of joy prevail,  
 The Kitten frolic with unruly might,  
 And Rove whine, as at a second sight  
 Of near-approaching good that shall not fail ;—  
 And from that Infant's face let joy appear ;  
 Yea, let our Mary's one Companion Child,  
 That hath her six week's solitude beguiled  
 With intimations manifold and dear,  
 While we have wandered over wood and wild,  
 Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

## XXXVI.

TO \_\_\_\_\_



FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,  
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care  
 Rise, \* \* \* \* rise : the gales of youth shall bear  
 Thy genius forward like a winged steed.  
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed  
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,  
 Yet a high guerdon waits on minds that dare,  
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
 And reason govern that audacious flight  
 Which heav'n-ward they direct.—Then droop not thou,  
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
 In the low dell mid Roslin's fading grove :  
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,  
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.



## XXXVII.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

*R AISLEY CALVERT.*

CALVERT! it must not be unheard by them  
 Who may respect my name that I to thee  
 Owed many years of early liberty.  
 This care was thine when sickness did condemn  
 Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem :  
 That I, if frugal and severe, might stray  
 Where'er I liked ; and finally array  
 My temples with the Muse's diadem.  
 Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth,  
 If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
 In my past verse,—or shall be, in the lays  
 Of higher mood, which now I meditate,—  
 It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived Youth!  
 To think how much of this will be thy praise.



---

SONNETS  
DEDICATED  
TO LIBERTY.  
PART FIRST.

---



## I.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,

August, 1802.

---

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

## II.

## C A L A I S,

*August, 1802.*


---

Is it a Reed that's shaken by the wind,  
 Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
 Lords, Lawyers, Statesmen, Squires of low degree,  
 Men known, and men unknown, Sick, Lame, and Blind,  
 Post forward all, like Creatures of one kind,  
 With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee  
 In France, before the new-born Majesty.  
 'Tis ever thus. Ye Men of prostrate mind!  
 A seemly reverence may be paid to power;  
 But that's a loyal virtue, never sown  
 In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:  
 When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown  
 What hardship had it been to wait an hour?  
 Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

## III.

## TO A FRIEND.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS,

*On the Road leading to Ardres, August 7th, 1802.*


---

JONES! when from Calais southward you and I  
 Travelled on foot together; then this Way,  
 Which I am pacing now, was like the May  
 With festivals of new-born Liberty:  
 A homeless sound of joy was in the Sky;  
 The antiquated Earth, as one might say,  
 Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, play,  
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!  
 And now, sole register that these things were,  
 Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
 "Good morrow, Citizen!" a hollow word,  
 As if a dead Man spake it! Yet despair  
 I feel not: happy am I as a Bird:  
 Fair seasons yet will come, and hopes as fair.

## IV.

1801.

---

**I** GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain  
 And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires  
 To genuine greatness but from just desires,  
 And knowledge such as *He* could never gain?  
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train  
 The Governor who must be wise and good,  
 And temper with the sternness of the brain  
 Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.  
 Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:  
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk  
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
 Of the mind's business: these are the degrees  
 By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk  
 True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.



## V.

## CALAIS,

August 15th, 1802.

---

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

## VI.

## ON THE EXTINCTION

## OF THE

*V E N E T I A N R E P U B L I C .*

---

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee ;  
And was the safeguard of the West : the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
And, when She took unto herself a Mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day :  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
Of that which once was great is passed away.

## VII.

*THE KING OF SWEDEN.*

---

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

## VIII.

*TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.*

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy Man of Men!  
 Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed  
 His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head  
 Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den,  
 O miserable Chieftain! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
 Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

## IX.

*September 1st, 1802.*

---

WE had a fellow-Passenger who came  
 From Calais with us, gaudy in array,—  
 A Negro Woman like a Lady gay,  
 Yet silent as a woman fearing blame;  
 Dejected, meek, yea pitiably tame,  
 She sate, from notice turning not away,  
 But on our proffered kindness still did lay  
 A weight of languid speech,—or at the same  
 Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.  
 She was a Negro Woman driven from France,  
 Rejected like all others of that race,  
 Not one of whom may now find footing here;  
 This the poor Out-cast did to us declare,  
 Nor murmured at the unfeeling Ordinance.

## X.

*COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY, NEAR DOVER,*

ON THE DAY OF LANDING.



DEAR Fellow-traveller! here we are once more.  
 The Cock that crows, the Smoke that curls, that sound  
 Of Bells,—those Boys that in yon meadow-ground  
 In white-sleev'd shirts are playing,—and the roar  
 Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,—  
 All, all are English. Oft have I looked round  
 With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found  
 Myself so satisfied in heart before.  
 Europe is yet in Bonds; but let that pass,  
 Thought for another moment. Thou art free,  
 My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride  
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass  
 Of England once again, and hear and see,  
 With such a dear Companion at my side.

## XI.

*September, 1802.*

---

INLAND, within a hollow Vale, I stood ;  
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,  
 The Coast of France, the Coast of France how near !  
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.  
 I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
 Was like a Lake, or River bright and fair,  
 A span of waters ; yet what power is there !  
 What mightiness for evil and for good !  
 Even so doth God protect us if we be  
 Virtuous and wise : Winds blow, and Waters roll,  
 Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity,  
 Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree  
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul  
 Only the Nations shall be great and free.

## XII.

## THOUGHT OF A BRITON

## ON THE

*SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.*

---

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,  
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :  
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !  
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against Him ; but hast vainly striven ;  
Thou from thy Alpine Holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left !  
For, high-sotled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
That mountain Floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !



WRITTEN IN LONDON,

September, 1802.

---

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
To think that now our Life is only drest  
For shew; mean handy-work 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:  
Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

## XIV.

## LONDON,

1802.



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

## XV.



GREAT Men have been among us ; hands that penn'd  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none :  
 The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton Friend.  
 These Moralists could act and comprehend :  
 They knew how genuine glory was put on ;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendor : what strength was, that would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !  
 No single Volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road ;  
 But equally a want of Books and Men !

## XVI.

---

It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom; which to the open Sea  
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
Road by which all might come and go that would,  
And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands;  
That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands  
Should perish; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our Halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespearé spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

## XVII.

---

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert  
The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
I had, my Country! am I to be blamed?  
But, when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;  
And I by my affection was beguiled.  
What wonder, if a Poet, now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

## XVIII.

*October, 1803.*

ONE might believe that natural miseries  
 Had blasted France, and made of it a land  
 Unfit for Men; and that in one great Band  
 Her Sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.  
 But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze  
 Shed gentle favors; rural works are there;  
 And ordinary business without care;  
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!  
 How piteous then that there should be such dearth  
 Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite  
 To work against themselves such fell despite:  
 Should come in phrenzy and in drunken mirth,  
 Impatient to put out the only light  
 Of Liberty that yet remains on Earth!

## XIX.

---

THERE is a bondage which is worse to bear  
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,  
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :  
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,  
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear  
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,  
Who, even the best, in such condition, free  
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share  
With Human Nature? Never be it ours  
To see the Sun how brightly it will shine,  
And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers,  
Instead of gathering strength must droop and pine,  
And Earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers  
Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

## XX

*October, 1803.*

---

THESE times touch money'd Worldlings with dismay :  
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air  
With words of apprehension and despair :  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
And minds not stinted or untill'd are given,  
Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.  
What do we gather hence but firmer faith  
That every gift of noble origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;  
That virtue and the faculties within  
Are vital,—and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death !



## XXI.

---

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou shouldst wean  
Thy heart from its emasculating food ;  
The truth should now be better understood ;  
Old things have been unsettled ; we have seen  
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been  
But for thy trespasses ; and, at this day,  
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,  
Aught good were destined, Thou wouldst step between.  
England! all nations in this charge agree :  
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,  
Far, far more abject is thine Enemy :  
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight  
Of thy offences be a heavy weight :  
Oh grief! that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee !

## XXII.

*October, 1803.*

---

---

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

## XXIII.

## TO THE MEN OF KENT.

October, 1803.

---

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,  
 Ye Children of a Soil that doth advance  
 Its haughty brow against the coast of France,  
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment!  
 To France be words of invitation sent!  
 They from their Fields can see the countenance  
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,  
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.  
 Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,  
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;  
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—  
 No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;  
 We all are with you now from Shore to Shore:—  
 Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death!

## XXIV.

*October, 1803.*

---

Six thousand Veterans practised in War's game,  
Tried Men, at Killicranky were array'd  
Against an equal Host that wore the Plaid,  
Shepherds and Herdsmen.—Like a whirlwind came  
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame ;  
And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,  
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load  
Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame  
For them whom precept and the pedantry  
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.  
Oh ! for a single hour of that Dundee  
Who on that day the word of onset gave !  
Like conquest would the Men of England see ;  
And her Foes find a like inglorious Grave.

## XXV.

## ANTICIPATION.

October, 1803.

---

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won!  
 On British ground the Invaders are laid low;  
 The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,  
 And left them lying in the silent sun,  
 Never to rise again!—the work is done.  
 Come forth, ye Old Men, now in peaceful show  
 And greet your Sons! drums beat, and trumpets blow!  
 Make merry, Wives! ye little Children stun  
 Your Grandame's ears with pleasure of your noise!  
 Clap, Infants, clap your hands! Divine must be  
 That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,  
 And even the prospect of our Brethren slain,  
 Hath something in it which the heart enjoys:—  
 In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

## XXVI.

*November, 1806.*

---

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!  
Another mighty Empire overthrown!  
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;  
The last that dares to struggle with the Foe.  
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know  
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;  
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;  
That we must stand unpropp'd, or be laid low.  
O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!  
We shall exult, if They who rule the land  
Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,  
Wise, upright, valiant; not a venal Band,  
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,  
And honour which they do not understand.

---

SONNETS  
DEDICATED  
TO LIBERTY.

PART SECOND.

---





## I.

ON A

## CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

---

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,  
 And to the Concourse of the Isthmian Games  
 He, by his Herald's voice, aloud proclaims  
 THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words rebound  
 Until all voices in one voice are drowned;  
 Glad acclamation by which air was rent!  
 And birds, high-flying in the element,  
 Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!  
 —A melancholy Echo of that noise  
 Doth sometimes hang on musing Fancy's ear:  
 Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear;  
 Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!  
 A gift of that which is not to be given  
 By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

## II.

## UPON THE SAME EVENT.

---

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn  
 The tidings passed of servitude repealed,  
 And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,  
 The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.  
 " 'Tis known," cried they, " that He, who would adorn  
 His envied temples with the Isthmian Crown,  
 Must either win, through effort of his own,  
 The prize, or be content to see it worn  
 By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,  
 Sons of the Brave who fought at Marathon,  
 Your feeble Spirits. Greece her head hath bowed,  
 As if the wreath of Liberty thereon  
 Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,  
 Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top !"

## III.

## TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

On the final passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade,  
*March, 1807.*

---

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate Hill to climb:  
 How toilsome, nay how dire it was, by Thee  
 Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feelingly;  
 But Thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,  
 Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,  
 Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,  
 Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,  
 First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of Time  
 With unabating effort, see, the palm  
 Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!  
 The bloody Writing is for ever torn,  
 And Thou henceforth shalt have a good Man's calm,  
 A great Man's happiness; thy zeal shall find  
 Repose at length, firm Friend of human kind!

## IV.

*A PROPHECY.**February, 1807.*


---

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

## V.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING  
A TRACT, OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA,  
1808.

---

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

## VI.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME, AND ON THE SAME OCCASION.

---

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

VII.

HÔFFER.

---

OF mortal Parents is the Hero born  
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?  
 Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead  
 Returned to animate an age forlorn ?  
 He comes like Phœbus through the gates of morn  
 When dreary darkness is discomfited :  
 Yet mark his modest state !—upon his head,  
 That simple crest—a heron's plume—is worn.  
 O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock ;  
 The Murderers are aghast ; they strive to flee  
 And half their Host is buried :—rock on rock  
 Descends :—beneath this godlike Warrior, see !  
 Hills, Torrents, Woods, embodied to bemock  
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

## VIII.



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



## IX.

*FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.*


---

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

## X.

---

**ALAS!** what boots the long, laborious quest  
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill,  
Or pains abstruse, to elevate the will,  
And lead us on to that transcendent rest  
Where every passion shall the sway attest  
Of Reason seated on her sovereign hill;—  
What is it but a vain and curious skill,  
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,  
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty Schools  
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say,  
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,  
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought  
More for mankind at this unhappy day  
Than all the pride of intellect and thought.

## XI.

---

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

## XII.



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

## XIII.

ON THE

## FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

---

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

## XIV

---

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

## XV.

---

SAY, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense  
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,  
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
 And guard the way of life from all offence  
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
 A Kingdom doth assault, and in the scale  
 Of perilous war her weightiest Armies fail,  
 Honour is hopeful elevation—whence  
 Glory—and Triumph. Yet with politic skill  
 Endangered States may yield to terms unjust,  
 Stoop their proud heads;—but not unto the dust,—  
 A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil!  
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
 Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

## XVI.



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



## XVII.

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight  
 From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest  
 With Heroes 'mid the Islands of the Blest,  
 Or in the Fields of empyrean light.  
 A Meteor wert thou in a darksome night ;  
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,  
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,  
 Fixed as a star : such glory is thy right.  
 Alas ! it may not be : for earthly fame  
 Is Fortune's frail dependant ; yet there lives  
 A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives ;  
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,  
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed ;  
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

## XVIII.



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

## XIX.

---

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

## XX.



Is there a Power that can sustain and cheer  
The captive Chieftain—by a Tyrant's doom  
Forced to descend alive into his tomb,  
A dungeon dark!—where he must waste the year,  
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear;  
What time his injured Country is a stage  
Whereon deliberate Valour and the Rage,  
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,—  
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene  
With deeds of hope and everlasting praise:  
Say can he think of this with mind serene  
And silent fetters?—Yes, if visions bright  
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days  
When he himself was tried in open light.

## XXI.

1810.

---

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

## XXII.



IN due observance of an ancient rite,  
 The rude Biscayans, when their Children lie  
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,  
 Attire the peaceful Corse in vestments white;  
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,  
 They bind the unoffending Creature's brows  
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose :  
 This done, a festal Company unite  
 In choral song ; and, while the uplifted Cross  
 Of Jesus goes before, the Child is borne  
 Uncovered to his grave.—Her piteous loss  
 The lonésome Mother cannot chuse but mourn ;  
 Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,  
 And joy attends upon her fortitude.

## XXIII.

*FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN*

AT ONE OF THESE FUNERALS.

1810.

---

YET, yet Biscayans, we must meet our Foes  
 With firmer soul,—yet labour to regain  
 Our ancient freedom; else 'twere worse than vain  
 To gather round the Bier these festal shows!  
 A garland fashioned of the pure white rose  
 Becomes not one whose Father is a Slave:  
 Oh! bear the Infant covered to his Grave!  
 These venerable mountains now enclose  
 A People sunk in apathy and fear.  
 If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!  
 The awful light of heavenly Innocence  
 Will fail to illuminate the Infant's bier;  
 And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,  
 Descend on all that issues from our blood.

## XXIV.

*THE OAK OF GUERNICA.*

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

## SUPPOSED ADDRESS OF THE SAME.

1810.

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



## XXV.

## INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD.

1810.

---

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

## XXVI.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
 In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!  
 I better like a blunt indifference  
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
 To win me at first sight:—and be there joined  
 Patience and temperance with this high reserve,—  
 Honour that knows the path and will not swerve;  
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind;  
 And piéty tow'rds God.—Such Men of old  
 Were England's native growth; and, throughout Spain,  
 Forests of such do at this day remain;  
 Then for that Country let our hopes be bold;  
 For matched with these shall Policy prove vain,  
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

## XXVII.

1810.



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

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

## XXVIII.

*THE FRENCH,*  
 AND  
*THE SPANISH GUERILLAS.*

---

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

## XXIX.

*SPANISH GUERRILLAS.*

1811.

---

THEY seek, are sought; to daily battle led,  
 Shrink not, though far out-numbered by their Foes:  
 For they have learnt to open and to close  
 The ridges of grim War; and at their head  
 Are Captains such as erst their Country bred  
 Or fostered, self-supported Chiefs,—like those  
 Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose,  
 Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.  
 In one who lived unknown a Shepherd's life  
 Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;  
 And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,  
 With that great Leader vies, who, sick of strife  
 And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid  
 In some green Island of the western main.

## XXX.

1811.



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

## XXXI.

## CONCLUSION.

1811.



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

## XXXII.

*Added, November, 1813.*

---

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



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POEMS  
ON THE  
NAMING OF PLACES.

---

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

By Persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little Incidents will have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such Incidents, or renew the gratification of such Feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

I.

P O E M S

ON THE

NAMING OF PLACES.

---

It was an April morning: fresh and clear  
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,  
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the voice  
Of waters which the winter had supplied  
Was softened down into a vernal tone.  
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,  
And hopes and wishes, from all living things  
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.  
The budding groves appeared as if in haste  
To spur the steps of June; as if their shades  
Of *various* green were hindrances that stood  
Between them and their object: yet, meanwhile,  
There was such deep contentment in the air  
That every naked ash, and tardy tree  
Yet leafless, seemed as though the countenance

With which it looked on this delightful day  
 Were native to the summer.—Up the brook  
 I roamed in the confusion of my heart,  
 Alive to all things and forgetting all.  
 At length I to a sudden turning came  
 In this continuous glen, where down a rock  
 The stream, so ardent in its course before,  
 Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all  
 Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice  
 Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the Lamb,  
 The Shepherd's Dog, the Linnæus and the Thrush  
 Vied with this Waterfall, and made a song  
 Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth  
 Or like some natural produce of the air,  
 That could not cease to be. Green leaves were here;  
 But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the birch,  
 The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,  
 With hanging islands of resplendent furze:  
 And on a summit, distant a short space,  
 By any who should look beyond the dell,  
 A single mountain Cottage might be seen.  
 I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,  
 "Our thoughts at least are ours; and this wild nook,  
 My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee."

—Soon did the spot become my other home,  
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.  
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me there,  
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk  
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,  
Years after we are gone and in our graves,  
When they have cause to speak of this wild place,  
May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.

## II.

## TO JOANNA.

---

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass  
 Your time of early youth ; and there you learned  
 From years of quiet industry, to love  
 The living Beings by your own fire-side,  
 With such a strong devotion, that your heart  
 Is slow towards the sympathies of them  
 Who look upon the hills with tenderness,  
 And make dear friendships with the streams and groves.  
 Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,  
 Dwelling retired in our simplicity  
 Among the woods and fields, we love you well,  
 Joanna ! and I guess, since you have been  
 So distant from us now for two long years,  
 That you will gladly listen to discourse  
 However trivial, if you thence are taught  
 That they, with whom you once were happy, talk  
 Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past,  
 Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop

Their ancient neighbour, the old Steeple tower,  
 The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by  
 Came forth to greet me; and when he had asked,  
 "How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid!  
 And when will she return to us?" he paused;  
 And, after short exchange of village news,  
 He with grave looks demanded, for what cause,  
 Reviving obsolete Idolatry,  
 I, like a Runic Priest, in characters  
 Of formidable size had chiseled out  
 Some uncouth name upon the native rock,  
 Above the Rotha, by the forest side.  
 —Now, by those dear immunities of heart  
 Engendered betwixt malice and true love,  
 I was not loth to be so catechized,  
 And this was my reply:—"As it befel,  
 One summer morning we had walked abroad  
 At break of day, Joanna and myself.  
 —'Twas that delightful season, when the broom,  
 Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,  
 Along the copses runs in veins of gold.  
 Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks;  
 And when we came in front of that tall rock  
 Which looks towards the East, I there stopped short,  
 And traced the lofty barrier with my eye  
 From base to summit; such delight I found

To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,  
 That intermixture of delicious hues,  
 Along so vast a surface, all at once,  
 In one impression, by connecting force  
 Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.  
 —When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,  
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
 That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.  
 The rock, like something starting from a sleep,  
 Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again :  
 That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag  
 Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-Scar,  
 And the tall Steep of Silver-How sent forth  
 A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,  
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone :  
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
 Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew  
 His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds  
 Of Glaramara southward came the voice;  
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.  
 —Now whether, (said I to our cordial Friend  
 Who in the hey-day of astonishment  
 Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth  
 A work accomplished by the brotherhood  
 Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched  
 With dreams and visionary impulses,



Is not for me to tell; but sure I am  
 That there was a loud uproar in the hills :  
 And, while we both were listening, to my side  
 The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished  
 To shelter from some object of her fear.  
 —And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen moons  
 Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone  
 Beneath this rock, at sun-rise, on a calm  
 And silent morning, I sat down, and there,  
 In memory of affections old and true,  
 I chiseled out in those rude characters  
 Joanna's name upon the living stone.  
 And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side,  
 Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S ROCK."

Note.—In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several Inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of Time, and the rudeness of the Workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are without doubt Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the River which, flowing through the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydale, falls into Wyndermere. On Helm-Crag, that impressive single Mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a Rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an Old Woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those Fissures or Caverns, which in the language of the Country are called Dungeons. Most of the Mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

## III.



THERE is an Eminence,—of these our hills  
 The last that parleys with the setting sun. —  
 We can behold it from our Orchard-seat;  
 And, when at evening we pursue our walk  
 Along the public way, this Cliff, so high  
 Above us, and so distant in its height,  
 Is visible; and often seems to send  
 Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.  
 The meteors make of it a favourite haunt:  
 The star of Jove, so beautiful and large  
 In the mid heavens, is never half so fair  
 As when he shines above it. 'Tis in truth  
 The loneliest place we have among the clouds.  
 And She who dwells with me, whom I have loved  
 With such communion, that no place on earth  
 Can ever be a solitude to me,  
 Hath to this lonely summit given my Name.

## IV.



A NARROW girdle of rough stones and crags,  
 A rude and natural causeway, interposed  
 Between the water and a winding slope  
 Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore  
 Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy.  
 And there, myself and two beloved Friends,  
 One calm September morning, ere the mist  
 Had altogether yielded to the sun,  
 Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.  
 —Ill suits the road with one in haste, but we  
 Played with our time; and, as we strolled along,  
 It was our occupation to observe  
 Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore,  
 Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,  
 Each on the other heaped along the line  
 Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,  
 Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft  
 Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,

That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake  
 Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!  
 And starting off again with freak as sudden,  
 In all its sportive wanderings all the while  
 Making report of an invisible breeze  
 That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,  
 Its very playmate, and its moving soul.  
 —And often, trifling with a privilege  
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now, —  
 And now the other, to point out, perchance  
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair  
 Either to be divided from the place  
 On which it grew, or to be left alone  
 To its own beauty. Many such there are,  
 Fair Ferns and Flowers, and chiefly that tall Fern  
 So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named;  
 Plant lovelier in its own retired abode  
 On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the side  
 Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere  
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old Romance.  
 —So fared we that sweet morning: from the fields,  
 Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy mirth  
 Of Reapers, Men and Women, Boys and Girls.  
 Delighted much to listen to those sounds,

And, in the fashion which I have described,  
Feeding unthinking fancies, we advanced  
Along the indented shore; when suddenly,  
Through a thin veil of glittering haze, we saw  
Before us on a point of jutting land  
The tall and upright figure of a Man  
Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone  
Angling beside the margin of the lake.  
That way we turned our steps; nor was it long  
Ere, making ready comments on the sight  
Which then we saw, with one and the same voice  
Did all cry out; that he must be indeed  
An Idler, he who thus could lose a day  
Of the mid harvest, when the labourer's hire  
Is ample, and some little might be stored  
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time.  
Thus talking of that Peasant we approached  
Close to the spot where with his rod and line  
He stood alone; whereat he turned his head  
To greet us—and we saw a man worn down  
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks  
And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean  
That for my single self I looked at them,  
Forgetful of the body they sustained.—

Too weak to labour in the harvest field,  
 The Man was using his best skill to gain  
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake  
 That knew not of his wants. I will not say  
 What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how  
 The happy idleness of that sweet morn,  
 With all its lovely images, was changed  
 To serious musing and to self-reproach.  
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
 What need there is to be reserved in speech,  
 And temper all our thoughts with charity.  
 —Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
 My Friend, Myself, and She who then received  
 The same admonishment, have called the place  
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
 As e'er by Mariner was given to Bay  
 Or Foreland on a new-discovered coast;  
 And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the Name it bears.

## V.

TO M. H.

---

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees ;  
 There was no road, nor any wood-man's path ;  
 But the thick umbrage, checking the wild growth  
 Of weed and sapling, on the soft green turf  
 Beneath the branches of itself had made  
 A track, which brought us to a slip of lawn,  
 And a small bed of water in the woods.  
 All round this pool both flocks and herds might drink  
 On its firm margin, even as from a Well,  
 Or some Stone-bason which the Herdsman's hand  
 Had shaped for their refreshment ; nor did sun  
 Or wind from any quarter ever comè,  
 But as a blessing, to this calm recess,  
 This glaze of water and this one green field.  
 The spot was made by Nature for herself.  
 The travellers know it not, and 'twill remain

Unknown to them : but it is beautiful ;  
And if a man should plant his cottage near,  
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,  
And blend its waters with his daily meal,  
He would so love it that in his death hour  
Its image would survive among his thoughts :  
And therefore, my sweet-MARY, this still nook  
With all its beeches we have named from You.



## VI.

---

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy World  
 Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen  
 A habitation in this peaceful Vale,  
 Sharp season followed of continual storm  
 In deepest winter; and, from week to week,  
 Path-way, and lane, and public road were clogged  
 With frequent showers of snow. Upon a hill  
 At a short distance from my Cottage, stands  
 A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont  
 To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof  
 Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place  
 Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.  
 Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,  
 And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,  
 The redbreast near me hopped; nor was I loth  
 To sympathize with vulgar coppice Birds  
 That, for protection from the nipping blast,  
 Thither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew

Within this grove of firs; and, on the fork  
 Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest;  
 A last year's nest, conspicuously built  
 At such small elevation from the ground  
 As gave sure sign that they, who in that house  
 Of nature and of love had made their home  
 Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,  
 A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain flock,  
 Would watch my motions with suspicious stare,  
 From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—  
 Some nook where they had made their final stand,  
 Huddling together from two fears—the fear  
 Of me and of the storm. Full many an hour  
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees  
 Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven  
 In such perplexed and intricate array,  
 That vainly did I seek, between their stems,  
 A length of open space,—where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern or care:  
 And, baffled thus, before the storm relaxed,  
 I ceased that Shelter to frequent,—and prized,  
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned  
 To clothe the fields with verdure. Other haunts

Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A hoary path-way traced between the trees,  
 And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering at my own simplicity  
 How I could e'er have made a fruitless search  
 For what was now so obvious. At the sight  
 Conviction also flashed upon my mind  
 That this same path (within the shady grove  
 Begun and ended) by my Brother's steps  
 Had been impressed.—To sojourn a short while  
 Beneath my roof He from the barren seas  
 Had newly come—a cherished Visitant!  
 And much did it delight me to perceive  
 That, to this opportune recess allured,  
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful; that, more loth to part  
 From place so lovely, he had worn the track  
 By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot  
 With which the Sailor measures o'er and o'er  
 His short domain upon the Vessel's deck,  
 While she is travelling through the dreary Sea.

When Thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,  
 And taken thy first leave of those green hills-  
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy Youth,  
 Year followed year, my Brother, and we two,  
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould  
 Each other's minds were fashioned; and at length,  
 When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,  
 Between us there was little other bond  
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.  
 But thou, a school-boy, to the sea hadst carried  
 Undying recollections; Nature there  
 Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she still  
 Was with thee; and even so didst thou become  
 A *silent* Poet; from the solitude  
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart  
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
 And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.  
 —Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;  
 And now I call the path-way by thy name,  
 And love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns  
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong:  
 And there I sit at evening, when the steep  
 Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's placid Lake,

And one green Island, gleam between the stems  
 Of the dark firs, a visionary scene ;  
 And, while I gaze upon the spectacle  
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight  
 Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,  
 My Brother, and 'on all which thou hast lost.  
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,  
 Muttering the Verses which I muttered first  
 Among the mountains, through the midnight watch  
 Art pacing to and fro the Vessel's deck  
 In some far region, here, while o'er my head  
 At every impulse of the moving breeze  
 The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,  
 Alone I tread this path ;—for aught I know,  
 Timing my steps to thine ; and, with a store  
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,  
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day  
 When we, and others whom we love, shall meet  
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

Note.—This wish was not granted ; the lamented Person, not long after, perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the *Larl of Abergavenny*.



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INSCRIPTIONS.

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## I.

*Written with a Slato-pencil, upon a Stone, the largest of a Heap lying near a deserted Quarry, upon one of the Islands at Rydale.*



STRANGER! this hillock of misshapen stones  
Is not a ruin of the ancient time,  
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn  
Of some old British Chief: 'tis nothing more  
Than the rude embryo of a little Dome  
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built  
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.  
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned  
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,  
And make himself a freeman of this spot  
At any hour he chose, the Knight forthwith  
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound

Are monuments of his unfinished task.—  
 The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,  
 Was once selected as the corner-stone  
 Of the intended Pile, which would have been  
 Some quaint odd play-thing of elaborate skill,  
 So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,  
 And other little Builders who dwell here,  
 Had wondered at the work. But blame him not,  
 For old Sir William was a gentle Knight  
 Bred in this vale, to which he appertained  
 With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,  
 And for the outrage which he had devised  
 Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art one  
 On fire with thy impatiencce to become  
 An inmate of these mountains,—if, disturbed  
 By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn  
 Out of the quiet rock the elements  
 Of thy trim mansion destin'd soon to blaze  
 In snow-white splendour,—think again, and, taught  
 By old Sir William and his quarry, leave  
 Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose;  
 There let the vernal Slow-worm sun himself,  
 And let the Red-breast hop from stone to stoue.

## II.

*written with a Slate-pencil, on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black  
Comb.*

---

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs  
 On this commodious Seat! for much remains  
 Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
 Of this huge Eminence,——from blackness named,  
 And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,  
 A favourite spot of tournament and war!  
 But thee may no such boisterous visitants  
 Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;  
 And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air  
 Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,  
 From centre to circumference, unveiled!  
 Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,  
 That, on the summit whither thou art bound,  
 A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,  
 With books supplied and instruments of art,  
 To measure height and distance; lonely task,

Week after week pursued!—To him was given  
 Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed  
 On timid man) of Nature's processes  
 Upon the exalted hills. He made report  
 That once, while there he plied his studious work  
 Within that canvass Dwelling, suddenly  
 The many-coloured map before his eyes  
 Became invisible: for all around  
 Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—  
 As if the golden day itself had been  
 Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,  
 In which he sate alone with unclosed eyes  
 Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland: its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other Mountain in these parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain. See page 305, Vol. I.

## III.

*In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. Leicestershire.*

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THE embowering Rose, the Acacia, and the Pine  
 Will not unwillingly their place resign;  
 If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,  
 Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands.  
 One wooed the silent Art with studious pains,—  
 These Groves have heard the Other's pensive strains;  
 Devoted thus, their spirits did unite  
 By interchange of knowledge and delight.  
 May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,  
 And Love protect it from all injury!  
 And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,  
 Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,  
 And to a favourite resting-place invite,  
 For coolness grateful and a sober light;  
 Here may some Painter sit in future days,  
 Some future Poet meditate his lays;

Not mindless of that distant age renowned  
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,  
The haunt of Him who sang how spear and shield  
In civil conflict met on Bosworth Field;  
And of that famous Youth, full soon removed  
From earth, perhaps by Shakespear's self approved,  
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

## IV.

*In a Garden of the same.*

---

ORT is the Medal faithful to its trust  
 When Temples, Columns, Towers are laid in dust ;  
 And 'tis a common ordinance of fate  
 That things obscure and small outlive the great :  
 Hence, when yon Mansion and the flowery trim  
 Of this fair Garden, and its alleys dim,  
 And all its stately trees, are passed away,  
 This little Niche, unconscious of decay,  
 Perchance may still survive.—And be it known  
 That it was scooped within the living stone,—  
 Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains  
 Of labourer plodding for his daily gains ;  
 But by an industry that wrought in love, ,  
 With help from female hands, that proudly strove  
 To shape the work, what time these walks and bowers  
 Were framed to cheer dark winter's lonely hours.

## V.

*Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. and in his Name, for an  
Urn, placed by him at the Termination of a newly-planted Avenue,  
in the same Grounds.*

---

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,  
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return;  
And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
Of Pillars, branching off from year to year  
Till they at length have framed a darksome Aisle;—  
Like a recess within that awful Pile  
Where Reynolds, mid our Country's noblest Dead,  
In the last sanctity of Fame is laid.  
—There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep  
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep,  
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear  
Self-hidden praise and Friendship's private tear:  
Hence on my patrimonial Grounds have I  
Raised this frail tribute to his memory,  
From youth a zealous follower of the Art  
That he professed, attached to him in heart;  
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride  
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.



## VI.

*Inscription for a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton.*

---

BENEATH yon eastern Ridge, the craggy Bound,  
 Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,  
 Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,  
 The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU;  
 Erst a religious House, that day and night  
 With hymns resounded, and the chaunted rite:  
 And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth  
 To honourable Men of various worth:  
 There, on the margin of a Streamlet wild,  
 Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager Child;  
 There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,  
 Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;  
 Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,  
 Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams  
 Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,  
 With which his genius shook the buskined Stage.  
 Communities are lost, and Empires die,—  
 'nd things of holy use unhallowed lie;  
 They perish;—but the Intellect can raise,  
 From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays.

## VII.

*Written with a Pencil upon a Stone in the Wall of the House (an Out-house)  
on the Island at Grasmere.*

---

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen  
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained  
Proportions more harmonious, and approached  
To somewhat of a closer fellowship  
With the ideal grace. Yet as it is  
Do take it in good part:—alas! the poor  
Vitruvius of our village, had no help  
From the great City; never on the leaves  
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed  
The skeletons and pre-existing ghosts  
Of Beauties yet unborn, the rustic Box,  
Snug Cot, with Coach-house, Shed and Hermitage.  
Thou seest a homely Pile, yet to these walls  
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here  
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.  
And hither does one Poet sometimes row

His Pinnacle, a small vagrant Barge, up-piled  
With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,  
(A lading which he with his sickle cuts  
Among the mountains,) and beneath this roof  
He makes his summer couch, and here at noon  
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep  
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool  
Lie round him, even as if they were a part  
Of his own Household: nor, while from his bed  
He through that door-place looks toward the lake  
And to the stirring breezes, does he want  
Creations lovely as the work of sleep,  
Fair sights—and visions of romantic joy!



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POEMS  
REFERRING TO THE PERIOD  
OF OLD AGE.

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I.

THE

*OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.*

A DESCRIPTION.

The class of Beggars to which the Old Man here described belongs will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.



I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk ;  
And he was seated, by the highway side,  
On a low structure of rude masonry  
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they  
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road  
May thence remount at ease. The aged Man  
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone  
That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag  
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,

He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ;  
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,  
 Upon the second step of that small pile,  
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,  
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude :  
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
 That, still attempting to prevent the waste,  
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers  
 Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,  
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,  
 Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ; and then  
 He was so old, he seems not older now ;  
 He travels on, a solitary Man,  
 So helpless in appearance, that for him  
 The sauntering Horseman-traveller does not throw  
 With careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin  
 Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits him so,  
 But still when he has given his horse the rein  
 Towards the aged Beggar turns a look  
 Side-long—and half-reverted. She who tends



The Toll-gate, when in summer at her door  
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees  
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,  
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.  
The Post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake  
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,  
Shouts to him from behind; and, if perchance  
The old Man does not change his coursé, the Boy  
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,  
And passes gently by,—without a curse  
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.  
He travels on, a solitary Man,—  
His age has no companion. On the ground  
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,  
*They* move along the ground; and, evermore,  
Instead of common and habitual sight  
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
Bowbent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,  
And never knowing that he sees, some straw,  
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
The nails of cart or chariot wheel have left  
Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,

At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!  
 His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet  
 Disturb the summer dust; he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
 Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,  
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and Girls,  
 The vacant and the busy, Maids and Youths,  
 And Urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:  
 Him even the slow-paced Waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—Statesmen! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate  
 Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not  
 A burthen of the earth. 'Tis Nature's law  
 That none, the meanest of created things,  
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,  
 A life and soul to every mode of being  
 Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps  
 From door to door, the Villagers in him

Behold a record which together binds  
 Past deeds and offices of charity,  
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,  
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,  
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign  
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.  
 Among the farms and solitary huts,  
 Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,  
 Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,  
 The mild necessity of use compels  
 To acts of love; and habit does the work  
 Of reason; yet prepares that after joy  
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,  
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
 Doth find itself insensibly disposed  
 To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,  
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds  
 And meditative, authors of delight  
 And happiness, which to the end of time  
 Will live, and spread, and kindle; minds like these,  
 In childhood, from this solitary Being,  
 This helpless Wanderer, have perchance received  
 (A thing more precious far than all that books

Or the solitudes of love can do!)  
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,  
 In which they found their kindred with a world  
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy Man  
 Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear  
 Which overhangs his head from the green wall,  
 Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,  
 The prosperous and unthinking, they who live  
 Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
 Of their own kindred;—all behold in him  
 A silent monitor, which on their minds  
 Must needs impress a transitory thought  
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,  
 His charters and exemptions; and, perchance,  
 Though he to no one give the fortitude  
 And circumspection needful to preserve  
 His present blessings, and to husband up  
 The respite of the season, he, at least,  
 And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there are  
 Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
 Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel

No self-reproach ; who of the moral law  
 Established in the land where they abide  
 Are strict observers; and not negligent,  
 Meanwhile, in any tenderness of heart  
 Or act of love to those with whom they dwell,  
 Their kindred, and the children of their blood.  
 Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!  
 —But of the poor man ask, the abject poor,  
 Go and demand of him, if there be here  
 In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,  
 And these inevitable charities,  
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?  
 No—Man is dear to Man; the poorest poor  
 Long for some moments in a weary life  
 When they can know and feel that they have been  
 Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out  
 Of some small blessings, have been kind to such  
 As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
 That we have all of us one human heart.  
 —Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,  
 My Neighbour, when with punctual care, each week  
 Duly as Friday comes, though prest herself  
 By her own wants, she from her chest of meal  
 Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip

Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door  
 Returning with exhilarated heart,  
 Sits by her fire and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!  
 And while in that vast solitude to which  
 The tide of things has led him, he appears  
 To breathe and live but for himself alone;  
 Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about  
 The good which the benignant law of Heaven  
 Has hung around him; and, while life is his,  
 Still let him prompt the unlettered Villagers  
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.

—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!  
 And, long as he can wander, let him breathe  
 The freshness of the valleys; let his blood  
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;  
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath  
 Beat his gray locks against his withered face.  
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness  
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.

May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,  
 Make him a captive! for that pent-up din,  
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,

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

## II.

*THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.*

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

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town;  
 His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a crown;  
 Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak  
 Of the unfaded rose is expressed on his cheek.

Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—mid the joy  
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a Boy;  
 There fashion'd that countenance, which, in spite of a stain  
 That his life hath received, to the last will remain.



A Farmer he was ; and his house far and near  
 Was the boast of the Country for excellent cheer :  
 How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale  
 Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his good ale.

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,  
 His fields seemed to know what their Master was doing ;  
 And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,  
 All caught the infection—as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl,—  
 The fields better suited the ease of his Soul :  
 He strayed through the fields like an indolent Wight,  
 The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought, and the Poor -  
 Familiar with him made an inn of his door :  
 He gave them the best that he had ; or, to say  
 What less may mislead you, they took it away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm .  
 The Genius of plenty preserved him from harm :  
 At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,  
 His means are run out,—he must beg, or must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with their money;  
 For his hive had so long been replenished with honey  
 That they dreamt not of dearth—He continued his rounds,  
 Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds still adding to  
 pounds.

He paid what he could of his ill-gotten pelf,  
 And something, it might be, reserved for himself:  
 Then, (what is too true,) without hinting a word,  
 Turned his back on the Country; and off like a Bird.

You lift up your eyes!—and I guess that you frame  
 A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;  
 In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
 For this he did all in the *ease* of his heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—  
 With his grey hairs he went from the brook and the green;  
 And there, with small wealth but his legs and his hands,  
 As lonely he stood as a Crow on the sands.

All trades, as needs was, did old Adam assume,—  
 Served as Stable-boy, Errand-boy, Porter, and Groom;  
 But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
 And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birth-days younger, is green and is stout ;  
 Twice as fast as before does his blood run about ;  
 You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,  
 And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes  
 About work that he knows in a track that he knows ;  
 But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
 And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the Town like a Stranger is he,  
 Like one whose own Country's far over the sea,  
 And Nature, while through the great City he hies,  
 Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprize.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,  
 More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue ;  
 Like a Maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,  
 And tears of fifteen have come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him or the dry parching heats ?  
 Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets ;  
 With a look of such earnestness often will stand  
 You might think he'd twelve Reapers at work in the Strand.

Where pröud Covent-garden, in desolate hours  
 Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruit and her flowers,  
 Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made  
 Poor Winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

Mid coaches and chariots, a Waggon of straw  
 Like a magnet the heart of old Adam can draw ;  
 With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,  
 And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream

Up the Hay-market hill he oft whistles his way,  
 Thrusts his hands in the Waggon, and smells at the hay ;  
 He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,  
 And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—  
 If you pass by at morning you'll meet with him there :  
 The breath of the Cows you may see him inhale,  
 And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, Old Adam, when low thou art laid  
 May one blade of grass spring up over thy head ;  
 And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,  
 Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

## III.

*THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

THERE is a Flower, the Lesser Celandine,  
 That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;  
 And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
 Bright as the sun itself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,—  
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distress'd,  
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
 In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I pass'd,  
 And recognized it, though an alter'd Form,  
 Now standing forth an offering to the Blast,  
 And buffeted at will by Rain and Storm.

I stopp'd, and said with inly-muttered voice,  
 " It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :  
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
 But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not bless it, nor the dew ;  
 It cannot help itself in its decay ;  
 Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."  
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favorite—then, worse truth,  
 A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !  
 O Man ! that from thy fair and shining youth  
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

## IV.

*ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.*

A SKETCH.

---

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

## V.

*THE TWO THIEVES,*

OR,

THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.



O NOW that the genius of Bewick were mine,  
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne  
Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,  
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose:

What feats would I work with my magical hand!  
Book-learning and books should be banished the land:  
And for hunger and thirst and such troublesome calls  
Every Ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

The Traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair;  
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he care  
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his Sheaves,  
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two Thieves?



Little Dan is unbreeched, he is three birth-days old ;  
 His Grandsire that age more than thirty times told ;  
 There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather  
 Between them, and both go a-stealing together.

With chips is the Carpenter strewing his floor ?  
 Is a cart-load of peats at an old Woman's door ?  
 Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide ;  
 And his Grandson's as busy at work by his side.

Old Daniel begins, he stops short—and his eye  
 Through the lost look of dotage is cunning and sly.  
 'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his own,  
 But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown. -

Dan once had a heart which was moved by the wires  
 Of manifold pleasures and many desires :  
 And what if he cherished his purse ? 'Twas no more  
 Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands ; but Daniel is one  
 Who went something further than others have gone ;  
 And now with old Daniel you see how it fares ;  
 You see to what end he has brought his gray hairs.

The Pair sally forth hand in hand : ere the sun  
 Has peered o'er the beeches their work is begun :  
 And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,  
 This Child but half knows it, and that not at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,  
 And each in his turn is both leader and led ;  
 And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
 Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roam ;  
 For gray-headed Dan has a daughter at home,  
 Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done ;  
 And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
 I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side :  
 Long yet mayst thou live ! for a teacher we see  
 That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

## VI.

*THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH*

AND HER HUSBAND.



At Jedborough, in the course of a Tour in Scotland, my Companion and I went into private Lodgings for a few days; and the following Verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers!  
 And call a train of laughing Hours;  
 And bid them dance, and bid them sing;  
 And Thou, too, mingle in the Ring!  
 Take to thy heart a new delight;  
 If not, make merry in despite!  
 For there is one who scorns thy power.  
 But dance! for under Jedborough Tower  
 There liveth, in the prime of glee,  
 A Woman, whose years are seventy-three,  
 And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that Figure—there!  
 Him who is rooted to his chair!

Look at him—look again! for He  
 Hath long been of thÿ Family.  
 With legs that move not, if they can,  
 And useless arms, a Trunk of Man,  
 He sits, and with a vacant eye ;  
 A Sight to make a Stranger sigh!  
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :  
 His world is in this single room :  
 Is this a place for mirth and cheer ?  
 Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate  
 Of Him in that forlorn estate !  
 He breathes a subterraneous damp ;  
 But bright as Vesper shines her lamp :  
 He is as mute as Jedborough Tower ;  
 She jocund as it was of yore,  
 With all its bravery on ; in times,  
 When, all alive with merry chimes,  
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,  
 It roused the Vale to Holiday.  
 I praise thee, Matron! and thy due  
 Is praise ; heroic praise, and true !  
 With admiration I behold  
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :

Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
 The picture of a life well-spent :  
 This do I see ; and something more ;  
 A strength unthought of heretofore !  
 Delighted am I for thy sake ;  
 And yet a higher joy partake.  
 Our Human-nature throws away  
 Its second Twilight, and looks gay :  
 A Land of promise and of pride  
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed  
 Within himself, as seems ; composed ;  
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain,  
 The strife of happiness and pain,  
 Utterly dead ! yet, in the guise  
 Of little Infants, when their eyes  
 Begin to follow to and fro  
 The person that before them go,  
 He tracks her motions, quick or slow.  
 Her buoyant Spirit can prevail  
 Where common cheerfulness would fail :  
 She strikes upon him with the heat  
 Of July Suns ; he feels it sweet ;

An animal delight though dim !  
 'Tis all that now remains for him !

I looked, I scanned her o'er and o'er ;  
 The more I looked I wondered more :  
 When suddenly I seemed to espy  
 A trouble in her strong black eye ;  
 A remnant of uneasy light,  
 A flash of something over-bright !  
 And soon she made this matter plain ;  
 And told me, in a thoughtful strain,  
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;  
 Ill health of body ; and had pined  
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it !—but let praise ascend  
 To Him who is our Lord and Friend !  
 Who from disease and suffering  
 Hath called for thee a second Spring ;  
 Repaid thee for that sore distress  
 By no untimely joyousness ;  
 Which makes of thine a blissful state ;  
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

## VII.

## SONNET.

. . . . . "gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."



THOUGH narrow be that Old Man's cares, and near,  
The poor Old Man is greater than he seems :  
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams ;  
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.  
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer ;  
The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds, and monitory gleams  
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.  
He the seven birds hath seen that never part,  
Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly rounds,  
And counted them : and oftentimes will start—  
For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS,  
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart,  
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds.

## VIII.

*INSCRIPTION,*

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST.  
HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

---

THIS Island, guarded from profane approach  
By mountains high and waters widely spread,  
Is that recess to which St. Herbert came  
In life's decline; a self-secluded Man,  
After long exercise in social cares  
And offices humane, intent to adore  
The Deity, with undistracted mind,  
And meditate on everlasting things.  
—Stranger! this shapeless heap of stones and earth  
(Long be its mossy covering undisturbed!)  
Is reverence'd as a vestige of the Abode  
In which, through many seasons, from the world  
Removed, and the affections of the world,  
He dwelt in solitude.—But he had left



A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved  
 As his own soul. And, when within his cave  
 Alone he knelt before the crucifix  
 While o'er the Lake the cataract of Lodore  
 Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced  
 Along the beach of this small isle and thought  
 Of his Companion, he would pray that both,  
 (Now that their earthly duties were fulfill'd)  
 Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain  
 So prayed he:—as our Chronicles report,  
 Though here the Hermit numbered his last day,  
 Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,  
 Those holy Men both died in the same hour.



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**EPIITAPHS**  
**AND**  
**ELEGIAC POEMS.**

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## I.

## EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHILABRERA.

## 1.

PERHAPS some needful service of the State  
 Drew TITUS from the depth of studious bowers,  
 And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,  
 Where gold determines between right and wrong.  
 Yet did at length his loyalty of heart  
 And his pure native genius lead him back  
 To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses  
 Whom he had early loved. And not in vain  
 Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools  
 Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung  
 With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.  
 \* There pleasure crowned his days; and all his thoughts  
 A roseate fragrance breathed.—O human life,  
 That never art secure from dolorous change!  
 Behold a high injunction suddenly  
 To Arno's side conducts him, and he charmed  
 A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called  
 To the perpetual silence of the grave.  
 Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
 A Champion steadfast and invincible,  
 To quell the rage of literary War!

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

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

## II.

2.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind  
 Intent upon thy way, pause though in haste !  
 'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born  
 Within Savona's walls of gentle blood.  
 On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
 To sacred studies ; and the Roman Shepherd  
 Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous Flock.  
 Much did I watch, much laboured ; nor had power  
 To escape from many and strange indignities ;  
 Was smitten by the great ones of the World  
 But did not fall, for virtue braves all shocks,  
 Upon herself resting immoveably.  
 Me did a kindlier fortune then invite  
 To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,  
 And in his hands I saw a high reward  
 Stretched out for my acceptance—but Death came.—  
 Now, Reader, learn from this my fate—how false,  
 How treacherous to her promise is the World,  
 And trust in God—to whose eternal doom  
 Must bend the sceptred Potentates of Earth.

## III.

## 3.

THERE never breathed a man who when his life  
 Was closing might not of that life relate  
 Toils long and hard.—The Warrior will report  
 Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,  
 And blast of trumpets. He, who hath been doomed  
 To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,  
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
 Envy, and heart-inquietude, derived  
 From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.  
 I, who on ship-board lived from earliest Youth,  
 Could represent the countenance horrible  
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage  
 Of Auster and Boötes. Forty years  
 Over the well-steered Gallies did I rule ;  
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,  
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;  
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft—and—oft :  
 Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir

I knew the force ; and hence the rough sea's pride  
 Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.

What noble pomp and frequent have not I  
 On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end  
 I learn that one poor moment can suffice  
 To equalize the lofty and the low.

We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One finds,  
 And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,  
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.

If more of my condition ye would know,  
 Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang  
 Of noble Parents : sixty years and three  
 Lived I——then yielded to a slow disease.



## IV.

## 4.

DESTINED to war from very infancy  
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took  
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross.  
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun  
Hazard or toil; among the Sands was seen  
Of Lybia, and not seldom on the Banks  
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot  
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.  
So lived I, and repined not at such fate;  
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,  
That stripped of arms I to my end am brought  
On the soft down of my paternal home.  
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause  
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt  
In thy appointed way, and bear in mind  
How fleeting and how frail is human life.

## V.

## 5.

NOT without heavy grief of heart did Hē,  
 On whom the duty fell, (for at that time  
 The Father sojourn'd in a distant Land)  
 Deposit in the hollow of this Tomb  
 A Brother's Child, most tenderly beloved!  
 FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had borne,  
 POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious House;  
 And when beneath this stone the Corse was laid  
 The eyes of all Savona stream'd with tears.  
 Alas! the twentieth April of his life  
 Had scarcely flowered: and at this early time,  
 By genuine virtue he inspir'd a hope  
 That greatly cheer'd his Country: to his Kin  
 He promis'd comfort; and the flattering thoughts  
 His Friends had in their fondness entertain'd,\*  
 He suffer'd not to languish or decay.

\* In justice to the Author I subjoin the original

————— e degli amici

Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

Now is there not good reason to break forth  
Into a passionate lament?—O Soul!  
Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,  
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;  
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,  
An everlasting spring! in memory  
Of that delightful fragrance which was once,  
From thy mild manners, quietly exhaled.

## VI.

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6.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates  
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him  
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer  
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.  
This to the Dead by sacred right belongs ;  
All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit  
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb  
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime  
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrice  
Enriched and beautified his studious mind :  
With Archimedes also he conversed  
As with a chosen Friend, nor did he leave  
Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs  
Twine on the top of Pindus.—Finally,  
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,  
His ears he closed to listen to the Song  
Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old ;  
And fixed his Pindus upon Lebanon.  
A Blessed Man ! who of protracted days  
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep ;  
But truly did *He* live his life.—Urbino  
Take pride in him ;—O Passenger farewell !

## VII.

## LINES,

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk, one Evening, after a stormy day,  
the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr.  
Fox was hourly expected.



LOUD is the Vale! the Voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty Unison of streams!  
Of all her Voices, One!

Loud is the Vale;—this inland Depth  
In peace is roaring like the Sea;  
Yon Star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, ev'n to pain depress'd,  
Importunate and heavy load!\*  
The Comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road;

Aud many thousands now are sad,  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;  
For he must die who is their Stay,  
Their Glory disappear.

\* Importuna e grave salma.

A Power is passing from the earth  
 To breathless Nature's dark abyss;  
 But when the Mighty pass away  
 What is it more than this,

That Man, who is from God sent forth,  
 Doth yet again to God return?—  
 Such ebb and flow must ever be;  
 Then wherefore should we mourn?



*Written, November 13, 1814, on a blank leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem  
 THE EXCURSION, upon hearing of the death of the late Vicar of Kendal.*

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
 Did I deliver this unfinished Song;  
 Yet for one happy issue;—and I look  
 With self-congratulation on the Book  
 Which pious, learned MURFITT saw and read;—  
 Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;  
 He conn'd the new-born Lay with grateful heart;  
 Forgetting not how soon he must depart,  
 Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
 Which good Men take with them from Earth to Heaven.

## VIII.

*ELEGIAC STANZAS,*

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

---

I WAS thy Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:  
I saw thee every day; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!  
So like, so very like, was day to day!  
Whene'er I look'd, thy Image still was there;  
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! it seem'd no sleep;  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
 To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile!  
 Amid a world how different from this!  
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;  
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss:

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house, a mine  
 Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven:—  
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have made:  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part;  
 A faith, a trust, that could not be betray'd.



So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;  
 I have submitted to a new control:  
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore;  
 A deep distress hath humaniz'd my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea and be what I have been:  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,  
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
 This Work of thine I blame not, but commend;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and well;  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;  
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves,  
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the Heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be born!  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

## IX.

*TO THE DAISY.*  

---

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have  
A place upon thy Poet's grave,  
I welcome thee once more :  
But He, who was on land, at sea,  
My Brother, too, in loving thee,  
Although he loved more silently,  
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day  
When to that Ship he bent his way,  
To govern and to guide :  
His wish was gained: a little time  
Would bring him back in manhood's prime,  
And free for life, these hills to climb,  
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day  
 While that stout Ship at anchor lay  
 Beside the shores of Wight ;  
 The May had then made all things green ;  
 And, floating there in pomp serene,  
 That Ship was goodly to be seen,  
 His pride and his delight !

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought  
 The tender peace of rural thought ;  
 In more than happy mood  
 To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers !  
 He then would steal at leisure hours,  
 And loved you glittering in your bowers,  
 A starry multitude.

But hark the word !—the Ship is gone ;—  
 From her long course returns :—anon  
 Sets sail :—in season due  
 Once more on English earth they stand :  
 But, when a third time from the land  
 They parted, sorrow was at hand  
 For Him and for his Crew.

Ill fated Vessel!—ghastly shock!  
 —At length delivered from the rock  
 The deep she hath regained;  
 And through the stormy night they steer,  
 Labouring for life, in hope and fear,  
 Towards a safer shore—how near,  
 Yet not to be attained!

Silence! the brave Commander cried;  
 To that calm word a shriek replied,  
 It was the last death-shriek.  
 —A few appear by morning light,  
 Preserved upon the tall mast's height:  
 Oft in my Soul I see that sight;  
 But one dear remnant of the night—  
 For him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea  
 He lay in slumber quietly;  
 Unforced by wind or wave  
 To quit the Ship for which he died,  
 (All claims of duty satisfied;)  
 And there they found him at her side;  
 And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done  
For this, if other end were none,  
That he, who had been cast  
Upon a way of life unmeet  
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,  
Should find an undisturbed retreat  
Near what he loved, at last ;

That neighbourhood of grove and field  
To Him a resting-place should yield,  
A meek man and a brave!  
The birds shall sing and ocean make  
A mournful murmur for *his* sake ;  
And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and wake  
Upon his senseless grave!

---

O D E.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM  
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY  
CHILDHOOD.

---

The Child is Father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.



O D E.

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THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it has been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now ~~will~~ see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the Rose,—

The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young Lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong.

The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:

I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,

The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every Beast keep holiday;—

Thou Child of Joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy

Shepherd Boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
 While the Earth herself is adorning,  
     This sweet May-morning ;  
 And the Children are pulling,  
     On every side,  
 In a thousand vallies far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
     —But there's a Tree, of many one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
     The Pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat : .  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?  
  
 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar ?  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy ;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the East  
     Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses,

With light upon him from his Father's eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral ;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part,

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her Equipage ;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy Soul's immensity ;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

„Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by;  
     To whom the grave  
 Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight  
     Of day or the warm light,  
 A place of thought where we in waiting lie;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy Being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The Years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

    O joy! that in our embers  
     Is something that doth live,  
     That nature yet remembers  
     What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benedictions : not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts, before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprized !

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither;  
 Can in a moment travel thither,—  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
 And let the young Lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind,



In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be,  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering,  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Think not of any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
     Is lovely yet;  
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live;  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.



## NOTES TO VOLUME II.

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Page 7.—*The solitary Reaper.* This Poem was suggested by a beautiful sentence in a MS. Tour in Scotland written by a Friend, the last line being taken from it *verbatim*.

Page 58.—*Song, at the Feast of Brougham Castle.* Henry Lord Clifford, &c. &c., who is the subject of this Poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the Reader of English History, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York who had fallen in the battle, “in part of revenge” (say the Authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); “for the Earl’s Father had slain his.” A deed which worthily blemished the author (saith Speed); But who, as he adds, “dare promise any thing temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord to speak.” This, no doubt, I would observe by the by, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; “for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen

or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this (say the *Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke*, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born); that he was the next Child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her Children, see Austin Vincent in his book of Nobility, page 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading Man and Commander, two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, “when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles.” Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its

neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt; in the civil Wars of Charles the First, they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c. &c. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the Estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th Chap. 12th Verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother) at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader. *“And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.”* The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

Page 59, line 19.—“Earth helped him with the cry of

blood." This line is from the *Battle of Bosworth Field* by Sir John Beaumont (Brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony; and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers's *Collection of English Poets*.

Page 63, line 23.—

“ And both the undying Fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-Tarn,” &c.

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

Page 64, lines 19 and 20.—

“ Armour rusting in his Halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls.”

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English History; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that, besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the Field.

Page 91.—*Poem on Rob Roy's Grave*. “ And wondrous length and strength of arm.” The people of the neighbourhood of Loch Ketterine, in order to prove the extraordinary length of their Hero's arm, tell you that “ he could garter his Tartan Stockings below the knee when standing upright.” According to their account he was a tremendous Swordsman;

after having sought all occasions of proving his prowess, he was never conquered but once, and this not till he was an Old Man.

Page 240.—The beginning is imitated from an Italian Sonnet.

Page 291, 3d line from the bottom.

Strait all that holy was unhallowed lies.

*Daniel.*

Page 321, line 10.—

“Seen the Seven Whistlers,” &c.

Both these superstitions are prevalent in the midland Counties of England: that of “Gabriel’s Hounds” appears to be very general over Europe; being the same as the one upon which the German Poet, Burger, has founded his Ballad of the Wild Huntsman.





## PREFACE

*To the Second Edition of several of the foregoing Poems,  
published, with an additional Volume, under the Title  
of LYRICAL BALLADS.*

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THE first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that I have pleased a greater number, than I ventured to hope I should please.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently,

and not unimportant in the multiplicity, and in the quality of its moral relations : and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, because I knew that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular Poems : and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display my opinions, and fully to enforce my arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of a preface. For to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence, of which I believe it susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved ; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out, in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence ; yet I am sensible, that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those, upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association ; that he not only thus apprizes the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be

carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different æras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an Author, in the present day, makes to his Reader; but I am certain, it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the Reader will not censure me, if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also, (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an Author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from com-

mon life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way ; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature : chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language ; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated ; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings ; and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended ; and are more durable ; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects, from which the best part of language is originally derived ; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and re-

gular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation\*.

I cannot, however, be insensible of the present outcry against the triviality and meanness both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I mean to say, that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but I believe that my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If in this opinion I am mistaken, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached, were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man,

\* It is worth while here to observe that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible, even to this day.

who being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature and in such connexion with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my Reader what this purpose will be found principally to be: namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavoured in these short essays to attain by various means; by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtile windings, as in the poems of the *IDIOT BOY* and the *MAD MOTHER*; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being, at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the Poem of the *FORSAKEN INDIAN*; by showing, as in the Stanzas entitled *WE ARE SEVEN*, the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood

attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in *THE BROTHERS*; or, as in the Incident of *SIMON LEE*, by placing my Reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in the *TWO APRIL MORNINGS*, *THE FOUNTAIN*, *THE OLD MAN TRAVELLING*, *THE TWO THIEVES*, &c. characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will probably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my Reader by dwelling longer upon this subject; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my Reader to the Poems entitled *POOR SUSAN* and the *CHILDLESS FATHER*; particularly to the last Stanza of the latter Poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting, that I point my Reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent

stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespear and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavoured to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impres-



sion a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different track may interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a different claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; I have taken as much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being

culpably particular, I can give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope that there is in these Poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but

likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation ; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire :  
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,  
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.  
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;  
*A different object do these eyes require ;*  
*My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;*  
*And in my breast the imperfect joys expire ;*  
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;  
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;  
 To warm their little loves the birds complain.  
*I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,*  
*And weep the more because I weep in vain.*

It will easily be perceived that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics ; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word “ fruitless” for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and I have previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connexion sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry \* sheds no tears "such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial Ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial dis-

\* I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.

tinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as I am recommending is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems I now present to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content

myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons, that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing, and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more

nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than any thing which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him, by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will

feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for Rope-dancing, or Frontinac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility,



are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of Science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge.

What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding every where objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which without any other discipline than that of our daily life we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of Science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of Science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of Science seeks truth as a remote

and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are every where; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the Science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers

of these respective Sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called Science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to have such weight that I will conclude, there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet, or belonging simply to Poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring

my Reader to the description which I have before given of a Poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sun-shine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this

supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of *metre* is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion, whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless

combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why am I to be condemned, if to such description I have endeavoured to superadd the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered, that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that by such deviation more will be lost from the shock which will be thereby given to the Reader's associations, than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre in itself; it might perhaps, as far as relates to these Poems, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metri-

cally arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not in that state succeed each other in accustomed order. But, if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connecte<sup>d</sup> with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language in a certain degree of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion, and, I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the perusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or the



**Gamester.** While Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us as pathetic beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which

similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of metre, and to have shown that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till by a species of reaction the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind and in whatever degree, from various causes is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will upon the whole be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception

perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. I might perhaps include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in metre the Tale of GOODY BLAKE and HARRY GILL, which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it: and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a Ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in Ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have

written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the Reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings even of the ludicrous may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support, and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the Reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and perhaps in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying, that it is

not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular idea to each other; and above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my Reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen.

" I put my hat upon my head,  
And walk'd into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly admired stanzas of the "*Babes in the Wood.*"

" These pretty Babes with hand in hand  
Went wandering up and down ;  
But never more they saw the Man  
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from

the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or This is not poetry; but this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to any thing interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous." This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: I have therefore to request, that the Reader would abide independently, by his own feelings, and that if he finds himself affected he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author by any single composition has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that, on other occasions where we have been displeas'd, he nevertheless may not have written

ill or absurdly ; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce in a high degree to the improvement of our own taste : for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought, and a long continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself;) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous ; and that in many cases it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend : for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition ; and what can I do more for him ? The power of any art is limited ; and he will suspect, that, if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry ; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an

honourable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my Reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible that poetry may give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but it has been less my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming, that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself: he will determine how far I have attained this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the public.



## APPENDIX.

See Preface, page 384.—“by what is usually called  
POETIC DICTION.”

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As perhaps I have no right to expect from a Reader of an Introduction to a volume of Poems that attentive perusal without which it is impossible, imperfectly as I have been compelled to express my meaning, that what I have said in the Preface should throughout be fully understood, I am the more anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which I use the phrase *poetic diction*; and for this purpose I will here add a few words concerning the origin of the phraseology which I have condemned under that name.—The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect, without having the same animating passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and ideas with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in *any situation*. The Reader or Hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind: when affected by the genuine language of passion he had been in a perturbed and unusual

state of mind also : in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false ; the one served as a passport for the other. The agitation and confusion of mind were in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same, or similar causes. Besides, the Poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with admiration ; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and distinguished by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions ; but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real

life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first Poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of a language which they themselves had invented, and which was uttered only by themselves; and, with the spirit of a fraternity, they arrogated it to themselves as their own. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false became so inseparably interwoven that the taste of men was gradually perverted; and this language was received as a natural language; and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would be highly interesting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd language: but this is not the place; it depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none perhaps more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the

Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is *balked* of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can, and ought to bestow.

The sonnet which I have quoted from Gray, in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if I may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers, both ancient and modern. Perhaps I can in no way, by positive example, more easily give my Reader a notion of what I mean by the phrase *poetic diction*, than by referring him to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout, Prior's "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," &c. &c. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," &c. &c. See 1st Corinthians, chapter xiiiith. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:

" Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,  
Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise;  
No stern command, no monitory voice,  
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;  
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;  
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,  
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.  
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,  
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?"

While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,  
 And soft solicitation courts repose,  
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,  
 Year chases year with unremitting flight,  
 Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,  
 Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambushed foe."

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travaileth, and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs, chap. vith.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from Cowper's verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk:

"Religion! what treasure untold  
 Resides in that heavenly word!  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford.  
 But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial officiating report,  
 Of a land I must visit no more.  
 My Friends, do they meet and then boast  
 A wish or a thought of my name,  
 Or tell me of the dear friends I love,  
 Though I should be absent from them?

I have quoted this passage as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed; some Critics would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-going" applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which Poets have introduced into their language till they and their Readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sigh'd at the sound," &c. are, in my opinion, an instance of the language of passion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere circumstance of the composition being in metre, applied upon an occasion that does not justify such violent expressions; and I should condemn the passage, though perhaps few Readers will agree with me, as vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admirably expressed: it would be equally good whether in prose or verse, except that the Reader has an exquisite pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza tempts me here to add a sentiment which ought to be the pervading spirit of a system, detached parts of which have been imperfectly explained in the Preface,—namely, that in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the same language.



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