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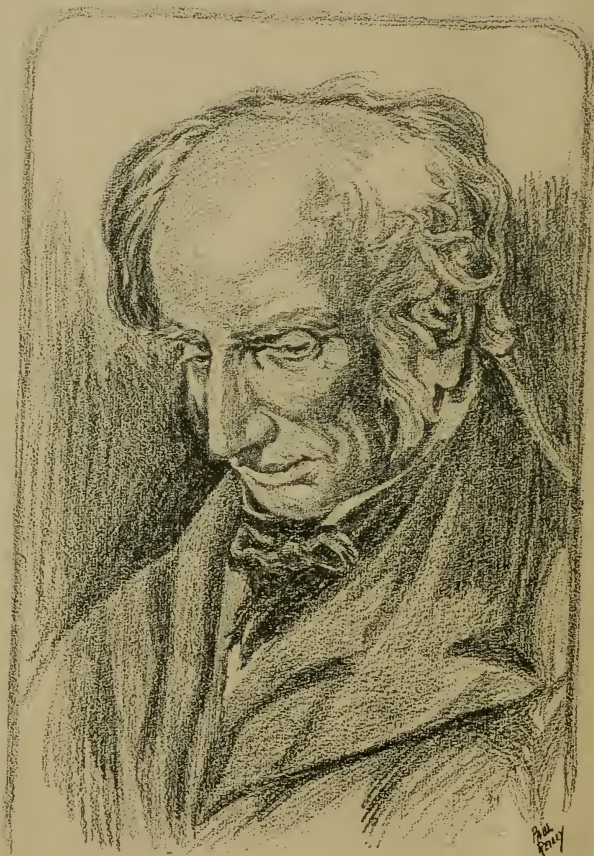


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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



POEMS OF WORDSWORTH
SHELLEY AND KEATS

SELECTED
FROM "THE GOLDEN TREASURY" OF
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

EDITED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

BY

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Sterfield*
W. P. TRENT AND JOHN ERSKINE

PROFESSORS IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



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EDITORIAL NOTE

This edition of those poems of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats selected by Palgrave for his "Golden Treasury" is intended to meet the requirements recently adopted for high-school students. We have tried to let the poems speak for themselves, adding only such notes of information as seem needed in a book designed for study rather than for more or less rapid reading. For the most part we have avoided æsthetic criticism; where all is so excellent, the reader cannot go wrong if he makes his own choices and discoveries. In preparing the notes, we have consulted the available annotations, and wish to acknowledge much serviceable guidance, especially from the elaborate commentary by Mr. J. H. Fowler and Mr. W. Bell, published by The Macmillan Company, and from the edition by Mr. Herbert Bates, published by Longmans, Green & Co. In the omission of most metrical and etymological matters, we have wished to make clear to teachers and students what seem to us the more important steps in the approach to poetry.

W. P. T.

J. E.

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LYRICAL POETRY

I

Of all literary types the lyric is perhaps the easiest to recognize and the hardest to define. If we say that the lyric is a song, — a poem which is written to be sung or which sounds as if it might be sung, — we should have to include under our definition the Old English or Scotch ballad, which has the suggestion of song, but which is narrative and belongs rather to the type of the short story. Palgrave chose for his anthology, the "Golden Treasury," those poems which turned upon a single thought, feeling, or situation. Yet this formula did not represent his notion of the lyric; for he adds that he excluded narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems, "unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the coloring of human passion." The heart of his definition really lay in the last modest phrase, "the coloring of human passion."

For the lyric is essentially that literary type which expresses emotion, just as the drama and the novel express active experience, and the essay expresses thought. In his study of "The School of Giorgione" Walter Pater said that all art tends to become music — that is, to stir emotions rather than to state intellectual ideas. A musician is annoyed when some one asks what the music "means"; to him it is a feeling, not a statement; it means no more than does the taste of sugar. So the painter is annoyed at the common attempt to read a story into a picture; to him the picture is a scheme of color and an arrangement of lines, — a sensation for the eye, as music is for the ear. But the average man looks for an idea, — especially in the United States, where "intellect" has unfortunately been rated higher than the gift and training to appreciate beauty; and in all art we see a certain struggle between the artist's desire to set out the loveliness of the world for man's enjoyment, and man's contrary desire that art shall say something that can be translated into words.

Pater, in his famous saying, meant that the best of art cannot be translated into words. When we hear a cello or violin, the tragic tones give us a luxurious sadness, although we have no reason to be sad, and cannot tell another man what the tone of the cello is like. The hurdy-gurdy in the street playing a dance tune sets the children to waltzing, and the drums and fifes of the military band make us feel like marching. These different emotions, we notice, can be indicated only by mentioning the instruments that stimulate them; if the reader has experienced the emotions, he will understand the reference — otherwise it will mean nothing to him. So the lyric, nearest of all literary types to music, says to us many delicious things — recognizable but inexpressible emotions — which are over and above what the actual words mean.

The chief language, so to speak, which the lyric employs in addition to actual words is rhythm. Whether the beat of the lines is strong or weak, grave or merry; whether the measure befits a song or a dance tune or a military march — we feel all this before we even attend to the intellectual message of the verse. The rhythm, the physical habit of the lyric, denotes the vital energy of its emotion. Poems with a strongly marked rhythm, like Shelley's "One word is too often profaned" (p. 65), suggest and stimulate a well-defined state of feeling wherein the emotion easily dominates — as in the lyric it should — the intellectual content. Such a poem, however, as Wordsworth's lines on a picture of Peele Castle (p. 45) indicates at once by its less definite rhythm that its emotional energy is relaxed and unimportant, almost secondary to the thoughts that make it a poem of intellect rather than of feeling. And in the fixed forms, like the sonnet, where the rhythm and the number of syllables and lines are prescribed, a reader of even slight experience detects differences of rhythmic energy between Keats's "The Human Seasons" (p. 103) and Wordsworth's "The World is too much with us" (p. 48).

Within the single poem the rhythm may alter if it parallels some emotional change. Obviously such alterations occur most often in long poems. With Dryden and the other essentially classical poets the change of rhythm is formal and for a set purpose; the lyrics of this school therefore divide into sections, which vaguely resemble the

movements of a sonata or symphony. In the romantic practice of Shelley, however, the changes are more subtle and seldom prepared for; the rhythm is more sensitive to veering moods, and accommodates itself to its subject as modern music does, measure by measure, instead of prescribing the form its subject shall take. Line 16 of Shelley's verses "Written among the Euganean Hills" must, for example, be read by itself, not in the rhythm of the preceding lines:

The tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity.

Next after rhythm, time — the tempo of music — is the vehicle of lyric expression. It is an error to think of all verse or of all the lines in one poem as measured by fixed time beats. Wordsworth's "The Education of Nature" (p. 3) is full of musical *rallentandos*. The length of the syllable or the use of rests concerns the time of verse as vitally as the length of notes and rests concerns the tempo of music; without intelligence in these elementary divisions neither music nor verse can be read. Usually one can guess at the length of a syllable from its rhythmic or intellectual emphasis. The meaning of each line of Shelley's "Dirge" (p. 87) demands an accent on the first word:

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main, —
Wail for the world's wrong.

The third vehicle of lyric expression is tone, or what we often call in a loose way "musical quality." The same note played upon the piano and the flute and the violin has in each case a different appeal, which lies in the tone quality of the instrument. The melody would probably seem most appealing, most emotional, when played upon the violin, because that instrument has the most emotional tone. So the thought of a lyric stirs us to a greater degree when the very sound of the words is stirring. This word-music depends upon the combination of vowels and consonants; the liquid consonants *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, produce the most obvious effect of smoothness, as we see in many a haunting quotation :

That last infirmity of noble mind.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began.

The tone quality of a lyric is hard for some people to appreciate when the intellectual content of the poem is slight. Their problem is then much as if they were listening to pure music and trying to discover its "meaning." Shelley's "Lament" (p. 87) says very little intellectually; rhythmically, too, it is extremely simple, but the tone that distinguishes it is one of haunting sorrow.

Because word rhythm and word melody are conveniently described in terms of music, some confusion is likely to result as to the relation between music and verse. The two arts, for practical purposes, are distinct, and cannot be confused without some loss to each or either. The fact that the lyric in Elizabeth's time was rich in melody and rhythm cannot be explained by the public ability at the time to play the lute, or by the educated gentleman's ability to sing a part in a madrigal, any more than the frequent harshness of Browning's verse could be cited as proof that he was not an accomplished musician. We know, of course, that his skill in music was great; and that Tennyson, who excelled him in verse melody, knew nothing of music; and that Edward Fitzgerald, who translated Omar into liquid verse, was a

musician. So all combinations of knowledge and ignorance in the two arts are possible, and there is no necessary relation. The speaking voice, for which poetry is composed, is essentially an instrument of percussion, like the piano, and its words must be uttered with a certain speed before they make their effect. Song or ordinary music is prolonged sound and tends to need an instrument of sustained tone, like the singing voice or the organ. The old ballads were sung to tunes which now are forgotten, because the words were much more important. Yet the words show in certain rhythmic peculiarities that they were fitted to musical exigencies, as is the case with most of Shakespeare's songs. Had the words made no stronger appeal than the notes, they would not have found their way into this or any other anthology, but would have been preserved, if at all, as incidental to the music.

What music once accompanied the lyric is of little consequence to the young student. Of much greater importance is his ability to feel in the poem the expression of more than the words, — that approximation to the condition of music which is found in the rhythm, the time, and the tone. Oral readers of poetry may usually be classified according as they value the intellectual content of the verse, reducing it to prose, or the melody of it, turning it often into a chant. It is said that the great poets monotoned their lines in what might seem to be a singsong; so Tennyson, in particular, read. Whatever our taste in that matter, we should retain our grip on the one important truth that the lyric, above all other literature, is emotional; and we are not reading it wisely if it does not reach our emotions before it reaches our brain.

II

When a lyric is composed the process in the poet's mind is perhaps something like this: an emotion is aroused in him by some stimulus; that emotion possesses him until it begins to take a definite rhythm in his mind, as the photographic film is developed and takes form in the chemical bath; when the rhythm is unmistakable to his inner ear, the poet writes his lyric. To him the terms in the process are stimulus, emotion, and rhythm. To the reader, however, the poem

must present itself in a different order. He perceives the rhythm first, and by the rhythm he is prepared for the emotion that produced it; by a solemn rhythm he is prepared for a solemn emotion; by a joyous rhythm he is prepared for joy. If the emotion is to be altogether intelligible, the reader must come at once upon some explanation of the stimulus; otherwise he cannot appropriate to himself imaginatively the poet's experience. Therefore the stimulus, in the average lyric, must be the second thing that the reader or hearer perceives. After the emotion has been felt and explained the lyric is occupied with developing it.

In the average successful lyric the stimulus is made clear in the opening lines. In Wordsworth's "To a Highland Girl" (p. 23) the scene that inspires the poem is described at once. In Shelley's "To the Moon" (p. 77) the paleness of the moon is implied at once. In Keats's "La belle dame sans merci" (p. 91) the knight is portrayed in the opening questions. The stimulus may be found in any human experience, — in nature, as in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" (p. 84); or in art, as in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (p. 102). In both cases the reader is aware of the cause of the emotion in the poet, and it becomes the cause of emotion also in himself; it makes concrete and rational what would otherwise be only a vague atmosphere of feeling created by the rhythm.

The experience of an emotion, however, has sometimes other phenomena, which to the poet seem more important even than its stimulus. For example, he may find some aspect of nature in remarkable sympathy with an habitual emotional state of his, and that sympathy may appear to him of vastly more importance than the original cause of his mood. To express his mood he may then depend upon the rhythm and the context of the poem; he perhaps will not try to explain it. In the "Ode to a Nightingale" (p. 95) Keats tells us that he is extremely unhappy, and that the nightingale singing near by seems to be the very voice of his soul. The intention of the poem is to make us feel Keats's recognition of his own mood and aspirations in the nightingale. We know from other sources that the sorrow which beset him at the moment was the death of a favorite brother, but that fact is not important to the poem,

and is therefore omitted. In the poem on the daffodils (p. 27) Wordsworth's mood, before the flowers have gladdened him, is peculiarly empty. He was walking alone, we are told, but whether he was sad or gay or just absent-minded, we are not told; it is not necessary to the poem.

Important as the stimulus is in the inward structure of the lyric, the development of the emotion is usually, of course, the chief object of the poem. Any emotion is short-lived; it subsides gradually until the mind is reëstablished in a state of normal calm. Therefore the record of the development of emotion in the lyric must be brief, and it concerns itself with the reëstablishment of the intellect over the feelings. As the lyric progresses, the emotion is likely to run thin, and unless the poet has the taste to stop in time, the end of his song will be didactic or moralizing or narrative,—anything but lyrical. Our habitual ways of thought are matters of convention; we think correctly on the great subjects; therefore our cold-blooded pronouncements on those subjects differ from age to age, as the fashions change, and those cold-blooded conventions make their appearance at the end of the lyrics. In the least controlled part of the emotional experience, the immediate reaction to the stimulus, the poet reveals most of himself; yet, strange as it may seem, the lyric in that personal revelation changes least from century to century, from land to land; for men are of one blood in their genuine feelings, and they are estranged chiefly by artificial habits of thought. The sonnets of Shakespeare and the love songs of Burns have often the same stimulus, and where either speaks his true emotion he is contemporary to the other; they differ in the use to which they put their emotions and in the way in which their natures recover their normal state.

The best illustration of this analysis of the lyric can be found in the funeral poem or elegy, which, from the lament of Moschus over Bion, has had a traditional career in the poetry of Europe and a very brilliant career in English poetry. This type of lyric, expressing grief for a dead friend, begins with a statement of the cause of the sorrow,—the stimulus of the emotion. As the grief subsides, those questions suggest themselves which are common to all human loss,

—Why was this man taken and another left? or, Why should we strive for our ideals, if the accidents of life so cruelly defeat us? In the third section of the elegy the poet's habitual reason is again in control of his emotion, and he comforts himself in the conventions of his time and country. The first and second portions of the elegy in English are, for all the famous illustrations, practically the same; "Lycidas," in the opinion of many competent critics, is the noblest example of the English type. The third section, giving the consolation, is very individual in each elegy. Milton has hope of Christian immortality; Shelley, in "Adonais," has a glimpse of the immortality of beauty; Tennyson, in "In Memoriam," comforts himself with the general promise of evolution; Arnold, in "Thyrsis," turns to the prospect of a heroic culture. These resemblances and differences are as true of other kinds of lyric as of the elegy.

We could put the matter in a slightly different way by saying that the possible stimuli of the lyric are very few; there are few primary emotions, and few occasions in any one man's life when his feelings are deeply stirred. Therefore the originality of the lyric is to be sought not in the stimulus but in the character of the poet upon whom the stimulus acts. It has been the fashion of recent decades to emphasize the subjective, personal note in the definition of the lyric, and at least so much truth is in the convention as is here indicated; the difficulty with the point of view is that to-day many other kinds of literature besides the lyric are subjective.

An emotion, a mere feeling, is the most fleeting of human experiences, no matter how permanent its effect. The lyric poets instinctively try to give their emotions a kind of immortality in the close of the song. Their methods are infinite in variety; it is important only to be aware of the attempt and to match the instinct in our own feelings. In his poem "To a Highland Girl" (p. 23) Wordsworth ends with the imperishable landscape picture which is his memory of the incident; in "The Solitary Reaper" (p. 26) he bears a song in his heart just as imperishably; Burns creates a similar immortality for his "Highland Mary," and Keats in his great odes closes upon a general truth or a state of mind which justly immortalizes our experience of the poem. It is this passion of all artists — and especially

of the lyric poets — to make permanent a beauty that is learned only in its vanishing, which Shelley expresses in the little song —

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory —
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

THE AUTHORS

WORDSWORTH

I

William Wordsworth is remembered as a poet, as a critic, and as a man. He was a poet of nature. He loved mountains and rivers, flowers and trees — the humble as well as the grand aspects of the world about us, and he had the genius to show us these aspects as they are; when we know and love his poetry, we find that we have better eyes for nature and are more sensitive to all beauty out of doors. Wordsworth also believed that nature is a great teacher — of moral truth, of the sense of right and wrong, of the love of virtue. He thought that men who daily look upon majestic mountains, and walk beneath graceful trees, and hear the brook or the waterfall, are more likely to be noble, graceful, and harmonious in character than men who all their lives have been shut up in cities.

We should expect a poet who held this belief to be simple in his tastes, and Wordsworth's fame as a critic rests upon his theory that well-chosen, simple, common words are best for poetry. The eighteenth century, from Alexander Pope to Thomas Gray, had written verse in what was called poetic diction; that is, in words selected for unusual refinement or dignity, qualities supposed to be more suitable to verse than to prose. Wordsworth reminded us that the difference between poetry and any other kind of writing or speaking lies, not in the words, but in our use of them. If what we write or say is noble in thought, strong in feeling, and touched with that glamor which we call imagination, we shall produce poetry; and no further choice of words is needed beyond the care that well-bred people usually take — to say what they mean and to avoid vulgarity.

It was not Wordsworth's language, however, so much as his life, which showed his love of simplicity. Many who might not otherwise

care for poetry visit the little Dove Cottage in Grasmere as though it were a shrine; for there he and his sister spent their happiest days in "plain living and high thinking," as he called it. Only when we have read the account of that life in his sister's journal or in the family letters, do we realize how resolute he was in avoiding all ordinary distractions of society, to keep himself free for his poetry. This independence won him honor as a man.

For some readers, however, the most inspiring account of his life is to be found not in the family diaries or letters, but in his long poem, "The Prelude," which tells us of the growth of his poetic ideas. In his childhood and boyhood among the Cumberland hills nature cast her spell upon him, he says, though at the time he hardly knew why the mountain shadows and the stillness of the forest were so awe-inspiring. At Cambridge University he came under the influence of great books and of great minds, and—what later was very important to him—in the flat country he began to appreciate the grandeur of the northern landscape of his youth. A summer vacation in the Alps increased his passion for magnificent scenes. We turn for a moment to the family letters, where his sister wrote of him about this time, "He is never so happy as when in a beautiful country."

"The Prelude" then goes on to tell us how the love of nature led Wordsworth to a greater love for man. After graduation from college he spent a short time in London, delighting in the new ideas of liberty and human perfection which were then radiating from France. They called him a radical at the time, but his radicalism would now seem mild. It consisted of exchanging dreams with other generous-hearted young enthusiasts who thought that the final regeneration of society was at hand. In his own words,

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

Of course he would not be content to watch at a distance the making of this new day. He went to France, spent an exciting year in Orleans, Blois, and Paris, and finally ran some risk of his life. At the approach of the Terror his relatives got him safely back to England, where during the next few years he suffered the great disappointment of

his life, as the prospect of human liberty ended in the horrors of the guillotine and — almost as bad — in the Napoleonic tyranny.

From this disappointment he turned again for comfort to nature. His sister Dorothy, whom he had seen but little for years, now kept house for him for a short time in the south of England, where they made the acquaintance of Coleridge. Then, after four months in Germany, they returned to their native mountains and settled in Grasmere, Westmoreland, to live the simple poetic life which we now call Wordsworthian.

All this we may learn from "The Prelude," and we need no further information for introduction to Wordsworth's poems. The important epochs in his biography were his childhood in the mountains, his revolutionary fervor and disappointment, and — immediately following that crisis — the companionship of his sister Dorothy and of Coleridge. They were the two beings, he said later, to whom his intellect was most indebted. Dorothy had probably a better understanding of nature than he had, and Coleridge had a better understanding of poetry. He learned immensely from both, and was proud to acknowledge the debt.

"The Prelude" stops when Wordsworth had still nearly fifty years ahead of him, but no more such profound awakenings. We could enjoy his poetry though we knew nothing else about him, but for the sake of general information it will be well to review briefly his whole life. He was born in Cockermonth, Cumberland, on April 7, 1770, and spent his childhood there with his brothers and his sister Dorothy. On the death of their parents the children were separated, to be cared for by charitable relatives. The poet was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, by two uncles, who later sent Christopher, a younger brother, to Trinity College in the same university. From November, 1791, to the following October, William Wordsworth was in France, as we have seen; on his return he spent some years writing and vainly trying to find profitable occupation. In 1794 a small legacy, the generous bequest of a young man who believed in his poetic ability, made it possible for him and his sister to begin their famous housekeeping at Racedown, Dorsetshire. There in June, 1797, they met Coleridge and promptly removed to Alfoxden, near Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, where Coleridge then lived. In 1798 the two poets brought

out their momentous little book, the "Lyrical Ballads," containing Wordsworth's first statement of his theory of diction and some of his most beautiful poems. All three friends then went to Germany together, but the Wordsworths soon returned and settled in Dove Cottage, Grasmere. When Coleridge got back he took a house in Keswick, in the same county, and there soon came also Coleridge's brother-in-law, Southey. From the region they lived in, famous for its lakes, the three poets were nicknamed the Lake School.

At this point "The Prelude" stops. In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, his cousin, who proved only less helpful and inspiring than his sister. Fame came slowly to him, and the satisfaction of it was dimmed by various sorrows. Of his five children two died young; his sister became an invalid; his favorite daughter, Dora, died shortly after her marriage. But in his age and sorrow Wordsworth was as sturdy and self-contained as in his first years at Grasmere. His countrymen learned to respect him, and young poets like Tennyson revered him as a patriarch. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as poet laureate. On April 23, 1850, he died at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, the home of his later years.

II

Wordsworth's theory of poetry begins in his theory of poetic diction. Fine words do not make an idea poetic; a poetic idea makes the words fine. That is briefly his doctrine, and it ought not to be hard to understand, but many readers do find it difficult. They will quote you such a line as "Into the middle of the plank," in "Lucy Gray" (p. 4), and ask if that is poetry. Quoted apart from its context, it certainly is not poetry, but if put back in its setting, it seems to prove Wordsworth's theory. When we read the poem consecutively, this bare, unornamented line tells us that Lucy Gray was lost, and the grief of her parents, which at the moment we share, makes us forget how plain the words are.

Some choice Wordsworth would urge even among plain words. Not all plain words are of the same kind. He observed that farmers and shepherds use a diction more significant and vigorous than do city people of the lower class. Nature in its grand aspects teaches man

to feel deeply, he believed; and when man has feelings to express, and is under no city obligation to express them conventionally, he discovers the right way to say things and becomes the model for poets.

To understand just how nature brings this about, we must notice first that the subject matter of Wordsworth's poems is usually some reaction to scene. He sees a mountain, or some daffodils, or a Highland girl reaping, or a rainbow, and he is immediately interested in the way he feels. We notice how often the word "feeling" occurs in his verse. Since the world about us constantly stimulates some sensation or emotion, and since our character is ultimately the result of all our feelings, it seemed to him of the utmost importance to begin by cultivating our sensitiveness. In a poem called "Expostulation and Reply," a friend asks him why he spends his time dreaming in the sunshine, instead of studying some wise books. The poet replies,

"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?"

When we have cultivated sensitiveness to all the voices of nature, we must next attend to the kind of feelings we have, for it may be that we are influenced by aspects of nature which happen to be bad for us. The contrast is made by the poem beginning "Three years she grew in sun and shower" (p. 3) and by "Ruth" (p. 37). In the first we read that nature became for this lovely child both law and impulse — that is, to reverse the order, both vitality and restraint; that nature gave her the calm, beautiful dignity of rocks and hills; that the motions of the clouds taught her grace; that the stars made her thoughtful; that the music of the brooks actually made her face

lovely to look at — for the noble look that music often brings upon the face of a listener became habitual with her. All this illustrates the happy influence of nature, where the scene acts not only to kindle the soul, but also to restrain. In “Ruth” we have the story of a young man, very sensitive to natural influences, who became a villain because the tropic world he lived in taught him no restraint, but only luxurious indulgence.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
 The tumult of a tropic sky,
 Might well be dangerous food
 For him, a youth to whom was given
 So much of earth — so much of heaven,
 And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
 Irregular in sight or sound
 Did to his mind impart
 A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
 To his own powers, and justified
 The workings of his heart.

In these illustrations nature is represented as educating a soul all at once, or with an unvarying influence. In his own case, however, Wordsworth felt that he had passed through three stages of discipline, sharply distinct. In his boyhood, as he tells us in the first book of “The Prelude,” nature inspired him with a kind of awe that was much like fear. He found that he was afraid to do wrong in the sight of the great hills that seemed ready to overwhelm and punish him. In young manhood he outgrew this fear, as he says in the lines written above Tintern Abbey; in place of fear he felt a sort of lover’s passion for the wilder forms of nature:

The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.

The same poem tells us that as he grew older he came to realize a spiritual aspect in nature ; he neither feared her, nor loved her simply for external beauty, but gathered from her a message for his soul :

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.

It would seem that the last stage of this development was the noblest ; indeed, that is what Wordsworth believed it to be. But he also believed that the sensitiveness of childhood, which made this development possible, was the most precious instrument of man's education. Therefore he wrote many poems describing childhood and its intuitions, and in his great "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" (p. 54), he expressed his joy at recovering through some chance memory the childhood point of view.

Two other important phases of his nature poetry remain to be mentioned. This sensitiveness to the world about us will lead us, he believed, to a moral sense. The process in his own case is described in the "Ode to Duty" (p. 7). Duty is to nature what nature is to man, an impulse and a restraint ; he who rests upon nature will at length rest upon duty. The famous stanza next to the last, in this ode, states the doctrine clearly, though it is implied in almost all he wrote.

Finally, Wordsworth developed a kind of method for enjoying nature. When he was gazing upon any scene, he consciously stored

away as much of it as possible, knowing that the memory of it would be an inspiration for later hours; and he set far more store upon this memory than upon the actual sight of nature. He even thought that poetry should be inspired, not by nature itself, but by the memory of it. Sensitiveness was necessary for taking in impressions, but the higher faculty was the ability to recall them —

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

Therefore many of his poems, as we have seen in the discussion of lyrical poetry (p. xiv), end with a triumphant promise of long memory — especially “To a Highland Girl” (p. 23) and “The Solitary Reaper” (p. 26). As a lyric poet he seeks to fix the passing emotion in a permanent image, but he is also applying his method for feeding his soul with memories. The lines written above Tintern Abbey once more give us our illustration :

How oft —
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro’ the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
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.

SHELLEY

Percy Bysshe Shelley is often styled by his admirers the greatest, or at least, the most typical, of British lyrical poets. Partisans of other poets — of Herrick, or Burns, or Coleridge, for example — may be inclined to demur, but few lovers of poetry will deny that Shelley is a

great poet and, despite the fact that he wrote dramas and long narrative poems, primarily a lyrical poet. Whether we regard the character of his versification, even when he is using blank verse, or consider the sensitive, sympathetic, aspiring personality one discovers in his works and in his life, to say nothing of his emotional appeal to idealistic readers, particularly in their youth, we find him allied to those poets who tend to subjective and brief rather than to objective and sustained utterance. In other words, he belongs, as the critics truly say, to the large and varied class of poets denominated lyrical. Memorable though he be as the author of that remorseless tragedy, "The Cenci," he is more naturally thought of as the poet who apostrophized the skylark and the west wind.

He was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in the county of Sussex, on August 4, 1792, the eldest son of Mr., afterwards Sir, Timothy Shelley, an English country gentleman full of the prejudices of his class. After some private tutoring he was sent to a school, where his sensitive nature exposed him to cruel treatment on the part of bullies. This experience speedily awoke in him an indignation against all forms of tyranny. In 1804 he entered Eton, where he remained five years and, owing to his peculiar temperament, led a rather solitary and somewhat abnormal life. He developed literary tastes early and wrote extravagantly romantic prose and verse of very little value, some of which he managed to publish.

In the spring of 1810 he matriculated at University College, Oxford. Here he formed a friendship with a student, who, like himself, was a radical—Thomas Jefferson Hogg. He wrote a pamphlet of an atheistical character and sent it to several ecclesiastical and collegiate dignitaries, with the natural though regrettable result that, on his refusal to answer questions with regard to his unusual and apparently uncalled-for action, he was expelled.

He left the university, feeling that he had not been fairly treated, and, having alienated his family, he was for some time adrift in London. Then he made a foolish and romantic marriage with a friend of one of his sisters, a Miss Harriet Westbrook, who was his social inferior and not mentally qualified to be his life's companion. Both fancied themselves persecuted by their families, but, as a

matter of fact, they were rather well treated after their quixotic union. They received a fair allowance and traveled about, paying, for example, a visit to Ireland, where Shelley made a mild attempt to arouse the long-suffering people. On their return to England Shelley continued to issue his premature writings, among them his rather incoherent poem of free thought entitled "Queen Mab," and he gradually became estranged from his wife. On meeting Mary Godwin, daughter of the philosophic radical William Godwin and the advanced Mary Wollstonecraft, he fell desperately in love with her, and they eloped to the Continent in the summer of 1814. His first wife later committed suicide, and while some excuse may be made for Shelley on account of his youth, his unfortunate rearing, and his eccentric genius, the whole sad affair remains an indelible blot upon his career.

The union with Mary Godwin was a happy one, since she was a woman of fine mental and spiritual endowments, who loved and understood the man to whom she was finally married in 1816. They resided at first in England, where Shelley wrote his impressive but immature poem "Alastor," and the long romantic poem now known as "The Revolt of Islam." In 1818, owing to the poor state of Shelley's health and to the public disfavor which his conduct and his writings, so far as the latter were noticed, had brought upon him, they went to Italy, from which country the poet never returned. In these new and beautiful surroundings his genius may truly be said to have flowered. He saw something of his friend Byron, and began at the latter's villa at Este the lyrical drama "Prometheus Unbound," which is full of melodious passages and high aspirations, although somewhat nebulous as a whole. The winter of 1818-1819 was spent at Naples and saw the writing of some lovely poems and of very charming letters sent home to England. Then he settled at Rome, where he finished "Prometheus Unbound" and labored on his powerful but repulsive tragedy, "The Cenci," based upon a dreadful event in the history of a famous Italian family. At Rome the Shelleys, who had already known domestic bereavement, were cut to the heart by the loss of their little son William. They retired to Leghorn, and there Shelley wrote his "Ode to the West Wind." In 1820 they settled at Pisa, where they found congenial society

and where, for about two years, Shelley continued to write poems which showed that his genius was rapidly developing; for example, "Adonais," the glorious elegy on Keats; "Hellas," a noble lyrical drama; and many charming minor poems, among them "The Sensitive Plant" and the "Ode to a Skylark." This period also saw the writing of his eloquent prose work in "Defense of Poetry." In 1822 he went with his family and some friends to Lerici. He left them, temporarily as he believed, in July, in order to welcome Leigh Hunt and his family to Italy, where it was planned that that somewhat unstable man of letters should edit a quarterly to which Byron and Shelley intended to contribute. On July 8, 1822, Shelley and his friend Williams began their return journey in a yacht which, so far as is known, went down in a squall. On July 18 Shelley's body was washed ashore near Viareggio. It was subsequently cremated, and the ashes were buried near the grave of Keats in the Protestant cemetery at Rome.

Despite the fact that during his short life he had written some of the most beautiful and noble of English poems, Shelley's reputation appealed at first only to a few readers, and it was not really established until the publication of Mrs. Shelley's edition of his works in four volumes in 1839. Since then his fame has become intensely strong with some readers, chiefly the young and the idealistic, but it has never been altogether widespread. He has not achieved, for example, such popularity as Tennyson and Longfellow. His life and character have been made the subject of partisan debate, and a trustworthy verdict with regard to the man and his works is hard to obtain. It seems clear, however, that he was personally very attractive through his youthful, spiritual appearance, through his gentle, unworldly character, and through his high aspirations for all that is noble and beautiful, especially for whatever will help humanity. His actions may often be censured with justice, but it is scarcely necessary to impugn his motives, if indeed it is not positively unfair and uncharitable to do so. Much the same thing may be said of his poetry. Not a little of it is immature and hazy in thought, and it is equally unsatisfactory when viewed from the point of view of style, being unrestrained and lacking in form. But one never fails to respect the ideals that inspired the

writing of even his least satisfactory poems, and one perceives that to the day of his death he was steadily growing both as a thinker and as an artist. He was becoming a truer observer of life and was making himself a good scholar, critic, and writer of prose; and this self-training was reacting upon his poetry, as is seen in the almost perfect poise of thought, imagination, and expression to be observed in the "Ode to the West Wind."

It is true that, since his ideals were passive rather than active, and since sorrow and longing are the burden of much of his singing, he has never appealed, as Byron did and does, to positive, aggressive spirits. It is also true that what is perhaps his most unique poetic endowment, his almost Greek faculty of endowing with life mythical figures and conceptions, gives a remote and unreal and impractical character to his writings in the eyes of the mass of readers. But it is equally true that some of his shorter poems, particularly some of the exquisite snatches of melodious sadness to be found in this volume, have become genuine classics, and that in his entire works and in his life many fine spirits have found stimulation to noble thought and action. To be the chosen poet of idealists is an enviable fate.

KEATS

John Keats, like Wordsworth, is probably a less typically lyrical poet than Shelley, certainly in so far as concerns those two important elements of the lyrical genius — spontaneity and aspiration. Keats has these qualities, of course, — witness "In a drear-nighted December" and the "Ode to a Nightingale," — but we think of him as a master of the art-lyric rather than of less elaborately studied and more strictly personal forms of lyric poetry. More than any other modern British poet, perhaps, he has influenced the art of other poets and has delighted readers keenly alive to beauty and nobility of imagination expressed in chosen words; but Wordsworth makes a deeper intellectual and moral appeal to many lovers of poetry, and Shelley kindles greater personal affection and inspires more surely to pure idealism of thought and feeling. Then again, Keats is not only an art-lyrist — observe his great success as a writer of sonnets and odes and the

essentially literary quality of much of his inspiration — but he is just as important as an idyllic, or descriptive, and as a narrative, poet; in other words, as the author of "The Eve of St. Agnes," of "Lamia," and of the first draft of "Hyperion." Still, although partly in consequence of the range of his genius, partly as a result of his bad health and early death, the lyric poetry of Keats is not specially notable in amount, or perhaps in variety, it is so superb in quality, so representative of the best traditions and achievements of British poetry, that, if any reader prefers his lyrics to those of either Wordsworth or Shelley, such a reader is surely within his rights in forming and expressing his preference.

Keats was born late in October, 1795, in London, at a stable in Finsburg Pavement, where his father was employed. By the time he was fifteen he had lost both parents, but two brothers and a sister survived with him. He was sent to a school at Enfield, where the son of the master, afterwards a well-known literary man, Charles Cowden Clarke, encouraged his taste for literature. Unfortunately his guardian took him from this school and apprenticed him to a surgeon at Edmonton. He much preferred to read poetry, especially "The Faërie Queene" of Spenser, and after some time he broke with the surgeon and went to study in the London hospitals. The youth who could write such a sonnet as "On first looking into Chapman's Homer" was meant, however, to be a poet and nothing but a poet; and we soon find Keats, especially after he came under the influence of Leigh Hunt, preparing himself by reading and writing poetry to take his place with Byron and Shelley and the other singers of that day of romantic song.

His first printed poem was a sonnet which appeared in 1816, in Hunt's paper, *The Examiner*. He made friends with a few literary men and artists, and early in 1817 he published his first volume under the simple title, "Poems by John Keats." It created no sensation, but he took his disappointment philosophically and resolved to improve himself by further study of the great poets. He undertook a long poem, "Endymion," and, despite the distractions of some travel about England, finished it before the end of 1817. On its publication in 1818 it did not answer his expectations, for its faults

of extravagance and excessive lusciousness were as apparent as its florid beauties; but, even before it was published, he had begun writing poems, such as the metrical narrative "Isabella," that showed maturing thought and better-regulated art.

Then, still fascinated with Greek themes, although he did not know the language, he began his great fragmentary poem "Hyperion," modeling his style upon that of Milton. This was in the fall of 1818, after he had undergone the strain of nursing a dying brother, and after he had impaired his own health by exposure on a tour among the Lakes and in Scotland. About the same time he fell overwhelmingly in love with a Miss Fanny Brawne, whom he was destined not to marry and to whom he addressed letters so unrestrained that their subsequent publication cannot but be regretted. Yet, although at the beginning of his physical decline, he was rising to the consummate artistic achievements that have given him a high and permanent place among British poets. Between December, 1818, and May, 1819, he wrote "The Eve of St. Agnes," the odes, "On a Grecian Urn" and "To a Nightingale," and one or two simpler but scarcely less beautiful lyrics. During the rest of the year he struggled with disease, poverty, and his hopeless love; he began a tragedy; and he finished what is probably his most mature narrative poem, "Lamia." He recast "Hyperion," for the worse, and he became moody and suspicious; but none can have the heart to blame him.

Early in 1820 he had his first hemorrhage from the lungs. When he grew stronger, he saw through the press his third volume — one of the most extraordinarily fine single volumes of poetry in the language. Other hemorrhages showed, however, that the promise of "Lamia" and the great odes was not to be kept — that Keats had reached his highest point. It was decided that he should try the milder climate of Italy, and in September, 1820, he sailed for Naples with his artist friend, Joseph Severn. A little later, in Rome, he grew worse, and there he finally died on February 23, 1821. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery, where the ashes of his elegist Shelley were soon to repose, and on his tomb was placed, at his own wish, the unfulfilled epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

His fame has risen steadily until it is not uncommon to hear him mentioned along with Shakespeare and Milton. It may be doubted whether, even if he had been granted long life and perfect health, he would have equaled them in variety and sustained power — his defects of stock, temperament, and training would probably have prevented this — but it can scarcely be doubted that he was a poet of very remarkable native endowment, particularly in his appreciation of the richer forms of beauty and in his capacity for artistic expression. Most of his work before and after the great volume of 1820 is immature or else deleteriously affected by his declining health, and even his most satisfactory work often gives a suggestion of oversensuousness. But, when all is said, the absolute value of his best poems, whether narrative or lyric, and the effect of his art upon subsequent poets, entitle him to a place with the best of the modern masters — a place inferior only to that occupied by the supreme classics.

THE EDITOR

Francis Turner Palgrave, the anthologist of the "Golden Treasury," from which this little book is made up, was born at Great Yarmouth, September 28, 1824. His father was Sir Francis Palgrave, a noted historian and antiquary, and the home in which he grew up was one of great culture as well as scholarship. The remarkable taste, therefore, which made so valuable the selection of the poems in the "Golden Treasury" was the inheritance of his family. After five years at the Charterhouse he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself and won an Exeter fellowship.

For some months in 1846 Palgrave was a private secretary to W. E. Gladstone; from 1850 to 1855 he was vice principal of a training school for teachers at Twickenham, where Tennyson then lived. From this time dates their close friendship. It was on one of many summer trips together that Palgrave evolved the plan of his great anthology. In his recollections of Tennyson contributed to the "Memoir" by Hallam Tennyson, he says:

"I had put the scheme of my 'Golden Treasury' before him during a walk near the Land's End in the late summer of 1860, and he encouraged me to proceed, barring only any poems by himself from insertion in an anthology whose title claimed excellence for its contents. And at the Christmastide following, the gathered materials, already submitted to the judgment of two friends of taste (one, the very able sculptor, T. Woolner, lately taken from us), were laid before Tennyson for final judgment."

The anthology was published in 1861 and took its place among lyrical collections as second only to the "Greek Anthology." Until 1884 Palgrave was an industrious public servant in the education department of the government. He had also written volumes of verse and had made other less famous anthologies. From 1885 to 1895 he was professor of poetry at Oxford, and his last publication was his collection of University lectures, "Landscape in Poetry." He died October 24, 1897.

SELECTED POEMS OF WORDSWORTH

I

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ; 5
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death :

The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright 5
 With something of an angel light.

II

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove;
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love. 10

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

She lived unknown, and few could know 15
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

III

I travel'd among unknown men
 In lands beyond the sea; 20
 Nor, England! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

'T is past, that melancholy dream!
 Nor will I quit thy shore
 A second time; for still I seem 25
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
 The joy of my desire;
 And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
 Beside an English fire. 30

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
 The bowers where Lucy play'd ;
 And thine too is the last green field
 That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

IV

Three years she grew in sun and shower ; 5
 Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown :
 This Child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own. 10

" Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power 15
 To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs ;
 And her's shall be the breathing balm, 20
 And her's the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

" The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend ;
 Nor shall she fail to see 25
 Ev'n in the motions of the storm
 Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

" The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear 30
 In many a secret place

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

You yet may spy the fawn at play, 5
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

" To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go ; 10
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

" That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'T is scarcely afternoon —
The minster clock has just struck two, 15
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a fagot band ;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand. 20

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

The storm came on before its time : 25
She wander'd up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ; 30
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
 That overlook'd the moor ;
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood
 A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried 5
 " In heaven we all shall meet ! "
 — When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
 They track'd the footmarks small ; 10
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
 And by the long stonewall :

And then an open field they cross'd :
 The marks were still the same ;
 They track'd them on, nor ever lost ; 15
 And to the bridge they came :

They follow'd from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank ;
 And further there were none ! 20

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

O'er rough and smooth she trips along, 25
 And never looks behind ;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

VII

Why art thou silent ! Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fiber that the treacherous air 30
 Of absence withers what was once so fair ?
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant ?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care —
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
 For naught but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak! — though this soft warm heart, once free to hold 5
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's nest fill'd with snow
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine —
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know! 10

VIII

Surprised by joy — impatient as the wind —
 I turn'd to share the transport — Oh! with whom
 But Thee — deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?

Love, faithful love, recall'd thee to my mind — 15
 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 20
 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.

IX

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! 25
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;

Thou who art victōry and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
 And happy will our nature be
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

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

Through no disturbance of my soul
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought :

Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name ;
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear 5
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ; 10
 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 15
 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. 20

X

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 25
 Though 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-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore, 5
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

XI

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

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. 10

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, 15
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay, —
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away. 20

XII

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 show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,

Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense, 5
 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. 10

XIII

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst 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 15
 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, 20
 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 herself did lay.

XIV

When I have borne in memory what has tamed 25
 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?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee; we who find 5
 In thee a bulwark for 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! 10

XV

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
 Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
 An old man dwells, a little man, —
 'T is said he once was tall.
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived 15
 A running huntsman merry;
 And still the center of his cheek
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And hill and valley rang with glee, 20
 When Echo bandied, round and round,
 The halloo of Simon Lee.
 In those proud days he little cared
 For husbandry or tillage;
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse 25
 The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
 Could leave both man and horse behind;
 And often, ere the chase was done,
 He reel'd and was stone blind. 30

And still there 's something in the world
 At which his heart rejoices ;
 For when the chiming hounds are out,
 He dearly loves their voices.

But oh the heavy change ! — bereft 5
 Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !
 Old Simon to the world is left
 In liveried poverty.
 His master 's dead, and no one now
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ; 10
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
 His body, dwindled and awry,
 Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ; 15
 His legs are thin and dry.
 One prop he has, and only one, —
 His wife, an aged woman,
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,
 Upon the village common. 20

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 25
 Inclosed when he was stronger ;
 But what to them avails the land
 Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ; 30
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,
 Is stouter of the two.

And, though you with your utmost skill
 From labor could not wean them,
 'T is little, very little, all
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store 5
 As he to you will tell,
 For still, the more he works, the more
 Do his weak ankles swell.
 My gentle Reader, I perceive
 How patiently you 've waited, 10
 And now I fear that you expect
 Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,
 O gentle Reader! you would find 15
 A tale in everything.
 What more I have to say is short,
 And you must kindly take it:
 It is no tale; but, should you think,
 Perhaps a tale you 'll make it. 20

One summer day I chanced to see
 This old Man doing all he could
 To unearth the root of an old tree,
 A stump of rotten wood.
 The mattock totter'd in his hand; 25
 So vain was his endeavor
 That at the root of the old tree
 He might have work'd forever.

" You 're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,
 Give me your tool," to him I said; 30
 And at the word right gladly he
 Received my proffer'd aid.

I struck, and with a single blow
 The tangled root I sever'd,
 At which the poor old man so long
 And vainly had endeavor'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought, 5
 And thanks and praises seem'd 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; 10
 Alas! the gratitude of men
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

XVI

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, 15
 Bright as the sun himself, 't is out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
 In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest. 20

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I past,
 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-mutter'd voice, 25
 " It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold;
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,
 But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
 It cannot help itself in its decay ;
 Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue," —
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a prodigal's favorite — then, worse truth, 5
 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 !

XVII

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead? 10
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same
 That I may rest ; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name? 15

Seven years, alas ! to have received
 No tidings of an only child —
 To have despair'd, have hoped, believed,
 And been for evermore beguiled, —
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss! 20
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,
 An object beautiful to behold ;
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth 25
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :
 If things ensued that wanted grace
 As hath been said, they were not base ;
 And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young one dream
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares!
He knows it not, he cannot guess; 5
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffer'd long
From that ill thought; and being blind
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong: 10
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed:" and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor, 15
Hopeless of honor and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise 20
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount — how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight! 25
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men; 30
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den;

Or hast been summon'd to the deep
 Thou, thou, and all thy mates to keep
 An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts : but none will force
 Their way to me ; 't is falsely said 5
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead ;
 For surely then I should have sight
 Of him I wait for day and night
 With love and longings infinite. 10

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
 I dread the rustling of the grass ;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass :
 I question things, and do not find 15
 One that will answer to my mind ;
 And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief :
 If any chance to heave a sigh 20
 They pity me, and not my grief.
 Then come to me, my Son, or send
 Some tidings that my woes may end !
 I have no other earthly friend.

XVIII

TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky ! 25
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still ! 30

To the last point of vision, and beyond
 Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted strain
 — 'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond —
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing 5
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine; 10
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam —
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

XIX

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread 15
 Of Spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequester'd nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard seat!
 And flowers and birds once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together. 20

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest:
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion!
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array, 25
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May;
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours, 30
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

Art sole in thy employment ;
 A Life, a Presence like the air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair ;
 Thyself thy own enjoyment. 5

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;
 There! where the flutter of his wings 10
 Upon his back and body flings
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives —
 A brother of the dancing leaves ; 15
 Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
 Pours forth his song in gushes ;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mock'd and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign, 20
 While fluttering in the bushes.

XX

TO THE CUCKOO

O blithe newcomer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice :
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice? 25

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

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

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! 5
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listen'd to ; that Cry 10
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green ;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ; 15
 Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again. 20

O blessèd Bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faëry place,
 That is fit home for Thee !

XXI

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair : 25
 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, theaters, 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, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at its own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

XXII

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH 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,
 Beggar'd and outraged ! — Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees ; and oft with pain
 The traveler at this day will stop and gaze
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed :

For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XXIII

ADMONITION

Well may'st thou halt — and gaze with brightening eye!
 — The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
 Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode; forbear to sigh 5
 As many do, repining while they look;
 Intruders — who would tear from Nature's book
 This precious leaf with harsh impiety.

— Think what the home must be if it were thine,
 Even thine, though few thy wants! — Roof, window, door, 10
 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 touch'd, would melt away!

XXIV

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL AT INVERSNEYDE

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower 15
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head:
 And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
 Those trees — a veil just half withdrawn, 20
 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 25
 Like something fashion'd in a dream;
 Such forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!

But O fair Creature! in the light
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart :
 God shield thee to thy latest years ! 5
 Thee neither know I nor thy peers :
 And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away ;
 For never saw I mien or face 10
 In which more plainly I could trace
 Benignity and home-bred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scatter'd, like a random seed,
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need 15
 The embarrass'd look of shy distress,
 And maidenly shamefacèdness :
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a Mountaineer :
 A face with gladness overspread ; 20
 Soft smiles, 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 25
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech :
 A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !
 So have I, not unmoved in mind, 30
 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 5
 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 neighborhood. 10
 What joy to hear thee, and to see!
 Thy elder brother I would be,
 Thy father — anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place: 15
 Joy have I had; and going hence
 I bear away my recompense.
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
 Then why should I be loath to stir? 20
 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; 25
 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! 30

XXV

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, 5
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands 10
 Of travelers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas 15
 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: 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listen'd, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

XXVI

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years :
 Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'T is a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees 5
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
 Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ; 10
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, 15
 And the colors have all pass'd away from her eyes !

XXVII

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils, 20
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretch'd in never-ending line 25
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee : —
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company !
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought 5
 What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ; 10
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

XXVIII

TO THE DAISY

With little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,
 Sweet Daisy ! oft I talk to thee, 15
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Commonplace
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace
 Which Love makes for thee ! 20

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit and play with similes,
 Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising ;
 And many a fond and idle name 25
 I give to thee, for praise or blame
 As is the humor of the game,
 While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port ;
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
 In thy simplicity the sport

Of all temptations ;

A queen in crown of rubies drest ;

5

A starveling in a scanty vest ;

Are all, as seems to suit thee best,

Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye

Staring to threaten and defy,

10

That thought comes next — and instantly

The freak is over,

The shape will vanish, and behold !

A silver shield with boss of gold

That spreads itself, some faëry bold

15

In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar —

And then thou art a pretty star,

Not quite so fair as many are

In heaven above thee !

20

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,

Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ; —

May peace come never to his nest

Who shall reprove thee !

Bright Flower ! for by that name at last

25

When all my reveries are past

I call thee, and to that cleave fast,

Sweet silent Creature !

That breath'st with me in sun and air,

Do thou, as thou art wont, repair

30

My heart with gladness, and a share

Of thy meek nature !

XXIX

YARROW UNVISITED

From Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravel'd,
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travel'd ;
 And when we came to Clovenford, 5
 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, 10
 Go back to Yarrow, 't is their own,
 Each maiden to her dwelling !
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow ;
 But we will downward with the Tweed, 15
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

" There 's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
 Both lying right before us ;
 And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites sing in chorus ; 20
 There 's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
 Made blithe with plow and harrow :
 Why throw away a needful day
 To go in search of Yarrow ?

" What 's Yarrow but a river bare 25
 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 Truelove sigh'd for sorrow, 30
 And look'd me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow !

" O 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 5
 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 ; 10
 The swan on still Saint 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 15
 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 ? 20
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We 'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
 For when we 're there, although 't is fair,
 'T will be another Yarrow !

" If Care with freezing years should come 25
 And wandering seem but folly, —
 Should we be loath to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy ;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'T will soothe us in our sorrow 30
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow ! "

XXX

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 5
 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 uncontroll'd meanderings; 10
 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 15
 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; 20
 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 25
 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, 30
 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 5
 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, 10
 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 decay'd, 15
 And pastoral melancholy.
- That region left, the vale unfolds
 Rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature ; 20
 And rising from those lofty groves
 Behold a ruin hoary,
 The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,
 Renown'd in Border story.
- Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom, 25
 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,
 A covert for protection 30
 Of tender thoughts that nestle there —
 The brood of chaste affection.
- How sweet on this autumnal day
 The wildwood fruits to gather,

And on my Truelove's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather !
 And what if I enwreathed my own?
 'T were no offense to reason ;
 The sober hills thus deck their brows 5
 To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
 A ray of Fancy still survives —
 Her sunshine plays upon thee ! 10
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure ;
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights, 15
 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 ! 20
 Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

XXXI

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun 25
 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. 30

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine, 5
 God being with thee when we know it not.

XXXII

TO SLEEP

A flock of sheep 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; 10

I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
 Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay, 15
 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, blessèd barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health! 20

XXXIII

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
 While a fair region round the traveler lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene, 25
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

— If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :
 With Thought and Love companions of our way —

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse, —
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews 5
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

XXXIV

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. 10

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, 15
 The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
 And 't is my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure, — 20
 But the least motion which they made
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can, 25
 That there was pleasure there.

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

xxxv

RUTH

When Ruth was left half desolate 5
 Her father took another mate ;
 And Ruth, not seven years old,
 A slighted child, at her own will
 Went wandering over dale and hill,
 In thoughtless freedom, bold. 10

And she had made a pipe of straw,
 And music from that pipe could draw
 Like sounds of winds and floods ;
 Had built a bower upon the green,
 As if she from her birth had been 15
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
 She seem'd to live ; her thoughts her own ;
 Herself her own delight :
 Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay ; 20
 And passing thus the livelong day,
 She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore —
 A military casque he wore
 With splendid feathers drest ; 25
 He brought them from the Cherokees ;
 The feathers nodded in the breeze
 And made a gallant crest.

- From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
 But no ! he spake the English tongue
 And bore a soldier's name ;
 And, when America was free
 From battle and from jeopardy, 5
 He 'cross the ocean came.
- With hues of genius on his cheek,
 In finest tones the youth could speak :
 — While he was yet a boy
 The moon, the glory of the sun, 10
 And streams that murmur as they run
 Had been his dearest joy.
- He was a lovely youth ! I guess
 The panther in the wilderness
 Was not so fair as he ; 15
 And when he chose to sport and play,
 No dolphin ever was so gay
 Upon the tropic sea.
- Among the Indians he had fought ;
 And with him many tales he brought 20
 Of pleasure and of fear ;
 Such tales as, told to any maid
 By such a youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear.
- He told of girls, a happy rout ! 25
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
 Their pleasant Indian town,
 To gather strawberries all day long ;
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down. 30
- He spake of plants that hourly change
 Their blossoms, through a boundless range

Of intermingling hues ;
 With budding, fading, faded flowers,
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread 5
 High as a cloud, high overhead !
 The cypress and her spire ;
 — Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
 To set the hills on fire. 10

The youth of green savannahs spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie
 As quietly as spots of sky 15
 Among the evening clouds.

“ How pleasant,” then he said, “ it were
 A fisher or a hunter there,
 In sunshine or in shade
 To wander with an easy mind, 20
 And build a household fire, and find
 A home in every glade !

“ What days and what bright years ! Ah me !
 Our life were life indeed, with thee
 So pass'd in quiet bliss ; 25
 And all the while,” said he, “ to know
 That we were in a world of woe,
 On such an earth as this ! ”

And then he sometimes interwove
 Fond thoughts about a father's love, 30
 “ For there,” said he, “ are spun
 Around the heart such tender ties,
 That our own children to our eyes
 Are dearer than the sun.

" Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me
 My helpmate in the woods to be,
 Our shed at night to rear ;
 Or run, my own adopted bride,
 A sylvan huntress at my side, 5
 And drive the flying deer !

" Beloved Ruth ! " — No more he said.
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
 A solitary tear : 10
 She thought again — and did agree
 With him to sail across the sea,
 And drive the flying deer.

" And now, as fitting is and right,
 We in the church our faith will plight,
 A husband and a wife." 15
 Even so they did ; and I may say
 That to sweet Ruth that happy day
 Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
 Delighted all the while to think 20
 That, on those lonesome floods
 And green savannahs, she should share
 His board with lawful joy, and bear
 His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told, 25
 This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
 And with his dancing crest
 So beautiful, through savage lands
 Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
 Of Indians in the West. 30

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
 The tumult of a tropic sky,

Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth — so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found 5
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart. 10

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of Nature wrought, —
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ;
The breezes their own languor lent ;
The stars had feelings, which they sent 15
Into those favor'd bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent :
For passions link'd to forms so fair 20
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known ; 25
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impair'd, and he became 30
The slave of low desires :
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feign'd delight
 Had woo'd the maiden, day and night
 Had loved her, night and morn :
 What could he less than love a maid
 Whose heart with so much nature play'd — 5
 So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes most earnestly he said,
 " O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
 False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain
 Encompass'd me on every side 10
 When I, in confidence and pride,
 Had cross'd the Atlantic main.

" Before me shone a glorious world
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurl'd
 To music suddenly : 15
 I look'd upon those hills and plains,
 And seem'd as if let loose from chains
 To live at liberty !

" No more of this — for now, by thee,
 Dear Ruth ! more happily set free, 20
 With nobler zeal I burn ;
 My soul from darkness is released
 Like the whole sky when to the east
 The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone ; 25
 No hope, no wish remain'd, not one, —
 They stirr'd him now no more ;
 New objects did new pleasure give,
 And once again he wish'd to live
 As lawless as before. 30

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
 They for the voyage were prepared,

And went to the seashore :
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth ! — Such pains she had 5
That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed ;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused. 10

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
— They all were with her in her cell ;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell 15
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain
There came a respite to her pain ;
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ; 20
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again :
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free ; 25
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools, 30
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves — she loved them still,
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her Winter bed supplies ;
 But, till the warmth of Summer skies
 And Summer days is gone,
 (And all do in this tale agree)
 She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree, 5
 And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
 And Ruth will, long before her day,
 Be broken down and old.
 Sore aches she needs must have ! but less 10
 Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
 From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is pressed by want of food
 She from her dwelling in the wood
 Repairs to a roadside ; 15
 And there she begs at one steep place,
 Where up and down with easy pace
 The horsemen-travelers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute
 Or thrown away : but with a flute 20
 Her loneliness she cheers ;
 This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
 At evening in his homeward walk
 The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills 25
 Setting her little water mills
 By spouts and fountains wild —
 Such small machinery as she turn'd
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd, —
 A young and happy child ! 30

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
 Ill-fated Ruth ! in hallow'd mold

Thy corpse shall buried be ;
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
 And all the congregation sing
 A Christian psalm for thee.

XXXVI

ELEGIAC STANZAS

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

I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile ! 5
 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 ! 10
 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 15
 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, — 20

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 divine
 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, 5
 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; 10
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd.

So once it would have been, — 't is so no more;
 I have submitted to a new control:
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore; 15
 A deep distress hath humanized 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. 20

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

O 't is a passionate work! — yet wise and well, 25
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
 That hulk which labors 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, 30
 — Cased in the unfeeling armor 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 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer, 5
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

XXXVII

GLEN-ALMAIN, OR THE NARROW GLEN

In this still place, remote from men,
 Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen; 10
 In this still place, where murmurs on
 But one meek streamlet, only one:
 He sang of battles, and the breath
 Of stormy war, and violent death;
 And should, methinks, when all was past, 15
 Have rightfully been laid at last
 Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
 As by a spirit turbulent;
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
 And everything unreconciled; 20
 In some complaining, dim retreat,
 For fear and melancholy meet;
 But this is calm; there cannot be
 A more entire tranquillity.
 Does then the Bard sleep here indeed? 25
 Or is it but a groundless creed?
 What matters it? — I blame them not
 Whose fancy in this lonely spot
 Was moved; and in such way express'd
 Their notion of its perfect rest. 30

A convent, even a hermit's cell,
 Would break the silence of this Dell :
 It is not quiet, is not ease ;
 But something deeper far than these :
 The separation that is here 5
 Is of the grave ; and of austere
 Yet happy feelings of the dead :
 And, therefore, was it rightly said
 That Ossian, last of all his race !
 Lies buried in this lonely place. 10

XXXVIII

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, 15
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are upgather'd now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not. — Great God ! I 'd rather be 20
 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 rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

XXXIX

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, 25
 With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd
 (Albeit laboring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense

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. 5

" And just above yon slope of corn
 Such colors, and no other, 10
 Were in the sky that April morn,
 Of this the very brother.

" With rod and line I sued the sport
 Which that sweet season gave,
 And to the churchyard come, stopp'd short 15
 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. 20

" Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
 And yet I loved her more —
 For so it seem'd — than till that day
 I e'er had loved before.

" And turning from her grave, I met, 25
 Beside the churchyard yew,
 A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
 With points of morning dew.

" A basket on her head she bare ;
 Her brow was smooth and white : 30
 To see a child so very fair,
 It was a pure delight !

" No fountain from its rocky cave
 E'er tripp'd with foot so free ;
 She seem'd as happy as a wave
 That dances on the sea.

" There came from me a sigh of pain 5
 Which I could ill confine ;
 I look'd at her, and look'd again :
 And did not wish her mine ! "

— Matthew is in his grave, yet now
 Methinks I see him stand 10
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand.

XLI

THE FOUNTAIN

A CONVERSATION

We talk'd with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true,
 A pair of friends, though I was young, 15
 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. 20

" Now, Matthew ! " said I, " let us match
 This water's pleasant tune
 With some old border-song, or catch
 That suits a summer's noon ;

" Or of the church clock and the chimes 25
 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-hair'd man of glee :

" No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears, 5
 How merrily it goes !
 'T will murmur on a thousand years
 And flow as now it flows.

" And here, on this delightful day,
 I cannot choose but think 10
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
 Beside this fountain's brink.

" My eyes are dim with childish tears,
 My heart is idly stirr'd,
 For the same sound is in my ears 15
 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. 20

" The blackbird amid leafy trees,
 The lark above the hill,
 Let loose their carols when they please,
 Are quiet when they will.

" With Nature never do they wage 25
 A foolish strife ; they see
 A happy youth, and their old age
 Is beautiful and free :

" But we are press'd by heavy laws ;
 And often, glad no more, 30
 We wear a face of joy, because
 We have been glad of yore.

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

" My days, my friend, are almost gone, 5
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 ! 10
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 grasp'd my hand and said, 15
" 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 ; 20

And ere we came to Leonard's rock
He sang those witty rimes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewilder'd chimes.

XLII

THE TROSACHS

There 's not a nook within this solemn Pass, 25
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass

Wither'd at eve. From scenes of art which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass

Untouch'd, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest, 5
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May),

The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest! 10

XLIII

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old 15
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man :
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

XLIV

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
 EARLY CHILDHOOD

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, 20
 The earth, and every common sight
 To me did seem
 Apparel'd in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore ; —
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 5
 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 ; 10
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound 15
 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 ; — 20
 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 25
 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 30
 Shepherd boy !

Ye blessèd 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 fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning 5
 This sweet May morning;
 And the children are culling
 On every side
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm, 10
 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 look'd upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone: 15
 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; 20
 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, 25
 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, 30
 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 35
 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 5

 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. 10

Behold the Child among his newborn 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 ! 15

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art ;

 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ; 20

 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 25

 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 " 30
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 ; 35

- Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal Mind, —
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest! 5
 On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave, 10
 A Presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke, 15
 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 20
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
- The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed 25
 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 30
 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 35

Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections, 5
 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 10
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy, 15
 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 ; 20
 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 25
 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 ! 30

What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find 35
 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, 5
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquish'd one delight 10
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a newborn day
 Is lovely yet ; 15
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring 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, 20
 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.

*This is the essential strength
 of the soul, its resistance
 to suffering, its
 own immortality.*

SELECTED POEMS OF SHELLEY

XLV

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee, 5
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how ?
To thy chamber window, Sweet !

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream — 10
The champac odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine, 15
Oh, belovèd as thou art !

Oh lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy Love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale. 20
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

XLVI

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden ;
 Thou needest not fear mine ;
 My spirit is too deeply laden
 Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ; 5
 Thou needest not fear mine ;
 Innocent is the heart's devotion
 With which I worship thine.

XLVII

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
 And the rivers with the ocean, 10
 The winds of heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single,
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle — 15
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdain'd its brother : 20
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea —
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

XLVIII

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear 5
 Which make thee terrible and dear, —
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought;
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day, 10
 Kiss her until she be wearied out:
 Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
 I sigh'd for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turn'd to his rest
 Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noontide bee 25
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me? — and I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon — 30
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;

Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night —
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

XLIX

When the lamp is shatter'd	5
The light in the dust lies dead —	
When the cloud is scatter'd,	
The rainbow's glory is shed.	
When the lute is broken,	
Sweet tones are remember'd not ;	10
When the lips have spoken,	
Loved accents are soon forgot.	
As music and splendor	
Survive not the lamp and the lute,	
The heart's echoes render	15
No song when the spirit is mute —	
No song but sad dirges,	
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,	
Or the mournful surges	
That ring the dead seaman's knell.	20
When hearts have once mingled,	
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;	
The weak one is singled	
To endure what it once possesst.	
O Love! who bewailest	25
The frailty of all things here,	
Why choose you the frailest	
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?	
Its passions will rock thee	
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;	30
Bright reason will mock thee	
Like the sun from a wintry sky.	

From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

L

One word is too often profaned 5
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother, 10
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above 15
 And the Heavens reject not :
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow? 20

LI

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might :
 The breath of the moist earth is light 25
 Around its unexpanded buds ;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,
 The city's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
 I see the waves upon the shore
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
 I sit upon the sands alone ; 5
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion —
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health, 10
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd —
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ; 15
 Others I see whom these surround —
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
 Even as the winds and waters are ; 20
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear, —
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air 25
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

LII

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it 30
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 5

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 10

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight : 15

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 20

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams and heaven is over-
 flow'd. 25

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ; — 30

- Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not: 5
- Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower: 10
- Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aërial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
 the view: 15
- Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
 thieves. 20
- Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 25
- Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so' divine. 30

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chaunt
 Match'd with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt —
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 5

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
 pain? 10

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 15

Waking or asleep
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 20

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought. 25

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 30

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 5

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now! 10

LIII

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveler from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command 15
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 20
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

LIV

WITH A GUITAR: TO JANE

Ariel to Miranda:— Take 25
 This slave of Music, for the sake
 Of him who is the slave of thee;
 And teach it all the harmony

In which thou canst, and only thou,
 Make the delighted spirit glow,
 Till joy denies itself again
 And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
 For by permission and command 5
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token
 Of more than ever can be spoken ;
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
 From life to life must still pursue 10
 Your happiness, for thus alone
 Can Ariel ever find his own.
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,
 As the mighty verses tell,
 To the throne of Naples he 15
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
 Flitting on, your prow before,
 Like a living meteor.
 When you die, the silent Moon
 In her interlunar swoon 20
 Is not sadder in her cell
 Than deserted Ariel.
 When you live again on earth,
 Like an unseen Star of birth
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea 25
 Of life from your nativity : —
 Many changes have been run
 Since Ferdinand and you begun
 Your course of love, and Ariel still
 Has track'd your steps and served your will. 30
 Now in humbler, happier lot,
 This is all remember'd not ;
 And now, alas ! the poor Sprite is
 Imprison'd for some fault of his
 In a body like a grave — 35
 From you he only dares to crave,

For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep 5
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast, 10
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love : And so this tree, —
Oh, that such our death may be ! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain, 15
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skillfully 20
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamor'd tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells :
— For it had learned all harmonies 25
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills, 30
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound 35
Which, driven on its diurnal round,

As it floats through boundless day,
 Our world enkindles on its way :
 — All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who cannot question well
 The Spirit that inhabits it ; 5
 It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions ; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day. 10
 But, sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest holiest tone
 For our beloved Friend alone.

LV

TO JANE

THE INVITATION

Best and brightest, come away, — 15
 Fairer far than this fair Day,
 Which, like thee, to those in sorrow,
 Comes to bid a sweet good morrow
 To the rough year just awake
 In its cradle on the brake. 20
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring
 Through the winter wandering,
 Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
 To hoar February born ;
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth, 25
 It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,
 And smiled upon the silent sea,
 And bade the frozen streams be free,
 And waked to music all their fountains,
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains, 30

And like a prophetess of May
 Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
 Making the wintry world appear
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns, 5
 To the wildwood and the downs —
 To the silent wilderness
 Where the soul need not repress
 Its music, lest it should not find
 An echo in another's mind, 10
 While the touch of Nature's art
 Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day,
 Awake! arise! and come away!
 To the wildwoods and the plains, 15
 To the pools where winter rains
 Image all their roof of leaves,
 Where the pine its garland weaves
 Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
 Round stems that never kiss the sun; 20
 Where the lawns and pastures be
 And the sand hills of the sea;
 Where the melting hoarfrost wets
 The daisy star that never sets,
 And windflowers and violets, 25
 Which yet join not scent to hue,
 Crown the pale year weak and new;
 When the night is left behind
 In the deep east, dim and blind,
 And the blue noon is over us, 30
 And the multitudinous
 Billows murmur at our feet,
 Where the earth and ocean meet,
 And all things seem only one
 In the universal Sun. 35

LVI

THE RECOLLECTION

Now the last day of many days
 All beautiful and bright as thou,
 The loveliest and the last, is dead :
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
 Up — to thy wonted work ! come, trace 5
 The epitaph of glory fled,
 For now the earth has changed its face,
 A frown is on the heaven's brow.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
 That skirts the Ocean's foam ; 10
 The lightest wind was in its nest,
 The tempest in its home.
 The whispering waves were half asleep,
 The clouds were gone to play,
 And on the bosom of the deep 15
 The smile of heaven lay ;
 It seem'd as if the hour were one
 Sent from beyond the skies,
 Which scatter'd from above the sun
 A light of Paradise ! 20

We paused amid the pines that stood
 The giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
 As serpents interlaced, —
 And soothed by every azure breath 25
 That under heaven is blown,
 To harmonies and hues beneath,
 As tender as its own :
 Now all the treetops lay asleep
 Like green waves on the sea, 30
 As still as in the silent deep
 The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was! — The silence there
 By such a chain was bound,
 That even the busy woodpecker
 Made stiller with her sound
 The inviolable quietness ; 5
 The breath of peace we drew
 With its soft motion made not less
 The calm that round us grew.
 There seem'd, from the remotest seat
 Of the white mountain waste 10
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,
 A magic circle traced, —
 A spirit interfused around,
 A thrilling silent life ;
 To momentary peace it bound 15
 Our mortal nature's strife ; —
 And still I felt the center of
 The magic circle there
 Was one fair form that fill'd with love
 The lifeless atmosphere. 20

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough ;
 Each seem'd as 't were a little sky
 Gulf'd in a world below ;
 A firmament of purple light 25
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night
 And purer than the day —
 In which the lovely forests grew
 As in the upper air, 30
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there.
 There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,
 And through the dark-green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn 35
 Out of a speckled cloud.

Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen
Were imaged in the water's love
Of that fair forest green :
And all was interfused beneath 5
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast 10
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest ;
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought
Which from the mind's too faithful eye 15
Blots one dear image out.
— Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
Than calm in waters seen ! 20

LVII

TO THE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth, —
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye 25
That finds no object worth its constancy?

LVIII

THE QUESTION

I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring 30

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kiss'd it and then fled, as Thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied windflowers and violets, 5
 Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets —
 [Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth —] ¹ 10
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cowbind and the moonlight-color'd May,
 And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine 15
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold. 20

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag flowers, purple prank'd with white,
 And starry river buds among the sedge,
 And floating water lilies, broad and bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge 25
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way 30
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array

¹ Omitted from Palgrave's text and early editions of Shelley. Cf. Hutchinson's edition, p. 684.

Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
 Within my hand, — and then, elate and gay,
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
 That I might there present it — O! to Whom?

LIX

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

Many a green isle needs must be	5
In the deep wide sea of Misery,	
Or the mariner, worn and wan,	
Never thus could voyage on	
Day and night, and night and day,	
Drifting on his dreary way,	10
With the solid darkness black	
Closing round his vessel's track ;	
Whilst above, the sunless sky	
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,	
And behind, the tempest fleet	15
Hurries on with lightning feet,	
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,	
Till the ship has almost drank	
Death from the o'erbrimming deep ;	
And sinks down, down, like that sleep	20
When the dreamer seems to be	
Weltering through eternity ;	
And the dim low line before	
Of a dark and distant shore	
Still recedes, as ever still	25
Longing with divided will,	
But no power to seek or shun,	
He is ever drifted on	
O'er the unreposing wave,	
To the haven of the grave.	30

Ah, many flowering islands lie
 In the waters of wide Agony :

To such a one this morn was led
 My bark, by soft winds piloted.
 — 'Mid the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the pæan
 With which the legion'd rooks did hail 5
 The Sun's uprise majestic :
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Through the dewy mist they soar
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts ; and then, — as clouds of even 10
 Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky, —
 So their plumes of purple grain
 Starr'd with drops of golden rain
 Gleam above the sunlight woods, 15
 As in silent multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale
 Through the broken mist they sail ;
 And the vapors cloven and gleaming
 Follow down the dark steep streaming, 20
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporous air, 25
 Islanded by cities fair ;
 Underneath Day's azure eyes,
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies, —
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls, 30
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
 On the level quivering line 35
 Of the waters crystalline ;

And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
 Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion . 5
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise
 As to pierce the dome of gold 10
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City ! thou hast been
 Ocean's child, and then his queen ;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey, 15
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier.
 A less drear ruin than than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves 20
 From thy throne among the waves
 Wilt thou be, — when the sea mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state, 25
 Save where many a palace gate
 With green sea flowers overgrown
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
 As the tides change sullenly. 30
 The fisher on his watery way
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep, 35
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,

Lead a rapid mask of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now :
'T is the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist 5
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound, 10
Fills the overflowing sky ;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant Frost has trodden
With his morning-wingèd feet 15
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
The dun and bladed grass no less, 20
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air ; the flower
Glimmering at my feet ; the line
Of the olive-sandal'd Apennine
In the south dimly islanded ; 25
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun ;
And of living things each one ;
And my spirit, which so long
Darken'd this swift stream of song, — 30
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky ;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odor, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall, 35

Or the mind which feeds this verse,
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon 5
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn 10
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remember'd agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing, 15
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony:
Other spirits float and flee 20
O'er that gulf: ev'n now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove; 25
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea murmur fills, 30
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine,

— We may live so happy there,
 That the Spirits of the Air
 Envyng us, may ev'n entice
 To our healing paradise
 The polluting multitude : 5
 But their rage would be subdued
 By that clime divine and calm,
 And the winds whose wings rain balm
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves
 Under which the bright sea heaves ; 10
 While each breathless interval
 In their whisperings musical
 The inspired soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies ;
 And the Love which heals all strife 15
 Circling, like the breath of life,
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood : —
 They, not it, would change ; and soon
 Every sprite beneath the moon 20
 Would repent its envy vain,
 And the Earth grow young again.

LX

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, 25
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until 30
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odors plain and hill:
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and Preserver; hear, oh, hear! 5

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
 Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge, 10
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
 Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height —
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night 15
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might
 Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams 20
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
 Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day, 25
 All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear 30
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than Thou, O uncontrollable ! If even 5
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
 Scarce seem'd a vision, — I would ne'er have striven
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need. 10
 Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
 I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
 One too like thee — tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is : 15
 What if my leaves are falling like its own !
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one ! 20
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
 Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth :
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind ! 25
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

LXI

On a Poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept 30
 In the sound his breathing kept ;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the aërial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.

He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they be —
 But from these create he can 5
 Forms more real than living Man,
 Nurslings of Immortality!

LXII

A DIRGE

Rough wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud 10
 Knells all the night long;
 Sad storm whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods whose branches stain,
 Deep caves and dreary main, —
 Wail for the world's wrong. 15

LXIII

A LAMENT

O World! O Life! O Time!
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more — oh, nevermore! 20

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight:
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more — oh, nevermore! 25

LXIV

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory —
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SELECTED POEMS OF KEATS

LXV

ODE

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?

— Yes, and those of heaven commune 5
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease 10
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got 15
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ; 20
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;

And the souls ye left behind you
 Teach us, here, the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumber'd, never cloying.
 Here, your earthborn souls still speak 5
 To mortals, of their little week;
 Of their sorrows and delights;
 Of their passions and their spites;
 Of their glory and their shame;
 What doth strengthen and what maim: — 10
 Thus ye teach us, every day,
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
 Ye have left your souls on earth!
 Ye have souls in heaven too, 15
 Double-lived in regions new!

LXVI

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. 20

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

— Then felt I like some watcher of the skies 25
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien. 30

LXVII

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity :
 The north cannot undo them 5
 With a sleety whistle through them,
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook, 10
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look ;
 But with a sweet forgetting
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never petting 15
 About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 't were so with many
 A gentle girl and boy !
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passèd joy ? 20
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it
 Nor numbèd sense to steal it —
 Was never said in rhyme.

LXVIII

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

" O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, 25
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

“ O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
 So haggard and so woebegone?
 The squirrel’s granary is full,
 And the harvest ’s done.

“ I see a lily on thy brow 5
 With anguish moist and fever-dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.”

“ I met a lady in the meads, 10
 Full beautiful — a faëry’s child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

“ I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
 She look’d at me as she did love, 15
 And made sweet moan.

“ I set her on my pacing steed
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faëry’s song. 20

“ She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild and manna-dew,
 And sure in language strange she said
 ‘ I love thee true.’

“ She took me to her elfin grot, 25
 And there she wept and sigh’d full sore ;
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

“ And there she lullèd me asleep,
 And there I dream’d — Ah ! woe betide ! 30
 The latest dream I ever dream’d
 On the cold hill’s side.

" I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all :
 They cried — ' La belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall !'

" I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill's side. 5

" And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely loitering, 10
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing."

LXIX

Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art —
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart, 15
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors : — 20

No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast
 To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake forever in a sweet unrest ;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath, 25
 And so live ever, — or else swoon to death.

LXX

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry
 Hold like rich garnerers the full-ripen'd grain ;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, 5
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour !
 That I shall never look upon thee more, 10
 Never have relish in the faëry power
 Of unreflecting love — then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

LXXI

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of Poets dead and gone, 15
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine? 20
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Dressed as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his Maid Marian, 25
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's signboard flew away

Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story,
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new-old sign 5
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known, 10
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

LXXII

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains 15
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness, —
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot 20
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draft of vintage ! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green, 25
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburned mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth ; 30
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, 5
 Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. 10

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee! tender is the night, 15
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. 20

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ; 25
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 30

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain — 5
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown: 10
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that ofttimes hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam 15
 Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf. 20
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep
 In the next valley glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream? 25
 Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

LXXIII

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'T is very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven, — to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament. 30

Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?

Returning home at evening, with an ear 5
 Catching the notes of Philomel, — an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently. 10

LXXIV

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees, 15
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease ; 20
 For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ; 25
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers :
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, — 5
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ; 10
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

LXXV

FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam ; 15
 Pleasure never is at home :
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
 Then let wingèd Fancy wander
 Through the thought still spread beyond her : 20
 Open wide the mind's cage-door,
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
 O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
 Summer's joys are spoiled by use,
 And the enjoying of the Spring 25
 Fades as does its blossoming ;
 Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
 Blushing through the mist and dew,
 Cloys with tasting : What do then?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when 30
 The sear fagot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night ;

When the soundless earth is muffled,
 And the cakèd snow is shuffled
 From the plowboy's heavy shoon ;
 When the Night doth meet thè Noon
 In a dark conspiracy 5
 To banish Even from her sky.
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overaw'd,
 Fancy, high-commission'd : — send her !
 She has vassals to attend her : 10
 She will bring, in spite of frost,
 Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
 She will bring thee, all together,
 All delights of summer weather ;
 All the buds and bells of May, 15
 From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
 All the heapèd Autumn's wealth,
 With a still, mysterious stealth :
 She will mix these pleasures up
 Like three fit wines in a cup, 20
 And thou shalt quaff it : — thou shalt hear
 Distant harvest carols clear ;
 Rustle of the reapèd corn ;
 Sweet birds antheming the morn :
 And, in the same moment — hark ! 25
 'T is the early April lark,
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold ; 30
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
 And every leaf, and every flower 35
 Pearlèd with the selfsame shower.

Thou shalt see the field mouse peep
 Meager from its cellèd sleep ;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
 Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see 5
 Hatching in the hawthorn tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest ;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the beehive casts its swarm ; 10
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
 Everything is spoiled by use :
 Where 's the cheek that doth not fade, 15
 Too much gazed at ? Where 's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new ?
 Where 's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary ? Where 's the face
 One would meet in every place ? 20
 Where 's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft ?
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let then wingèd Fancy find 25
 Thee a mistress to thy mind :
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide ;
 With a waist and with a side 30
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipped its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,

And Jove grew languid. — Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash ;
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she 'll bring.
 — Let the wingèd Fancy roam, 5
 Pleasure never is at home.

LXXVI

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme : 10
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempé or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape? 15
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone : 20
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, 25
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
 Forever piping songs forever new ; 30

- More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 Forever panting, and forever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd, 5
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.
- Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest? 10
 What little town by river or seashore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets forevermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell 15
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.
- O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought 20
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all 25
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

LXXVII

THE HUMAN SEASONS

- Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man:
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span: 30

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminare, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings 5
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness — to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature. 10

NOTES

(The notes in brackets are Palgrave's)

PAGE 1 LINE 1 These stanzas were inspired by Wordsworth's wife and composed about two years after his marriage. Wordsworth says, however, that "the germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl."—**Phantom**: appearance, vision.—**22 machine**: compare "Whilst this machine is to him," "Hamlet," II, ii, l. 124.

2 1-6 The original impression of the "Phantom of delight" remains, and the poet wishes to emphasize it as a final memory.

2 7 This and the three poems that follow were written while Wordsworth was in Germany with his sister in 1799. Charles Lamb, writing in 1801, quoted this poem as being singularly beautiful, and probably all readers agree with him.—**8 Dove**: the locality is not certainly identified.—**11** The violet is the image of her physical beauty, as the star is of her spiritual. Both images reënforce the note of solitariness.

3 5 Palgrave gives the title "The Education of Nature."—**23 state**: stateliness.—**31 secret**: secluded.

4 22 diurnal: daily.—[Simple as "Lucy Gray" seems, a mere narrative of what "has been, and may be again," yet every touch in the child's picture is marked by the deepest and purest ideal character.] Wordsworth notes that this poem was "written at Goslar, Germany. It was founded on a circumstance told me by my sister, of a little girl who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was bewildered in a snowstorm. Her footsteps were traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backwards or forwards, could be traced. The body, however, was found in the canal." Observe that by omitting this last fact the poet made a tale of mystery out of what would otherwise have been only pathetic.

5 15 minster clock: cathedral clock.—**18 Loosened** a bundle of sticks and twigs with a lopping tool.—**22 wanton**: sportive.

6 19 This is almost as unadorned a line as Wordsworth ever wrote, and the entire poem is as severely simple as poetry can well be. Yet

many capable readers — not all readers — feel it to be one of the most moving and truly noble poems ever written by an English poet. To appreciate it is to make one's calling and election as a lover of poetry about as sure as such an unspectacular consecration can be made.— 29 In Palgrave this sonnet is entitled "To a Distant Friend." It was written in 1835, when Wordsworth was sixty-five years old. He left this record of its composition: "In the month of January, when Dora and I were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across the vale, snow being upon the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to her cousin C[hristopher] W[ordsworth]."—32 boon: petition.

7 11 Palgrave entitled this sonnet "Desideria," which means "Absent things longed for."—13 Thee: Wordsworth's daughter Catharine, who died in early childhood.—14 That spot to which bad fortune can bring no harm.—15 Palgrave has no comma after *faithful love*. Does his punctuation leave the line ambiguous?—25 Daughter of the Voice: echo (De Quincey, quoted by Fowler).

8 8 sense: perhaps nearly equivalent to "intuitions." —11-12 Many readers may prefer another reading of these lines:

Long may the kindly impulse last!
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast.

—20 Is this better than the reading, "Yet find that other strength, according to their need"?

9 1 uncharter'd: unregulated. The poet perhaps had in mind the charters that helped to reduce to order the lawlessness of the Middle Ages.—5-12 This stanza should be carefully studied as an illustration of the working of a noble imagination.—21 Palgrave gives the title, "England and Switzerland, 1802." [Switzerland was usurped by the French under Napoleon in 1800; Venice in 1797 (No. XI)].—25 tyrant: Napoleon.

10 7 in fee: as a fief or dependency. See a sketch of the history of Venice in some good encyclopedia.—13-14 A reference to the custom of the Doge going out to espouse the Adriatic.—21 Poets have not infrequently bemoaned the condition of their country in terms of

unwarranted severity. Cowper had done it before Wordsworth. Yet, on the whole, noble faultfinding is more stimulating than most praise, which so often and easily tends to be overbearing and fatuous. And Wordsworth apologizes finely in No. XIV.

11 8 **cause**: of home and fatherland.—9 **fearful**: full of fear lest it do wrong.—11 His own account of the London sonnet is interesting: "This was written immediately after my return from France to London [he refers to a short visit with his sister in 1802], when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth."—13 **pen**: used with reference to writers and students in general.—18 **manners**: good habits that make character.

12 11 **Cardigan**: in Wales.—13 "This old man had been huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden, which, at the time we occupied it, belonged to a minor. The old man's cottage stood upon the common, a little way from the entrance to Alfoxden Park. . . . It is unnecessary to add, the fact was as mentioned in the poem; and I have, after an interval of forty-five years, the image of the old man as fresh before my eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The expression when the hounds were out, 'I dearly love their voice,' was word for word from his own lips" (Wordsworth's note).

13 5 **But oh the heavy change**: a possible reminiscence of "Lycidas."
—8 Palgrave punctuates this line with a colon and a dash.

15 9 **deeds**: the object of *returning* in l. 10, which participle is construed with *hearts unkind*, l. 9.—10 **still**: ever.—13 Palgrave entitled this poem "A Lesson."

16 4 **that it was gray**: a clause giving the reason for *smiled*.—5 **prodigal's**: youth and the season of spring.—6 **miser's**: age and the season of winter.

17 7 **love**: a noun or an infinitive?—8 **Neglect me**: did I brood over his neglect, or rather, shall I brood now, or some such paraphrase seems needed.—30 **Maim'd, mangled**: distinguish between these words.

18 3 **incommunicable**: does it seem likely that such a woman as Margaret would have used this word? What do you think she means? Do you notice other places in the poem which seem out of keeping with

what appears to be the general character of the speaker? Wordsworth says that the poem was suggested by a poor widow who kept a shop in Penrith. "When she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son."

19 1 This stanza is omitted in some editions of the poem. Wordsworth himself omitted it in all editions between 1827 and 1843.—**8** A very imaginative line, less obvious in its moral than the last line, and therefore less quoted, though much finer.—**10** more divine: than what?—**13-20** The first stanza describes the little orchard in the garden of Dove Cottage. Dorothy Wordsworth's journals record several descriptions that might have served as rough studies for the poem.—**30** *paramours*: lovers. Notice how the other elements in the scene are made to serve as background for the linnet, which embodies the spirit of the whole.

20 15 This is most probably the best line of the poem. It is hard to believe that the harsh opinion of his critics almost persuaded Wordsworth to discard it.—**22** [This poem has an exaltation and a glory, joined with an exquisiteness of expression, which place it in the highest rank among the many masterpieces of its illustrious author.] The poem beautifully describes the service which Wordsworth believed the memory of natural objects could render. Here the memory of his boyhood, suggested by the bird, makes the world about him seem once more an enchanted place.

21 25 This great sonnet, Wordsworth tells us, was written on the roof of a coach, on his way to France with his sister. Her account of the scene is in her journal: "We left London on Saturday morning at half-past five or six. . . . We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles." It is interesting to compare these descriptions, to see what it was that the poet observed and his sister missed. Or is the difference only in the statement?

22 11 The person referred to, Wordsworth notes, was the then Duke of Queensbury. The fact was told Wordsworth by Walter Scott. Dorothy accompanied her brother on the tour in Scotland during which this poem was written. Her account again offers material for an interesting comparison: "After breakfast walked up the river to

Neidpath Castle, about a mile and a half from the town. The castle stands upon a green hill, overlooking the Tweed, a strong square-towered edifice, neglected and desolate, though not in ruin, the garden overgrown with grass, and the high walls that fenced it broken down. The Tweed winds between green steeps, upon which, and close to the river-side, large flocks of sheep pasturing; higher still are the grey mountains; but I need not describe the scene, for William has done it better than I could do in a sonnet which he wrote the same day; the last five lines, at least, of his poem will impart to you more of the feeling of the place than it would be possible for me to do."

23 1 Palgrave gives another version of this line: "Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye." The sonnet was written as a warning for tourists who were too ready to settle in the Lake Country, but not at all ready to follow a simple life. In the "Golden Treasury" the title is "Admonition to a Traveler."—15 This poem was written not long after Wordsworth returned from Scotland. The girl was one of two sisters, whom Dorothy describes at length in her journal: "At this day the innocent merriment of the girls, with their kindness to us, and the beautiful figure and face of the elder, come to my mind whenever I think of the ferry-house and waterfall of Loch Lomond, and I never think of the two girls but the whole image of that romantic spot is before me, a living image, as it will be to my dying day."

24 6 peers: those of equal station.—27 Dorothy Wordsworth says: "I think I never heard the English language sound more sweetly than from the mouth of the elder of these girls, while she stood at the gate answering our inquiries, her face flushed with the rain; her pronunciation was clear and distinct; without difficulty, yet slow, like that of a foreign speech."

25 18 Wordsworth's doctrine of memory is here finely illustrated.

26 1 This poem, no less realistic than the preceding, was founded on actual experience only in part, as the following note by Dorothy Wordsworth shows: "It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly—might I be allowed to say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem ['The Solitary Reaper'] was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's *Tour in Scotland*." Wilkinson's "Tours to the British Mountains" was not published till 1824, but he made his journey to Scotland in 1787, and he lent the manuscript of his journal to his friend Wordsworth. Professor Knight quotes the sentence that

inspired Wordsworth, and that furnished the last line of the poem: "Passed a female who was reaping alone; she sung in Erse, as she bended over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard; her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious, long after they were heard no more."—17-20 It would be hard to give a happier description of romantic poetry, such as Scott loved and wrote; in the remainder of the stanza the description is equally happy of the kind of poetry Wordsworth excelled in.

27 8 Cheapside: for these streets see Baedeker's "London."—16 This poem is sometimes criticized as coming close to being doggerel. Such critics, it is to be presumed, put too much sing-song into their reading of it. It can be so read as to produce admirable rhythmical effects, and its pathos is of a high though simple order. In other words, when read by the eye alone or when poorly read aloud, the stanzas will disappoint, and why not?—17 In the "Golden Treasury" this poem has the title by which it is usually known, "The Daffodils."

28 9-10 These lines were supplied to the poet by his wife. They are the best description of his doctrine of memory.—21 **dappled:** spotted, variegated, with the daisies.

29 1 port: bearing.—9 **Cyclops:** see a classical dictionary and the Odyssey.—25 **Bright Flower:** Palgrave reads "Sweet Flower." Wordsworth substituted *bright* to avoid the repetition of *sweet* in l. 28.

30 1 [This lovely poem refers here and there to a ballad by Hamilton on the subject.]—6 **Marrow:** mate, companion,—his sister, Dorothy Wordsworth.—8 **Braes:** slopes.—17 **Leader Haughs:** the meadows along the river Leader.—19 **Dryburgh:** the seat of the abbey.—20 **lintwhites:** linnets.—21 **Tiviot-dale:** also Teviot.

31 1 holms: alluvial fields.—5 **strath:** valley.

32 1 Of this poem Charles Lamb made the following criticism in a letter to Wordsworth: "I meant to mention 'Yarrow Visited,' with that stanza, 'But thou that didst appear so fair,' than which I think no lovelier stanza can be found in the wide world of poetry;—yet the poem, on the whole, seems condemned to leave behind it a melancholy of imperfect satisfaction, as if you had wronged the feeling with which, in what preceded it, you had resolved never to visit it, and as if the Muse had determined, in the most delicate manner, to make you, and *scarce make you*, feel it. Else it is far superior to the other, which has but one exquisite verse in it, the last but one, or the last two; this is all fine, except, perhaps, that *that* of 'studious ease and generous cares' has a little tinge of the *less romantic* about it." Wordsworth took Lamb's

criticism seriously. See note below to p. 33, l. 30.—25 the famous Flower : see Nos. CLXIII and CLXIV of the "Golden Treasury."

33 9-16 Do you agree with Lamb's praise of this stanza?—30 This and the two following lines originally read :

It promises protection
To studious ease, and generous cares
And every chaste affection.

34 23 In the "Golden Treasury" this sonnet is called "By the Sea." Dorothy Wordsworth describes several evenings at Calais, when she and her brother made their visit to France in 1802.

35 4 Abraham's bosom : see Luke xvi, 22.—7 This poem should be compared with Sir Philip Sidney's sonnet, "Sleep," No. XL in the "Golden Treasury."—21 This sonnet is entitled by Palgrave "The Inner Vision."

36 7 "Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden" (Wordsworth's note).

37 5 This poem shows nature's influence in the formation of an evil character, as No. IV shows her power to train a noble soul.—26 Cherokees : the student need not be surprised that, although he was an Englishman, Wordsworth selected the name of a tribe of Indians who were really found in the southern states. He had read such books as William Bartram's "Travels," and had caught from them some notions of the beauty of semitropical nature.

38 22-25 Compare Othello's wooing of Desdemona.

39 11 savannahs : meadows (Spanish). Compare the name of the Georgia city.

40 5 sylvan : forest.—22-30 Do these lines represent the prosaic Wordsworth?—30 West : is Wordsworth's geography becoming hazy?

43 8-10 These lines seem labored when compared with the following more appropriate close of the stanza :

And there she sang tumultuous songs,
By recollection of her wrongs
To fearful passion roused.

—15 clear : this once read *wild*.—21 it liked her : note the archaic touch.—26 Tone : a small river in Somersetshire, near the Quantock Hills (see p. 44, l. 24).—29 engines : Wordsworth seems to assume that Ruth had as philosophic an insight into the effects of free nature as had the thoughtful, but in this case rather fantastic, poet.

45 5 [Written soon after the death by shipwreck, of Wordsworth's brother John]; see p. 46, l. 16. [This poem may be profitably compared with Shelley's, following it.] "On a poet's lips," p. 86. [Each is the most complete expression of the innermost spirit of his art given by these great poets,—of that Idea which, as in the case of the true painter (to quote the words of Reynolds), "subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always laboring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting."] Sir George Beaumont of Coleorton Hall was a cultivated friend of Wordsworth's. Peele Castle is "a ruined keep on a small island close to the modern town of Barrow, in Furness, Lancashire" (Fowler).—19–20 One of the most famous passages in Wordsworth's poetry.

46 27 hulk: dismantled vessel.

47 2 [the Kind: the human race.]—10 Ossian: the ancient Gaelic poet. Dorothy Wordsworth thus describes the scene of this poem: "It is truly a solitude, the road even making it appear more so: the bottom of the valley is mostly smooth and level, the brook not noisy: everything is simple and undisturbed, and while we passed through it the whole place was shady, cool, clear, and solemn. At the end of the long valley we ascended a hill to a great height, and reached the top, where the sun, on the point of setting, shed a soft yellow light upon every eminence. The prospect was very extensive; over hollows and plains, no towns, and few houses visible—a prospect, extensive as it was, in harmony with the secluded dell, and fixing its own peculiar character of removedness from the world, and the secure possession of the quiet of nature more deeply in our minds." Wordsworth wrote the poem on hearing of the tradition relating to the glen, which he did not know when he was there.

48 23 Proteus: the old man of the sea in Grecian mythology, who kept Amphitrite's seals, and could change himself into any form,—whence the adjective "protean."—24 Triton: the trumpeter who raised or calmed the waves. Compare Spenser's lines in "Colin Clout's Come Home Againe":

Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton blowing loud his wreathed horne.

—25 [royal Saint: Henry VI.]—28 white-robed: wearing surplices.

49 4 sense: of beauty.—11 "This and other poems connected with Matthew would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like the Wanderer

in 'The Excursion,' this Schoolmaster was made 'up of several both of his class and men of other occupations" (Wordsworth's note).

50 13 sued : does this mean wooed, courted, or followed ?

51 7 This is the fine passage of the poem. Can you feel the pathos and the truth of this line ? — 23 catch : snatch.

53 21 Do you like the way the poem ends ? Why did not the poet stop with l. 20 ? — 25 Trosachs : a mountain pass in Perthshire, Scotland. Wordsworth notes that he first saw the Trosachs in 1803, in his sister's company ; he saw them again just before Scott went abroad in a last effort to regain his health ; the poem, he says, was "colored by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going."

54 5 Palgrave punctuates with a colon and dash after *upon*. — 20 The fundamental idea of this great ode is Platonic. Wordsworth held it only in a poetic sense. It is worth while to compare the poem that may have suggested it — Henry Vaughan's "The Retreat" ("The Golden Treasury," No. xcviII) :

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train ;

From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
 That shady City of palm trees!
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way:—
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

55 16 *tabor*: a small drum. — 29 Palgrave omits the comma at the end of this line.

56 2 *coronal*: wreath. Do you like the cadence of this line?— 10, 22 Palgrave omits the commas at the ends of these lines.

57 11 *the Child*: Hartley Coleridge. There are lines in this stanza which to some readers come near to being doggerel. Despite the truth to nature of the description, the poet's style seems to drop distressingly far below the splendid level maintained in the stanzas that precede and follow. Lines 14–15 are unamenable to this criticism; but in contrast see ll. 32–33.

58 32 "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality" (Wordsworth's note).

59 17–23 A splendid illustration of Wordsworth's imagination at its height,—the power of seeing and making others see "the light that never was on sea or land."

60 7–23 These lines are both nobly calm and piercingly pathetic. Which seems in excess, the calm or the pathos?—11 This line Palgrave punctuates with a colon, and the following line with a semicolon.

61 1 The first lines of this poem are all that the average reader knows of it, but the whole piece is remarkable for the vehemence of passion and the rapidity of the images. Notice how quickly the theme is explained, the scene set, and the lover brought to the chamber window.—6 Do you like this daring image?—9 In this and several other passages in Shelley, the punctuation used by Palgrave has been abandoned and that of the best texts substituted, wherever that substitution is in accord with American usage.—11 *champac*: an Indian flower of the magnolia type.—21, 23 These lines are longer than the corresponding lines of the preceding stanzas. Notice the swelling effect that the change gives to the end of the poem.

62 8 **thine**: heart or devotion?—9 Could you make a comparison between the simple, conversational tone of this poem, especially ll. 15 and 23, and the poetic style that Wordsworth believed in?

63 1 **o'er**: Palgrave reads *over*.—11 **her**: compare *his*, l. 19.—19 Where do you place the four accents of this line?—22 To be read thus: "Thy bróther Deáth cáme, and criéd."

64 5 In the "Golden Treasury" this poem is called "The Flight of Love."—23 **singled**: Fowler thinks that this means "left single," "left alone," rather than "selected," "picked out." Is this explanation too subtle?—24 An obscure line. Perhaps the sense is that, after love has first left its well-built nest in an unstable heart, then that heart is left to endure the person it has once loved, or else the fact that it has loved and proved inconstant.—27 **the frailest**: Fowler explains this as meaning "the human heart." Perhaps it means the singer himself.

65 2 **eagle**: lofty.—5 **One word**: love.—7-8 The meaning is that any one is false who disdains love; therefore the lady, who is not false, cannot disdain it.—12 **that**: Fowler says that here *that* "must mean love." But must it? It may not be very great poetry which Shelley gives us if *that* stands for *pity*; but even Shelley may have ended a stanza in a weak fashion, and even he is not exempt from obedience to the rules of grammar.—14, 16 What do you think of these rimes?

66 13 **The sage**: it is not clear what special sage, if any, Shelley had in mind.—26 Compare the manner of Shelley's death. A fifth stanza has been omitted from the poem as it was originally written in December, 1818. Note that if each of the first eight lines had an additional foot, this poem would be in Spenserian stanzas.—28 Mrs. Shelley describes the scene of this famous poem: "In the spring [1820] we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends, who were absent on a journey to England. It was on a beautiful summer evening while wandering among the lanes, whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."

67 10 **unbodied**: disembodied.

68 14 What color does the description suggest?

69 1 **hymeneal**: relating to marriage.—10 With this line the poet begins to take possession of the poem,—to think of himself rather than of the bird.

70 1 **measures**: musical strains.—11 This sonnet is probably due more or less to Shelley's own invention.—25 The guitar here celebrated is preserved in the Bodleian library, Oxford. Trelawny describes

the poet in the act of writing these verses: "The strong light streamed through the opening of the trees. One of the pines, undermined by the water, had fallen into it. Under its lee, and nearly hidden, sat the Poet, gazing on the dark mirror beneath, so lost in his bardish reverie that he did not hear my approach. . . . The day I found Shelley in the pine-forest he was writing verses on a guitar." — Ariel to Miranda: see Shakespeare's "The Tempest."

71 20 [interlunar swoon: interval of the moon's invisibility.] Compare Milton, "Samson Agonistes," ll. 87-89:

Silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

73 15 This poem is not given in its complete form.—17-18 Note the influence of Milton's "L'Allegro."—23 halcyon: calm. See a classical dictionary under "Alcyone."

74 19 dun: dark.—24 never sets: blooms at all seasons.

75 2 thou: Shelley's friend, Mrs. Jane Williams, to whom the two preceding poems were addressed.

76 7 With: Fowler notes that Palgrave follows W. M. Rossetti's edition, other editions reading *by*.

77 21 This poem should be compared with Sidney's sonnet to the moon, No. LVIII in the "Golden Treasury."—27 In the "Golden Treasury" this poem is called "A Dream of the Unknown."

78 2 copse: thicket.—5 pied: variegated.—6 [Arcturi: seemingly used for *northern stars*.]—6-7 Compare p. 74, l. 24.—9 tall flower: what flower did Shelley mean?—17 [And wild roses: our language has perhaps no line modulated with more subtle sweetness.]—22 prank'd: adorned, decked.

79 1 Kept: the subject is *children*; the objects are *hues* and *array*. Would a comma after *array* help the awkward passage?—5 [The leading idea of this beautiful description of a day's landscape in Italy appears to be: On the voyage of life are many moments of pleasure, given by the sight of nature, who has power to heal even the worldliness and the uncharity of man]. The poem has been shortened.—18 drank: strictly the preterite form.

80 3 Euganean: hills between Padua and Verona.—4 pæan: choral song addressed to Apollo.—13 grain: dye or color.—30 [Amphitrite: daughter to Ocean.]

81 2 As: as if.—17 watery bier: a phrase used by Milton in

"Lycidas."—20 **slave of slaves**: Napoleon,—a moral rather than historical judgment.

82 1 **mask**: dance.—7 **air-dissolvèd**: dissolved into air, whatever that phenomenon may be.—10 **profound**: depth.—20 **dun**: dark.—24 **olive-sandal'd**: the reference is to the olive trees lining the foot of the mountains.

84 11 **interval**: object of *supplies*, two lines below.—19 **it**: the "healing paradise" of l. 4. Are *they* the "Spirits" of l. 2 or the "polluting multitude" of l. 5?

85 12 [**Mænad**: a frenzied nymph, attendant on Dionysus in the Greek mythology. May we not call this the most vivid, sustained, and impassioned amongst all Shelley's magical personifications of nature?]
—23 **Baiæ's bay**: a resort of the Romans at the western end of the Bay of Naples.—30–33 [Plants under water sympathize with the seasons of the land, and hence with the winds which affect them.]

86 1 The poet takes possession of the poem, as he had done in the ode "To the Skylark." Notice the steps by which he identifies himself with the west wind.—29 Palgrave entitles this poem "The Poet's Dream." It is a passage from "Prometheus Unbound," I, i.—30 **love-adept**: one versed in love.

87 5 **create he can**: he can create.—10 **cloud**: thundercloud.—13 **stain**: almost meaningless. Shelley probably meant to write *strain*.—16 In the "Golden Treasury" this poem is called "Threnos."

88 1 Notice the musical quality, the "song" quality, of this beautiful poem, which Palgrave appropriately made an epilogue to his great collection of lyrics.

89 1 In the "Golden Treasury" this poem is called "Ode on the Poets." Keats wrote it on the blank page before Beaumont and Fletcher's tragi-comedy, "The Fair Maid of the Inn."—8 **parle**: speech.—13 **tented**: covered, as with tents, by the flowers.—18 **trancèd**: it would be pleasant to think that Keats thought of the nightingale as enchanted with its own sweet song, but the use of *senseless* makes one think he may have meant to emphasize the bird's lack of feeling.—20 **numbers**: verses.

90 4 Never slumbering (put to sleep) or satiated.—17 **realms of gold**: of great books, chiefly of poetry.—22 **demesne**: sovereign estate.—24 Chapman, George (1557–1634), the Elizabethan dramatist and translator.—27 [**stout Cortez**: history would here suggest *Balbóa* (A.T.). It may be noticed that to find in Chapman's Homer the "pure serene" of the original, the reader must bring with him the imagination of the

youthful poet; he must be "a Greek himself," as Shelley finely said of Keats.] ("A. T." means Alfred Tennyson collaborating with Palgrave.)

91 1 In the "Golden Treasury" this poem is called "Happy Insensibility," Palgrave noting that in "this and in other instances the addition (or the change) of a title" had been "risked, in hope that the aim of the piece following" might "be grasped more clearly and immediately."—**14 fretting**: is this word used in a physical (= ruffling) or in a metaphysical sense?—**20 Writhed**: supply *who*.—**25** The title, which is that of an old French poem written by Alain Chartier, means "the beautiful lady without compassion." Keats owed little or nothing to any preceding poem.—**26 palely**: a questionable use of the adverb in place of the adjective, yet the poetic effect is striking.

92 15 as: as if.—**17-20** Notice the picture. What is the effect of mounting her on the steed?—**28 kisses four**: the use of a specific number is a trick imitated from the old English ballads, but the number four rarely occurs in folk poetry; the usual numbers are three and seven. In a letter to his brother, April 28, 1819, Keats comments humorously: "I was obliged to chose an even number, that both eyes might have fair play, and to speak truly I think two apiece quite sufficient. Suppose I had said seven; there would have been three and a half apiece—a very awkward affair."—**31 latest**: very last, the dream from which he only half awoke.

93 5 gloam: is this noun often used?—**6 gapèd**: is this a verb or a participle?—**13** [This beautiful sonnet was the last word of a youth, in whom, if the fulfillment may ever safely be prophesied from the promise, England lost one of the most rarely gifted in the long roll of her poets. Shakespeare and Milton, had their lives been closed at twenty-five, would (so far as we know) have left poems of less excellence and hope than the youth who, from the petty school and the London surgery, passed at once to a place with them of "high collateral glory."] Notice how the grand and cold images in the first eight lines ennoble the emotion of the last six.—**16 Eremitè**: hermit.

94 1 In the "Golden Treasury" this sonnet is called "The Terror of Death."—**3 charact'ry**: printed characters.—**6 romance**: that of creation, of the wonders of the infinite universe.—**8 magic hand of chance**: inspiration.—**18** [The Mermaid was the clubhouse of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other choice spirits of that age.]—**24 Robin Hood**: see "Ivanhoe."—**26 bowse**: booze, drink heavily.

95 8 Zodiac: "An imaginary belt encircling the heavens . . . within which are the larger planets. It is divided into twelve parts, called

signs of the Zodiac, which formerly corresponded to twelve constellations bearing the same name" (The Students' Standard Dictionary). See some almanac. Are the poets in the Zodiac, or is the Mermaid there, as a new constellation, or are both there?—13 "The death of his brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me from that hour he began to droop. He wrote his exquisite 'Ode to the Nightingale' at this time, and as we were one evening walking in the Kilburn meadows he repeated it to me, before he put it to paper, in a low, tremulous undertone which affected me deeply" (Haydon, in his correspondence).—16 **Lethe-wards**: toward the river of forgetfulness.—19 **Dryad**: see a classical dictionary.—25 **Flora**: the Roman goddess of flowers.—26 **Provençal song**: the poetry of the troubadours of Provence, in the south of France.—28 **Hippocrene**: the spring of the Muses on Mt. Helicon.—29 **winking**: hard to render in prose; sparkling gleefully, perhaps.

96 12 **pard**: tigers or lynxes that drew the wine-god's chariot.—31 **Darkling**: hidden in the dark.

97 12 See the Bible, the "Book of Ruth."—27 Compare "Paradise Lost," IX, 445:

As one who long in populous city pent.

98 3 **debonair**: perhaps this means here charming rather than elegant.—11 Keats wrote from Winchester, September 22, 1819, "How beautiful the season is now. How fine the air—a temperate sharpness about it. . . . I never liked stubble-fields so much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of the Spring. Somehow, a stubble plain looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it."

99 6 **barrèd clouds**: that suggest bars (probably).—**bloom**: reflect the rosy glow of, or give a glowing quality to.—9 **river sallows**: willows by the river.—11 **hilly bourn**: boundary of hills.—13 **garden croft**: inclosure that serves as a garden.—15 In the "Golden Treasury" this poem is called "The Realm of Fancy."—19, 20 The rimes suggest the remark that editors who are eloquently censorious with regard to the faulty rimes of Byron and Campbell accept those of Keats and Shelley with a gaping gratitude of silence.—30 **ingle**: fireplace.

100 3 **shoon**: old plural of shoes.—33 **Shaded**: that has grown up in the shade (probably).

101 27 [**Ceres' daughter**: Proserpine.]—28 [**God of Torment**: Pluto.]—31 **Hebe**: see a classical dictionary.—33 **kirtle**: a garment with a skirt.

1026 The comparison of this poem with "L'Allegro" is inevitable. Despite the wealth of beauty lavished by the romantic poet, the student will do well to note the superiority of the more restrained poet, who is the supreme English representative of classical art.—7 [Every one knows the general story of the Italian Renaissance, of the revival of letters. From Petrarch's day to our own, that ancient world has renewed its youth; poets and artists, students and thinkers, have yielded themselves wholly to its fascination, and deeply penetrated its spirit. Yet perhaps no one more truly has vivified, whilst idealizing, the picture of Greek country life in the fancied Golden Age, than Keats in these lovely (if somewhat unequally executed) stanzas; his quick imagination, by a kind of "natural magic," more than supplying the scholarship which his youth had no opportunity of gaining.]—13 **Tempé**: the famous vale in Thessaly.—**Arcady**: in the Peloponnesus, famous for pastoral life.—16 **timbrels**: tambourines.—19 **sensual**: not used with an unpleasant connotation.

1034 **passion**: object of *above*.—13 [**this folk**: *its* has been here plausibly, but perhaps unnecessarily, conjectured.]



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