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J. B. Longacre & Co.

Mr. Woodworth

WORDSWORTH:

A POEM.

BY

¹²²²
WILLIAM WALLACE.

—————The mind
Where Faith so deep a root could find,
Faith, which both love and life could save,
And keep the first, in age still fond,
Thus blossoming this side the grave
In steadfast trust of fruit beyond.

Vigil of Faith.

He can still drink in
The unshadowed glories of the Universe.
Boyhood's Recollections.



NEW YORK:
HUNTINGTON AND SAVAGE,
116 Pearl-street.

1846.

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EDWARD O. JENKINS, PRINTER.



TO HENRY JOHNSON, ESQ.,

SIR,

Two motives actuate me in inscribing this Poem to you—one, the admiration which you have expressed for the great Bard who is the theme—the other, my own regard for yourself.

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.



# WORDSWORTH.

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—————The mind  
Where Faith so deep a root could find,  
Faith, which both love and life could save,  
And keep the first, in age still fond,  
Thus blossoming this side the grave  
In steadfast trust of fruit beyond.  
*Vigil of Faith.*

He can still drink in  
The unshadowed glories of the Universe.  
*Boyhood's Recollections.*

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I.

SUNSET is on the dial : and I know  
My hands are feeble and my head is white  
With many snows, and in my dim old eyes  
Light plays the miser with a frugal care,  
And soon the curtain drops : But still I know,  
The Soul in sceptred majesty of will  
Leaves not the royal dais.

The ancient Winds

Still chant around me all the solemn themes  
I learned when young ; and in the hollow flower  
I hear the murmur left there by the bee ;  
And jubilant Rivers laugh and clap their hands  
Amid the leaning Hills that nurse them there ;  
And far away I see the Eagles float  
Along the gray tops of the billowy Woods  
Like ships that go triumphing on the waves ;  
And over all the Sun towers steadily  
Beside his flaming altar, and beholds,  
As he beheld through many centuries gone,  
The holocausts of light roll up to God ;  
And when the Evening walks the western land,  
I know that Mazzaroth will sit and sing  
Within his azure house ; and I shall hear  
Around the pathways of the dim Abyss  
The deep low thunder of those spheréd wheels  
Which He, the Ancient One of Days, in right  
Of suveran godship strode, some ages back ;  
And still the play, a venerable play—  
World-wide—of this Humanity goes on,  
Still dark the plot, the issues unperceived.  
So, with all things thus filling every sense,  
The Soul, in sceptred majesty of will,  
Sits on her royal dais, and wears her crown.

Then why should I—whose thoughts were shaken down  
 On all the Isles and blossomed for their sons—  
 My office yield, and let the general Hymn  
 Unheeded harmonize the jangling space?  
 By action only doth Creation hold  
 Her charter—and, that gone, the worlds are dead.  
 'Tis not in souls which would the Noblest find,  
 To rest contentedly upon old wreaths;  
 For voices shout from all the moving Stars  
 That trouble idle Space—"ON! ON! STILL ON!"—  
 And all the Deeps, whose slumberous eyes were smit  
 By busy Godhead into blazing Suns,  
 Join in the choral summons—"ON! STILL ON!"  
 I will *not* rest and unmelodious die;  
 But with my full wreath round these thin, white hairs,  
 And rhythmic lips, and vision kindling up,  
 March through the Silent Halls, and bravely pass  
 Right on into the Land that lies beyond,  
 Where they my Brother-Bards—this\* with a soul  
 As large as peopled worlds which it would bless;  
 And that,† a wondrous Dream whose lustrous wings  
 Winnowed the dull Earth's sea of sleep to life  
 And sun-bright motion—those majestic Bards

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\* Southey and † Coleridge.

Who went before, choiring their lofty hymns,  
 Watch for my coming on the misty hills.

## II.

But what the burden of that latest song  
 Will be, as yet I know not—nor the rhythm  
 That shall go beating with her silver feet  
 The sounding aisles of thought : But this I hope,  
 A listening world will hear that latest song,  
 And seat it near the fireside of its heart  
 Forevermore, and by the embers' light  
 Look fondly on its face as men of old  
 Looked on the faces of the angel guests  
 Who tarried sometimes in their pastoral homes :  
 For this last hymn shall wear a holiest smile,  
 Befitting well the time and circumstance.

## III.

Most haply I shall sing some simple words,  
 Rich with the wealth Experience gives to Time—  
 An antique tale of beauty and of tears :  
 Or I may wander in my thought afar  
 Where men have built their homes in forests vast,  
 And see the Atlantic rest his weary feet  
 And lift his large blue eyes on other stars :

Or hear the Sire of many Waters\* hoarse  
 With counting centuries, and rolling on  
 Through the eternal night of silent woods,  
 Whose huge trunks sentinel a thousand leagues,  
 His deep libation to the waiting seas ;  
 Then would I join the choral preludes swelling  
 Between the wondrous acts of that great play  
 Which Time is prompting in another sphere :  
 Or I may wander in my thought afar  
 'Mid ruins gray of columns overthrown—  
 When populous Towns went rocking to and fro  
 Wildly upon the troubled Earth's unrest,  
 Like great armadas on the rouséd seas—  
 And then lift up a song of solemn march  
 Amid the glorious temples crumbling there—  
 The beautiful records of a world which was,  
 Majestic types of what a world must be :  
 Or I may turn to themes that have no touch  
 Of sorrow in them, piloted by Joy—  
 And raise the burial stone from shrouded Years,  
 And hear the laugh of youth clear ringing out,  
 Or feel again a sweet religious awe,  
 Such as I felt when floated holy chimes

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\* The Mississippi.

In boyhood's ear, and such as stern men feel  
When passing by cathedral doors they hear  
A dim-remembered psalm roll softly out  
And fill their eyes with tears, they know not why :  
Then I shall sing of children blooming o'er  
The desolate wide heath of Life, like flowers  
Which daring men had stolen from Paradise,  
When near its gate the wearied Cherub slept  
And dreamed of Heaven.—Or to some pastoral vale  
Shall pass my trembling feet? There shall I pour  
To Nature, loved in all her many moods,  
A chant sublimely earnest. I shall tell  
To all the tribes with what a stately step  
She walks the silent wilderness of Air,  
Which always puts its starry foliage on  
At her serene approach, or in her lap  
Scatters its harvest-wealth of golden suns :  
And many a Brook shall murmur in my verse ;  
And many an Ocean join his cloudy bass ;  
And many a Mountain tower aloft, whereon  
The black Storm crouches, with his deep-red eyes  
Glaring upon the valleys stretched below :  
And many a green Wood rock the small bright birds  
To musical sleep beneath the large full moon ;  
And many a Cloud in crumbling prison hold



WORDSWORTH.

The Rainbow peering through the frequent rents,  
Impatiently, and longing to come out  
On faithless lands, a Memory of God :  
And many a Star shall lift on high her cup  
Of luminous cold chrysolite—set in gold  
Chased subtly over by Angelic art—  
To catch the odorous dews which Seraphs drink  
In their wide wanderings : and many a Sun  
Shall press the pale lips of the timorous Morn  
Couched in the bridal East : and over all  
Will brood the visible presence of the ONE  
To whom my life has been a solemn chant,  
Because he is and was a mighty God,  
A King above all Gods. Within his hand  
He holdeth the deep places of the Earth,  
And also his the strength of all the hills.  
Of old he heard his stricken minstrel's voice ;  
Then shook the Earth and all the hills were moved.  
A smoke went from his nostrils, and a fire  
Went from his mouth, a great fire which devoured.  
He also bowed the Heavens and came down ;  
And pillared darkness lay beneath his feet :  
He rode upon a Cherub and did fly ;  
He flew upon the white wings of the wind :  
The darkness made his secret place ; his tent

Around him was dark waters and thick clouds :  
 He thundered also in the Heavens above ;  
 The Highest gave his voice in hail and fire :  
 The ancient channels of the seas were seen ;  
 And the foundations of the world were shown  
 At thy rebuke, O God ! From all his foes  
 Thy Bard was drawn, and lifted from the waves.\*

## IV.

Then let the sunset fall and flush Life's dial !  
 No matter how the years may smite my frame,  
 And cast a piteous blank upon my eyes,  
 That seek in vain the old accustomed stars  
 Which skies hold over blue Winandermere.  
 Be sure that I a crownéd Bard will sing  
 Until within the murmuring barque of verse  
 My Spirit bears majestically away,  
 Charming to golden hues the gulf of death—  
 Well knowing that upon my honored grave,  
 Beside the widowed lakes that wail for me,  
 Haply the dust of four great worlds will fall  
 And mingle—thither brought by Pilgrim's feet.

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\* The reader will perceive that the passage from "*of old*" to "*waves*," is nearly word for word from two of the sublimely simple psalms of "The Monarch Minstrel." Excepting the last line and a half, (a condensation of several verses,) the author found it necessary to introduce but six or seven words of his own, for the sake of euphony.



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