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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE
Poetical Works
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH
POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD
OF CHILDHOOD

Edited from the manuscripts
with
textual and critical notes
by
E. DE SELINCOURT

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PREFACE

THIS edition of the Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, of which the present volume is an instalment, aims primarily at supplying the reader with a sound text, together with an *apparatus criticus* which will record its development from the earliest existing copy, through its successive stages in manuscript and print, till it received its final revision; I have added in appendices poems and fragments which Wordsworth either left in manuscript or rejected from his later editions. My text, therefore, follows the six-volume edition of 1849–50, the last to appear under his personal supervision; and I have faithfully reproduced it, apart from some changes in punctuation, which the sense seemed to require, and two or three verbal errors, which are noted in their place. From the *apparatus criticus* I have omitted some trivial variants, for it is my experience that when notes are overloaded with minutiae their more important matter tends to be obscured, but I have included everything which seemed to me of the least significance, and I have erred on the side of fullness.

It is probable that no poet ever paid more meticulous or prolonged attention to his text than Wordsworth: certainly none has left more copious evidence of it. As successive editions were called for, in 1815, 1820, 1827, 1832, he gave their contents a careful scrutiny, retouching here and there in accordance with the promptings of his own taste, or with the suggestions of others. In preparation for the stereotyped edition of 1836 he submitted the whole body of his work to exhaustive¹ revision, as he asserted, 'for the last time'. 'The labour', he told his publisher,¹ 'that I have bestowed on correcting the style according to my best judgment . . . no one can estimate. . . . The annoyance of this sort of work is that progress bears no proportion to pains, and that hours of labour are often entirely thrown away, ending in the passage being left as I found it.' Yet in the next year he writes to Quillinan, asking him to compare the text of 1836 with that of 1832, and to report 'if anything strikes you as being altered for the worse';² he kept by him a copy in which from time to time he entered variants; and he made further changes both in later issues of the stereotype, and in the editions of 1845 and 1849. 'Little matters of composition', he confessed, 'hang about

¹ To Edward Moxon, Dec. 1836. (*L.Y.*, p. 826).

² To E.Q. Sept. 20, 1837 (*L.Y.*, p. 897).

and teaze me awkwardly',¹ and he could not rid his mind of them. They became, indeed, an obsession with him. He had the true artist's passion for perfection, and as, with the passage of the years, moments of vital inspiration became rarer, he strove to compensate for their loss by devoting endless pains to the revision of earlier work.

Where that revision effected a change in meaning, it is hard to defend it. It is inevitable that in the passage of half a century a poet's attitude to life and its problems should undergo modification, but he could have expressed his later point of view more fitly by writing a new poem than by foisting it upon an old one. Outside *The Prelude* there is, in fact, little of this; his changes are for the most part concerned with matters of style and diction. Many were due to external pressure. Wordsworth's attitude to criticism has been widely misrepresented. When offered by a sympathetic reader and in a friendly spirit, he was always ready to listen to it; indeed, his correspondence affords proof that he invited it; and though justly tenacious of his own opinion, and prepared to argue it, he often allowed himself to be convinced: not Coleridge only, but Crabb Robinson, John Kenyon, Barron Field, Edward Quillinan, most of all, probably, his own wife and daughter, prompted many of his textual changes. Even the jibes of a hostile and contemptuous criticism, of *The Edinburgh Review* or of *The Simpliciad*, did not fall upon deaf ears: deeply as he resented them, they led him to reconsider several of his bolder transgressions against poetic convention, and to realize that in his vindication of the 'real language of men', he had not always remembered to 'purge it of all rational causes of dislike or disgust'. The verdict of his friends he sometimes accepted 'against his better judgment, not deceived', against the judgment, too, of some of the most discerning critics of later times. For if Coleridge's censure of his 'matter-of-factness' led to the removal of some banalities of phrasing and some irrelevancies of detail, it also induced him to substitute incongruous embellishment for a homely realism that was dramatically appropriate—a turtle shell for the washing tub in *The Blind Highland Boy*, or the pseudo-romantic 'grey-haired Wilfred of the glen' for 'old farmer Simpson' in *The Thorn*. Even when he worked on his own initiative his changes were not always for the better. Mrs. Wordsworth, a shrewd judge, noted that some of them, though they might be right logically, went against *feeling*; and

¹ *L.Y.*, p. 999.

in matters poetical, feeling rather than logic is the ultimate tribunal. There is always a risk in tampering in cold blood with 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings', and some of the changes introduced in his middle years bear evidence of this—changes which he later discarded in favour of his earlier text. For just as in his ripe old age, as Crabb Robinson noted, he became more liberal in his outlook on world affairs, so in literary matters he recovered most of his earlier freedom. Taken as a whole his alterations were fully justified; he both clarified and condensed, and in revising otiose or inexact phrasing he achieved a closer translation into words of the idea and mood which he was striving to convey. The study of his revisions not only illuminates the poet's meaning, but affords a valuable lesson in the art of just poetic expression.

Not a few critics, who have seen in his later poetry a departure from the ideals and practice of his prime, have viewed his revision in something of the same spirit. Wordsworth did not admit this himself. 'No change', he asserted in 1843, 'has taken place in my manner for the last 45 years.' He himself recognized only one point of cleavage in the continuity of his poetic life: he dated it from his residence at Alfoxden (1797-8). Poems written before that time he regarded as *Juvenilia*, and such as he deemed worthy of publication he largely recast. *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, which had appeared in 1793, were so drastically rehandled that I have thought it worth while, for purposes of comparison, to print on opposite pages their first and last versions; other poems, still in manuscript in 1797, never saw the light in their original form. On some of the work of his best periods he expended the greatest pains of all. This was only natural. He always lived much in the past, and it was inevitable that his mind should continually revert to that poetry which had revealed his imagination at its strongest and freshest. Written at white heat, when, as his sister has told us, ideas came to him more quickly than he could set them down, some of it, at least, had more technical faults than later poems composed upon a lower but more uniform imaginative level. It was then, too, that his poems had provoked the most virulent attacks; a few of them, moreover, had been 'written as experiments', and though he never renounced the theories on which they had been based, and included in all his later editions the Prefaces which, far more than the poems themselves, had raised hostility, he removed from his text some of his most defiant solecisms.

The development of the printed text has already been set forth in the editions of Professor Dowden and Professor Knight—by Dowden with an accuracy that is wellnigh impeccable; and Knight was able, in many instances, to give variants antecedent to the first printed copy; but the manuscripts that he examined were for the most part of a date later than 1815:¹ I have been fortunate in having access to a large body of manuscripts of the earlier and more interesting periods. A special importance attaches to early transcripts of poems whose publication was long delayed. Thus *Peter Bell*, written in 1798, contemporary with the first *Lyrical Ballads*, and *The Waggoner*, written in 1805, were not given to the world till 1819; *The Borderers* and the greater part of *Guilt and Sorrow* lay in manuscript for nearly half a century; an examination of their original versions adds to our knowledge of Wordsworth's mind and art where the study offers the most alluring problems, and is likely to be most fruitful in its results. Of unique value are those manuscripts which go back to the poet's formative years, from his school and college days till 1797. Here can be traced his early sensitiveness to nature and his surroundings, his youthful subservience to current literary fashions and his violent reaction from them, and, with the maturing power of self-criticism, the gradual emergence of his own essential style and personality. This study, first made possible in my *apparatus criticus*, is further supported and enriched by the perusal of the poems and fragments which I have given in the appendix. Uneven as they are, often indeed sinking to the childish and the ludicrous, not a few of them are lit up by phrase or image that proclaims the nascent poet; they contain the first indication of much that remained with him throughout his life, side by side with much that he gradually outgrew.

The larger proportion of these manuscripts are now in the Wordsworth Museum at Grasmere, to which they were presented by the late Mr. Gordon Wordsworth. They vary in character, from odd sheets casually stitched together to elegant and costly notebooks, from the roughest drafts dashed off, almost illegibly, on the spur of the moment, in the throes of first inspiration, to carefully written fair copies. Many of them, especially those of an early date, are defective, with pages or parts of pages torn away. The fair copies, except those before 1795, are seldom in

¹ The notable exceptions to this are *Michael*, *Resolution and Independence*, the *Ode to Duty*, and the previously unpublished first Book of *The Recluse*, of which, however, K. does not give the early drafts.

the poet's hand ; from that time forward he was fortunate in having at his disposal devoted amanuenses, whose handwriting is often irreproachable, and at its worst is better than his own:—first his sister, later his wife and Sara Hutchinson, and his daughter Dora. But manuscripts that were written as fair copies did not often remain so ; and if their comely neatness is marred, their value is certainly enhanced, by the poet's scrawled and often copious corrections—corrections which may or may not be found incorporated in a subsequent manuscript or in the printed text. Moreover, Wordsworth was always economical of paper ; pages, or parts of pages, that had been left blank in notebooks originally devoted to the insertion of completed poems were afterwards utilized in the composition of others, so that the progress of a new poem has often to be hunted up and down in odd places throughout the volume. The manner in which fragments of one poem are thus dovetailed into others raises interesting problems of relative chronology, and at times helps to solve them. Of the corrections, in particular, it is not always possible to decide the date, either absolute or relative, but the ink and the nature of the handwriting sometimes afford a clue.

.I have retained the classification and order in which Wordsworth arranged his poems. It has been much criticized, both in his own day and since, and criticism is easy enough, for it will not stand logical examination. In part psychological, indicative of the predominant mood or feeling in which the separate poems were composed (*Poems of Fancy* and *Poems of Imagination*), in part determined by subject (*Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*), in part by occasion (*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland*), in part by form (*Miscellaneous Sonnets*), it is, in fact, a compromise. The divisions are not mutually exclusive, but overlap ; Wordsworth, indeed, himself showed uncertainty as to the rightful position of some of the poems, shifting them in successive editions from class to class. But despite its faults it has for the student this supreme value, that it was the poet's own arrangement, and, since he gave it much thought and set some store by it, it is, in a measure, illuminative of his mind. Some years before the first collective edition (1815) he sketched out a scheme of the different headings under which the poems might be grouped, and, as was even more important in his eyes, of the order of individual poems within their groups. His aim was 'to make one poem smooth the way for another. If this be not attended to', he said, 'classification by subject is of

no value.' 'Miscellaneous poems ought not to be jumbled together at *random*; were this done with mine, the passage from one to another would often be insupportably offensive; but in my judgment the only thing of much importance in arrangement is that one poem should shade off happily into another, and the contrasts, where they occur, be clear of all harshness or abruptness.'¹ Professor Dowden has illustrated the care and skill with which Wordsworth carried out this principle in the arrangement of his sonnets; a similar examination of the order of poems in other groups will often be found as suggestive and illuminating.

The editor who rejects Wordsworth's own arrangement has three alternatives before him—to print the poems in the order either of their composition or of their publication, or to devise a completely new system of his own. This last course, even if it satisfies its compiler, is hardly likely to satisfy anyone else. But to the other two plans, also, there are serious objections. The order of composition, the worse of the two, has found the greater number of advocates. To them it may, perhaps, be no deterrent that Wordsworth himself regarded it as 'the very worst that could be followed except where determined by the course of public events, or, if the subject be personal, in the case of juvenile poems or those of advanced age'²:—*i.e.* Wordsworth will admit it of *juvenilia* or *senilia* (if the latter can be determined) but not of the work of a poet's prime. For it separates poems that are by nature joined together and belong to one another, and substitutes for an essential kinship of thought and feeling an accidental and often irrelevant order in time, which registers indiscriminately the exalted and more trivial moods.

There are other objections to adopting the chronological order. It is at best conjectural, for the exact date of many poems is uncertain, and Wordsworth's own dating of them can often be proved untrustworthy. And further, the longer poems whose composition extended over a period of years cannot be fitted satisfactorily into any such scheme. Where, for example, should *The Excursion* be placed, completed in 1813, but its finest book written in 1795, or *The Prelude*, completed in 1805, but many of its greatest passages composed in 1798–9? And so of the shorter poems—when the form of their first publication is found to differ materially from their earlier drafts, at which of the two dates can the poem be justly said to have been composed?

¹ To H. Crabb Robinson, April 6, 1826.

² W.W. to H.C.R., April 27, 1826.

Thus the poem which stands first in this volume is dated 1787, but the form it took in that year was very different from its familiar text. And lastly, unless you print the earliest available text, a chronological arrangement will give a wholly false impression of the poet's artistic and mental development, which it is the primary object of that arrangement to illustrate. To give the 1850 text of *The Prelude*, with the date 1805, or *Guilt and Sorrow*, as Wordsworth revised it in 1842, with the date 1791-5, or many of the poems printed in 1807 in their revised text, but with the date of their composition, is not conducive to an intelligent study of the poet's art.

A better case can be made out for arranging the poems in the order of their first publication. It is, at least, not dependent on conjecture; and further, it admits no disturbing and unnatural juxtaposition of incongruous poems; they follow one another in a carefully designed sequence—as Wordsworth said in the 'Apology' for his *Yarrow Revisited*:

the several lays
Have moved in order; to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie,
Though unapparent;

yet many of them, suited as they are to their original position, have a still closer affinity to others that are found in earlier or later volumes, so that on this score, too, Wordsworth's final arrangement is to be preferred. And another seeming advantage of this method must be discounted. In the study of a poet so long before the public as Wordsworth, it is, unquestionably, of real interest to be able to trace the exact sequence of poems by which he gradually revealed his genius to the world and won, so tardily, his way to fame; yet here again, unless the original rather than the revised text were printed, the study would be robbed of much of its significance.

In my notes at the end of the volume I have included all those notes by which from time to time Wordsworth illustrated his poetry, but did not print at the bottom of the page in his edition of 1849-50. The most important of them, known as the I.F. notes, were dictated to his friend Isabella Fenwick, at her request, in the year 1843. The original manuscript has disappeared, but I am able to print from the careful copy taken of them by the poet's son-in-law and daughter, and finished, as she states, in the August of that year. These notes, written in the

poet's old age, are often quite inaccurate in their dating, and intended as they were for his family and intimate friends they are sometimes garrulous and trivial; but as a whole they have unquestionable autobiographical and expository value. My own annotations deal largely with the text, but I have added some other explanatory matter, and have taken somewhat farther than previous editors the study of Wordsworth's relations with his predecessors. Few of our poets have been more original than he in style and diction; yet in so far as our use of language depends upon the company we keep among the dead no less than among the living, the phrases which Wordsworth has borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, from the poets before him have their own significance and interest, in the study of both his style and thoughts.

My thanks are due to the Trustees of the Henry Huntington Library for photostats of their quarto copy of *Descriptive Sketches*, which contains many variants entered in it by Wordsworth, and to Miss Phyllis Bartlett for information of the variants which the poet had entered in the quarto of *An Evening Walk*, now in the Wellesley College Library, as well as for the loan of her exhaustive collation of successive texts of the poem, by which I was able to check my own. To my friend Miss Helen Darbishire Lowe the deepest gratitude; not only has she read my proofs and made many valuable suggestions upon them, but throughout my work on the book she has given me the advantage of drawing upon her ripe knowledge and fine judgement in all matters that concern Wordsworth and his poetry. To the Clarendon Press I am indebted, as so often before, for the care with which they have produced the volume.

E. DE S.

GRASMERE,
January 1940.

NOTE

THE reprinting of this volume gives me the opportunity to correct some textual and other errors, and to add some extra information (*vide*, p. 375).

H. DARBISHIRE.

June 1952.

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TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS ETC. USED IN THE *APPARATUS CRITICUS* AND NOTES

W. or W.W. William Wordsworth.

D.W. Dorothy Wordsworth.

M. *The Memoirs of W.W.*, by Christopher Wordsworth. 1851.

E.L. *The Early Letters of W.W. and D.W.* Oxford, 1935.

M.Y. *The Letters of W.W. and D.W. Middle Years (1806-20)*,
2 vols. Oxford, 1937.

L.Y. *The Letters of W.W. and D.W. Later Years (1821-50)*, 3 vols.
Oxford, 1939.

I.F. The notes dictated by W. W. to Isabella Fenwick in 1843.

O.E.D. the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

K. Professor William Knight, editor of W.W.'s *Poetical Works*,
8 vols. 1896.

C. variants from a copy of W.'s *Poetical Works* 1836-7, formerly in
the possession of Lord Coleridge, used by W. for correction and re-
drafting of his text, now in the Royal Library at Windsor.

MS. 1, MS. 2, &c., in *apparatus criticus* indicate variants from first
draft, second draft, &c., of manuscript of the particular poem.

[] indicates a word or words missing from the manuscript.

[?] a word or words illegible.

Words enclosed in [] represent a reading from another MS. or printed
text.

70/71 lines found in a manuscript or text between lines 70 and 71.

References to the several manuscripts of each poem are explained
in the notes thereto at the end of the volume.

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content:—
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,
(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees;
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH

Of the poems in this class, *The Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches* were published in 1793. They are reprinted with some alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication.

This notice, which was written some time ago, scarcely applies to the Poem, 'Descriptive Sketches', as it now stands. The corrections, though numerous, are not, however, such as to prevent its retaining with propriety a place in the class of Juvenile Pieces.

1836.

I

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF
LEAVING SCHOOL.

[Composed 1787.—Published 1815]

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

10 Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

I. 9-12 Thus, when the Sun, prepared for rest
Hath gained the precincts of the West
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow Vale 1815-27
Thus from the precincts of the West
The Sun, when sinking down to rest *etc.* 1832.

13 light he] lustre 1832-36

14 hills] mountain tops 1820-32

II

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH

[Composed? Published *Morning Post*, February 13, 1802; ed. 1807]

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
 The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
 The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
 Is cropping audibly his later meal:
 Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal 5
 O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.
 Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
 Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
 That grief for which the senses still supply
 Fresh food; for only then, when memory 10
 Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! restrain
 Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
 Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
 The officious touch that makes me droop again.

II. 1-7

On the [] village Silence sets her seal
 And in the glimmering vale the last lights die
 The kine obscurely seen before me lie
 Round the dim horse that crops his later meal
 Scarce heard; a timely slumber seems to steal
 O'er vale and mountain; now while ear and eye
 Alike are vacant, what strange harmony
 Home felt *etc.* MS.

4 Is up, and cropping yet his later meal; 1807-20
 MS., 1807-32 12 would allay] must renew MS.
 officious touch and droop again MS.

8 comes] seems
 14 The fond

AN EVENING WALK

Reprinted from the Quarto of 1793

AN EVENING WALK. AN EPISTLE; IN VERSE. ADDRESSED TO A
 YOUNG LADY, FROM THE LAKES OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.
 BY W. WORDSWORTH, B.A., OF ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE. LON-
 DON: PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD. 1793.

ARGUMENT

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

FAR from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove
 Thro' bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
 His wizard course where hoary Derwent takes
 Thro' craggs, and forest glooms, and opening lakes,
 5 Staying his silent waves, to hear the roar
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore:
 Where silver rocks the savage prospect chear
 Of giant yews that frown on Rydale's mere;
 Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
 10 'To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads;
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottag'd grounds,
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
 Where, bosom'd deep, the shy Winander¹ peeps
 'Mid clust'ring isles, and holly-sprinkl'd steeps; [10]
 15 Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
 And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes! with other eyes, than once, I gaze,
 The ever-varying charm your round displays,
 Than when, erewhile, I taught, "a happy child,"
 20 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild:
 Then did no ebb of chearfulness demand
 Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand;

* *In the App. Crit. of this poem the text of 1793 is referred to as A, the final text as B. Texts from 1820 on have the readings of B, except where a divergence is noted in the App. Crit. 1794 = MS. readings in W.'s copy of 1793.*

¹ These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

III

AN EVENING WALK

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

(Composed 1787-89. Published 1793]

General Sketch of the Lak^os—Author's regret of his Youth which was passed amongst them—Short description of Noon—Cascade—Noontide Retreat—Precipice and sloping Lights—Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain-farm, and the Cock—Slate-quarry—Sunset—Superstition of the Country connected with that moment—Swans—Female Beggar—Twilight-sounds—Western Lights—Spirits—Night—Moonlight—Hope—Night-sounds—Conclusion.

FAR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove
 Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove ;
 Where Derwent rests, and listens to the roar
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore ;
 Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads, 5
 To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads ;
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds ;
 Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander¹ sleeps ;
 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steps ; 10
 Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
 And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes, erewhile, I taught, a happy child,
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild :
 The spirit sought not then, in cherished sadness, 15
 A cloudy substitute for failing gladness.

¹ These lines are applicable only to the middle part of that lake.

In youth's wild eye the livelong day was bright,
 The sun at morning, and the stars of night,
 25 Alike, when first the vales the bittern fills
 Or the first woodcocks¹ roam'd the moonlight hills. [20]

Return Delights! with whom my road begun,
 When Life rear'd laughing up her morning sun;
 When Transport kiss'd away my april tear,
 30 "Rocking as in a dream the tedious year;"
 When link'd with thoughtless Mirth I cours'd the plain,
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain.
 For then, ev'n then, the little heart would beat
 At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
 35 And wild Impatience, panting upward, show'd [25]
 Where tipp'd with gold the mountain-summits glow'd.
 Alas! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round;
 With Hope Reflexion blends her social rays
 40 To gild the total tablet of his days; [30]
 Yet still, the sport of some malignant Pow'r,
 He knows but from its shade the present hour.
 While, Memory at my side, I wander here,
 Starts at the simplest sight th' unbidden tear,
 45 A form discover'd at the well-known seat,
 A spot, that angles at the riv'let's feet,
 The cot the ray of morning trav'ling nigh,
 And sail that glides the well-known alders by.
 But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
 50 To shew her yet some joys to me remain, [35]
 Say, will my friend, with soft affection's ear,
 The history of a poet's ev'ning hear?

¹ In the beginning of winter, these mountains, in the moonlight nights, are covered with immense quantities of woodcocks; which, in the dark nights, retire into the woods.

B 23, 25, 26: 1820-32 as A 33, 35, 36.

A 46-7 The schoolboy angling at the rivulet's feet
 The orchard tufts the pathway winding nigh 1794
 A 47 The ray the cot of morning trav'ling nigh 1793 (*sic*)
 A 49-52 But oft those passions of a wider range
 That rise in mortal minds from mortal change
 To my tamed heart an awful grief inspire
 Tempered and cheared by many a big desire;

In youth's keen eye the livelong day was bright,
 The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
 Alike, when first the bittern's hollow bill
 Was heard, or woodcocks¹ roamed the mobnlight hill. 20

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain;
 For then the inexperienced heart would beat
 At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
 And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed, 25
 Through passes yet unreach'd, a brighter road.
 Alas! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round;
 Hope with reflection blends her social rays
 To gild the total tablet of his days; 30
 Yet still, the sport of some malignant power,
 He knows but from its shade the present hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
 To show what pleasures yet to me remain,
 Say, will my Friend, with reluctant ear, 35
 The history of a poet's evening hear?

¹ In the beginning of winter these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods.

Chiefly when, guided by some hand unseen
 Through paths where grey huts thinly intervene,
 I seek that footworn spot of level ground
 Close by the school within the churchyard's bound
 Through every race of them who near are laid
 For children's sports kept sacred from the spade;
 Such the smooth plot that skirts the mouldering rows
 Of graves where Grasmere's rustic sons repose;
 From seats in the rude wall the aged bend,
 And elms, above, their rugged arms extend.
 What tribes of happy youth have gambolled here,
 Nor in their wild mirth ever thought how near
 Their sensible warm motion was allied
 To the dull earth that crumbled at their side.
 Even now of that gay train who there pursue
 Their noisy sports with rapture ever new
 There are to whom the buoyant heart proclaims
 Death has no power oer their particular frames. 1794

- When, in the south, the wan noon brooding still,
 Breath'd a pale steam around the glaring hill,
 55 And shades of deep embattl'd clouds were seen
 Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between; [40]
 Gazing the tempting shades to them deny'd,
 When stood the shorten'd herds amid the tide,
 Where, from the barren wall's unshelter'd end,
 60 Long rails into the shallow lake extend;
 When schoolboys stretch'd their length upon the green [45]
 And round the humming elm, a glimmering scene!
 In the brown park, in flocks, the troubl'd deer
 Shook the still twinkling tail and glancing ear;
 65 When horses in the wall-girt intake¹ stood,
 Unshaded, eying far below, the flood, [50]
 Crouded behind the swain, in mute distress,
 With forward neck the closing gate to press;
 And long, with wistful gaze, his walk survey'd
 70 Till dipp'd his pathway in the river shade;
 —Then Quiet led me up the huddling rill,
 Bright'ning with water-breaks the sombrous gill²;

¹ The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.

² Gill is also, I believe, a term confined to this country. Glen, gill, and dingle, have the same meaning.

A 55-6 And on the northern hills in clearer air

The shades of . . . appear 1794 (*alternatively*)

A 56 lights] sunny streaks 1794

A 57-66 When he who long with languid steps had toiled

Across the slippery moor, oppressed and foiled
 Sinks down and finds no rest, while as he turns
 The fervid earth his languid body burns,
 Nor can his weak arm faintly lifted chase
 The insect host that gather round his face
 And join their murmurs to the tedious sound
 Of seeds of bursting furze that crackle round
 While his faint dog extended on the heath
 Pants in his Ear, as he has heard the breath
 Of cool gales palpitate where Darkness weaves
 O'er the brown pool a shade of alder leaves,
 When at the barren wall's unsheltered end
 Where long rails far into the lake extend
 The shortened herds [?crowd] close and beat the tides
 With their quick tails and lashed their sprinkled sides
 When horses in the naked intack stood
 And vainly eyed below the tempting flood 1794

B 41-4 When at the barren wall's unsheltered end

Where long rails far into the lake extend

When, in the south, the wan noon, brooding still,
 Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,
 And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,
 Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between; 40
 When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make
 A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
 Lashed the cool water with their restless tails,
 Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales;
 When school-boys stretched their length upon the green; 45
 And round the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,
 In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer
 Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear;
 When horses in the sunburnt intake¹ stood,
 And vainly eyed below the tempting flood, 50
 Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress,
 With forward neck the closing gate to press—
 Then, while I wandered where the huddling rill
 Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll²
 As by enchantment, an obscure retreat 55
 Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.

¹ The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.

² Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll and dingle have the same meaning.

Crowded the shortened herds, and beat the tides
 With their quick tails, and lash'd their speckled sides; 1820-32

B 46-8: 1820-27 as A 62-4, but with herds for flocks

A 70/71 When in the park in flocks the troubled deer

Shook the still twinkling tail and glancing ear

A spotted surface glimmering all alive

Beneath the Elm that sounded like a hive 1794

B 53-4 where . . . Brightens . . . hollow: up . . . Brightening . . . sombrous
1820-32; 1836 as B but sombrous for hollow

B 53-4 So 1794 but I wined for I wandered. 1794 goes on

Its sober charms can chase with sweet controul

Each idle thought and sanctify the soul,

And on the morbid passions pouring balm

Resistless breathe a melancholy calm;

Or through the mind, by magic influence

Rapt into worlds beyond the reign of sense,

Roll the bright train of never ending dreams

That pass like rivers tinged with evening gleams,

While thick *etc.* as B 57-64, but in 58 tremulous bason for rocky
basin

- To where, while thick above the branches close,
 In dark-brown bason its wild waves repose,
 75 Inverted shrubs, and moss of darkest green,
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between; [60]
 Save that, atop, the subtle sunbeams shine,
 On wither'd briars that o'er the craggs recline;
 Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,
 80 Illumes with sparkling foam the twilight shade.
 Beyond, along the vисто of the brook, [65]
 Where antique roots its bustling path o'erlook,
 The eye reposes on a secret bridge¹
 Half grey, half shagg'd with ivy to its ridge. [69]

¹ The reader, who has made the tour of this country, will recognize in this description the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the gardens of Rydale.

B 61 *added* 1845

B 64-5: 1820-36 *as* A 79-80, *but* impervious *for* twilight

B 65-71 Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade,
 Dark winds above the visto of the brook
 And antique roots its bustling path o'erlook,
 Seen through the old arch of a secret bridge
 Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge,
 Whence hangs in the cool shade the listless swain,
 Lingerin behind his disappearing wain 1794

B 70-1: 1820-36 *as* 1794

B 72-85 *So* 1794, *but* l. 75 *In thy brown for* Mid thy soft; *after* l. 77

Stabbed when desire first wantons in his blood
 No dying kid shall stain thy [] flood;
and after l. 85 A heart that vibrates evermore, awake
 To feeling for all forms that Life can take,
 That wider still its sympathy extends
 And sees not any line where being ends;
 Sees sense, through Nature's rudest forms betrayed,
 Tremble obscure in fountain rock and shade,
 And while a secret power those forms endears
 Their social accents never vainly hears.

Stream, in whose hollow rocks and humid shades
 The lingering Spring her farewell fragrance breathes,
 And fondly hangs her last memorial wreathes,
 May rugged lightnings, may rude axe profane,
 For ever from thy hallowed haunts abstain;
 And if thy rocky footway not allows
 To vagrant herds the sweets of cool repose,
 May never man thy peaceful glooms explore
 Without a virtuous wish unfelt before.

To the whole passage W. appends the note: Much of this paragraph alludes to Horace's beautiful ode to Blandusia of which the author has attempted a translation.

Blandusian Spring than glass more brightly clear,
 Worthy of flowers and dulcet wine,

While thick above the rill the branches close,
 In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between; 60
 And its own twilight softens the whole scene,
 Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
 On withered briars that o'er the crags recline;
 Save where, with sparkling foam, a small cascade
 Illumines, from within, the leafy shade; 65
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
 Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,
 The eye reposes on a secret bridge,¹
 Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;
 There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain 70
 Lingers behind his disappearing wain.
 —Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
 Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!
 Never shall ruthless minister of death
 'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath; 75
 No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,
 No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;
 The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
 A more benignant sacrifice approve—
 A mind that, in a calm angelic mood 80
 Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
 Beholds, of all from her high powers required,
 Much done, and much designed, and more desired,—
 Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
 Entire affection for all human kind. 85

¹ The reader, who has made the tour of this country, will recognize, in this description, the features which characterise the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydale.

Tomorrow shall a kid be thine
 Whose brow, where the first budding horns appear,
 Battles and love portends—portends in vain,
 For he shall pour his crimson blood
 To stain, bright Spring, thy gelid flood,
 Nor e'er shall seek the wanton herd again.
 Thee Sirius smites not from his raging star;
 Thy tempting gloom a cool repose
 To many a vagrant herd bestows,
 And to faint oxen, weary of the share,
 Thou, too, mid famous fountains shalt display
 Thy glory, while I sing the oak
 That hangs above the hollow rock,
 Whence thy loquacious waters leap away.

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

While, near the midway cliff, the silver'd kite [90]
 90 In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;
 Slant wat'ry lights, from parting clouds a-pace,
 Travel along the precipice's base;
 Chearing its naked waste of scatter'd stone
 By lichens grey, and scanty moss o'er-grown, [95]
 95 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, and thistle's beard,
 And desert stone-chat, all day long, is heard.

How pleasant, as the yellowing sun declines, [98]
 And with long rays and shades the landscape shines;
 To mark the birches' stems all golden light,
 100 That lit the dark slant woods with silvery white!
 The willows weeping trees, that twinkling hoar,
 Glanc'd oft upturn'd along the breezy shore,
 Low bending o'er the colour'd water, fold

B 86–127 *So* 1794, 1820–36, *but l. 86 Sweet rill for Dear Brook; and in l. 114 Zephyrs for breezes, and ll. 116–17 omitted. For ll. 124–5 they read And now the universal tides repose And brightly blue the burnished mirror glows: After l. 127, 1794 goes on (the first of the couplets re-appearing in 1840–3):*

The sails are dropped, the poplar's foliage sleeps,
 And insects clothe like dust the glassy deeps,
 In the still deeps no brook its current stays,
 But the soft dimpling marge the spot betrays;
 The willows, weeping trees that twinkling hoar
 Glanced oft upturned along the breezy shore,
 Low bending o'er the coloured water fold
 Their winged boughs and leaves like threads of gold.
 Blest are those spirits tremblingly awake,
 Yes, thou art blest, my friend, with mind awake
 To Nature's impulse like this living lake,
 Whose mirror makes the landscape's charms its own
 With touches soft as those to Memory known;
 While exquisite of sense the mighty mass
 All vibrates to the lightest gales that pass.
 And are there souls whose languid powers unite
 No interest to each rural sound or sight,
 To the lone chapel on the ocean coast,
 The nameless brook below in ocean lost,
 The bridge that spans the brook's small bed half-dry,
 And the proud sails in glory sweeping by?

How different with those favoured souls who, taught
 By active Fancy or by patient Thought,

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

While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite 90
 In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;
 Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace
 Travel along the precipice's base;
 Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
 By lichens grey, and scanty moss, o'er-grown; 95
 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or thistle's beard;
 And restless stone-chat, all day long, is heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
 The spacious landscape change in form and hue!
 Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood 100
 Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
 There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
 Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;

See common forms prolong the endless chain
 Of joy and grief, of pleasure and of pain;
 But chiefly those to whom the harmonious doors
 Of Science have unbarred celestial stores,
 To whom a burning energy has given
 That other eye which darts thro' earth and heaven,
 Roams through all space and [] unconfined,
 Explores the illimitable tracts of mind,
 And piercing the profound of time can see
 Whatever man has been and man can be,
 From him the local tenant of the shade
 To man by all the elements obeyed.
 With them the sense no trivial object knows,
 Oft at its meanest touch their spirit glows,
 And proud beyond all limits to aspire
 •Mounts through the fields of thought on wings of fire.
 But sure with tenfold pleasure they behold
 The powers of Nature in each various mould,
 If like the Sun their [] love surrounds
 The various world to life's remotest bounds,
 Yet not extinguishes the warmer fire
 Round which the close domestic train retire,
 If but to them these forms an emblem yield,
 Home their gay garden and the world their field,
 While that more near demands minuter cares
 Yet this its proper tendance duly shares.

Their moveless boughs and leaves like threads of gold ; [105]
 105 The skiffs with naked masts at anchor laid,
 Before the boat-house peeping thro' the shade ;
 Th'unwearied glance of woodman's echo'd stroke ;
 And curling from the trees the cottage smoke.

Their pannier'd train a groupe of potters goad,
 110 Winding from side to side up the steep road ;
 The peasant from yon cliff of fearful edge [130]
 Shot, down the headlong pathway darts his sledge ;
 Bright beams the lonely mountain horse illumine,
 Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings¹," and broom ;
 115 While the sharp slope the slacken'd team confounds,
 Downward² the pond'rous timber-wain resounds ; [135]
 Beside their sheltering cross³ of wall, the flock
 Feeds on in light, nor thinks of winter's shock ;
 In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
 120 Dash'd down the rough rock, lightly leaps along ;
 From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,
 Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat ;
 Sounds from the water-side the hammer'd boat ; [140]
 And blasted quarry thunders heard remote.

125 Ev'n here, amid the sweep of endless woods,
 Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods,

¹ "Vivid rings of green." GREENWOOD'S Poem on Shooting.

² "Down the rough slope the pond'rous waggon rings." BEATTIE.

³ These rude structures, to protect the flocks, are frequent in this country :
 the traveller may recollect one in Withburne, another upon Whinlatter.

Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
 Soften their glare before the mellow light ; 105
 The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
 Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
 Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
 Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream :
 Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud 110
 Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud ;
 The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
 Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,
 A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink ; 115
 There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep,
 And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep :
 And now, on every side, the surface breaks
 Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks ;
 Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright 120
 With thousand thousand twinkling points of light ;
 There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,
 Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray ;
 And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
 Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows, 125
 Save where, along the shady western marge,
 Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal barge.

Their panniered train a group of potters goad,
 Winding from side to side up the steep road ;
 The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge 130
 Shot, down the headlong path darts with his sledge ;
 Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse illumine
 Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings,"¹ and broom ;
 While the sharp slope the slackened team confounds,
 Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds ; 135
 In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
 Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps along ;
 From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet
 Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat ;
 Sounds from the water-side the hammered boat ; 140
 And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard remote !

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,
 Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs and falling floods,

¹ "Vivid rings of green." GREENWOOD'S *Poem on Shooting*.

Not undelightful are the simplest charms
 Found by the verdant door of mountain farms. [145]

Sweetly¹ ferocious round his native walks,
 130 Gaz'd by his sister-wives, the monarch stalks ;
 Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread,
 A crest of purple tops his warrior head.
 Bright sparks his black and haggard eye-ball hurls [150]
 Afar his tail he closes and unfurls ;
 135 Whose state, like pine-trees, waving to and fro,
 Droops, and o'er canopies his regal brow,
 On tiptoe rear'd he blows his clarion throat,
 Threaten'd by faintly answering farms remote.

Bright'ning the cliffs between where sombrous pine,
 140 And yew-trees o'er the silver rocks recline,
 I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
 Dwarf pannier'd steeds, and men, and numerous wains :
 How busy the enormous hive within, [160]
 While Echo dallies with the various din !
 145 Some, hardly heard their chissel's clinking sound,
 Toil, small as pigmies, in the gulph profound ;

¹ "Dolcemente feroce."—TASSO.

In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in l'Agriculture, ou Les Géorgiques Françaises of M. Rossuet.

A 132 *followed in MS. by* With shining hue his wings and body glow
 And loose and long the tossing feathers flow
 Lofty his neck of glossy varying die
 And scintillates his dark and haggard eye
 His tail, like pinetree, etc. MS.

A 135-6 *retained in* 1820-32.

B 148-55 *So* 1794, *but for* 148 Spur-clad his nervous feet of azure hue
 And firm his tread on legs of gleaming blue ;
 Long floating plumes his gorgeous form o'erspread ;

in l. 150 haggard for rolling (*so* 1820-32) ; *after l.* 151 *follow* A 135-6.
and 152 *reads* With neck high-reared he etc.

After B 155, 1794 *goes on* Blush ye not—ye who that high soul employ
 To fire your savage breasts with barbarous joy ?

Learn at his call to rise from slumber pure
 And meet him early at your opening door
 There with another eye behold him wave
 The floating pomp of plumage Nature gave
 From love of Nature love of Virtue flows
 And hand in hand with Virtue Pleasure goes. (*So* Wellesley Q.)

B 148-53 Spur clad his nervous feet of silver hue
 And firm his tread on legs of gleaming blue

Not undelightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the grassy door of mountain-farms. 145

Sweetly ferocious,¹ round his native walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks ;
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread ;
A crest of purple tops, the warrior's head.
Bright sparks his black and rolling eyeball hurls 150
Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls ;
On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,
Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote :
Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,
While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings! 155

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the sombrous pine
And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline,
I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and numerous wains :
How busy all the enormous hive within, 160
While Echo dallies with its various din !
Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking sound ?)
Toil, small as pygmies in the gulf profound ;

¹ "Dolcemente feroce."—Tasso.

In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in *l'Agriculture, ou Les Géorgiques Françaises* of M. Rossuet.

Long glittering plumes his gorgeous form o'erspread
A crest embattled tops his warrior head
And shows the sunshine through a livelier red
With restless feet he chafes the ground and spurns
From his black eye flashes as he turns
His proud neck now foregoes its glossy dyes
As in the breeze his ruffled feathers rise
And now he closes and unfurls his tail
And midway oft it seems like shifting sail
Then in the calm air waving to and fro
Droops and oercanopies his regal brow Wellesley Q.

B 149 the warrior's: his warrior 1820-32.

B 156-7 Where spring-wet silver rocks high-towering shine

Through broken groves of holly, birch, and pine 1794: 1820-32 as A

B 161-9: 1820-32 as A 144-52

B 162-3 Some in the gulph profound like pigmies ply

Their clinking chisel hardly heard so high 1794

Some, dim between th' aerial cliffs descry'd,
 O'erwalk the viewless plank from side to side; [165]
 These by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring
 150 Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing.

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that rears
 It's edge all flame, the broad'ning sun appears;
 A long blue bar it's ægis orb divides, [170]
 And breaks the spreading of it's golden tides;

155 And now it touches on the purple steep
 That flings his shadow on the pictur'd deep.
 Cross the calm lakes blue shades the cliffs aspire,
 With tow'rs and woods a "prospect all on fire;" [175]
 The coves and secret hollows thro' a ray

160 Of fainter gold a purple gleam betray;
 The gilded turf arrays in richer green
 Each speck of lawn the broken rocks between;
 Deep yellow beams the scatter'd boles illumine, [180]
 Far in the level forest's central gloom;

165 Waving his hat, the shepherd in the vale
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,
 That, barking busy 'mid the glittering rocks,
 Hunts, where he points, the intercepted flocks; [185]

B 165 slender 1815: viewless 1794

B 167: 1794 as A 150: then 1794 goes on

At the still entrance, when the moonbeams smile
 Bright on the scattered implements of toil,
 And far within from black gigantic walls
 O'er the sharp crags in masses darkness falls,
 There led by Sorrow does a maiden go
 Through the dull gloom, inaudible and slow,
 To that sad spot her bosomed pain to tell
 Where crushed by falling rocks her lover fell,
 When Love created thought where'er he stole
 Through her young veins till all her frame was soul,
 Fell while all warm with Joy's delicious fires
 She chid the slow moon "lingering her desires",
 That very moon which, ere she reached her wain,
 Led her to these deep clefts to break the reign
 Of Peace with anguish exquisite as vain.

B 172-3, 1820-7, as A 155-6; its image 1832

B 172-4 Such the dark spear that crossed the sunbroad shield
 Of Satan striding o'er the empyreal field.
 In purple veiled the western hills recede
 With all their subject landscape grove and mead
 Beyond the lake the opposing cliffs aspire 1794

Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried,
 O'erwalk the slender plank from side to side; 165
 These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,
 In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

• Just where a cloud above the mountain rears
 An edge all flame, the broadening sun appears;
 A long blue bar its ægis orb divides, 170
 And breaks the spreading of its golden tides;
 And now that orb has touched the purple steep,
 Whose softened image penetrates the deep.
 'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs aspire,
 With towers and woods, a "prospect all on fire;" 175
 While coves and secret hollows, through a ray
 Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.
 Each slip of lawn the broken rocks between
 Shines in the light with more than earthly green:
 Deep yellow beams the scattered stems illumine, 180
 Far in the level forest's central gloom:
 Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
 The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering rocks,
 Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted flocks. 185

B 175 towers] cataracts 1794

B 178-80; 1820-32 as A but invests with *for* arrays in

B 178-9; 1794 as A 159-60 followed by

And mellow lights invest with richer green
 Each speck of lawn the broken rocks between,
 And cots till now in bowering shades concealed
 Through their transparent veil gleam half revealed,
 Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots
 On tawny earth wild weeds and twisted roots
 Deep yellow *etc* as B 180-1

B 182 Waving his hat] *in* 1794 preceded by

Thrilled by these searching rays the tuneful throng
 With joy redoubles there its choicest song

B 184 He barking busy mid the glittering rocks 1794: 1820 as A

- Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots
 170 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots ;
 The Druid¹ stones their lighted fane unfold
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold ;
 Sunk² to a curve the day-star lessens still, [190]
 Gives one bright glance, and sinks behind the hill.
- 175 In these lone vales, if aught of faith may claim,
 Thin silver hairs, and ancient hamlet fame ;

¹ Not far from Broughton is a Druid monument, of which I do not recollect that any tour descriptive of this country makes mention. Perhaps this poem may fall into the hands of some curious traveller, who may thank me for informing him, that up the Dúddon, the river which forms the æstuary at Broughton, may be found some of the most romantic scenery of these mountains.

² From Thomson: see Scott's Critical Essays.

B 186-91 More faintly shines the inverted scene impressed
 Deep in the crystal water's placid breast ;
 From hill to hill sublimer shadows sweep
 As the big sun rests on the purple steep :
 His more determined round of deepening gold
 Shows like a moon of vast resplendent mould,
 And flings a road of fire from shore to shore
 Whose splendour veils the glance of passing oar.
 Crested with trees behold yon fortress raise
 His battlements to meet the parting blaze,
 Refulgent on the mountain top appear
 The naked druid stones, and curling near
 From piles of burning fern still smoke aspires,
 Where once the savage viewed mysterious fires,
 The lowly abbey in the purple cove
 Hardly betrays his forehead through the grove
 Far to the west. The sun sinks down above
 Sinks slowly to a curve and lessens still
 Gives *etc. as* B 191
 Spirit who guid'st that orb and view'st from high
 Thrones, towers, and fanes in blended ruin lie,
 Roll to Peruvian vales thy gorgeous way
 See thine own temples mouldering in decay,
 Roll on till hurled from thy bright car sublime
 Thyself confess the mighty arm of Time
 Thy star must perish, but triumphant Truth
 Shall tend a brightening flame in endless youth. 1794.

B 188 brightened] burnished 1836

B 191: 1820 *as* A

A 175-90 *So* 1794, *but ll.* 185-6 *as* B (*but with evening for solar*). *After*
 A 190, 1794 *goes on*:

Why, shepherds, tremble thus with new alarms
 As if ye heard the din of civil arms ?
 Along the astonished hamlets listening round
 The silent watch-dog marks not any sound
 Of ruder presage than yon busy mill
 Beating beneath those towers that crest the hill,
 Where the swift brook once drunk in danger falls
 In breaks that glitter down the fractured walls:

Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots
 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots;
 The druid-stones a brightened ring unfold;
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold;
 Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,
 Gives one bright glance, and drops behind the hill.¹

190

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
 Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may claim;

¹ From Thomson.

Why, shepherds, tremble thus with new alarms
 As if ye heard the din of civil arms?
 Peace now is yours, the brother swains that view
 Romantic Tiviot's rocks are still as you;
 Lighted by flames flushed from the torch of War
 No more that beacon sends dismay afar;
 But now, while dances his exulting spire
 Red with the thunder tempest's splendid fire,
 There from the bursting of the summer clouds
 All unconcerned the mountain shepherd shrouds,
 And from the aerial window loves to mark
 The shower o'er road and village driving dark,
 And swains for shelter hurrying from their toil,
 And soon returned to till a freshened soil.
 And when the sun declining pours the tide
 Of heat redundant from the mountain side
 Behind a mound, which rose in ruder days
 For other use, that shepherd shuns the blaze;
 The flocks across the beacon's shadow bound
 In antick race beneath that mossy mound,
 Nor with their noiseless feet the earth molest
 Where side by side the slain and slayers rest.
 Not thus where Labour bids yon marsh recede
 And guides the river through the rising mead,
 Leads through new buds and blooms the wondering Spring
 To hear with their first notes young woodlands ring,
 Bids hamlets clustering round his path display
 Health's liveliest rose by doors with plenty gay,
 Bids at his feet translucent rivulets flow,
 And his own infant Zephyrs fan his brow,
 There rent the fen before him and—behold
 A horseman skeleton of giant mould,
 Half-shown erect his mighty bones he rears,
 An unknown being of forgotten years,
 Or of that race who, ere these mountain shades
 Called Joy and Beauty to their watry glades,
 Rushed o'er the billowy swamp like Tempests, borne
 On steeds that trampled to the bugle horn
 And with one [] groan in armies sunk,
 Mute Havoc smiling grimly backward slunk,
 Low muttering o'er the earth that gasped beneath
 Hung the dim shapes of Solitude and Death.
 And all was theirs, save that the plover passed
 With screams, and bittern blew his hollow blast.

When up the hills, as now, retreats the light,
Strange apparitions mock the village sight. [195]

A desperate form appears, that spurs his steed,
180 Along the midway cliffs with vident speed ;
Unhurt pursues his lengthen'd flight, while all
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.
Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show [200]
Of horsemen shadows winding to and fro ;
185 And now the van is gilt with evening's beam
The rear thro' iron brown betrays a sullen gleam ;
Lost¹ gradual o'er the heights in pomp they go,
While silent stands th' admiring vale below ; [205]
Till, but the lonely beacon all is fled,
190 That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head. [211]

Now while the solemn evening Shadows sail,
On red slow-waving pinions down the vale,
And, fronting the bright west in stronger lines,
The oak its dark'ning boughs and foliage twines, [215]
195 I love beside the flowing lake to stray,
Where winds the road along the secret bay ;
By rills that tumble down the woody steeps,
And run in transport to the dimpling deeps ;
Along the "wild meand'ring" shore to view,
200 Obsequious Grace the winding swan pursue.
He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings [218]
His bridling neck between his tow'ring wings ;
Stately, and burning in his pride, divides
And glorying looks around, the silent tides :
205 On as he floats, the silver'd waters glow.
Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow.
While tender Cares and mild domestic Loves, [222]
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves ;
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
210 And her brown little ones around her leads, [225]

¹ See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's "Survey of the Lakes", accompanied with vouchers of its veracity that may amuse the reader.

B 195 shepherd's] gazer's 1820-32

B 196-211: 1820-32 as A but with B 202-3 for A 185

A 191-218 So 1794; but ll. 193-4 corr. to B, and for A 195-6

Come with thy poet, come, my friend, to stray
Where winds the road along the secret bay,

When up the hills, as now, retired the light,
Strange apparitions mocked the shepherd's sight. 195

The form appears of one that spurs his steed
Midway along the hill with desperate speed ;
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show 200
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro ;
At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam ;
The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam.
While silent stands the admiring crowd below, 205
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward way,¹
Till the last banner of their long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon's spiry head 210
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale ;
And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves in stronger lines ; 215
'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings :
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees 220
How graceful, pride can be, and how majestic, ease.
While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
And her brown little-ones around her leads, 225

¹ See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's "Survey of the Lakes", accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.

Come while the parting day yet serves to shew
Thy cheek that shames the water's crimson glow,
and in A 198 enamoured for in transport
A 191-218 So 1815 but omitting 193-4, and for 195 How pleasant etc. as B,
and for A 203 In all the majesty of ease, divides. So 1820-32 but with ll.
93-4 as B

Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
 Or playing wanton with the floating grass:
 She in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
 Forgets, unwearied watching every side,
 215 She calls them near, and with affection sweet
 Alternately relieves their weary feet;
 Alternately¹ they mount her back, and rest [230]
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

Long may ye roam these hermit waves that sleep,
 220 In birch besprinkled cliffs embosomed deep;
 These fairy holms untrodden, still, and green,
 Whose shades protect the hidden wave serene;
 Whence fragrance scents the water's desert gale,
 The violet, and the lily² of the vale; [235]
 225 Where, tho' her far-off twilight ditty steal,
 They not the trip of harmless milkmaid feel.

Yon tuft conceals your home, your cottage bow'r,
 Fresh water rushes strew the verdant floor;
 Long grass and willows form the woven wall, [240]
 230 And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
 Thence issuing oft, unwieldy as ye stalk,
 Ye crush with broad black feet your flow'ry walk;
 Safe from your door ye hear at breezy morn,
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow horn; [245]
 235 At peace inverted your lithe necks ye lave,
 With the green bottom strewing o'er the wave;
 No ruder sound your desert haunts invades,
 Than waters dashing wild, or rocking shades.
 Ye ne'er, like hapless human wanderers, throw
 240 Your young on winter's winding sheet of snow.

¹ This is a fact of which I have been an eyewitness.

² The lily of the valley is found in great abundance in the smaller islands of Winandermere.

A 221-6 These sylvan holms, the haunt of birds that trill
 Their wildest notes in sanctuary still,
 These holms that give the water's desert air
 Sweets not its own on gentler wing to bear,

Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
 Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
 She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
 Forgetting, calls the wearied to her side ;
 Alternately they mount her back, and rest 230
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

Long may they float upon this flood serene ;
 Theirs be these holms untrodden, still, and green,
 Where leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,
 And breathes in peace the lily of the vale ! 235
 Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-maid's feet,
 Yet hears her song, " by distance made more sweet,"
 Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-like bower ;
 Green water-rushes overspread the floor ;
 Long grass and willows form the woven wall, 240
 And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
 Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,
 They crush with broad black feet their flowery walk ;
 Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow horn ; 245
 Involve their serpent-necks in changeful rings,
 Rolled wantonly between their slippery wings,
 Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,
 Force half upon the wave their cumbrous flight.

All scent which hill or dewy glen exhale,
 The wild heath and the lily of the vale. 1794.

So Wellesley Q, MS. but ll. 221-2 holms where Music loves to trill Her B 232-49: 1827-32 as B but ye . . . yours (232-3) for they . . . theirs and for l. 239 Fresh water rushes strew the verdant floor; for l. 243 With broad black feet ye crush your flowery walk; and in 246, 247, and 249 your for their B 236-49 So 1794 but 243 Ye . . . your for They . . . their; ll. 245/6

There oft at peace inverted feed and lave
 And with the grassy bottom strew the wave;

and in ll. 246, 247, 249 your for their. After B 249, 1794 goes on Domestic bliss secure and constant love And constant peace your lengthened years approve, followed by A 239-40. So Wellesley Q.

- Fair swan! by all a mother's joys caress'd, [250]
 Haply some wretch has ey'd, and call'd thee bless'd ;
 Who faint, and beat by summer's breathless ray,
 Hath dragg'd her babes along this weary way ;
 245 While arrowy fire extorting feverish groans,
 Shot stinging through her stark o'er-labour'd bones.
 —With backward gaze, lock'd joints, and step of pain,
 Her seat scarce left, she strives, alas! in vain,
 To teach their limbs along the burning road
 250 A few short steps to totter with their load,
 Shakes her numb arm that slumbers with its weight,
 And eyes through tears the mountain's shadeless height ;
 And bids her soldier come her woes to share,
 Asleep on Bunker's charnel hill afar ;
 255 For hope's deserted well why wistful look ?
 Chok'd is the pathway, and the pitcher broke.

- I see her now, deny'd to lay her head, [256]
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed ;
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
 260 By pointing to a shooting star on high :
 I hear, while in the forest depth he sees,
 The Moon's fix'd gaze between the opening trees,
 In broken sounds her elder grief demand,
 And skyward lift, like one that prays, his hand,
 265 If, in that country, where he dwells afar,
 His father views that good, that kindly star ;
 —Ah me! all light is mute amid the gloom,
 The interlunar cavern of the tomb.
 —When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide, [260]
 270 And fireless are the valleys far and wide,
 Where the brook brawls along the painful road,
 Dark with bat haunted ashes stretching broad,
 The distant clock forgot, and chilling dew,
 Pleas'd thro' the dusk their breaking smiles to view,
 275 Oft has she taught them on her lap to play
 Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless ray
 Toss'd light from hand to hand ; while on the ground [265]
 Small circles of green radiance gleam around.

Fair Swan! by all a mother's joys caressed, 250
 Haply some wretch has eyed, and called thee blessed ;
 When with her infants, from some shady seat
 By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the noontide heat ;
 Or taught their limbs along the dusty road
 A few short steps to totter with their load. 255

I see her now, denied to lay her head,
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed,
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
 By pointing to the gliding moon on high.
 —When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide, 260
 And fireless are the valleys far and wide,
 Where the brook brawls along the public road
 Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching broad,
 Oft has she taught them on her lap to lay
 The shining glow-worm ; or, in heedless play, 265
 Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted ;
 While others, not unseen, are free to shed
 Green unmolested light upon their mossy bed.

A 241–78 *So* 1794 *but l.* 249 *glaring for burning and in place of ll.* 261–4

And now behold her elder grief upraise
 His little hands to Heaven like one that prays
 And ask while in the forest's depth he sees
 The silent moon between the opening trees *So Wellesley Q.*

B 252–3 The whilst upon some sultry summer's day
 She dragg'd her babes along this weary way 1820–32

A 253–4 still, Her soldier stretched on Bunker's charnel hill Wellesley Q.
The reading in A is a correction, from 1793 errata, of Mindon's charnel plain
 A 255–6 Oft as her fancy turns from where he fell

She finds the pitcher broke at hope's deserted well MS.

B 259–68: 1820–32 *as* A 260–78 *but om. ll.* 273–4. 1836 *as* 1832 *but for* A 264
 While toward the sky he lifts his pale bright hand, *in* A 267
 Alas! for Ah me! *and for* A 275–8 . . . on her lap to lay
 The shining glow-worm ; or, in heedless play
 Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted ;
 While others, not unseen, are free to shed
 Green unmolested light upon their mossy bed.

A 260 a shooting star] the clear bright moon MS.

A 269–70 . . . conceal each summer star . . . wide and far MS.

A 278 radiance] lustre MS.

Oh! when the bitter showers her path assail, [269]
 280 And roars between the hills the torrent gale,
 —No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,
 Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;
 Scarce heard, their chattering lips her shoulder chill,
 And her cold back their colder bosoms thrill;
 285 All blind she wilders o'er the lightless heath,
 Led by Fear's cold wet hand, and dogg'd by Death;
 Death, as she turns her neck the kiss to seek,
 Breaks off the dreadful kiss with angry shriek.
 Snatch'd from her shoulder with despairing moan,
 290 She clasps them at that 'dim-seen roofless stone—
 "Now ruthless Tempest launch thy deadliest dart!
 Fall fires—but let us perish heart to heart."
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes to shield, [273]
 And faint the fire a dying heart can yield;
 296 Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears;
 Soon shall the Light'ning hold before thy head
 His torch, and shew them slumbering in their bed,
 No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms, [277]
 300 Thy breast their death-bed, coffin'd in thine arms.

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star, [280]

B 269–78: 1820 *as* A 279–300, *but om.* 283, 284, 287–9, 297, 298. 1827–36
as B but in 1827–32 B 270 *as* A 280

A 279 bitter] crazing MS.

A 279–300 Oh, when the whirling drifts her paths assail,
 And like a torrent roars the mountain gale,
 Perhaps she knows that mother's pangs whose fate
 The shepherds of these hills shall long relate!
 Poor Wanderer, when from forest, brook and dell
 Long sounding groans the storm's approach foretell,
 Thy memory in those groans shall live and cast
 Fresh horror o'er wide Stanemoor's wintry waste.
 Her babes with chattering lips her shoulder chilled
 And her cold back their colder bosoms thrilled
 No more her breath could thaw their fingers cold
 Their frozen arms her neck no more could fold
 When blind she wildered o'er the lightless heath
 (etc. *as* A 286–95, *but l.* 287 Who . . . turned for Death . . . turns; 287 Broke
 or Breaks; 289–90 call . . . wall for moan . . . stone)

Ah then, to baffle the relentless storm,
 She tries each fond device Despair can form,
 Beneath her stiffened coat to shield them strives,

Oh! when the sleety showers her path assail,
 And like a torrent roars the headstrong gale; 270
 No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,
 Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;
 Weak roof a covering form two babes to shield,
 And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!
 Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears 275
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears;
 No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,
 Thy breast their death-bed, confined in thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star, 280

With love whose providence in death survives.
 When morning breaks I see the [] swain,
 Sole moving shape in all that boundless plain,
 Start at her stedfast form by horror decked,
 Dead, and as if in act to move, erect.

The ear is lost in wonder thus to find
 Such quiet with such various sounds combined,
 And wondring ever knows not if 'tis more
 Horror or stillness, silence or uproar* 1794

A 281-3 And now no more her breath, as midnight's cold,
 Can thaw their fingers as her neck they fold,
 Even while their chattering *etc.* MS.

285-6 Unconscious hurrying o'er the blasted heath
 With every wildering footstep dogged by death MS.

291-2 Her breast may warm them, her embrace may strain MS.
 (292 *illegible*)

A 301-10 If born on gentle breezes Twilight shake
 The surface of the faintly rippling lake,
 Lengthening it shoots a line of silver white
 Beneath the blackening hills of steeper height,
 While many a dark bay, which no gales explore,
 Steals from the view and mingles with the shore.
 So life's secluded hours of peace and shade
 The retrospective eye of thought evade.
 But now no leaf stirs in the dead still air
 How sweet the sounds that mingle from afar
 And now a breeze with tremulous shudder creeps
 O'er the brown lake, but all the twinkling deeps,
 Touched by a thousand tiny insect wings,
 Break into little momentary rings
 While the duck *etc.* (303-10) 1794

* These verses relate the catastrophe of a poor woman who was found dead on Stanemoor two years ago with two children whom she had in vain attempted to protect from the storm in the manner described (*W.W. note*) 1794.

- Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
 And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
 305 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
 And heron, as resounds the trodden shore, [285]
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.
 While, by the scene compos'd, the breast subsides,
 310 Nought wakens or disturbs it's tranquil tides;
 Nought but the char that for the may-fly leaps,
 And breaks the mirror of the circling deeps;
 Or clock, that blind against the wanderer born,
 Drops at his feet, and stils his droning horn.
 315 —The whistling swain that plods his ringing way
 Where the slow waggon winds along the bay;
 The sugh¹ of swallow flocks that twittering sweep,
 The solemn curfew swinging long and deep;
 The talking boat that moves with pensive sound,
 320 Or drops his anchor down with plunge profound;
 Of boys that bathe remote the faint uproar,
 And restless piper wearying out the shore;
 These all to swell the village murmurs blend,
 That soften'd from the water-head descend.
 325 While in sweet cadence rising small and still
 The far-off minstrels of the haunted hill,
 As the last bleating of the fold expires,
 Tune in the mountain dells their water lyres.

Now with religious awe the farewell light
 330 Blends with the solemn colouring of the night;

¹ 'Sugh,' a Scotch word, expressive, as Mr. Gilpin explains it, of the sound of the motion of a stick through the air, or of the wind passing through the trees. See Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night.

A 303-4 *not in MS.*

305 Or] Where MS.

A 309 No sound alarming as the breast subsides MS.

A 311-13 Save that uncertain for the mayfly leaps
 The trout, and stirs the mirror of the deeps,
 Save that the clock against *etc.* MS.
 And the trout leaping for the fly of May
 Startles the musing wanderer on his way
 The rooks that travel homeward cawing gay
 And whistling swain *etc.* MS.

A 311-28 Nought save the bat whose wings just as they strike
 The face with frequent glance start off oblique
 Or snail that in the narrow pathway crawls
 And checks at once the blind foot ere it falls.

Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
 And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
 And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.

285

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
 Blends with the solemn colouring of night;

- While such soft stillness, with such various sounds
 Combined and linked, the wandering thought confounds,*
 The whistling swain, who plods his ringing way
 Where the slow waggon grates along the bay,
 The sigh of swallow flocks that twittering pass,
 The clamorous land-rail quaking in the grass,
 The horses which led out their thirst to slake
 Beat with incessant hoof the dashing lake,
 The sweep of mowers' scythes that late pursue
 Their cooler labour in the evening dew
 The horse's trot now faint, now loud, uneven
 As the wild road—the herd by cow-boy driven
 Afield and quickening still with cumbrous chase
 At every shout their heavy weltering pace
 The talking boat *etc.* (319–28) as A but l. 322 sandlark for piper
 and l. 326 twilight hours for far-off minstrels 1794, which goes on:
 Once the born traveller's lightless path to cheer
 No other strains survived that knell severe
 'Less Philomel, than man more free and bless'd,
 Sung, master of his joy and of his rest;
 For hushed were village green and cottage door,
 And merriment expired in hall or bower.
 A 318–19 The beetle winding dull his droning flight
 The angler's boat that plies his pensive round MS.
 A 323–4 And restless wagtail piping by the shore
 Clear voices from sequestered cottage door
 Where floating down the breezeless waters come
 Confused the swellings of the village hum. MS.
 A 325 sweet] low MS.
 A 329–76, So 1794, but l. 344 Tracking *corr.* to And track; and ll. 361–2 *corr.*
 to So vanish human Joy, these beauteous shades
 But not alas! with them their memory fades
 and between 376 and 377 1794 has
 Nought but the char that for the night-fly leaps
 And strikes with sudden plunge the silent deeps
 Or clock that blind against the wanderer borne
 Drops at his feet and stills his dismal horn (v. A 311–14)
 B 287–314 So 1815–32, but between B 294 and 295 1815–20 insert A 337–8,
 and in B 308, 1815–20 as A 364

* Dew-loving frogs uncertain leap—or pie
 Loud chattering from his household fir on high another MS.

- 'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
 And round the West's proud lodge their shadows throw, [290]
 Like Una¹ shining on her gloomy way,
 The half seen form of Twilight, roams astray ;
- 335 Thence, from three paly loopholes mild and small,
 Slow lights upon the lake's still bosom fall,
 Beyond the mountain's giant reach that hides
 In deep determin'd gloom his subject tides.
 —'Mid the dark steeps repose the shadowy streams,
- 340 As touch'd with dawning moonlight's hoary gleams,
 Long streaks of fairy light the wave illumine
 With bordering lines of 'intervening gloom,
 Soft o'er the surface creep the lustres pale [295]
 Tracking with silvering path the changeful gale.
- 345 —'Tis restless magic all ; at once the bright
 Breaks on the shade, the shade upon the light,
 Fair Spirits are abroad ; in sportive chase [301]
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's face,
 While music stealing round the glimmering deeps
- 350 Charms the tall circle of th' enchanted steeps.
 —As thro' th' astonish'd woods the notes ascend,
 The mountain streams their rising song suspend ;
 Below Eve's listening Star the sheep walk stills
 It's drowsy tinklings on th' attentive hills ;
- 355 The milkmaid stops her ballad, and her pail
 Stays it's low murmur in th' unbreathing vale ;
 No night-duck clamours for his wilder'd mate,
 Aw'd, while below the Genii hold their state.
 —The pomp is fled, and mute the wondrous strains, [305]
- 360 No wrack of all the pageant scene remains,
 So² vanish those fair Shadows, human joys,
 But Death alone their vain regret destroys.
 Unheeded Night has overcome the vales,
 On the dark earth the baffl'd vision fails,
- 365 If peep between the clouds a star on high,
 There turns for glad repose the weary eye ;
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain ; [310]

¹ Alluding to this passage of Spenser—

“Her angel face

As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,
 And made a sunshine in that shady place.”

² “So break those glittering shadows, human joys.” YOUNG.

'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
 And round the west's proud lodge their shadows throw, 290
 Like Una shining on her gloomy way,
 The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray ;
 Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall ;
 Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale 295
 Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.
 With restless interchange at once the bright
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
 No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze
 On lovelier spectacle in faery days ; 300
 When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's face :
 While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
 Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.
 —The lights are vanished from the watery plains : 305
 No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
 Unheeded night has overcome the vales :
 On the dark earth the wearied vision fails ;
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain ; 310

A 333 Like Una lost and pensive on her way MS. 335 paly] lilac MS.
 A 349–50 As charm'd by magic from the dark-brown deeps Like a black
 wall descend the mountain steeps MS. A 351 As stealing through
 the woods *etc* MS. A 354 attentive] unbreathing MS. A 356 un-
 breathing] hollow MS. A 362 Yet not their vain regret, which Death
 alone destroys MS. A 364 Along the plains all form and colour fails MS.

- Last evening sight, the cottage smoke no more,
 370 Lost in the deepen'd darkness, glimmers hoar;
 High towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
 Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear, [314]
 Thence red from different heights with restless gleam
 Small cottage lights across the water stream,
 375 Nought else of man or life remains behind
 To call from other worlds the wilder'd mind,
 Till pours the wakeful bird her solemn strains
 Heard¹ by the night-calm of the wat'ry plains.
 —No purple prospects now the mind employ
 380 Glowing in golden sunset tints of joy,
 But o'er the sooth'd accordant heart we feel [315]
 A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
 And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
 The soft gloom deep'ning on the tranquil mind.
 385 Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
 Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away. [320]
 Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains,
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

- The bird, with fading light who ceas'd to thread
 390 Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed,
 From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon
 Salute with boding note the rising moon,
 Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground,
 And pouring deeper blue to Æther's bound;
 395 Rejoic'd her solemn pomp of clouds to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy white, and gold, [330]
 While rose and poppy, as the glow-worm fades,
 Checquer with paler red the thicket shades.

- Now o'er the eastern hill, where Darkness broods
 400 O'er all its vanish'd dells, and lawns, and woods

¹ 'Charming the night calm with her powerful song'. A line of one of our older poets.

A 379-81: 1815 *as* B 315

A 380 Glowing in] Adorned by MS. A 382 A tender twilight all unheeded steal MS. A 385 Ye fondly formed, ye charming *etc.* MS.

A 389-98 The owl at dusk no longer seen to thread
 Silent the hedge or streaming rivulet's bed
 From his grey reappearing tower shall soon
 Call o'er the dark hill-top the rising moon
 To frost with hoary light the pearly ground
 And pour a deeper blue to ether's bound,
 Rejoiced his solemn pomp of clouds to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy white, and gold,
 While rose and foxglove chequer the dim shades
 With paler crimson as the glow-worm fades. 1794

Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
 Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;
 And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
 Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.
 —Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel 315
 A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
 And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
 The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
 Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
 Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away: 320
 Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to thread
 Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's bed,
 From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon 325
 Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,
 While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,
 And pours a deeper blue to Æther's bound;
 Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold. 330

Above yon eastern hill, where darkness broods
 O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods;

B 324-30: 1815-32 as A 390-6, but And pleas'd for Rejoic'd (A. 395)

A 391-2 From his grey tower the [] owl shall soon
 Sob long and tremulous to the rising moon MS.
 A 398/9 Meek lover of the shade! in Quiet's breast
 With thine own proper light sufficed and bless'd
 Warned by thy holy torch's sober cheer
 May each rude foot thy hermit cell revere;
 Thy bower may wings of whirlwinds never crush,
 Nor on thy path the devious torrent rush,
 Nor night bird, as he bids his descant steal
 O'er waters which no star nor fire reveal,
 On the still groves high top suspend his lay
 To dart upon thy sole surviving ray.
 Oh! may'st thou, safe from every onset rude,
 Irradiate long thy friendly solitude.
 So Virtue, fallen on times to gloom consigned,
 Makes round her path the light she cannot find,
 And by her own internal lamp fulfills
 And asks no other star what Virtue wills,
 Acknowledging though round her Danger lurk,
 And Fear, no night in which she cannot work.
 In dangerous night so Milton worked alone
 Cheared by a secret lustre all his own
 That with the deepening darkness clearer shone 1794

B 331 Above yon] See, o'er the 1815-32

A 400 O'er vanished rocks and torrent, falls and woods 1794

Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
 She lifts in silence up her lovely face ;
 Above the gloomy valley flings her light, [335]
 Far to the western slopes with hamlets white ;
 405 And gives, where woods the chequer'd upland strew,
 To the green corn of summer autumn's hue.
 Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the Moon's own morn ; [340]
 'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
 410 The weary hills, impervious, black'ning near ;
 —Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
 On darling spots remote, her tempting smile.
 —Ev'n now she decks for me a distant scene, [345]
 (For dark and broad the gulph of time between)

A 402 The morn lifts silent *etc.* 1794

B 334-5: 1820-32 *as* A 402-3.

A 403 flings] pours MS.

A 409 mounted] risen MS.

A 411 un-

daunted] delighted MS.

A 412 On distant darling scenes, *etc.* MS.

A 413-26 *So* 1794, *which then goes on:*

How luminous and calm the scene below
 To shepherd pausing on the mountain's brow,
 As from his love he winds his homeward way
 With heart all hope and spirits kind and gay ;
 He marks beneath the unchequered moonbeams fall
 Direct upon the loose rude cross of wall
 That shields from driving snows the winter flocks
 Now wandering thoughtless o'er the distant rocks.
 But in the poet's vision shapes sublime
 Obscurely shadowed, solemnize the time ;
 What Druid calling from yon grey oak gleams
 Dim as the mellowed foam of falling streams
 Cresting yon mountain head like vernal snows ?
 What bards, in strains more faint at every close,
 Pour griefs which once the troubled winds scarce bore
 To meet the languid battle's dying roar,
 When Freedom here beheld the bird of Rome
 O'er her last barrier shake his deepest gloom,
 And sighs from every fountain shade and cave
 Wept the last remnant of the great and brave ?
 The sounds are ceased—a solemn stillness reigns
 On altar peaceful as these watery plains,
 Whose margin dimpling to the moon betrays
 The spot where every rill its current stays.
 Even so the dead calm air is only stirred
 By streams unheard till now, now hardly heard
 Broke only *etc.* or A 432-444. *Then* 1794 *goes on:*
 From the dark blue thin lucid threads divide *etc.* *as* A 427-32,
followed by

So while the Spirits of the virtuous rove
 Haunts once their pleasure, mountain, lake, or grove
 So have I at the stillest watch of night
 Seen through the trees slow-gliding forms of light,
 And as from gloom to gloom their radiance led
 Oft have I paused with joy and holy dread,

Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
 Even now she shows, half-veiled, her lovely face:
 Across the gloomy valley flings her light, 335
 Far to the western slopes, with hamlets white;
 And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,
 To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.

Thus Hope, first pouting from her blessed horn
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own morn, 340
 Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
 The weary hills, impervious, blackening near;
 Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
 On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant scene, 345
 (For dark and broad the gulf of time between)

To hear low voices die along the glade
 And echoes whispered from each hill and shade.
 Which long to these good men, now cold in earth,
 Shall owe their sweetest notes of morning mirth.
 The lake is left behind—my homeward feet
 Wind with the narrow valley's deep retreat,
 Who now, resigning for the night the feast
 Of Fancy, Leisure, Liberty, and Taste,
 Can pass without a pause the silent door
 Where sweet Oblivion clasps the cottage poor.
 Here while I bend o'er this half useless gate
 And muse on human beings' various state
 This path, that door, these peaceful precincts own
 A charm at any other hour unknown.
 Now subtle thought a moral interest sheds
 On the cool simples of these garden beds,
 Or where the poppies to the moonshine yield
 A paler scarlet in the neighbouring field.
 Soft issuing from the orchard gurgles nigh
 The household spout, and hollow rocks reply.
 Within the deep woods yells the lonely hound
 Or swings from far the forge's thump profound.
 Yet not the sooner hence the blessings fly
 Of night and sleep, best friends of Poverty.
 Nor less with thoughts to this still hour confined
 Thoughts that impel yet not disturb the mind,
 From this green eminence I love to mark
 Yon furnace lift its forehead huge and dark
 And bid majestic wreaths of smoke upswell
 In silence from the once monastic dell,
 And think, while turning thence, my eyes survey
 The huts which glisten in the moon's pale ray,
 That here Sleep sheds a more refreshing dew
 Than yon dark Abbey's tenants ever drew
 From the soft streamlet idly murmuring near
 At will—but now constrained with toil to rear
 The deep night-hammer that incessant falls
 And shakes the [] ruin's neighbouring walls.

415 Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
 (Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;
 How fair it's lawn and silvery woods appear!
 How sweet it's streamlet murmurs in mine ear!)
 Where we, my friend, to golden days shall rise,
 420 'Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
 (For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
 Creep hush'd into the tranquil breast of Death.

But now the clear-bright Moon her zenith gains, [355]
 And rimy without speck extend the plains;
 425 The deepest dell the mountain's breast displays,
 Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
 From the dark-blue "faint silvery threads" divide
 The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;
 The scene is waken'd, yet its peace unbroke,
 430 By silver'd wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke,
 That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood,
 Steal down the hills, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain streams unheard by day, [365]
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
 435 All air is, as the sleeping water, still,
 List'ning th' aëreal music of the hill,
 Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
 Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
 Soon follow'd by his hollow-parting oar,
 440 And echo'd hoof approaching the far shore;
 Sound of clos'd gate, across the water born,
 Hurrying the feeding hare thro' rustling corn;
 The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;
 And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl; [375]
 445 The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
 Or yell in the deep woods of lonely hound.

A 419 Where we shall close in peace at night our eyes MS.

Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
 (Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;
 How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
 How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!) 350
 Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,
 Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
 (For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
 Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains 355
 And, rimy without speck, extend the plains:
 The deepest cleft the mountain's front displays
 Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
 From the dark-blue faint silvery threads divide
 The hills, while gleams below the azure tide; 360
 Time softly treads; throughout the landscape breathes
 A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths
 Of charcoal-smoke, that, o'er the fallen wood,
 Steal down the hill, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day 365
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
 Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
 To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
 Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
 Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep, 370
 The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
 The boat's first motion—made with dashing oar;
 Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
 Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn;
 The sportive outcry of the mocking owl; 375
 And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
 The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
 Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

IV

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING

[Composed 1789.—Published 1798]

How richly glows the water's breast
 Before us, tinged with evening hues,
 While, facing thus the crimson west,
 The boat her silent course pursues!
 And see how dark the backward stream! 5
 A little moment past so smiling!
 And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
 Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure ;
 But, heedless of the following gloom, 10
 He deems their colours shall endure
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.
 —And let him nurse his fond deceit,
 And what if he must die in sorrow!
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet, 15
 Though grief and pain may come to-morrow ?

1-2 1815: How rich the wave, in front, imprest
 With evening-twilight's summer hues 1798-1805
 4 course 1802: path 1798-1800 8 loiterers 1815: loiterer 1798-1805

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND

[Composed 1789.—Published 1798]

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,
 O Thames! that other bards may see
 As lovely visions by thy side
 As now, fair river! come to me.
 O glide, fair stream! for ever so, 5
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
 Till all our minds for ever flow
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen 10
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene!
 Such as did once the Poet bless,
 Who, murmuring here a later ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress 15
 But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
 For *him* suspend the dashing oar;
 And pray that never child of song
 May know that Poet's sorrows more. 20
 How calm! how still! the only sound,
 The dripping of the oar suspended!
 —The evening darkness gathers round
 By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

13 as 1800: heart 1798 14 so 1815: Who, pouring here a *later* ditty
 1798–1805 17 so 1802: Remembrance! as we glide along 1798

17–20 But let remembrance now suspend

For him suspend the dashing oar

And pray that never Muse's friend

May know his chilling sorrows more MS

20 so 1802: May know his freezing sorrows more 1798–1800

VI

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES¹

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. IN VERSE. TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN THE ITALIAN, GRISON, SWISS, AND SAVOYARD ALPS. BY W. WORDSWORTH, B.A., OF ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE. "LOCA PASTORUM DESERTA ATQUE OTIA DIA."—*Lucret.* "CASTELLA IN TUMULIS—ET LONGE SALTUS LATEQUE VACANTES."—*Virgil.* LONDON: PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD. 1793.

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

DEAR SIR,

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

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

I am happy in being conscious I shall have one reader who will approach

1793

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground,
By Pain and her sad family unfound,
Sure, Nature's GOD that spot to man had giv'n,
Where murmuring rivers join the song of ev'n;
5 Where falls the purple morning far and wide
In flakes of light upon the mountain-side;
Where summer Suns in ocean sink to rest,
Or moonlight Upland lifts her hoary breast;
Where Silence, on her wing of night, o'erbroods
10 Unfathom'd dells and undiscover'd woods;
Where rocks and groves the power of waters shakes
In cataracts, or sleeps in quiet lakes. [8]

¹ In the *App. Crit.* of this Poem the text of 1793 is referred to as A, the final text as B. Except where otherwise noted in the *App. Crit.*, 1832 and previous texts have the readings of A, 1836 and subsequent texts of B.

A 1-20: 1827-32 as B 2-18

A 7-15 Where the resounding power of water shakes
The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes

the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

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

1793.

W. WORDSWORTH.

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

1849

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground
 Where from distress a refuge might be found,
 And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;
 Sure, nature's God that spot to man had given
 Where falls the purple morning far and wide 5
 In flakes of light upon the mountain-side;
 Where with loud voice the power of water shakes
 The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam,
 Who at the call of summer quits his home, 10

And not unrecompensed the man shall roam
 Who, to converse with Nature, quits his home
 And plods o'er hills and vales his road forlorn 1820

A 9 wing of night] night of wing 1793, *corr.* Nowell Smith

- But doubly pitying Nature loves to show'r
 Soft on his wounded heart her healing pow'r,
 15 Who plods o'er hills and vales his road forlorn,
 Wooing her varying charms from eve to morn.
 No sad vacuities his heart annoy,
 Blows not a Zephyr but it whispers joy;
 For him lost flowers their idle sweets exhale;
 20 He tastes the meanest note that swells the gale;
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn,
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn! [20]
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
 And dear the green-sward to his velvet tread;
 25 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye?
 Upward he looks—and calls it luxury;
 Kind Nature's charities his steps attend,
 In every babbling brook he finds a friend,
 While chast'ning thoughts of sweetest use, bestow'd
 30 By Wisdom, moralize his pensive road.
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bow'r,
 To his spare meal he calls the passing poor; [30]
 He views the Sun uprear his golden fire,
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's¹ lyre;
 35 Blesses the Moon that comes with kindest ray
 To light him shaken by his viewless way.
 With bashful fear no cottage children steal
 From him, a brother at the cottage meal,
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart,
 40 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.
 While unsuspected wheels the village dance,
 The maidens eye him with inquiring glance, [40]
 Much wondering what sad stroke of crazing Care
 Or desperate Love could lead a wanderer there.
 45 Me, lur'd by hope her sorrows to remove,
 A heart, that could not much itself approve,

¹ The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

A 18 Blows] Breathes H, 1820 A 19 For him the lowliest flowers their sweets exhale 1820 A 20 tastes] marks 1820

A 23-4 Dear the dark boughs that o'er his pathway meet
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his feet.
 Can pensive pleasure ever have her fill
 While patters on the leaves the shower still

And plods through some wide realm o'er vale and height,
 Though seeking only holiday delight ;
 At least, not owning to himself an aim
 To which the sage would give a prouder name.
 No gains too cheaply earned his fancy cloy, 15
 Though every passing zephyr whispers joy ;
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,
 Feeds the clear current of his sympathies.
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn ;
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn ! 20
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his tread :
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye ?
 Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury :"
 Kind Nature's charities his steps attend ; 25
 In every babbling brook he finds a friend ;
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed
 By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bower,
 To his spare meal he calls the passing poor ; 30
 He views the sun uplift his golden fire,
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's lyre ;¹
 Blesses the moon that comes with kindly ray,
 To light him shaken by his rugged way.
 Back from his sight no bashful children steal ; 35
 He sits a brother at the cottage-meal ;
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart ;
 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.
 While unsuspected wheels the village dance,
 The maidens eye him with enquiring glance, 40
 Much wondering by what fit of crazing care,
 Or desperate love, bewildered, he came there.

A hope, that prudence could not then approve,
 That clung to Nature with a truant's love,

¹ The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

And scarce a sunbeam mid the gloom profound
 Silvers the withered boughs that strew the ground H.

A 24: 1820 *etc.* as B A 33 uprear] uplift 1815-32

A 33-4 He views with heart alive like Memnon's lyre

The sun ascend or to the west retire H. *So Wellesley Q, but sees for views*

A 36 viewless] sightless H: rugged 1820 *etc.*

- O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,
 Her¹ road elms rustling thin above my head,
 Or through her truant pathway's native charms,
 50 By secret villages and lonely farms,
 To where the Alps, ascending white in air, [50]
 Toy with the Sun, and glitter from afar.
 Ev'n now I sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom
 Weeping beneath his chill of mountain gloom.
- 55 Where now is fled that Power whose frown severe
 Tam'd "sober Reason" till she crouch'd in fear?
 That breath'd a death-like peace these woods around, }
 Broke only by th' unvaried torrent's sound,
 Or prayer-bell by the dull cicada drown'd. }
- 60 The cloister startles at the gleam of arms, [60]
 And Blasphemy the shuddering fane alarms;
 Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubl'd heads,
 Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night o'erspreads.
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs, [65]
- 65 And start th' astonish'd shades at female eyes.
 The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
 And swells the groaning torrent with his tears.
 From Bruno's forest screams the frightened jay,
 And slow th' insulted eagle wheels away.
- 70 The cross with hideous laughter Demons mock,
 By angels² planted on the aerial rock. [70]
 The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath
 Along the mystic streams of Life and Death³,
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
- 75 Portentous, thrp' her old woods' trackless bounds,
 Deepening her echoing torrents' awful peal
 And bidding paler shades her form conceal,
 Vallombre⁴, 'mid her falling fanes, deploras, [75]
 For ever broke, the sabbath of her bow'rs.

¹ There are few people whom it may be necessary to inform, that the sides of many of the post-roads in France are planted with a row of trees.

² Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spiry rocks of the Chartreuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.

³ Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

⁴ Name of one of the vallies of the Chartreuse.

A 48 thin] high 1820 *etc.*

A 53-4 Even now, emerging from the forest's gloom
 I heave a sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom 1820-32

O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my footsteps led ; 45
 Her files of road-elms, high above my head
 In long-drawn vista, rustling in the breeze ;
 Or where her pathways straggle as they please
 By lonely farms and secret villages.
 But lo! the Alps, ascending white in air, 50
 Toy with the sun and glitter from afar.

And now, emerging from the forest's gloom,
 I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom.
 Whither is fled that Power whose frown severe
 Awed sober Reason till she crouched in fear ? 55
That Silence, once in deathlike fetters bound,
 Chains that were loosened only by the sound
 Of holy rites chanted in measured round ?
 —The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
 The cloister startles at the gleam of arms. 60
 The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
 Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps away his tears.
 Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled heads,
 Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night o'erspreads ;
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs, 65
 And start the astonished shades at female eyes.
 From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
 A viewless flight of laughing Demon's mock
 The Cross, by angels planted¹ on the aerial rock. 70
 The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath
 Along the mystic streams of Life and Death.²
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
 Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,
 Vallombre,³ 'mid her falling fanes, deplores, 75
 For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

¹ Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.

² Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

³ Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse.

A 57 That breathed a death-like silence wide around 1820 57-9 *not in*
 1827-32

A 70-1 The cross, by angels on the aerial rock
 Planted, a flight of laughing demons mock 1832

A 76-7 *not in* 1820-32

- 80 More pleas'd, my foot the hidden margin roves
 Of Como bosom'd deep in chestnut groves.
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
 Tower, bare or silvan, from the narrow deeps. [80]
 To towns, whose shades of no rude sound complain,
- 85 To ringing team unknown and grating wain,
 To flat-roof'd towns, that touch the water's bound,
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
 Or from the bending rocks obtrusive cling,
 And o'er the whiten'd wave their shadows fling; [86]
- 90 Wild round the steeps the little¹ pathway twines,
 And Silence loves it's purple roof of vines.
 The viewless lingerer hence, at evening, sees
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees; [90]
 Or marks, mid opening cliffs, fair dark-ey'd maids
- 95 Tend the small harvest of their garden glades,
 Or, led by distant warbling notes, surveys,
 With hollow ringing ears and darkening gaze,
 Binding the charmed soul in powerless trance,
 Lip-dewing Song and ringlet-tossing Dance,
- 100 Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine
 The bosom'd cabin's lyre-enliven'd gloom;
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view
 Stretch, o'er their pictur'd mirror, broad and blue,
 Tracking the yellow sun from steep to steep, [95]
- 105 As up th' opposing hills, with tortoise foot, they creep.
 Here half a village shines, in gold array'd,
 Bright as the moon, half hides itself in shade.
 From the dark sylvan roofs the restless spire, [99]
 Inconstant glancing, mounts like springing fire,
- 110 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
 Rich golden verdure on the waves below.
 Slow glides the sail along th' illumined shore,
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar.
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
- 115 And amorous music on the water dies. [106]
 Heedless how Pliny, musing here, survey'd
 Old Roman boats and figures thro' the shade,
 Pale Passion, overpower'd, retires and woos
 The thicket, where th' unlisten'd stockdove coos.

¹ If any of my readers should ever visit the Lake of Como, I recommend it to him to take a stroll along this charming little pathway; he must chuse the evening, as it is on the western side of the Lake. We pursued it from the foot of the water to its head: it is once interrupted by a ferry.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves
 Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps. 80
 —To towns, whose shades of no rude noise complain,
 From ringing team apart and grating wain—
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling, 85
 And o'er the whitened wave their shadows fling—
 The pathway leads, as round the steeps it twines;
 And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
 The loitering traveller hence, at evening, sees
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees; 90
 Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids
 Tend the small harvest of their garden glades;
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view
 Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and blue,
 And track the yellow lights from steep to steep, 95
 As up the opposing hills they slowly creep.
 Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
 In golden light; half hides itself in shade:
 While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
 Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire: 100
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
 Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
 Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs, 105
 And amorous music on the water dies.

A 90: 1827-32 as B

A 96-101 *not in* 1815-32

A 97 The

panting Dance's neck-revealing maze H.

A 105-7 1836 as A: 1845 as B

A 108-9: 1827-32 as B

109 seems ascending fire H.

A 116-

19 *not in* 1815-32

- 120 How bless'd, delicious Scene! the eye that greets [107]
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats ;
 Th' unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs that scales,
 The never-ending waters of thy vales ;
 The cots, those dim religious groves embow'r,
- 125 Or, under rocks that from the water tow'r
 Insinuated, sprinkling all the shbre,
 Each with his household boat beside the door,
 Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic droop,
 Bright'ning the gloom where thick the forests stoop ;
- 130 —Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky,
 Thy towns, like swallows' nests that cleave on high ;
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descry'd [115]
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
 Whence lutes and voices down th' enchanted woods
- 135 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods,
 While Evening's solemn bird melodious weeps,
 Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the steeps ;
 —Thy lake, mid smoking woods, that blue and grey [119]
 Gleams, streak'd or dappled, hid from morning's ray
- 140 Slow-travelling down the western hills, to fold
 It's green-ting'd margin in a blaze of gold ;
 From thickly-glittering spires the matin-bell
 Calling the woodman from his desert cell,
 A summons to the sound of oars, that pass, [125]
- 145 Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass ;
 Slow swells the service o'er the water born,
 While fill each pause the ringing woods of morn.
 Farewel! those forms that, in thy noon-tide shade,
 Rest, near their little plots of wheaten glade ;
- 150 Those stedfast eyes, that beating breasts inspire
 To throw the "sultry ray" of young Desire ;
 Those lips, whose tides of fragrance come, and go,
 Accordant to the cheek's unquiet glow ;
 Those shadowy breasts in love's soft light array'd,
- 155 And rising, by the moon of passion sway'd.

A 124-6 The cots that underneath the towering steep
 Insinuated on the water peep
 And sprinkle all the wild meandering shore
 The cots . . . steeps

How blest, delicious scene! the eye that greets
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
 Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that scales
 Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy vales; 110
 Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,
 Each with its household boat beside the door;
 Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky;
 Thy towns that cleave, like swallows' nests, on high;
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried 115
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
 Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods;
 —Thy lake that, streaked or dappled, blue or grey,
 'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from morning's ray 120
 Slow-travelling down the western hills, to 'enfold
 Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;
 Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin bell
 Calls forth the woodman from his desert cell,
 And quickens the blithe sound of oars that pass 125
 Along the steaming lake, to early mass.
 But now farewell to each and all—adieu
 To every charm, and last and chief to you,
 Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade
 Rest near your little plots of wheaten glade; 130
 To all that binds the soul in powerless trance,
 Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing dance;
 Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine
 The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.

Insinuated on the pictured deeps

Peep out and sprinkle all the winding shore H.

A 131: 1827 *etc.* as B A 136–7 *not in* 1827 *etc.*

A 138–9 As beautiful the flood when blue or grey,

Dappled, or streaked, 'tis hid from morning's ray C.

A 143 Calls forth the woodman with its cheerful knell C.

A 148–9: 1836 *as* A, 1845 *as* B A 150, 1836 *as* 1820 A 148–9 Ye . . .

your *for* those . . . their, 150 Dark *for* Those, 152 Lips whose soft *for* Those
lips whose, 154 Ye . . . warm *for* Those . . . soft H. A 150–5 Those

charms that bind the soul in powerless trance *followed by* A 99–100, *and*
The sylvan cabins lute-enlivened gloom. 1820–32

- Thy fragrant gales and lute-resounding streams, [135]
 Breathe o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams ;
 While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell
 On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,
 160 Her shameless timbrel shakes along thy marge,
 And winds between thine isles the vocal barge. [140]
 Yet, arts are thine that rock th' unsleeping heart,
 And smiles to Solitude and Want impart.
 I lov'd, mid thy most desert woods astray,
 165 With pensive step to measure my slow way¹,
 By lonely, silent cottage-doors to roam,
 The far-off peasant's day-deserted home ;
 Once did I pierce to where a cabin stood,
 The redbreast peace had bury'd it in wood,
 170 There, by the door a hoary-headed sire
 Touch'd with his wither'd hand an aged lyre ;
 Beneath an old-grey oak as violets lie,
 Stretch'd at his feet with stedfast, upward eye, [151]
 His children's children join'd the holy sound,
 175 A hermit—with his family around.
 Hence shall we seek where fair Locarno smiles
 Embower'd in walnut slopes and citron isles,
 Or charms that smile on Tusa's evening stream,
 While mid dim towers and woods her² waters gleam: [157]
 180 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
 The dull-red steeps, and darkening still, aspire,
 To where afar rich orange lustres glow
 Round undistinguish'd clouds, and rocks, and snow ;
 Or, led where Viamala's chasms confine
 185 Th' indignant waters of the infant Rhine,

"Solo, e pensoso i più deserti campi
 Vò misurando à passi tardi, e lenti."—

PETRARCH.

² The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the Simplon pass. From the striking contrast of it's features, this pass I should imagine to be the most interesting among the Alps.

- A 156 Sweet langour here the failing soul involves
 That from the best might steal their best resolves
 Breathe amorous wishes
 With equal hand does justice scatter here
 The various riches of the [?] year
 While fragrant gales and lute-resounding streams
 Breathe amorous wishes and voluptuous dreams

—Alas! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,
While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell
On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,
Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's marge,
And lures from bay to bay the vocal barge. 135

Yet are thy softer arts with power indued
To soothe and cheer the poor man's solitude.
By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's home
Left vacant for the day, I loved to roam.
But once I pierced the mazes of a wood 145
In which a cabin undeserted stood;
There an old man an olden measure scanned
On a rude viol touched with withered hand.
As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie
Under a hoary oak's thin canopy, 150
Stretched at his feet, with stedfast upward eye,
His children's children listened to the sound;
—A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence; for fair Locarno smiles
Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles: 155
Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
Where, 'mid dim towers and woods, her¹ waters gleam.
From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still, aspire
To where afar rich orange lustres glow 160
Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks, and snow:
Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,

¹ The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

Soft languor here *etc.* . . . resolves

Charms which in powerless trance the wisest view

Robbed of their best resolves [] all adieu H.

A 156-7: 1820 *etc.* as B A 160-1: 1820 *etc.* as B A 162 rock
th' unsleeping] soothe the unquiet 1820-32 A 164-6 I loved by
silent cottage-doors to roam 1827-32

B 145-6 And once I pierced the mazes of a wood
Where, far from public haunt, a cabin stood 1827-32

A 176-8: 1820 *etc.* as B A 178 Or court at even the charms *etc.* H.
179 1820 as B

A 184-6 Or Viamala's dungeon chasms confine
Scarce heard his idle roar the infant Rhine
Look down the hideous chasm[']s impervious gloom MS.

- Bend o'er th' abyss ?—the else impervious gloom
 His burning eyes with fearful light illumine. [165]
 The Grison gypsey here her tent has plac'd,
 Sole human tenant of the piny waste ;
 190 Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy locks,
 Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath the rocks.
- The mind condemn'd, without reprieve, to go
 O'er life's long deserts with it's charge of woe,
 With sad congratulation joins the train,
 195 Where beasts and men together o'er the plain }
 Move on,—a mighty caravan of pain ; } [170]
 Hope, strength, and courage, social suffering brings,
 Freshening the waste of sand with shades and springs.
 —She solitary through the desert drear [175]
 200 Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand with Fear.
 A giant moan along the forest swells
 Protracted, and the twilight storm foretells,
 And, ruining from the cliffs their deafening load
 Tumbles, the wildering Thunder slips abroad ;
 205 On the high summits Darkness comes and goes,
 Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and snows ;
 The torrent, travers'd by the lustre broad,
 Starts like a horse beside the flashing road ;
 In the roof'd¹ bridge, at that despairing hour, [185]
 210 She seeks a shelter from the battering show'r.
 —Fierce comes the river down ; the crashing wood
 Gives way, and half it's pines torment the flood ;
 Fearful², beneath, the Water-spirits call,
 And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its fall.

¹ Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood and covered: these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.

² "Red came the river down, and loud, and oft
 The angry Spirit of the water shriek'd."

HOME'S *Douglas*.

A 186 Bend] 1827 *etc.* as B A 187 burning] flashing H. A 190
 Her tawny face o'erhung with glossy locks H. A 197-8 suffering
 brings, Freshening the waste of] sorrow brings, And freshens the wide H.
 B 176 Companionless, or hand in hand with fear MS. (K.) B 178
 half seen through curling smoke MS. (K.)

Hang o'er the abyss, whose else impervious gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light illumine. 165

The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go
O'er life's long deserts with its charge of woe,
With sad congratulation joins the train
Where beasts and men together o'er the plain
Move on—a mighty caravan of pain: 170
Hope, strength, and courage, social suffering brings,
Freshening the wilderness with shades and springs.
—There be whose lot far otherwise is cast:
Sole human tenant of the piny waste,
By choice or doom a gipsy wanders here, 175
A nursling babe her only comforter;
Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy rock,
A cowering shape half hid in curling smoke!

When lightning among clouds and mountain-snows
Predominates, and darkness comes and goes, 180
And the fierce torrent at the flashes broad
Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring road—
She seeks a covert from the battering shower
In the roofed bridge;¹ the bridge, in that dread hour,
Itself all trembling at the torrent's power. 185

¹ Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood, and covered: these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.

B 179–85 (A 199–210) When rueful moans along the forest swell
Protracted, and the twilight storm foretel,
And headlong from the cliffs, a deafening load
Tumbles,—and wildering Thunder slips abroad.
When on the summits Darkness comes and goes,
Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and snows;
And the fierce torrent, from the lustre broad,
Starts like a horse beside the flashing road *etc. as B, 1836, but*
l. 185 quaking *for* trembling: 1845 *as* text

A 202 followed in H. by

And hark how fierce the maddening boar careers
Stung by the wild wind whistling through his ears

A 207–8

The [] torrent in his headlong course
Crossed by the lustre broad starts like a horse
Beasts tempest driven rush by her undescried
Her shivering dog untouched yells at her side H.

- 215 —Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the night,
 No star supplies the comfort of it's light,
 Glimmer the dim-lit Alps, dilated, round,
 And one sole light shifts in the vale profound ;
 While, opposite, the waning moon hangs still,
- 220 And red, above her melancholy hill.
 By the deep quiet gloom appall'd, she sighs,
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes.
 —Breaking th' ascending roar of desert floods,
 And insect buzz, that stuns the sultry woods,
- 225 She hears, upon the mountain forest's brow,
 The death-dog, howling loud and long, below ;
 On viewless fingers counts the valley-clock,
 Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.
 —Bursts from the troubl'd Larch's giant boughs
- 230 The pie, and chattering breaks the night's repose.
 Low barks the fox : by Havoc rouz'd the bear,
 Quits, growling, the white bones that strew his lair ;
 The dry leaves stir as with the serpent's walk,
 And, far beneath, Banditti voices talk ;
- 235 Behind her hill the Moon, all crimson, rides,
 And his red eyes the slinking water hides ;
 Then all is hushed ; the bushes rustle near,
 And with strange tinglings sings her fainting ear.
 —Vex'd by the darkness, from the piny gulf
- 240 Ascending, nearer howls the famish'd wolf,
 While thro' the stillness scatters wild dismay,
 Her babe's small cry, that leads him to his prey. [195]
- Now, passing Urseren's open vale serene,
 Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green,
- 245 Plunge with the Russ embrown'd by Terror's breath,
 Where danger roofs the narrow walks of death ;
 By floods, that, thundering from their dizzy height,
 Swell more gigantic on the stedfast sight ;
 Black drizzling craggs, that beaten by the din,
- 250 Vibrate, as if a voice complain'd within ;
 Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks, afraid,
 Unstedfast, by a blasted yew upstay'd ;
 By cells¹ whose image, trembling as he prays, [200]
 Awe struck, the kneeling peasant scarce surveys ;

¹ The Catholic religion prevails here. These cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like Roman tombs, along the road side.

Nor is she more at ease on some *still* night,
 When not a star supplies the comfort of its light;
 Only the waning moon hangs dull and red
 Above a melancholy mountain's head,
 Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant sighs, 190
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes;
 Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
 Or to the drowsy crow of midnight cock
 Listens, or quakes while from the forest's gulf
 Howls near and nearer yet the famished wolf. 195

From the green vale of Urseren smooth and wide
 Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our guide;
 By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
 Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they;
 By cells¹ upon whose image, while he prays, 200
 The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze;

¹ The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.

- A 217-18 A single taper in the vale profound
 Shifts, while the Alps dilated glimmer round 1832
- A 217-20: 1836 *as* A, 1845 *as* B
- A 223-5 If sent by the long roar of desert floods
 And insect buzz *etc.*
 A drowsy horror o'er her body creep:
 Stung by the night flies in that broken sleep
 She tosses on the loose rocks ridgy steep,
 And hears H.
- A 223-4, 225-6 *trs.* 1820 A 223-4, 229-32 *not in* 1827-32 A 237-8
 not in 1820 *etc.*
- A 235-6 Dim to her care the moon all crimson sinks
 And from the still lake red-eyed Horror slinks H. 1832
 as A: 1845 *as* B B 196-9: 1845: 1836 *as* A 243-4
- A 248 *followed in* H. *by* Cliffs, where like forests quake huge piles of snow
 To the still footsteps hurrying by below
 Or steeps where quake enormous piles of snow

- 255 Loose-hanging rocks the Day's bless'd eye that hide, [198]
 And crosses¹ rear'd to Death on every side,
 Which with cold kiss Devotion planted near,
 And, bending, water'd with the human tear,
 Soon fading "silent" from her upward eye,
- 260 Unmov'd with each rude form of Danger nigh,
 Fix'd on the anchor left by him, who saves
 Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves. [207]
 On as we move, a softer prospect opes,
 Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes.
- 265 While mists, suspended on th' expiring gale,
 Moveless o'er-hang the deep secluded vale,
 The beams of evening, slipping soft between,
 Light up of tranquil joy a sober scene;—
 Winding it's dark-green wood and emerald glade,
- 270 The still vale lengthens underneath the shade;
 While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,
 Green dewy lights adorn the freshen'd mead, [218]
 Where solitary forms illumin'd stray
 Turning with quiet touch the valley's hay,
- 275 On the low² brown wood-huts delighted sleep
 Along the brighten'd gloom reposing deep.
 While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,
 And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,
 In solemn shapes before th' admiring eye
- 280 Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
 Huge convent domes with pinnacles and tow'rs,
 And antique castles seen thro' drizzling show'rs.
 From such romantic dreams my soul awake, [226]
 Lo! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake,
- 285 By whose unpathway'd margin still and dread
 Was never heard the plodding peasant's tread.
 Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach
 Far o'er the secret water dark with beach,

¹ Crosses commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents very common along this dreadful road.

² The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

By many a votive death-cross¹ planted near,
 And watered duly with the pious tear,
 That faded silent from the upward eye
 Unmoved with each rude form of peril nigh ; 205
 Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
 Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

But soon a peopled region on the sight
 Opens—a little world of calm delight ;
 Where mists, suspended on the expiring gale, 210
 Spread rooflike o'er the deep secluded vale,
 And beams of evening, slipping in between,
 Gently illuminate a sober scene:—
 Here, on the brown wood-cottages² they sleep,
 There, over rock or sloping pasture creep. 215
 On as we journey, in clear view displayed,
 The still vale lengthens underneath its shade
 Of low-hung vapour: on the freshened mead
 The green light sparkles;—the dim bowers recede.
 While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull, 220
 And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,
 In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
 Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
 Huge convent domes with pinnacles and towers,
 And antique castles seen through gleamy showers. 225

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake!
 To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake,
 In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
 Winds neither road nor path for foot to tread:
 The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch 230
 Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech ;

¹ Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers, by the fall of snow and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.

² The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

A 290-94 Shade above shade, the ærial pines ascend,
 Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
 Yet, wheresoe'er amid the savage scene
 Peeps out a little spot of smiling green,
 Man with his babes undaunted thither creeps
 And hangs his small wood-hut upon the steeps 1836 (1845 as B)

- More high, to where creation seems to end,
 290 Shade above shade the desert pines ascend, [232]
 And still, below, where mid the savage scene
 Peeps out a little speck of smiling green,
 There with his infants man undaunted creeps
 And hangs his small wood-hut upon the steeps.
- 295 A garden-plot the desert air perfumes,
 'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms,
 A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff
 Threading the painful cragg surmounts the cliff.
 —Before those hermit doors, that never know [238]
- 300 The face of traveller passing to and fro,
 No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
 For whom at morning toll'd the funeral bell,
 Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark forgoes,
 Touch'd by the beggar's moan of human woes, [243]
- 305 The grassy seat beneath their casement shade
 The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never stay'd.
 —There, did the iron Genius not disdain
 The gentle Power that haunts the myrtle plain,
 There might the love-sick maiden sit, and chide
- 310 Th' insuperable rocks and severing tide,
 There watch at eve her lover's sun-gilt sail [250]
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale,
 There list at midnight till is heard no more,
 Below, the echo of his parting oar,
- 315 There hang in fear, when growls the frozen stream,
 To guide his dangerous tread the taper's gleam.
 'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by, [254]
 Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry,
 Where hardly giv'n the hopeless waste to chear
- 320 Deny'd the bread of life the foodful ear,
 Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray,
 And apple sickens pale in summer's ray,
 Ev'n here Content has fix'd her smiling reign [260]
 With Independance child of high Disdain.

A 290 desert 1815: aerial 1820-32 1815 *transposes* 291-2 and 293-4, but
 291 Where'er, below, amid and 293 Yet for There A 294 hut upon] cabin
 on 1820-32 A 294 followed in H. by

And old men talking at the shady door
 Like patriarchs sit with long beards thin and hoar
 While solitary forms illumined stray
 Turning with quiet touch the pale green hay

Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
 Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
 Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage scene
 Appears a scanty plot of smiling green, 235
 Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
 To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on the steep.
 —Before those thresholds (never can they know
 The face of traveller passing to and fro,)
 No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell 240
 For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;
 Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark forgoes,
 Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes;
 The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
 To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat. 245
 Yet thither the world's business finds its way
 At times, and tales unsought beguile the day,
 And *there* are those fond thoughts which Solitude,
 However stern, is powerless to exclude.
 There doth the maiden watch her lover's sail 250
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale;
 At midnight listens till his parting oar,
 And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants, herons cry,
 Amid tempestuous vapours driving by, 255
 Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
 That common growth of earth, the foodful ear;
 Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,
 And pines the unripened pear in summer's kindest ray;
 Contentment shares the desolate domain 260
 With Independence, child of high Disdain.

- A 295-8 1836 *as* A A 298 Threading] Thridding 1832 A 299
 Before those lonesome doors, that never know 1836: 1845 *as* B B 245
 overcome 1845: overpowered 1836 B 246-51 1845; 1836 *as* A, *but*
 250-1 There might the maiden chide, in lovesick mood . . . flood.
 B 248-9 Yet tender thoughts dwell there, no Solitude
 Hath power youth's natural feelings to exclude H.
 A 315-16 *not in* 1827-32; And there suspend *etc.* H. A 317-18: 1836
as A, *but transposed* B 256 Hovering o'er rugged rocks too bleak to
 rear 1820-32 A 320 Mid wastes denied the vine and golden ear H.
 A 320-2: 1820-32 *as* B A 323-9 1836 *as* A, *but in* l. 329 Flowers of
 the loftiest Alps

- 325 Exulting mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
 And often grasps her sword, and often eyes, } [264]
 Her crest a bough of Winter's bleakest pine,
 Strange "weeds" and alpine plants her helm entwine,
- 330 And wildly-pausing oft she hangs aghast,
 While thrills the "Spartan fire" between the blast. [269]
 'Tis storm; and hid in mist from hour to hour [270]
 All day the floods a deeper murmur pour,
 And mournful sounds, as of a Spirit lost,
- 335 Pipe wild along the hollow-blustering coast,
 'Till the Sun walking on his western field
 Shakes from behind the clouds his flashing shield. [275]
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
 Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;
- 340 Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
 The wood-crown'd cliffs that o'er the lake recline;
 Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,
 At once to pillars turn'd that flame with gold; [280]
 Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun
- 345 The west that burns like one dilated sun,
 Where in a mighty crucible expire
 The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire¹.
 But lo! the boatman, over-aw'd, before [285]
 The pictur'd fane of Tell suspends his oar;
- 350 Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
 While burn in his full eyes the glorious tears.
 And who but feels a power of strong controul,
 Felt only there, oppress his labouring soul,
 Who walks, where honour'd men of ancient days
- 355 Have wrought with god-like arm the deeds of praise? [290]

¹ I had once given to these sketches the title of Picturesque; but the Alps are insulted in applying to them that term. Whoever, in attempting to describe their sublime features, should confine himself to the cold rules of painting would give his reader but a very imperfect idea of those emotions which they have the irresistible power of communicating to the most impassive imaginations. The fact is, that controuling influence, which distinguishes the Alps from all other scenery, is derived from images which disdain the pencil. Had I wished to make a picture of this scene I had thrown much less light into it. But I consulted nature and my feelings. The ideas excited by the stormy sunset I am here describing owed their sublimity to that deluge of light, or rather of fire, in which nature had wrapped the immense forms around me; any intrusion of shade, by destroying the unity of the impression, had necessarily diminished it's grandeur.

Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
 And grasps by fits her sword, and often eyes ;
 And sometimes, as from rock to rock she bounds, 265
 The Patriot nymph starts at imagined sounds,
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,
 Whether some old Swiss air hath checked her haste,
 Or thrill of Spartan life is caught between the blast.

Swoln with incessant rains from hour to hour, 270
 All day the floods a deepening murmur pour :
 The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight :
 Dark is the region as with coming night ;
 But what a sudden burst of overpowering light !
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm, 275
 Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious form !
 Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
 The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline ;
 Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams unfold,
 At once to pillars turned that flame with gold : 280
 Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to shun
 The *west*, that burns like one dilated sun,
 A crucible of mighty compass, felt
 By mountains, glowing till they seem to melt.

But, lo! the boatman, overawed, before 285
 The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar ;
 Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
 While his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.
 And who, that walks where men of ancient days
 Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise, 290
 Feels not the spirit of the place control,
 Or rouse and agitate his labouring soul ?

A 330 wildly pausing oft] often her long spear H. Wellesley Q.

A 330-1 And oft at Fancy's call she stands aghast,

As if some old Swiss air had checked her haste,

Or thrill of Spartan life were caught between the blast. C.

B 270: 1836 as A 332

A 334-7: 1815-32 as B 272-4

A 345 followed in H by Till all at once the low Sun's misty shade

Is fired with glory not to be surveyed

B 276 wheeling] fireclad 1836 (as A)

B 279 lofty] eastern 1836

B 283-4: 1836 as A 346-7

B 288: 1836 as A

A 352-5: 1820-36

as B but Exalt for Or rouse

Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lull'd by Alpine rills,
 On Zutphen's plain; or where with soften'd gaze
 The old grey stones the plaided chief surveys,
 360 Can guess the high resolve, the cherish'd pain
 Of him whom passion rivets to the plain,
 Where breath'd the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,
 And the last sun-beam fell on Bayard's eye, [300]
 Where bleeding Sydney from the cup retir'd,
 365 And glad Dundee in "faint huzza's" expir'd.

But now with other soul I stand alone
 Sublime upon this far-surveying cone,
 And watch from pike¹ to pike amid the sky [305]
 Small as a bird the chamois-chaser fly.
 370 'Tis his with fearless step at large to roam
 Thro' wastes, of Spirits wing'd the solemn home,
 Thro'² vacant worlds where Nature never gave
 A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
 Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep;
 375 Thro' worlds where Life and Sound, and Motion sleep, [310]
 Where Silence still her death-like reign extends,
 Save when the startling cliff unfrequent rends:
 In the deep snow the mighty ruin drown'd,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound; [315]
 380 —To mark a planet's pomp and steady light
 In the least star of scarce-appearing night,
 And neighbouring moon, that coasts the vast profound,
 Wheel pale and silent her diminish'd round,
 While far and wide the icy summits blaze
 385 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays;
 The star of noon that glitters small and bright,
 Shorn of his beams, insufferably white, [325]

¹ Pike is a word very commonly used in the north of England, to signify a high mountain of the conic form, as Langdale pike, &c.

² For most of the images in the next sixteen verses I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting observations annexed to his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
 On Zutphen's plain, or on that highland dell, 295
 Through which rough Garry cleaves his way, can tell
 What high resolves exalt the tenderest thought
 Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,
 Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,
 And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye; 300
 Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
 And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" expired?

But now with other mind I stand alone
 Upon the summit of this naked cone,
 And watch the fearless chamois-hunter chase 305
 His prey, through tracts abrupt of desolate space,
 'Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave
 A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
 Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep;
 Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice, and Motion sleep; 310
 Where silent Hours their death-like sway extend,
 Save when the avalanche breaks loose, to rend
 Its way with uproar, till the ruin, drowned
 In some dense wood or gulf of snow profound,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound. 315
 —'Tis his, while wandering on from height to height,
 To see a planet's pomp and steady light
 In the least star of scarce-appearing night;
 While the pale moon moves near him, on the bound
 Of ether, shining with diminished round, 320
 And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:
 To him the day-star glitters small and bright,
 Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,

¹ For most of the images in the next sixteen verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting observations, annexed to his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

A 380 1820 *etc.* as B

A 382-4 While the near moon, . . . Wheels . . .

And 1820-32

A 386-8: 1820-32 as B

A 388 Flying more

fleet than vision can pursue 1820: 1827 as B

And flying fleet behind his orb to view
Th' interminable sea of sable blue.

390 —Of cloudless suns no more ye frost-built spires
Refract in rainbow hues the restless fires!
Ye dewy mists the arid rocks o'er-spread
Whose slippery face derides his deathful tread!
—To wet the peak's impracticable sides

395 He opens of his feet the sanguine tides,
Weak and more weak the issuing current eyes
Lapp'd by the panting tongue of thirsty skies¹.
—At once bewildering mists around him close,
And cold and hunger are his least of woes ;

[329]

400 The Demon of the snow with angry roar
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
Craz'd by the strength of hope at morn he eyes
As sent from heav'n the raven of the skies,
Then with despair's whole weight his spirits sink,

405 No bread to feed him, and the snow his drink,
While ere his eyes can close upon the day,
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades his prey.
—Meanwhile his wife and child with cruel hope
All night the door at every moment ope ;

[335]

410 Haply that child in fearful doubt may gaze,
Passing his father's bones in future days,
Start at the reliques of that very thigh,
On which so oft he prattled when a boy.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with fear afar,

415 Thunders thro' echoing pines the headlong Aar ?

¹ The rays of the sun drying the rocks frequently produce on their surface a dust so subtile and slippery, that the wretched chamois-chasers are obliged to bleed themselves in the legs and feet in order to secure a footing.

A 390-97, 402-3, 408-13 *not in* 1820-32

A 396-407 The Daemon of the snow with angry roar
Descends from high and bar[s] his prison door,
The bellowing thunders burst in hideous peals,
Huge Alps with all his rocks unsettled reels.
Then furious winds let loose the clouds assail
And drive the stormy chaos to the vale.
What does it serve that now the summits gleam
Clear in departing daylight's rosy beam,
That there the chamois unconcerned suspends ?
Cold harbinger of Death, the night descends,

And he can look beyond the sun, and view 325
 Those fast-receding depths of sable blue
 Flying till vision can no more pursue!
 —At once bewildering mists around him close,
 And cold and hunger are his least of woes;
 The Demon of the snow, with angry roar 330
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
 Soon with despair's whole weight his spirits sink;
 Bread has he none, the snow must be his drink;
 And, ere his eyes can close upon the day,
 The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey. 335

Now couch thyself where, heard with fear afar,
 Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar;

Infernal glooms the cliffs had overlaid
 And scarce the glimmering cataracts pierce the shade.
 In huge grey volumes seas of vapour force
 Between the blackened rocks their dreadful course,
 Roll on their mighty waste without a breath
 O'er precipice and flood—a world of death.
 While tracking their deaf progress lightnings break
 In still disastrous glimpses, pale and weak,
 The deluge like the vapours round him close
 And cold and hunger are his least of woes.
 Lost in the abyss he hears presageful sighs
 On all sides, mixed with long resounding cries;
 Last sound that [] his ear on rushing wings
 Fierce as a storm the Alpine eagle springs,
 And ere his eyes can close upon the day
 With thrice five feet of pinion shades his prey. H.

A 408–10

Each fell extreme of passion doomed to share
 Desire and hope and doubt and worse despair,
 All night the housewife paces o'er and o'er
 With intermitting step the cottage floor,
 Incessant turning to the restless door, }
 If breaking the wild tempest's dismal howl
 Her clock's small voice more dismal chill her soul,
 Then mid the misty winds and beating rain
 True to her troubled thoughts she seeks in vain,
 Hangs o'er the garden gate her aching head,
 And hears in every sound a human tread,
 Till at the loud shriek of the bursting storm
 Shrinks to his earthy cell the garden worm.
 So shrinks her spirit and with terror wild
 Hopeless she flies to clasp her sleeping child
 Haply that child *etc.* H.

A 413 *followed in H. by* Condemned with danger at his side to tread
 The same unhappy path for scanty bread

B 337, 339 Aar; heights.: Aar? heights? 1836

- Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Underwalden's¹ pastoral heights ? [338]
 —Is there who mid these awful wilds has seen [340]
 The native Genii walk the mountain green ?
 420 Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
 Soft music from th' aerial summit steal ?
 While o'er the desert, answering every close,
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.
 —And sure there is a secret Power that reigns
 425 Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
 Nought but the herds that pasturing upward creep,
 Hung dim-discover'd ffrom the dangerous steep,
 Or summer hamlet², flat and bare, on high
 Suspended, mid the quiet of the sky. [349]
 430 How still! no irreligious sound or sight
 Rouzes the soul from her severe delight.
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
 Broke only by the melancholy sound
 435 Of drowsy bells for ever tinkling round ;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods steady sugh³ ;
 The solitary heifer's deepen'd low ; [360]
 Or rumbling heard remote of falling snow.
 440 Save that, the stranger seen below, the boy
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy. [365]
 When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas,
 Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze⁴,
 When hums the mountain bee in May's glad ear,
 445 And emerald isles to spot the heights appear,
 When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill, [370]
 And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,
 When fragrant scents beneath th' enchanted tread
 Spring up, his little all around him spread,

¹ The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps: this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

² These summer hamlets are most probably (as I have seen observed by a critic in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) what Virgil alludes to in the expression "Castella in tumulis".

³ Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

⁴ This wind, which announces the spring to the Swiss, is called in their language FOEN; and is according to M. Raymond the Syroco of the Italians.

Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Underwalden's¹ pastoral heights.
 —Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has seen 340
 The native Genii walk the mountain green ?
 Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
 Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal ?
 While o'er the desert, answering every close,
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes. 345
 —And sure there is a secret Power that reigns
 Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
 Nought but the *chalets*,² flat and bare, on high
 Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky ;
 Or distant herds that pasturing upward creep, 350
 And, not untended, climb the dangerous steep.
 How still ! no irreligious sound or sight
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills, 355
 And with that voice accords the soothing sound
 Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round ;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady *sugh*;³
 The solitary heifer's deepened low ; 360
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
 All motions, sounds, and voices, far and nigh,
 Blend in a music of tranquillity ;
 Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy. 365

When, from the sunny breast of open seas,
 And bays with myrtle fringed, the southern breeze
 Comes on to gladden April with the sight
 Of green isles widening on each snow-clad height ;
 When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill, 370
 And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,

¹ The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps ; this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

² This picture is from the middle region of the Alps. *Chalets* are summer huts for the Swiss herdsmen.

³ *Sugh*, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

- 450 The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale,
 To silence leaving the deserted vale,
 Up the green mountain tracking Summer's feet,
 Each twilight earlier call'd the Sun to meet,
 With earlier smile the ray of morn to view
- 455 Fall on his shifting hut that gleams mid smoking dew ;
 Bless'd with his herds, as in the patriarch's age,
 The summer long to feed from stage to stage ;
 O'er azure pikes serene and still, they go,
 And hear the rattling thunder far below ;
- 460 Or lost at eve in sudden mist the day
 Attend, or dare with minute-steps their way ;
 Hang from the rocks that tremble o'er the steep,
 And tempt the icy valley yawning deep,
 O'er-walk the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed,
- 465 Rock'd on the dizzy larch's narrow tread,
 Whence Danger leans, and pointing ghastly, joys
 To mock the mind with "desperation's toys" ;
 Or steal beneath loose mountains, half-deterr'd, [378]
 That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.
- 470 —I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps [380]
 To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,
 Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws
 The fodder of his herds in winter snows.
 Far different life to what tradition hoar [386]
- 475 Transmits of days more bless'd in times of yore¹.
 Then Summer lengthen'd out his season bland,
 And with rock-honey flow'd the happy land.
 Continual fountains welling cheer'd the waste, [390]
 And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste.
- 480 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had pil'd
 Usurping where the fairest herbage smil'd ;
 Nor Hunger forc'd the herds from pastures bare
 For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to dare. [395]
 Then the milk-thistle bad those herds demand
- 485 Three times a day the pail and welcome hand.

¹ This tradition of the golden age of the Alps, as M. Raymond observes, is highly interesting, interesting not less to the philosopher than to the poet. Here I cannot help remarking, that the superstitions of the Alps appear to be far from possessing that poetical character which so eminently distinguishes those of Scotland and the other mountainous northern countries.

The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
 Leaving to silence the deserted vale;
 And like the Patriarchs in their simple age
 Move, as the verdure leads, from stage to stage; 375
 High and more high in summer's heat they go,
 And hear the rattling thunder far below;
 Or steal beneath the mountains, half-deterred,
 Where huge rocks tremble to the bellowing herd.

One I behold who, 'cross the foaming flood, 380
 Leaps with a bound of graceful hardihood;
 Another high on that green ledge;—he gained
 The tempting spot with every sinew strained;
 And downward thence a knot of grass he throws,
 Food for his beasts in time of winter snows. 385
 —Far different life from what Tradition hoar
 Transmits of happier lot in times of yore!
 Then Summer lingered long; and honey flowed
 From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe abode:
 Continual waters welling cheered the waste, 390
 And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste:
 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled,
 Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled:
 Nor Hunger driven the herds from pastures bare,
 To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty fare. 395
 Then the milk-thistle flourished through the land,
 And forced the full-swoln udder to demand,
 Thrice every day, the pail and welcome hand.
 Thus does the father to his children tell
 Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too well. 400

The Devil with his horns, etc., seems to be, in their idea, the principal agent that brings about the sublime natural revolutions that take place daily before their eyes.

A 452-8 Mounts, where the verdure leads, from stage to stage,
 And pastures on, as in the Patriarchs' age;
 O'er lofty heights serene and still they go, 1815-32

A 460-3 *not in* 1815-32

A 464 O'er walk] They cross 1815-32

A 466-7 *not in* 1815-32

- But human vices have provok'd the rod
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
 Thus does the father to his sons relate,
 On the lone mountain top, their chang'd estate.
 490 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts. [404]
 —'Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows,
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
 Far stretch'd beneath the many-tinted hills,
 495 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea! whose vales and mountains round
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.
 A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
 And bottomless, divides the midway tide.
 500 Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear [412]
 The pines that near the coast their summits rear
 Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant shore
 Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar:
 Loud thro' that midway gulf ascending, sound
 505 Unnumber'd streams with hollow roar profound.
 Mounts thro' the nearer mist the chaunt of birds,
 And talking voices, and the low of herds,
 The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
 And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell. [420]
 510 Think not, suspended from the cliff on high
 He looks below with undelighted eye.
 —No vulgar joy is his, at even tide
 Stretch'd on the scented mountain's purple side.
 For as the pleasures of his simple day
 515 Beyond his native valley hardly stray,
 Nought round it's darling precincts can he find
 But brings some past enjoyment to his mind, [430]
 While Hope that ceaseless leans on Pleasure's urn
 Binds her wild wreathes, and whispers his return.
 520 Once Man entirely free, alone and wild,
 Was bless'd as free—for he was Nature's child.
 He, all superior but his God disdain'd,
 Walk'd none restraining, and by none restrain'd, [435]
 Confess'd no law but what his reason taught,
 525 Did all he wish'd, and wish'd but what he ought.
 As Man in his primæval dower array'd
 The image of his glorious sire display'd,

Alas! that human guilt provoked the rod
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows; 405
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
 Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea! whose billows wide around
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound: 410
 Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear,
 That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
 A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
 Gapes in the centre of the sea—and, through
 That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound 415
 Innumerable streams with roar profound.
 Mount through the nearer vapours notes of birds,
 And merry flageolet; the low of herds,
 The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
 Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-tower knell: 420
 Think not the peasant from aloft has gazed
 And heard with heart unmoved, with soul unraised:
 Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less
 Alive to independent happiness,
 Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at even-tide 425
 Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side:
 For as the pleasures of his simple day
 Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
 Nought round its darling precincts can he find
 But brings some past enjoyment to his mind; 430
 While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's urn,
 Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
 Was blest as free—for he was Nature's child.
 He, all superior but his God disdained, 435
 Walked none restraining, and by none restrained:
 Confessed no law but what his reason taught,
 Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.
 As man in his primeval dower arrayed
 The image of his glorious Sire displayed, 440

A 515 hardly] seldom 1820 *etc.*A 517 1832 *as B*

- Ev'n so, by vestal Nature guarded, here
 The traces of primæval Man appear.
 530 The native dignity no forms debase,
 The eye sublime, and surely lion-grace.
 The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord, [445]
 He marches with his flute, his book, and sword,
 Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepar'd
 535 With this "the blessings he enjoys to guard."
 And as on glorious ground he draws his breath,
 Where Freedom oft, with Victory and Death,
 Hath seen in grim array amid their Storms
 Mixed with auxiliar Rocks, three hundred Forms¹ ;
 540 While twice ten thousand corselets at the view
 Dropp'd loud at once, Oppression shriek'd, and flew.
 Oft as those sainted Rocks before him spread,
 An unknown power connects him with the dead.
 For images of other worlds are there, [455]
 545 Awful the light, and holy is the air..
 Uncertain thro' his fierce uncultur'd soul
 Like lighted tempests troubled transports roll ;
 To viewless realms his Spirit towers amain,
 Beyond the senses and their little reign.
 550 And oft, when pass'd that solemn vision by,
 He holds with God himself communion high,
 When the dread peal of swelling torrents fills
 The sky-roof'd temple of the eternal hills,
 And savage Nature humbly joins the rite,
 555 While flash her upward eyes severe delight.
 Or gazing from the mountain's silent brow, [465]
 Bright stars of ice and azure worlds of snow,
 Where needle peaks of granite shooting bare
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of air,
 560 Great joy by horror tam'd dilates his heart,
 And the near heav'ns their own delights impart.
 —When the Sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell,
 Alps overlooking Alps their state upswell ;

¹ Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria ; and in particular, to one fought at Næffels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians attempting to make a stand were repulsed anew.

Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here
 The traces of primeval Man appear ;
 The simple dignity no forms debase ;
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace :
 The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord, 445
 His book he prizes, nor neglects his sword ;
 —Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared
 With this “the blessings he enjoys to guard.”

And as his native hills encircle ground
 For many a marvellous victory renowned, 450
 The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
 With few in arms,¹ innumerable foes,
 When to those famous fields his steps are led,
 An unknown power connects him with the dead :
 For images of other worlds are there ; 455
 Awful the light, and holy is the air.
 Fitfully, and in flashes, through his soul,
 Like sun-lit tempests, troubled transports roll ;
 His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers amain,
 Beyond the senses and their little reign. 460

And oft, when that dread vision hath past by,
 He holds with God himself communion high,
 There where the peal of swelling torrents fills
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills ;
 Or, when upon the mountain's silent brow 465
 Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
 Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow ;
 While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.
 And when a gathering weight of shadows brown 470
 Falls on the valleys as the sun goes down ;

¹ Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the House of Austria ; and, in particular, to one fought at Næffels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men are said to have defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians, attempting to make a stand, were repulsed anew.

A 538-9 Hath seen on high three hundred human forms
 Mixed with auxiliar Rocks amid their storms H.

A 536-42: 1820-36 as B, but wondrous for marvellous (1845) and glorious for famous (1845) A 554-5 not in 1820 etc. A 556: 1820 etc. as B

- Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of Fear¹ and Storms,
 565 Lift, all serene, their still, illumin'd forms,
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
 Ting'd like an angel's smile all rosy red. [475]
- When downward to his winter hut he goes,
 Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows,
 570 The hut which from the hills his eyes employs [480]
 So oft, the central point of all his joys.
 And as a swift by tender cares oppress'd
 Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,
 So to th' untrodden floor, where round him looks
 575 His father helpless as the babe he rocks,
 Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair,
 Till storm and driving ice blockade him there ;
 There hears, protected by the woods behind,
 Secure, the chiding of the baffled wind,
 580 Hears Winter, calling all his Terrors round, [490]
 Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound.
 Thro' Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide
 Unstain'd by envy, discontent, and pride,
 The bound of all his vanity to deck
 585 With one bright bell a favourite heifer's neck ;
 Content upon some simple annual feast,
 Remember'd half the year, and hop'd the rest,
 If dairy produce, from his inner hoard,
 Of thrice ten summers consecrate the board.
 590 —Alas! in every clime a flying ray [500]
 Is all we have to chear our wintry way,
 Condemn'd, in mists and tempests ever rife,
 To pant slow up the endless Alp of life.
 "Here," cried a swain, whose venerable head
 595 Bloom'd with the snow-drops of Man's narrow bed,
 Last night, while by his dying fire, as clos'd
 The day, in luxury my limbs repos'd,
 "Here Penury oft from misery's mount will guide
 Ev'n to the summer door his icy tide,
 600 And here the avalanche of Death destroy
 The little cottage of domestic Joy.

¹ As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror. Wetter-Horn the pike of storms, etc., etc.

And Pikes, of darkness named and fear and storms,¹
 Uplift in quiet their illumined forms,
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red— 475
 Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
 And the near heavens impart their own delights.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,
 Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows;
 That hut which on the hills so oft employs 480
 His thoughts, the central point of all his joys.
 And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
 Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,
 So to the homestead, where the grandsire tends
 A little prattling child, he oft descends, 485
 To glance a look upon the well-matched pair;
 Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.
 There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
 He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
 Hears Winter calling all his terrors round, 490
 And, blest within himself, he shrinks not from the sound.

Through Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide,
 Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride;
 The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
 With one bright bell a favourite heifer's neck; 495
 Well pleased upon some simple annual feast,
 Remembered half the year and hoped the rest,
 If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,
 Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.
 —Alas! in every clime a flying ray 500
 Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;

¹ As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror; Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, etc., etc.

A 567 followed in H. by So when the living God with face benign
 Smiles through the heavens excess of joy divine
 Angels of wrath encompassing the throne
 Relent and silent lay their terrors down
 In burning order all disclosed upraise
 Their mighty forms of light and trembling gaze

A 575 father helpless] sire half helpless H. A 578-9: 1815 etc. as B

A 579 The angry (surly) chiding H. A 592-3 not in 1820 etc.

A 594-5 upon whose hoary head

The blossoms of the grave were thinly spread 1820-27 thoughtful
 swain upon whose head etc. 1832

- But, ah! th' unwilling mind may more than trace
 The general sorrows of the human race:
 The churlish gales, that unremitting blow [505]
 605 Cold from necessity's continual snow,
 To us the gentle groups of bliss deny
 That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
 Yet more; the tyrant Genius, still at strife [510]
 With all the tender Charities of life,
 610 When close and closer they begin to strain,
 No fond hand left to staunch th' unclosing vein,
 Tearing their bleeding ties leaves Age to groan
 On his wet bed, abandon'd and alone.
 For ever, fast as they of strength become
 615 To pay the filial debt, for food to roam,
 The father forc'd by Powers that only deign
 That solitary Man disturb their reign,
 From his bare nest amid the storms of heaven
 Drives, eagle-like, his sons as he was driven, [515]
 620 His last dread pleasure! watches to the plain—
 And never, eagle-like, beholds again.”
 When the poor heart has all its joys resign'd,
 Why does their sad remembrance cleave behind?
 Lo! by the lazy Seine the exile roves,
 625 Or where thick sails illumine Batavia's groves; [520]
 Soft o'er the waters mournful measures swell,
 Unlocking bleeding Thought's "memorial cell;"
 At once upon his heart Despair has set
 Her seal, the mortal tear his cheek has wet;
 630 Strong poison not a form of steel can brave [526]
 Bows his young hairs with sorrow to the grave.¹
 Gay lark of hope thy silent song resume!
 Fair smiling lights the purpled hills illumine!
 Soft gales and dews of life's delicious morn, [530]
 635 And thou! lost fragrance of the heart return!

¹ The effect of the famous air, called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the Swiss troops removed from their native country is well known, as also the injunction of not playing it on pain of death, before the regiments of that nation, in the service of France and Holland.

And here the unwilling mind may more than trace
 The general sorrows of the human race:
 The churlish gales of penury, that blow
 Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of snow, 505
 To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
 That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
 Yet more;—compelled by Powers which only deign
 That *solitary* man disturb their reign,
 Powers that support an unremitting strife 510
 With all the tender charities of life,
 Full oft the father, when his sons have grown
 To manhood, seems their title to disown;
 And from his nest amid the storms of heaven
 Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven; 515
 With stern composure watches to the plain—
 And never, eagle-like, beholds again!

When long familiar joys are all resigned,
 Why does their sad remembrance haunt the mind?
 Lo! where through flat Batavia's willowy groves, 520
 Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;
 O'er the curled waters Alpine measures swell,
 And search the affections to their inmost cell;
 Sweet poison spreads along the listener's veins,
 Turning past pleasures into mortal pains; 525
 Poison, which not a frame of steel can brave,
 Bows his young head with sorrow to the grave.¹

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume!
 Ye flattering eastern lights, once more the hills illumine!
 Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious morn, 530
 And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return!

¹ The well-known effect of the famous air, called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the Swiss troops.

A 616 For forced by jealous Powers which only deign H. A 624-5:
 1820 *etc. as B* A 626 Dear unexpected measures round him swell H.
 A 627 bleeding] tender 1832
 A 628-30 Past pleasures are transformed to mortal pains
 And poison spreads along the listener's veins,
 Poison which *etc. as B* 1820-32

- Soon¹ flies the little joy to man allow'd,
 And tears before him travel like a cloud.
 For come Diseases on, and Penury's rage,
 Labour, and Pain, and Grief, and joyless Age,
 640 And Conscience dogging close his bleeding way
 Cries out, and leads her Spectres to their prey,
 'Till Hope-deserted, long in vair his breath
 Implores the'dreadful untried sleep of Death.
 —Mid savage rocks and seas of snow that shine [540]
- 645 Between interminable tracts of pine,
 Round a lone fane the human Genii mourn,
 Where fierce the rays of woe collected burn.
 —From viewless lamps a ghastly dimness falls,
 And ebbs uncertain on the troubled walls,
 650 Dim dreadful faces thro' the gloom appear,
 Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in fear,
 While strives a secret Power to hush the croud,
 Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her rights aloud.
 Oh give not me that eye of hard disdain
- 655 That views undimm'd Einsiedlen's wretched fane².
 Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torment meet,
 Dire clap of hands, distracted chase of feet,
 While loud and dull ascends the weeping cry,
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die. [550]
- 660 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
 One flower of hope—Oh pass and leave it there.
 —The tall Sun, tip-toe on an Alpine spire,
 Flings o'er the desert blood-red streams of fire.
 At such an hour there are who love to stray,
 665 And meet the gladdening pilgrims on their way.
 —Now with joy's tearful kiss each other greet,
 Nor longer naked be your way-worn feet,
 For ye have reach'd at last the happy shore,
 Where the charm'd worm of pain shall gnaw no more.
- 670 How gayly murmur and how sweetly taste
 The fountains³ rear'd for you amid the waste! [560]

¹ Optima quaeque dies, *etc.*

² This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholick world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.

³ Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain. Under those sheds the sentimental traveller and the philosopher may find interesting sources of meditation.

Alas! the little joy to man allowed
 Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud ;
 Or like the beauty in a flower installed,
 Whose season was, and cannot be recalled. 535
 Yet, when opprest by sickness, grief, or care,
 And taught that pain is pleasure's natural heir,
 We still confide in more than we can know ;
 Death would be else the favourite friend of woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine, 540
 Between interminable tracts of pine,
 Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
 By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
 On the mute Image and the troubled walls.
 Oh! give not me that eye of hard disdain 545
 That views, undimmed, Ensiedlen's¹ wretched fane.
 While ghastly faces through the gloom appear,
 Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear ;
 While prayer contends with silenced agony
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die. 550
 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
 One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it there!

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
 Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire:
 Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day 555
 Close on the remnant of their weary way ;
 While they are drawing toward the sacred floor
 Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall gnaw no more.
 How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste
 The fountains² reared for them amid the waste! 560
 Their thirst they slake:—they wash their toil-worn feet,
 And some with tears of joy each other greet.

¹ This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.

² Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain.

A 637 tears . . . travel] grief . . . travels 1832 A 639 joyless] dismal
 1815-32 A 640-1 *not in* 1815-32 A 646-9 A Temple stands; which
 holds an awful shrine *etc.* as B 1815-32 A 650 Pale dreadful faces round
 the shrine appear 1815-32 A 657 chase] chafe 1827-32 A 663 1820 *etc.*
as B; Flings o'er] Hurls thro' H. A 665-6 And meet the advancing
 pilgrims *etc.* as B 1820; 1827-32 *as B* A 668 For ye are drawing to-
 ward that sacred floor 1820: 1827-32 *as B* A 671 you] them 1827-32.
 B 561-2 There some with tearful kiss each other greet,
 And some, with reverence, wash their toil-worn feet 1832

- Yes I will see you when ye first behold
 Those turrets tipp'd by hope with morning gold, [564]
 And watch, while on your brows the cross ye make,
 675 Round your pale eyes a wintry lustre wake.
 —Without one hope her written griefs to blot,
 Save in the land where all things are forgot,
 My heart, alive to transports long unknown,
 Half wishes your delusion were it's own.
- 680 Last let us turn to where Chamouny¹ shields,
 Bosom'd in gloomy woods, her golden fields, [570]
 Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
 And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend,
 A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
- 685 Of purple lights and even vernal plains.
 Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fann'd,
 Here all the Seasons revel hand in hand. [575]
 —Red stream the cottage lights; the landscape fades,
 Erroneous wavering mid the twilight shades.
- 690 Alone ascends that mountain nam'd of white²
 That dallies with the Sun the summer night.
 Six thousand years amid his lonely bounds
 The voice of Ruin, day and night, resounds. [580]
 Where Horror-led his sea of ice assails,
- 695 Havoc and Chaos blast a thousand vales,
 In waves, like two enormous serpents, wind
 And drag their length of deluge train behind.
 Between the pine's enormous boughs descry'd
 Serene he towers, in deepest purple dy'd;
- 700 Glad Day-light laughs upon his top of snow,
 Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.
 At such an hour I heav'd the human sigh,
 When roar'd the sullen Arve in anger by, [585]
 That not for thee, delicious vale! unfold
- 705 Thy reddening orchards, and thy fields of gold;

¹ This word is pronounced upon the spot Chàmouny, I have taken the liberty of reading it long, thinking it more musical.

² It is only from the higher part of the valley of Chàmouny that Mont Blanc is visible.

A 673 morning] evening 1820 *etc.*

A 674-9 In that glad moment

when the hands are pressed *etc.* as B 567-8: 1820-32

A 679 followed in H by As one who sounds with pain his toilsome way
 On snow hills softened by the suns of May

Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
 Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
 In that glad moment will for you a sigh 565
 Be heaved of charitable sympathy;
 In that glad moment when your hands are prest
 In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that shields
 With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields: 570
 Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
 And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;—
 A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
 Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
 Here all the seasons revel hand in hand: 575
 'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
 They sport beneath that mountain's matchless height
 That holds no commerce with the summer night.
 From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds
 The crash of ruin fitfully resounds; 580
 Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
 Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
 Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

What marvel then if many a Wanderer sigh,
 While roars the sullen Arve in anger by, 585
 That not for thy reward, unrivall'd Vale!
 Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale;

Long having sunk each dangerous step between
 If chance he gain at length a spot of green
 Where idle Alpine flowers of earliest bloom
 Breathe out beneath his feet their rich perfume
 He rests, and while his wasted limbs are spread
 Loose on that magic turf's delicious bed
 Airs of more power than music's softest strain
 Come o'er his heart and steal the sense of pain.
 Then fresh from that oblivious respite sweet
 He bounds along the lawn with gladdened feet
 So I forlorn dejected weary slow
 A pilgrim wandering round the world of woe
 Oft as I meet a brother on whose cheek
 The fading gleams of dawning gladness break
 Feel once again the balm of life bes[towed]
 And press as now with joy my [] road.

A 681 golden] fertile 1820 etc.

A 690 mountain nam'd of white] Hill

of matchless height 1827-32

A 691-701: 1820 etc. as B, but Mys-

terious for Appalling (B 581)

A 702 the human] a pensive 1820-32

A 704-8: 1820-32 as B but delicious for unrivalled, Hard lot for no for And
 droop, while no and To cheat for To soothe

- That thou, the slave of slaves¹, art doom'd to pine, }
 While no Italian arts their charms combine }
 To teach the skirt of thy dark cloud to shine; }
 For thy poor babes that, hurrying from the door,
 710 With pale-blue hands, and eyes that fix'd implore,
 Dead muttering lips, and hair of hungry white,
 Besiege the traveller whom they half affright.
 —Yes, were it mine, the cottage meal to share [591]
 Forc'd from my native mountains bleak and bare;
 715 O'er Anet's² hopeless seas of marsh to stray,
 Her shrill winds roaring round my lonely way;
 To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose, [595]
 And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
 In the wide range of many a weary round,
 720 Still have my pilgrim feet unfailing found,
 As despot courts their blaze of gems display, }
 Ev'n by the secret cottage far away }
 The lily of domestic joy decay;
 While Freedom's farthest hamlets blessings share,
 725 Found still beneath her smile, and only there. [600]
 The casement shade more luscious woodbine binds,
 And to the door a neater pathway winds,
 At early morn the careful housewife, led [606]
 To cull her dinner from it's garden bed,
 730 Of weedless herbs a healthier prospect sees,
 While hum with busier joy her happy bees;
 In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,
 And laugh with merrier blaze her evening fires;
 Her infant's cheeks with fresher roses glow, [608]
 735 And wilder graces sport around their brow;
 By clearer taper lit a cleaner board
 Receives at supper hour her tempting hoard;
 The chamber hearth with fresher boughs is spread,
 And whiter is the hospitable bed.
 740 —And thou! fair favoured region! which my soul
 Shall love, 'till Life has broke her golden bowl,
 Till Death's cold touch her cistern-wheel assail,
 And vain regret and vain desire shall fail;
 Tho' now, where erst the grey-clad peasant stray'd,
 745 To break the quiet of the village shade

¹ It is scarce necessary to observe that these lines were written before the emancipation of Savoy.

² A vast extent of marsh so called near the lake of Neufchatel.

That thou, the slave of slaves, art doomed to pine
 And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
 To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine. 590

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine to stray,
 With shrill winds whistling round my lonely way,
 On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad moors,
 Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's shores;
 To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose, 595
 And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
 Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
 That virtue languishes and pleasure fails,
 While the remotest hamlets blessings share
 In thy loved presence known, and only there; 600
Heart-blessings—outward treasures too which the eye
 Of the sun peeping through the clouds can spy,
 And every passing breeze will testify.
 There, to the porch, belike with jasmine bound
 Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is wound; 605
 The housewife there a brighter garden sees,
 Where hum on busier wing her happy bees;
 On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow;
 And grey-haired men look up with livelier brow,—
 To greet the traveller needing food and rest; 610
 Housed for the night, or but a half-hour's guest.

A 709–12 *not in* 1820–32 A 713–16: 1820–32 *as B but for* B 591

Beloved Freedom were it *etc. and in* B 593 *O'er for* On

A 720–5 Fleet as my passage was, I shall have found

That where proud courts their blaze of gems display

The lilies . . . decay *etc. as B* 599–600 1820–27; *So* 1832 *but A* 721

despotic courts their gems 1836

740–5 And oh, fair France! though now along the shade

Where erst at will the grey-haired peasant strayed 1820–32

- Gleam war's¹ discordant habits thro' the trees,
 And the red banner mock the sullen breeze ; [613]
 'Tho' now no more thy maids their voices suit
 To the low-warbled breath of twilight lute,
 750 And heard, the pausing village hum between,
 No solemn songstress lull the fading green,
 Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,
 And the short thunder, and the flash of arms ;
 While, as Night bids the startling uproar die,
 755 Sole sound, the sourd² renews his mournful cry : [619]
 —Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads her pow'r [620]
 Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage door :
 All nature smiles ; and owns beneath her eyes
 Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
 760 Yes, as I roam'd where Loiret's³ waters glide
 Thro' rustling aspens heard from side to side, [625]
 When from october clouds a milder light
 Fell, where the blue flood rippled into white,
 Methought from every cot the watchful bird
 765 Crowed with ear-piercing power 'till then unheard ;
 Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams, [630]
 Rock'd the charm'd thought in more delightful dreams,
 Chasing those long long dreams the falling leaf
 Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief ;
 770 The measured echo of the distant flail
 Winded in sweeter cadence down the vale ; [635]

¹ This, as may be supposed, was written before France became the seat of war.

² An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard, at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

³ The river Loiret, which has the honour of giving name to a department, rises out of the earth at a place, called La Source, a league and a half south-east of Orleans, and taking at once the character of a considerable stream, winds under a most delicious bank on its left, with a flat country of meadows, woods, and vineyards on its right, till it falls into the Loire about three or four leagues below Orleans. The hand of false taste has committed on its banks those outrages which the Abbé de Lille so pathetically deprecates in those charming verses descriptive of the Seine, visiting in secret the retreat of his friend Watelet. Much as the Loiret, in its short course, suffers from injudicious ornament, yet are there spots to be found upon its banks as soothing as meditation could wish for: the curious traveller may meet with some of them where it loses itself among the mills in the neighbourhood of the villa called La Fontaine. The walks of La Source, where it takes its rise, may, in the eyes of some people, derive an additional interest from the

And oh, fair France! though now the traveller sees
 Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the breeze;
 Though martial songs have banished songs of love,
 And nightingales desert the village grove, 615
 Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,
 And the short thunder, and the flash of arms;
 That cease not till night falls, when far and nigh,
 Sole sound, the Sourd¹ prolongs his mournful cry!
 —Yet hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power 620
 Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cottage-door:
 All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes
 Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
 Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide
 Through rustling aspens heard from side to side, 625
 When from October clouds a milder light
 Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;
 Methought from every cot the watchful bird
 Crowded with ear-piercing power till then unheard;
 Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams, 630
 Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams;
 Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling leaf
 Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;
 The measured echo of the distant flail
 Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale; 635

¹ An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

recollection that they were the retreat of Bolingbroke during his exile, and that here it was that his philosophical works were chiefly composed. The inscriptions of which he speaks in one of his letters to Swift descriptive of this spot, are not, I believe, now extant. The gardens have been modelled within these twenty years according to a plan evidently not dictated by the taste of the friend of Pope.

-
- A 746-7 Gleam war's discordant vestments through the trees,
 And the red banner mocks the froward breeze; 1820;
 So 1827-32 *but* fluctuates in the breeze
 B 612 *So* 1845: And oh, fair France though in the rural shade
 Where at his will, so late, the grey-clad peasant strayed
 Now, clothed in war's discordant garb, he sees 1836
 A 748-51 1827-32 *as* B 614-16
 A 771 Winded in sweeter] 1820 *etc.* *as* B 635

- A more majestic tide the water¹ roll'd
 And glowed the sun-gilt groves in richer gold:
 —Tho' Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise
- 775 Red on his hills his beacon's comet blaze;
 Bid from on high his lonely cannon sound,
 And on ten thousand hearths his shout rebound;
 His larum-bell from village-tow'r to tow'r [640]
 Swing on th' astounded ear it's dull undying roar:
- 780 Yet, yet rejoice, tho' Pride's perverted ire
 Rouze Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills in fire.
 Lo! from th' innocuous flames, a lovely birth!
 With it's own Virtues springs another earth; [645]
 Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
- 785 Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train;
 With pulseless hand, and fix'd unwearied gaze,
 Unbreathing Justice her still beam surveys:
 No more, along thy vales and viny groves,
 Whole hamlets disappearing as he moves,
- 790 With cheeks o'erspread by smiles of baleful glow,
 On his pale horse shall fell Consumption go.
 Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride
 Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride,
 To break, the vales where Death with Famine scow'rs,
- 795 And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribb'd tow'rs;
 Where Machination her fell soul resigns,
 Fled panting to the centre of her mines;
 Where Persecution decks with ghastly smiles
 Her bed, his mountains mad Ambition piles;
- 800 Where Discord stalks dilating, every hour,
 And crouching fearful at the feet of Pow'r,
 Like Lightnings eager for th' almighty word,
 Look up for sign of havoc, Fire and Sword,²
 —Give them, beneath their breast while Gladness springs,
- 805 To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
 And grant that every sceptred child of clay,
 Who cries, presumptuous, "here their tides shall stay," [660]

¹ The duties upon many of the French rivers were so exorbitant that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

² . . . And, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
 Crouch for employment.

With more majestic course¹ the water rolled,
 And ripening foliage shone with richer gold.
 —But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise
 Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze ;
 Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower!— 640
 Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!
 Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire
 Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire:
 Lo, from the flames a great and glorious birth ;
 As if a new-made heaven were hailing a new earth! 645
 —All cannot be: the promise is too fair
 For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air:
 Yet not for this will sober reason frown
 Upon that promise, nor the hope disown ;
 She knows that only from high aims ensue 650
 Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.

Great God! by whom the strifes of men are weighed
 In an impartial balance, give thine aid
 To the just cause ; and, oh! do thou preside
 Over the mighty stream now spreading wide: 655
 So shall its waters, from the heavens supplied
 In copious showers, from earth by wholesome springs,
 Brood o'er the long-parched lands with Nile-like wings!
 And grant that every sceptred child of clay
 Who cries presumptuous, "Here the flood shall stay," 660
 May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
 And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand ;

¹ The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

A 786 While with a pulseless hand and steadfast gaze 1820–32 A 788–91
not in 1820–32 A 794 To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty
 bowers 1820–32 A 796–803 *not in* 1820–32

Swept in their anger from th' affrighted shore,
 With all his creatures sink—to rise no more.

810 To-night, my friend, within this humble cot
 Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot,
 Renewing, when the rosy summits glow
 At morn, our various journey, sad and slow.

[665]

B 666 *so* 1845: Be fear and joyful hope alike forgot 1836
 1827-32 *as* B, *but* lighter for a light (B 669)

A 812-3:

Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more!

To-night, my Friend, within this humble cot 665
Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot
In timely sleep; and when, at break of day,
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
With a light heart our course we may renew,
The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew. 670

VII
LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect.

[Begun 1787.—Completed 1797.—Published 1798.]

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling: what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves, 5
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

Who he was
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree 10
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember.—He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth 15
A favoured Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought, 20
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,

1 Nay] Here MS.

4 so 1832: What if these barren boughs the bee not loves? MS., 1798-1827

8 Nor wants there here in summer's hottest hour

The roar of distant torrents who he was MS.

10-11 so 1836: First covered o'er, and taught this aged tree MS. 1798-1832

11 so 1800: Now wild, to bend its arms in circling shade MS. 1798

12 The village knows not, yet I guess the owner MS.

13-17 so 1800: In youth, by genius nurs'd

And big with lofty views, he to the world

Went forth, pure in his heart, against the taint 1798

20-2 so 1802 and so his spirit damped

At once, with rash disdain he turned away 1798

The world, for so it thought,

Owed him no service; he was like a plant

And with the food of pride sustained his soul
 In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs
 Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit, 25
 His only visitants a straggling sheep,
 The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
 And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
 And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
 Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour 30
 A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
 An emblem of his own unfruitful life:
 And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
 On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
 Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became 35
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
 The beauty, still more beautiful! Nor, that time,
 When nature had subdued him to herself,
 Would he forget those Beings to whose minds
 Warm from the labours of benevolence 40
 The world, and human life, appeared a scene
 Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
 Inly disturbed, to think that others felt
 What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!
 On visionary views would fancy feed, 45
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
 He died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
 Of young imagination have kept pure,
 Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride, 50

Fair to the sun, the darling of the winds
 But hung with fruit which no one, that passed by,
 Regarded, and, his spirit damped at once,
 With indignation did he turn away 1800

27 The stone-chat, and the Landlark, restless Bird

Piping along the margin of the lake; 1815: 1798–1805, 1820 *etc. as text*
 28–9 with juniper, And heath, and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er 1798–
 1815 30 downcast 1800 *etc.*: downward 1798 38 *not in* 1798

39–43 At the return of thought would he forget

Those kindred beings to whose favoured minds
 Warm from the labours of Benevolence

The world and man himself as lovely shewed

Then in the weakness of his heart he sighed

With mournful joy to think that others felt MS.

41 human life 1827: man himself 1798–1820

43 Inly disturbed 1836: With mournful joy 1798–1832

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties
 Which he has never used; that thought with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye 55
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,
 The least of Nature's works, one who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love; 60
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
 In lowliness of heart.

VIII

GUILT AND SORROW;

OR

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

[Begun 1791-2.—Completed 1793-4.—A version of stanzas XXIII-L under title *The Female Vagrant* published 1798.—the whole revised and published 1842.]

ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant". The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought

52-5

That happiness is his
 Who does not feel contempt [] but views
 In patient hope alike the evil man
 And him who suffers evil. Believe me friend
 That he who feels contempt for aught that lives
 The man who through the depth of thought has []
 Can never feel contempt MS. *draft*

to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the Allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say that, of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

I

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
 Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;
 Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
 Help from the staff he bore; for mien and air
 Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care 5
 Both of the time to come, and time long fled:
 Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey hair;
 A coat he wore of military red
 But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred.

II

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on, 10
 He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
 That welcome in such house for him was none.
 No board inscribed the needy to allure
 Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and poor
 And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!" 15
 The pendent grapes glittered above the door;—
 On he must pace, perchance 'till night descend,
 Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines extend.

III

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy fire,
 In streaks diverging wide and mounting high; 20
 That inn he long had passed; the distant spire,
 Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,

Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.
 Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
 And scarce could any trace of man descry, 25
 Save cornfields stretched and stretching without bound;
 But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

IV

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
 No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
 Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen, 30
 But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.
 Some labourer, thought he, may perchance be near;
 And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
 No voice made answer, he could only hear
 Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain, 35
 Or whistling thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed plain.

V

Long had he fancied each successive slope
 Concealed some cottage, whither he might turn
 And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope
 The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne. 40
 Thus warned he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn
 Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
 But sought in vain; for now, all wild, forlorn,
 And vacant, a huge waste around him spread;
 The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed. 45

24 By thirst and hunger pressed he MSS. 1, 2 26 Save wastes of corn
 that stretched without a bound MS. 1, dreary cornfields *etc.* MS. 2
 28 No shade was there, no meads of pleasant green MS. 1 30 Vast
 piles of MS. 2

31-6 But thence no smoke upwreathed his sight to cheer
 And see the homeward peasant dim appear
 Far off he sends a feeble shout—in vain
 No sound replies but winds that whistling near
 Sweep the thin grass and passing, wildly plain,
 Or desert lark that pours on high a wasted strain. MS. 1: *so* MS. 2,
but 32 a homeward shepherd disappear

37-41 Long had each slope he mounted seemed to hide
 Some cottage whither his tired feet might turn.
 But now all hope resigned in tears he eyed
 The crows in blackening eddies homeward borne.
 Then sought in vain, a shepherd's lowly thorn MS. 1; MS. 2 *as text*,
but 40 He watched the crows in eddies *etc.*

43 For as he onward passed more wild, forlorn MSS. 1, 2 45 Ah me,
 the wet cold ground *etc.* MSS. 1-4, 4 *corr.*

VI

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
 And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared ;
 A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour
 Hath told ; for, landing after labour hard,
 Full long endured in hope of just reward, 50
 He to an armèd fleet was forced away
 By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared
 Like fate ; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
 'Gainst all that in *his* heart, or theirs perhaps, said nay.

VII

For years the work of carnage did not cease, 55
 And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
 Death's minister ; then came his glad release,
 And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made
 Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid
 The happy husband flies, his arms to throw 60
 Round his wife's neck ; the prize of victory laid
 In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow
 As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.

48-54 And he has counted many a wretched hour
 A Sailor he, the Sailor's evils shared
 For when from two full years of labour hard
 Home he returned enflamed with long desire
 Even while in thought he took his rich reward
 From his wife's lips, the ruffian press-gang dire
 Hurried him far away to rouse the battle's fire. MS. 2

59-63 By thought betrayed
 He seems to feel his wife around him throw
 Her arms and she, the bloody prize of victory laid
 In her full lap, forgets her years of woe
 In the long joy and comfort from that wealth to flow. MS. 2

Stanzas VI-XI have no counterpart in MS. 1, but at the end of the notebook is a rough draft, written later, corresponding to VIII-X.

(a) And little grieved he for the sleety shower,
 Cold wind and hunger he had long withstood,
 Long hunted down by man's confederate power
 Since phrenzy-driven he dipped his hand in blood ;
 Yet till that hour he had been mild and good ;
 And when the miserable deed was done
 Such pangs were his as to relenting mood
 Might melt the hardest [? heart] since has he run
 For years from place to place, nor known one chearful sun.

[cont. overleaf.]

VIII

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had earned.
 The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood 65
 Even in the desert's heart; but he, returned,
 Bears not to those he loves their needful food.
 His home approaching, but in such a mood
 That from his sight his children might have run,
 He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his blood; 70
 And when the miserable work was done
 He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

IX

From that day forth no place to him could be
 So lonely, but that thence might come a pang
 Brought from without to inward misery. 75
 Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
 A sound of chains along the desert rang;
 He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
 A human body that in irons swang,
 Uplifted by the tempest whirling by; 80
 And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.

STANZAS VIII-X (*cont.*)

(b) Yet oft as Fear her withering grasp forbears
 Such tendency to pleasures loved before
 Does Nature show [] common cares
 Might to his breast a second spring restore,
 The least complaint of wretchedness explore
 His inmost heartstrings to responsive tone.
 Trembling, the best of human hearts not more,
 From each excess of pain his days have known
 Well has he learned to make all others ill his own.

(c) Yet though to softest sympathy inclined
 Most trivial cause will rouse the heaviest pang
 Of terror overwhelm[ing] [] his mind
 For then with scarce distinguishable clang
 In the cold wind a sound of iron rang.
 He looked and saw on a bare gibbet nigh
 In clanking chains a human body hang
 A hovering raven oft did round it fly
 A grave the[re] was beneath which he could not descry.

64-8 He urged his claim: the slaves of Office spurned
 The unfriended claimant, at their door he stood
 In vain, and now towards his home he turn'd
 Bearing to those he loved nor warmth nor food.
 In sight of his own home etc. MS. 2, followed by a revised
 version of (b), and a version of (c) intermediary between MS. 1 and text.

X

It was a spectacle which none might view,
 In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain ;
 Nor only did for him at once renew
 All he had feared from man, but roused a train 85
 Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
 The stones, as if to cover him from day,
 Rolled at his back along the living plain ;
 He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;
 But, when the trance was gone, feebly pursued his way. 90

XI

As one whose brain habitual frensy fires
 Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
 Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
 Even so the dire phantasma which had crossed
 His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost, 95
 Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
 Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
 Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem
 To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

XII

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled, 100
 Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;
 He seemed the only creature in the wild
 On whom the elements their rage might wreak ;
 Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak
 Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light 105
 A man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek,
 And half upon the ground, with strange affright,
 Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

82-90 MS. 2 *as text but l. 87 to sweep him from the day,*
 90 feebly] rose and MS. 4

91-6 As doth befall to those whom frenzy fires
 His soul which in such anguish hath been tossed
 Sinks into deepest calm, for now retires
 Fear a terrific dream in darkness lost
 The dire phantasma which his sense had crossed
 The mind was still *etc.* MS. 2

91 habitual] *corr. to demoniac* MS. 4

100-2 Hurtle the rattling clouds together piled
 By fiercer gales, and soon the storm must break
 He stood *etc.* MS. 1

105-6 seeing there a mortal wight
 At that dread hour outsent a mournful shriek MS. 1.

XIII

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound ;
 The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it strays, 110
 Marks nothing but the red sun's setting round,
 Or on the earth strange lines, in former days
 Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys
 What seems an antique castle spreading wide ;
 Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise 115
 Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide
 He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every side.

XIV

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet keep
 Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and hear

109-13 The day unheeded sunk while on a mound
 He stands beholding with astonished gaze
 Frequent upon the deep entrenched ground
 Strange marks of mighty arms of former days
 Then looking up at distance he surveys MS. 1

Stanzas XII and XIII transposed in MS. 2, which reads as text, but l. 117
 He ran, the pouring rain smoked thick as on he hied.

116-35 while to those walls he hied
 A voice as from a tomb in hollow accents cried:

'Oh from that mountain-pile avert thy face
 'Whate'er betide at this tremendous hour.
 'To hell's most cursed sprites the baleful place
 'Belongs, upreared by their magic power.
 'Though mixed with flame rush down the crazing shower
 'And o'er thy naked bed the thunders roll
 'Fly ere at once the fiends their prey devour
 'Or grinning, on thy endless tortures scowl
 'Till very madness seem a mercy to thy soul.
 'For oft, at dead of night, when dreadful fire
 'Unfolds that powerful circle's reddening stones
 'Mid priests and spectres grim and idols dire
 'Far heard the great flame utters human moans
 'Then all is hushed: again the desert groans
 'A dismal light its farthest bounds illumines,
 'While warrior spectres of gigantic bones
 'Forth issuing from a thousand rifted tombs
 'Wheel on their fiery steeds amid the infernal glooms.'

He heard no more, for fear oppress'd his form
 In shape more hideous than a madman's dream;
 At last he fled, and wildered through the storm,
 No moon to open the black clouds and stream
 From narrow gulph profound a friendly beam *etc. as 132-4, followed*

by Sole object where he stood, had day its radiance spread. MS. 1

118-20 Thou hoary pile, thou Child of darkness deep

The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's sweep, 120
 Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year ;
 Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear
 For sacrifice its throngs of living men,
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
 Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain 125
 Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter now would gain ?

XV

Within that fabric of mysterious form
 Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme ;
 And, from the perilous ground dislodged, through storm
 And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream 130
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,
 Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led ;
 Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
 Sight which, tho' lost at once, a gleam of pleasure shed. 135

XVI

No swinging sign-board creaked from cottage elm
 To stay his steps with faintness overcome ;
 'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery realm
 Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom ;
 No gipsy cower'd o'er fire of furze or broom ; 140
 No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,
 Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room ;
 Along the waste no line of mournful light
 From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night.

And unknown days—that lovest to stand and hear

The desert sounding to *etc.* MS. 2. MS. 4 *as text*, but 1. 120 The
 desert sounding

123 Its dismal chambers thronged with. MS. 2 126 Than he who travels
 now along thy bleak domain MS. 2 Than he who now at nightfall treads
 thy bare domain MS. 4, 1842 gain?] gain. 1849

127-30 Beneath that fabric scarce of earthly form
 More dreadful was the whirlwind's rage extreme
 All track quite lost through rain and blowing storm
 Three hours he wilder'd on, *etc.* MS. 2

135 a gleam of] some glimpse of MS. 2, MS. 4, *corr. to a doubtful*

136-9 The desert sounded to the whirlwind's sweep
 Though tree was none to top his labouring plume
 'Twas dark and void as ocean's barren deep MS. 1

141 No transient meteor burst upon his sight MS. 1

XVII

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose ; 145
 The downs were visible—and now revealed
 A structure stands, which two bare slopes enclose.
 It was a spot where, ancient vows fulfilled,
 Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build
 A lonely Spital, the belated swain 150
 From the night terrors of that waste to shield :
 But there no human being could remain,
 And now the walls are named the "Dead House" of the plain.

XVIII

Though he had little cause to love the abode
 Of man, or covet sight of mortal face, 155
 Yet when faint beams of light that ruin showed,
 How glad he was at length to find some trace
 Of human shelter in that dreary place.
 Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,
 Here shall much-needed sleep his frame embrace. 160
 In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows
 He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes begin to close ;

145-8 At length through hideous clouds, the moon arose
 And spread a sickly glare. With flight unwilling
 Worn out and weak, half wishing the repose
 Of death he came where *etc.* MS. 1

156 faint beams of light] ambiguous glow MS. 2 159 his flock] the
 moor MS. 2 160 sweet sleep his senseless limbs MS. 2

154-75 Till then as if those demons dogged his road
 He fled, and often backward cast his face,
 But when the ambiguous gloom that ruin showed
 How glad he was at length to find a place
 Which bore of human hands the chearing trace ;
 Here shall he rest till Morn her eye unclose.
 Ah! me, that last of hopes is fled apace,
 For, entering in, his hair in horror rose
 To hear a voice that seemed to mourn in sorrow's throes.
 It was the voice of one that sleeping mourned,
 A human voice! and soon his terrors fled ;
 At dusk a female wanderer hither turned
 And found a comfortless half-sheltered bed.
 The moon a wan dead light around her shed,
 He waked her, and at once her spirits fail,
 Thrill'd by the poignant dart of sudden dread,
 For of that ruin she had heard a tale
 That might with a child's fears the stoutest heart assail.
 Had heard of one who forced from storms to shroud
 Felt the loose walls of this decayed retreat
 Rock to his horse's neighings shrill and loud
 While the loose earth incessant pawings beat. MS. 1

XIX

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed to come
 From one who mourned in sleep, he raised his head,
 And saw a woman in the naked room 165
 Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed:
 The moon a wan dead light around her shed.
 He waked her—spake in tone that would not fail,
 He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he sped,
 For of that ruin she had heard a tale 170
 Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail;

XX

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,
 Felt the loose walls of this decayed Retreat
 Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,
 While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat; 175
 Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
 Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse:
 The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,
 Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force
 Disclosing the grim head of a late murdered corse. 180

XXI

Such tale of this lone mansion she had learned,
 And when that shape, with eyes in sleep half drowned,
 By the moon's sullen lamp she first discerned,
 Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
 Her he addressed in words of cheering sound; 185
 Recovering heart, like answer did she make;
 And well it was that of the corse there found

168-9 He waked her, and at once her spirits fail
 From fear by instant recollection bred MS. 2

185-98 *For these lines MS. 1 reads:*

He to her fears low words of cheering sound [1]
 Addressed. With joy she heard such greeting kind,
 And much they conversed of that desert ground
 Which seemed to those of other worlds consigned,
 Whose voices still they heard, as paused the hollow wind. [5]

The woman told that through a hollow deep,
 As on she journeyed far from spring or bower,
 An old man, beckoning from the naked steep,
 Came tottering sidelong down to ask the hour;

In converse that ensued she nothing spake ;
 She knew not what dire pangs in him such tale could wake.

XXII

But soon his voice and words of kind intent 190
 Banished that dismal thought ; and now the wind
 In fainter howlings told its *rage* was spent :
 Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,

[185-98 *cont.*]

There never clock was heard from steeple tower. [10]
 From the wide corn the plundering crows to scare
 He held a rusty gun. In sun and shower,
 Old as he was, alone he lingered there ;
 His hungry meal too scant for dog that meal to share.

Much of the wonders of that boundless heath [15]
 He spoke, and of a swain who, far astray,
 Reached unawares a height and saw beneath
 Gigantic beings ranged in dread array ;
 Such beings, thwarting oft the travellers way,
 With shield and stone axe stride across the wold [20]
 Or, throned on that dread circle's summit gray
 Of mountains hung in air, their state unfold,
 And like a thousand Gods mysterious council hold.

And oft a night-fire, mounting to the clouds,
 Reveals the desert, and with dismal red [25]
 Clothes the black bodies of encircling crowds.
 It is the sacrificial altar fed
 With living men. How deep it groans—the dead,
 Thrilled in their yawning tombs, their helms uprear ;
 The sword that slept beneath the warriors head [30]
 Thunders in fiery air: red arms appear
 Uplifted in the gloom and shake the rattling spear.

Not thus, when clear moon spread their pleasing light
 Long-bearded forms with wands uplifted shew [35]
 To vast assemblies, while each breeze of night
 Is hushed, the living fires that bright and slow
 Rounding th' etherial field in order go.
 Then as they trace with awe their various files
 All figured on the mystic plain below,
 Still prelude of sweet sounds, the moon beguiles [40]
 And charmed for many a league the hoary desert smiles.

While thus they talk the churlish storms relent,
 And round those broken walls the dying wind
 In feeble murmurs told his *rage* was spent.
 With sober sympathy and tranquil mind (45)

Which by degrees a confidence of mind
 And mutual interest failed not to create. 195
 And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
 In that forsaken building where they sate
 The Woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

[185-98 *cont.*]

Gently the Woman gan her wounds unbind.
 Might Beauty charm the canker worm of pain
 The rose on her sweet cheek had ne'er declined ;
 Moved she not once the pride of Keswick's plain
 While Hope and Joy and Love composed her smiling train [50]

Like swans, twin swans that on some secret brink
 Of Derwent's stream, when south winds hardly blow,
 Mid Derwent's water-lillies swell and sink
 In union, rose her sister breasts of snow
 (Fair emblem of two lover's hearts that know [55]
 No separate impulse), or like infants played,
 Like infants, strangers yet to pain and woe,
 Unwearied Hope to tend their motions made
 Long Vigils, and Delight her cheek between them laid.

And are ye spread, ye glittering dews of youth, [60]
 For this—that Frost may gall the tender flower
 In Joy's fair breast with more untimely tooth ?
 Unhappy Man! thy sole delightful hour
 Flies first ; it is thy miserable dower
 Only to taste of joy that thou mayst pine [65]
 A loss, which rolling suns shall ne'er restore.
 New suns roll on: nor any rest is thine
 Nor hope, till on the tomb thy willing limbs recline.

For ll. 185-9 MS. 2 reads (with unimportant variants) as MS. 1, [1]-[23] followed by:

Much more, of dreams from antient ages fetch'd,
 And spectral sights that fill the shadowy plain,
 And of wild sounds that mock the shepherd stretch'd
 On the round barrow mid the fleecy train
 She told, delighted that her fears were vain ;
 Nor of that corse there found did mention make,
 And well it was, for surely once again
 The fit had made his bones with horror quake,—
 She knew not what a hell such spot had power to make.

190-8 *as text but*

190-2 But soon her heart on other thoughts was bent
 So friendly was his voice, and now the wind
 In feeble murmurs *etc.* and 198
 The woman thus began her story to relate So MS. 4, *but corr.*

XXIII

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a man
 Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred; 200
 And I believe that, soon as I began
 To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
 And in his hearing there my prayers I said:
 And afterwards, by my good father taught,
 I read, and loved the books in which I read; 205
 For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

XXIV

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
 A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,
 And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn 210
 Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.
 Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!
 My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
 The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;
 The swans that with white chests upreared in pride 215
 Rushing and racing came to meet me at the waterside!

xxiii. By Derwent's side my father's cottage stood:

The mourner thus her artless story told,
 A little flock and what the finny flood
 Supplied, to him were more than mines of gold.
 Light was my sleep; my days in transport rolled,
 With thoughtless joy I stretched along the shore
 My parent's nets, or watched when from the fold
 High o'er the cliffs I led his fleecy store

A dizzy depth below! his boat and twinkling oar. MS. 1

So 1798, but l. 2 woman for mourner, l. 3 One field, a flock and what the neighbouring flood, and l. 7. My father's nets. In 1800 ll. 8-9 read

or from the mountain fold

Saw on the distant lake his twinkling oar
 Or watch'd his lazy boat still less'ning more and more.

1805 omits. The 2nd Stanza of 1798 (not in MS.) runs:

My father was a good and pious man
 An honest man by honest parents bred etc. as xxiii above

xxiv. Can I forget my seat beneath the thorn,

My garden stored with peas and mint and thyme,
 And rose and lilly for the sabbath morn,
 The church-inviting bells' delightful chime,
 The merriment and song at shearing time,
 My hen's rich nest with long grass overgrown,
 The cowslip gathering at the morning prime,
 The hazel copse with teeming clusters brown (next line wanting) MS. 1

1798 reads l. 1 Can I forget what charms did once adorn ll. 2 and 3 as

XXV

"The staff I well remember which upbore
 The bending body of my active sire ;
 His seat beneath the honied sycamore
 Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire ; 220
 When market-morning came, the neat attire
 With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked ;
 Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire
 The stranger till its barking-fit I checked ;
 The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement
 pecked. 225

XXVI

"The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
 Too little marked how fast they rolled away :
 But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,
 My father's substance fell into decay :
 We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day 230
 When Fortune might put on a kinder look ;
 But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they ;
 He from his old hereditary nook
 Must part ; the summons came ;—our final leave we took.

MS. 1. l. 4 The sabbath bells and their l. 5 The gambols and wild freaks
and ll. 6-9

My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied ;
 The cowslip gathering at May's dewy prime
 The swans, that, when I sought the waterside
 From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride

xxiv and xxv omitted in 1802 and 5, restored in 1820 ; l. 214 June for May 1820

xxv. Can I forget the casement where I fed

The red-breast when the fields were whitened o'er,
 My snowy kerchiefs on the hawthorn spread,
 My humming wheel and glittering table store ;
 The well-known knocking at the evening door
 The hunted slipper and the blinded game,
 That dance that loudly beat the merry floor
 The ballad chaunted round the brightening flame,
 While down the ravaged hills the storm unheeded came. MS. 1 ;
 1798 as text, but ll. 223-4

My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire
 When stranger passed, so often I have checked ;

xxvi. The suns of twenty winters danced along
 Joyous as in the pleasant noon of may
 At last by cruel chance and wilful wrong
 My father's substance fell into decay

XXVII

"It was indeed a miserable hour 235
 When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
 Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
 That on his marriage day sweet music made!
 Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid
 Close by my mother in their native bowers: 240
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed;—
 I could not pray:—through tears that fell in showers
 Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

Oppression trampled on his tresses gray
 His little range of water was denied
 Even to the bed where his old body lay
 His all was seized; and creeping side by side
 Turned out on the cold winds alone we wandered wide. MS. 1

The suns of twenty summers danced along
 Ah! little marked, how fast they rolled away:
 Then rose a mansion proud our woods among,
 And cottage after cottage owned its sway,
 No joy to see a neighbouring house, or stray
 Through pastures not his own, the master took;
 My Father dared his greedy wish gainsay;
 He loved his old hereditary nook,
 And ill could I the thought of such sad parting brook.

But when he had refused the proffered gold,
 To cruel injuries he became a prey,
 Sore traversed in whate'er he bought and sold:
 His troubles grew upon him day by day,
 Till all his substance fell into decay.
 His little range of water was denied
 All but the bed where his old body lay
 All, all was seized, and weeping side by side,
 We sought a home where we uninjured might abide 1798, 1800;

1805 as 1798 but for last 4 lines

They dealt most hardly with him, and he tried
 To move their hearts—but it was vain—for they
 Seized all he had: and weeping side by side
 We sought etc. *This stanza omitted 1820, etc.*

235 Can I forget that miserable hour MS. 1, 1798, 1800

239–40 There at my birth my mother's bones were laid

And there, till then, he hoped his own might rest MS. 1, *corr. to text*

242–3 by human grief oppressed

Viewing our glimmering cot through tears that never ceased. MS. 1,
corr. to text

XXVIII

"There was a Youth whom I had loved so long,
 That when I loved him not I cannot say: 245
 'Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song
 We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May;
 When we began to tire of childish play,
 We seemed still more and more to prize each other;
 We talked of marriage and our marriage day; 250
 And I in truth did love him like a brother,
 For never could I hope to meet with such another.

XXIX

"Two years were passed since to a distant town
 He had repaired to play a gainful trade:
 What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown, 255
 What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!
 To him we turned:—we had no other aid:
 Like one revived, upon his neck I wept;
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
 He well could love in grief; his faith he kept; 260
 And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

XXX

"We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest
 With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.
 Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast;
 And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed, 265

- 244–52 There was a youth whose tender voice and eye
 Might add fresh happiness to happiest days,
 At uprise of the sun when he was by
 The birds prolonged with joy their choicest lays,
 The soft pipe warbled out a wilder maze,
 The silent moon of evening, hung above,
 Showered through the waving lime-trees mellow rays,
 Warm was the breath of night: his voice of love
 Charmed the rude winds to sleep, by river, field, or grove. MS.1;
 1798 *as text, but*
- 246 many and many a song *and* 247 little *for* gladsome
- 253–4 His sire had bad him seek a distant town
 To ply remote from groves the artist's trade MS.1
 His father said, that to a distant town
 He must repair, to ply the artist's trade 1798, 1800
- 257 To him our steps we turned by hope upstayed MS.1
- 261 And sheltered from the winds once more my father slept MS.1
- 262–3 Four years each day with daily bread was blessed
 By constant toil and constant prayer supplied MS.1, 1798, 1800
- 264 Three lovely infants lay within my breast MS.1; upon my breast
 1798–1805

And knew not why. My happy father died,
 When threatened war reduced the children's meal:
 Thrice happy! that for him the grave could hide
 The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel, 269
 And tears which flowed for ills which patience might not heal.

XXXI

"'Twas a hard change; an evil time was come;
 We had no hope, and no relief could gain:
 But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum
 Beat round to clear the streets of want and pain.
 My husband's arms now only served to strain 275
 Me and his children hungering in his view;
 In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:
 To join those miserable men he flew,
 And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

XXXII

"There were we long neglected, and we bore 280
 Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed;
 Green fields before us, and our native shore,
 We breathed a pestilential air, that made
 Ravage for which no knell was heard. We prayed
 For our departure; wished and wished—nor knew, 285
 'Mid that long sickness and those hopes delayed,
 That happier days we never more must view.
 The parting signal streamed—at last the land withdrew.

- 267-70 Just as the children's meal began to fail
 And round the silent loom for bread they cried
 While in the crowded port no chearful sail
 Chequered the yellow mast or stayed the passing gale. MS. 1
- 271-2 How changed at once! for Labour's thoughtless [hum]
 Long suppliant looks and Fear's distracted train MS. 1
- 273 So MS. 1798, 1820 But soon, day after day 1805 274 to clear
 1836: to sweep MS. 1, 1798-32 and clear'd, *Letter* 1801 277 To beg he
 was ashamed, my tears MS. 1 279 We reached the western world, a
 poor devoted crew. MS. 1 280-97 *Not in* MS. 1
- 280-1 There foul neglect for months and months we bore,
 Nor yet the crowded fleet its anchor stirred, 1798, 1800; 1805 *as text*
- 283-6 By fever, from polluted air incurred,
 Ravage was made, for which no knell was heard.
 Fondly we wished, and wished away, nor knew,
 'Mid that long sickness, and those hopes deferr'd 1798, 1800

XXXIII

"But the calm summer season now was past.
 On as we drove, the equinoctial deep 290
 Ran mountains high before the howling blast,
 And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.
 We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
 Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,
 Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap, 295
 That we the mercy of the waves should rue:
 We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew.

XXXIV

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,
 Disease and famine, agony and fear,
 In wood or wilderness, in camp or town, 300
 It would unman the firmest heart to hear.
 All perished—all in one remorseless year,
 Husband and children! one by one, by sword
 And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear
 Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board 305
 A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

XXXV

Here paused she, of all present thought forlorn,
 Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,
 Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,
 From her full eyes their watery load released. 310

289 But from delay the summer calms were past 1798, 1800

292-3 We gazed with terror on the gloomy sleep

Of them that perished in the whirlwind's sweep, 1798, 1800

297/8 Oh! dreadful price of being to resign

All that is dear *in* being! better far

In Want's most lonely cave till death to pine

Unseen, unheard, unwatched by any star,

Or in the streets and walks where proud men are,

Better our dying bodies to obtrude,

Than dog-like, wading at the heels of war

Protract a curst existence, with the brood

That lap (their very nourishment!) their brothers' blood. 1798, 1800.

So MS.1 but ll. 5, 6 Better before proud Fortune's sumptuous car Obvious our dying etc.

The stanza omitted in 1805

301 It would thy brain unsettle even to hear MS. 1, 1798. *So MS. 4, but corr.*

304 And scourge of fiery fever: every tear MS. 1 307-33 1798-1805

omit: for the version in MS. 2 v. notes

308-15 Living once more those hours that sealed her doom;

Meanwhile he looked and saw the smiling morn

He too was mute: and, ere her weeping ceased,
 He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
 And saw the dawn opening the silvery east
 With rays of promise, north and southward sent;
 And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament. 315

XXXVI

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night
 Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."
 So forth she came, and eastward looked; the sight
 Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;
 Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue 320
 Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,
 And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:
 The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer
 Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled near.

XXXVII

They looked and saw a lengthening road, and wain 325
 That rang down a bare slope not far remote:
 The barrows glistered bright with drops of rain,
 Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
 The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;
 But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they viewed, 330
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot
 A long mile thence. While thither they pursued
 Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

All unconcerned with their unrest, resume
 Her progress through the brightening eastern gloom.
 Oh when shall such fair hours their gleams bestow,
 And bid the grave its opening clouds illumé?
 Fled each raw blast and hellish fiend and lo!
 Day fresh from ocean wave uprears his lovely brow. MS. 1

317 So ruinous far other scene to view MS. 1

319 O'er her moist eyes *etc.* MS. 1

320-2 That tinged with faint red smile her faded hue

Not lovelier did the morning star appear

Parting the lucid mist and bathed in dew MS. 1

323 fit] sweet MS. 1 326 Descending a bare *etc.* MS. 1

327 The downs all glistered dropt with freshening rain MS. 1, MS. 2

328-9 The carman whistled loud with chearful note

The cock scarce heard at distance blew his throat MS. 1

332-3 Full two miles distant. Then, while they pursued

Their journey, her sad tale the mourner thus renewed MS. 1

Thence three long miles. Together they renewed

Their journey, on the road towards that cot pursued MS. 2 (*v. notes*)

XXXVIII

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
 Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest, 335
 In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;
 The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
 I too forgot the heavings of my breast.
 How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were!
 As quiet all within me. I was blest, 340
 And looked, and fed upon the silent air
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

XXXIX

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
 And groans that rage of racking famine spoke;
 The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps, 345
 The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,

335 By these extended beams of dawn impressed MS. 1: by the first beams of dawning light 1798, MS. 4, *corr.* 338 That comes not to the human mourner's breast MS. 1, 1798, 1800: I too was calm, though heavily distressed 1805, 20

339-42 Remote from man or storms of mortal care
 With wings which did the world of waves invest
 The Spirit of God diffused through balmy air
 Quiet that might have healed, if aught could heal, Despair. MS. 1

339: 1798, 1800 *as* MS. 1

340-1 A heavenly silence did the waves invest;
 I looked and looked along the silent air 1798, 1800

343-51 Ah! how unlike each smell, each sight, each sound
 Which late the stupor of my spirit broke,
 Of noysome hospitals the groan profound
 The mine's dread earthquake, the bomb's thunder stroke,
 Dire faces half betrayed through clouds of smoke,
 The midnight flames in thundering deluge spread,
 The stormed town's expiring shriek that woke
 Far round the grisly phantoms of the dead,
 And pale with ghastly light the victor's human head MS. 1

345 Where looks inhuman dwelt on festering heaps 1798

351/2 Yet does that burst of woe congeal my frame,
 When the dark streets appeared to heave and gape,
 While like a sea the storming army came,
 And Fire from Hell reared his gigantic shape,
 And Murder, by the ghastly gleam, and Rape
 Seized their joint prey, the mother and the child!
 But from these crazing thoughts my brain, escape!

The shriek that from the distant battle broke,
 The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host
 Driven by the bomb's incessant thunderstroke
 To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish tossed, 350
 Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

XL

"Some mighty gulf of separation passed,
 I seemed transported to another world;
 A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast
 The impatient mariner the sail unfurled, 355
 And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled
 The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home
 And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
 For me—farthest from earthly port to roam
 Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might come.

XLI

"And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong) 361
 That I, at last, a resting-place had found;
 'Here will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole life long,
 Roaming the illimitable waters round;
 Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned, 365
 And end my days upon the peaceful flood.'—
 To break my dream the vessel reached its bound;
 And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
 And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

For weeks the balmy air breathed soft and mild,
 And on the gliding vessel Heaven and Ocean smiled. 1798, 1800.
 At midnight once the storming Army came,
 Yet do I see the miserable sight,
 The Bayonet, the Soldier, and the Flame
 That followed us and faced us in our flight;
 When Rape and Murder by the ghastly light
 Seized *etc.*
 But I must leave these thoughts. From night to night
 From day to day the air *etc.* 1805.

357-8

The pleasant thoughts of home

With tears his weather-beaten cheek imperaled MS. 1

361-3

And oft robbed of my perfect mind I thought

At last my feet *etc.*Here will I weep in peace, so Fancy wrought MS. 1, 1798, 1800:
1805 *as text*

365-6

Here watch, of every friend but Death disowned,

All day my ready tomb the ocean flood. MS. 1. So 1798, 1800, but
human friend *for* friend but Death

XLII

"No help I sought; in sorrow turned adrift, 370
 Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare rock;
 Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
 Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
 I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock
 From the cross-timber of an outhouse hung: 375
 Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!
 At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
 Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my tongue.

XLIII

"So passed a second day; and, when the third
 Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort. 380
 —In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,
 Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;
 There, pains which nature could no more support,
 With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;
 And, after many interruptions short 385
 Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl:
 Unsought for was the help that did my life recal.

XLIV

"Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
 Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
 I heard my neighbours in their beds complain 390
 Of many things which never troubled me—
 Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,
 Of looks where common kindness had no part,
 Of service done with cold formality,

370–441 MS. 1 has nothing corresponding to these lines

370–1 By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,

Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock 1798–1805: so MS. 4, but corr.

373 raised] dared 1798–1805.

376 Dismally] How dismal 1798, 1800.

378 fit] frame 1798–1805

379–80 So passed another day, and so the third;

Then did I try, in vain, the crowd's resort, 1798, 1805

385 Dizzy my brain, with interruption short 1798–1805

387 And

thence was borne away to neighbouring hospital 1798, 1800: carried to a 1805

388–9 Recovery came with food; but still, my brain

Was weak, nor of the past had memory. 1798–1820

394 cold formality 1842: careless cruelty 1798 etc., MS. 4, corr.

Fretting the fever round the languid heart, 395
 And groans which, as they said, might make a dead man start.

XLV

“These things just served to stir the slumbering sense,
 Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
 With strength did memory return; and, thence
 Dismissed, again on open day I gazed, 400
 At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
 The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
 Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;
 The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,
 And gave me food—and rest, more welcome, more desired. 405

XLVI

“Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
 With panniered asses driven from door to door;
 But life of happier sort set forth to me,
 And other joys my fancy to allure—
 The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor 410
 In barn uplighted; and companions boon,
 Well met from far with revelry secure
 Among the forest glades, while jocund June
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

397 slumbering 1836: torpid 1798–1832 399 Memory, though
 slow, returned with strength; 1798, 1800: My memory and my strength
 returned 1802–20 404 travellers 1802 *etc.*: wild brood 1798, 1800

405/6 My heart is touched to think that men like these,
 The rude earth's tenants, were my first relief:
 How kindly did they paint their vagrant ease!
 And their long holiday that feared not grief,
 For all belonged to all, and each was chief.
 No plough their sinews strained; on grating road
 No wain they drove, and yet, the yellow sheaf
 In every vale for their delight was stowed;
 For them, in nature's meads, the milky udder flowed. 1798, 1800;
 So 1802–5, *but l. 2* Wild homeless Wanderers *and l. 9* In every field,
 with milk their dairy overflow'd.

406–8 Semblance, with straw and panniered ass, they made
 Of potters wandering on from door to door;
 But life of happier sort to me pourtrayed, 1798, 1800
 They with their pannier'd Asses semblance made *etc.* 1802–32
 413 In depth of forest glade 1798, 1800

L

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,
 Through tears have seen him towards that world descend
 Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
 Three years a wanderer now my course I bend— 445
 Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
 Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned away;
 As if because her tale was at an end,
 She wept; because she had no more to say
 Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay. 450

LI

True sympathy the Sailor's looks expressed,
 His looks—for pondering he was mute the while.
 Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
 Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,

- 442-50 Three years, a wanderer round my native coast,
 Mine eyes have watched yon sun declining tend
 Down to the land where hope to me was lost,
 And now across this waste my steps I bend.
 Oh! tell me whither, for no earthly friend
 Have I, no house in prospect but the tomb.
 She ceased. The city's distant spires ascend
 Like flames which far and wide the crest illumine
 Scattering from out the sky the rear of night's thin gloom. MS. 1
- 442-3 Three years a wanderer, often have I view'd,
 In tears the sun towards that country tend 1798, 1800
 Three years thus wandering *etc.* 1802-32
- 445 And now across the moor my steps I bend 1798-1832
- 451-68 Along the fiery east the Sun, a show
 More gorgeous still! pursued his proud career.
 But human sufferings and that tale of woe
 Had dimmed the traveller's eye with pity's tear;
 And in the youthful mourner's doom severe
 He half forgot the terror of the night,
 Striving with counsel sweet her soul to cheer,—
 Her soul for ever widowed of delight.
 He too had withered young in sorrow's deadly blight.
 But now from a hill summit down they look
 Where through a narrow valley's pleasant scene
 A wreath of vapour tracked a winding brook
 That babbled on through groves and meads of green.
 A smoking cottage peeped, the trees between,
 The groves resound the linnet's amorous lays,
 And melancholy lowings intervene
 Of scattered herds that in the meadows graze,
 While through the furrowed grass the merry milkmaid strays.

MS. 1 (*cf.* *ll.* 514-22)

For the rest of MS. 1, which has no counterpart in later MSS. or in the published version of the poem, v. notes.

Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treasured smile, 455
 'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so tried.
 Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
 Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
 And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

LII

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight, 460
 Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
 Rise various wreaths that into one unite
 Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam:
 Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
 Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent; 465
 They paused, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
 And female cries. Their course they thither bent,
 And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.

LIII

A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,
 And, pointing to a little child that lay 470
 Stretched on the ground, began a piteous tale;
 How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
 He had provoked his father, who straightway,
 As if each blow were deadlier than the last,
 Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay 475
 The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast;
 And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Comrade cast.

469-77 A woman stood with quivering looks and wan
 Near an old mat with broken bread bestrown
 And pointing to a child her tale began.
 Trembling the infant hid his face: the clown
 Meanwhile, in monster mood, with ugly frown
 Cursing the [?] hour that gave her birth,
 Strove, as she spoke, her voice [] to drown.
 Yet still she told that on the covered earth
 At breakfast they were set, their child their joy and mirth.
 Her husband for that pitcher rose; his place
 The infant took, as true as heaven the tale,
 And when desired to move, with smiling face
 For a short while did in obedience fail.
 He was not five years old, and him to trail
 And bruise, as if each blow had been his last,
 She knew not what for life his brain might ail.
 Shuddering the soldier's widow stood aghast
 And stern looks on the man her grey-hair'd comrade cast. MS. 2

LIV

His voice with indignation rising high
 Such further deed in manhood's name forbade ;
 The peasant, wild in passion, made reply 480
 With bitter insult and revilings sad ;
 Asked him in scorn what business there he had ;
 What kind of plunder he was hunting now ;
 The gallows would one day of him be glad ;—
 Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow, 485
 Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

LV

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched
 With face to earth ; and, as the boy turned round
 His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched
 As if he saw—there and upon that ground— 490
 Strange repetition of the deadly wound
 He had himself inflicted. Through his brain
 At once the griding iron passage found ;
 Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,
 Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain. 495

LVI

Within himself he said—What hearts have we !
 The blessing this a father gives his child !
 Yet happy thou, poor boy ! compared with me,
 Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.
 The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled 500
 The father, and relenting thoughts awoke ;
 He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.
 Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
 Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

478 And with firm voice and indignation high MS. 2, MS. 4, *corr.*

480 He, confident in passion MS. 2, MS. 4, *corr.*

482 Calling him vagabond, and knave, and mad
 And ask'd what plunder MS. 2

485 The cold sweat started from MSS. 2, 4 487 Nor answer made
 but stroked the child outstretch'd MS. 2

490-2 The head with streaming blood had dy'd the ground
 [?] from the spot where he that deadly wound
 Had fixed on him he murdered. MS. 2

500-1 Such sight the father of his wrath beguiled
 Relenting thoughts and self-reproach awoke MS. 2

504 In the full swelling throat, MS. 2 ; MS. 4, *corr.*

LVII

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law 505
 Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;
 Much need have ye that time more closely draw
 The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
 And that among so few there still be peace:
 Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes 510
 Your pains shall ever with your years increase?"—
 While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,
 A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

LVIII

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down they look
 Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene 515
 Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,
 That babbled on through groves and meadows green;
 A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between;
 The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
 And melancholy lowings intervene 520
 Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,
 Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

LIX

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road
 Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;
 Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed 525
 Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
 Ere long they reached that cottage in the dale:
 It was a rustic inn;—the board was spread,
 The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
 And lustily the master carved the bread, 530
 Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

LX

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth, must part;
 Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.
 She rose and bade farewell! and, while her heart
 Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease, 535

506 Each prowls to strip his brother of his fleece MS. 2 512 While
 his wan lips these homely truths disclose MS. 2 While from his lips this
 homely lesson flows MS. 4, *corr.* 514 And passing onward down at
 length MS. 2; MS. 4 *corr.* 518 A single cottage smoked the trees
 between MS. 2, MS. 4, *corr.* 522 While through the furrow'd grass
 the merry milkmaid strays. MS. 2, MS. 4, *corr.* (*but cf.* MS. 1, 451-68)

532-4 But breakfast done she learn'd they now must part

He had resolved to turn towards the sea

Since he that tale had heard, MS. 2

533 Wanderers] Travellers MS. 4

She left him there ; for, clustering round his knees,
 With his oak-staff the cottage children played ;
 And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees
 And banks of ragged earth ; beneath the shade
 Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed, 540

LXI

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood ;
 Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams shone.
 She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood
 As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
 A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone. 545
 The carman wet her lips as well behaved ;
 Bed under her lean body there was none,
 Though even to die near one she most had loved
 She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

LXII

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest pain 550
 And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,
 Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain
 The jolting road and morning air severe.
 The wain pursued its way ; and following near
 In pure compassion she her steps retraced 555
 Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"
 She cried aloud ; and forth ran out in haste
 The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past.

LXIII

While to the door with eager speed they ran,
 From her bare straw the Woman half upraised 560
 Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan ;
 No pity asking, on the group she gazed
 With a dim eye, distracted and amazed ;
 Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.
 Fervently cried the housewife—"God be praised, 565
 I have a house that I can call my own ;
 Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone!"

544-5 And now approach'd the wain wherein lay one
 A single woman lying spent and gone MS. 2

554-8 And crying "would my friend thy aid were here
 Or yours, good cottagers," her steps retraced
 To that same house, the wain still following.
 She found her comrade there, "oh send in haste
 Come, come, my friends, and see what object here is placed." MS. 2

563 As if with eye by blank suffusion glazed MS. 2

LXIV

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
 And busily, though yet with fear, untie
 Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet 570
 And chafe her temples, careful hands apply.
 Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
 She strove, and not in vain, her head to rear;
 Then said—"I thank you all; if I must die,
 The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear; 575
 Till now I did not think my end had been so near.

LXV

"Barred every comfort labour could procure,
 Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
 I was compelled to seek my father's door,
 Though loth to be a burthen on his age. 580
 But sickness stopped me in an early stage
 Of my sad journey; and within the wain
 They placed me—there to end life's pilgrimage,
 Unless beneath your roof I may remain:
 For I shall never see my father's door again. 585

LXVI

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been burthensome;
 But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
 May my end be! Soon will this voice be dumb:
 Should child of mine e'er wander hither, speak

571-4 With death's numb waters swoln their hands apply
 And chafe her pulseless temples cold and dry
 At last she strove her languid head to rear
 And said MS. 2, MS. 3

576 Till now] To-day MSS. 2-4: MS. 4, *corr.*

580-5 But sickness stopped me in my pilgrimage
 I feared to be a burthen to his age
 The overseers placed me in this wain
 Thus to be carried back from stage to stage
 Unwilling that I should with them remain
 And I had hopes that I my home might yet regain. MS. 2

586 And thus far on my journey I have come MS. 2

587-8 Oh God as I have meekly suffered, meek
 Shall be my end. My lips will soon be dumb MSS. 2, 3

Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.— 590
 Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea
 Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek,
 My husband served in sad captivity
 On shipboard, bound till peace or death should set him free.

LXVII

“A sailor’s wife I knew a widow’s cares, 595
 Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed ;
 Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily prayers
 Our heavenly Father granted each day’s bread ;
 Till one was found by stroke of violence dead,
 Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie ; 600
 A dire suspicion drove us from our shed ;
 In vain to find a friendly face we try,
 Nor could we live together those poor boys and I ;

LXVIII

“For evil tongues made oath how on that day
 My husband lurked about the neighbourhood ; 605
 Now he had fled, and whither none could say,
 And *he* had done the deed in the dark wood—
 Near his own home!—but he was mild and good ;
 Never on earth was gentler creature seen ;
 He’d not have robbed the raven of its food. 610
 My husband’s loving kindness stood between
 Me and all worldly harms and wrongs however keen.”

- 591-4 In a lone hut beside the sea we dwelt
 Near Portland lighthouse in a sheltering creek
 My Father too—the good old man would melt
 In tears, if he should hear of all that I have felt MS. 3. So MS. 2
but l. 594 to learn the end of woes so largely dealt.
- 595-9 Within that hut I knew a widow’s cares
 Two little children did partake my bed
 And strange hopes trembled through my dreams and prayers
 Strong was I then and labour gave me bread
 Until a man was found by violence dead MSS. 2, 3
- 600 And near our door the stranger chanced to lie MS. 2
- 604-5 For one had seen, he said, and swore it too
 My husband lurking in MSS. 2, 3
- 606 none could say] no one knew MSS. 2, 3 611 Oh had my husband
 ’mong the living been MSS. 2, 3 612 My days had passed secure
 from misery so keen MS. 3. I could not have beheld those hours of
 anguish keen MS. 2

LXIX

Alas! the thing she told with labouring breath
 The Sailor knew too well. That wickedness
 His hand had wrought; and when, in the hour of death, 615
 He saw his Wife's lips move his name to bless
 With her last words, unable to suppress
 His anguish, with his heart he ceased to strive;
 And, weeping loud in this extreme distress,
 He cried—"Do pity me! That thou shouldst live 620
 I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but forgive!"

LXX

To tell the change that Voice within her wrought
 Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
 And every mortal pang dissolved away. 625
 Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
 Yet still, while over her the husband bent,
 A look was in her face which seemed to say,
 "Be blest: by sight of thee from heaven was sent
 Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of content." 630

LXXI

She slept in peace,—his pulses throbb'd and stopp'd,
 Breathless he gaz'd upon her face,—then took
 Her hand in his, and rais'd it, but both dropp'd,
 When on his own he cast a rueful look.
 His ears were never silent; sleep forsook 635
 His burning eyelids stretch'd and stiff as lead;
 All night from time to time under him shook
 The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed;
 And oft he groan'd aloud, "O God, that I were dead!"

613-14 But when he heard her thus with labouring breath
 And pain and weakness tell the wickedness MS. 2

617-18 At such a sight he could no more suppress
 Feelings that did within his bosom strive MSS. 2, 3

620 Oh bless me now MS. 2 621 neither] do not MS. 2 626 in
 death] there dead MSS. 2, 3 627 Silently o'er her face MSS. 2, 3

628 in her face] on her lips MSS. 2, 3

629-30 "Comfort to thee my parting soul hath sent"
 But not to him it seem'd, on other thoughts intent MSS. 2, 3

631-4 For him alternate throbb'd his pulse and stopp'd
 And when at table plac'd the bread he took
 To break it, from his faltering hands it dropp'd
 While on those hands he cast a rueful look MS. 2

637-8 All through the night the floor beneath him shook
 And chamber trembl'd to his shuddering bed, MS. 2

LXXII

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot ; 640
 And, when he rose, he thanked her pious care
 Through which his Wife, to that kind shelter brought,
 Died in his arms ; and with those thanks a prayer
 He breathed for her, and for that merciful pair.
 The corse interred, not one hour he remained 645
 Beneath their roof, but to the open air
 A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
 He bore within a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

LXXIII

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
 For act and suffering, to the city straight 650
 He journeyed, and forthwith his crime declared :
 "And from your doom," he added, "now I wait,
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
 Not ineffectual was that piteous claim :
 "O welcome sentence which will end though late," 655
 He said, "the pangs that to my conscience came
 Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour ! is in thy name !"

640-8 Nor bred in solitude unus'd to haunt
 The throngs of men did this good cottage pair
 Repine mortality's last claim to grant
 And in due time with due observance bear
 Her body to the distant church ; their care
 The husband thanked, nor one hour more remained
 Under their roof, but to the open air
 And fields, a burthen not to be sustain'd
 He carried in his breast—a dreadful quiet reign'd.

But they, alone and tranquil, call'd to mind
 Events so various, recollection ran
 Through each occurrence, and the links combin'd
 And while his silent looks and voice they scan
 And trembling hands, they cried "He is the man."
 Nought did those silent looks of woe prevail
 "Though we deplore it, much as any can.
 The law," they cried, "must weigh him in her scale
 Most fit it is that we unfold this woeful tale." MS. 2

649-51 fearless and prepared
 Not without pleasure to the city strait
 He went, and all which he had done declared MS. 2. *So MS. 3*
but 650 From that last office etc.

655-7 Blest be for once the stroke that ends tho' late
 The pangs, which from thy halls of terror came
 Thou who of Justice bear'st the violated name. MS. 2

LXXIV

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
 (Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
 They hung not:—no one on *his* form or face 660
 Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;
 No kindred sufferer, to his death-place brought
 By lawless curiosity or chance,
 When into storm the evening sky is wrought,
 Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance, 665
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance.

658-66 They left him hung on high in iron case,
 And dissolute men unthinking and untaught,
 Planted their festive [?] beneath his face;
 And to that spot, which idle numbers sought,
 Women and children were by Fathers brought,
 And now some kindred sufferer driven, perchance,
 That way, when into storm the sky is wrought,
 Upon the swinging corpse his eye may glance
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance. MS. 2
 So MS. 3, but 659-60 Warning for men *etc.* And such would come
 to gaze upon *etc.*

THE BORDERERS.

A TRAGEDY.

[Composed 1796-97.—Published 1842.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARMADUKE.	} Of the Band of Borderers.	Forester.
OSWALD.		ELDRED, a Peasant.
WALLACE.		Peasant, Pilgrims, &c.
LACY.		
LENNOX.		IDONEA.
HERBERT.		Female Beggar.
WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE. Host.		ELEANOR, Wife to ELDRED.

SCENE, *Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME, *The Reign of Henry III.*

READERS already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some eight or ten lines, which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper however to add that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I

SCENE, *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

Lacy. The Troop will be impatient; let us hie
Back to our post, and strip the Scottish Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the Border.
—Pity that our young Chief will have no part
In this good service.

Wal. Rather let us grieve 5
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his aim,
Companionship with One of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no good
To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader. 10

Lacy. True; and, remembering how the Band have proved
That Oswald finds small favour in our sight,

1-20 not in B. *The first 4 pages of C, containing ll. 1-88, are missing.*

6-8 That in his Enterprize whate'er its aim

He should have sought companionship with one D corr.

Well may we wonder he has gained such power
Over our much-loved Captain.

Wal. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him—then a Voyager
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his bearing
In Palestine ? 15

Lacy. Where he despised alike
Mohammedan and Christian. But enough ;
Let us begone—the Band may else be foiled. [Exeunt.

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED

Wil. Be cautious, my dear Master!

Mar. I perceive
That fear is like a cloak which old men huddle
About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should part. This Stranger,
For such he is—

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred, 25
Might tempt me to a smile ; but what of him ?

Wil. You know that you have saved his life.

Mar. I know it.

Wil. And that he hates you!—Pardon me, perhaps
That word was hasty.

Mar. Fy! no more of it.

Wil. Dear Master! gratitude's a heavy burden 30
To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this Oswald—
Yourself, you do not love him.

Mar. I do more,
I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart
Are natural ; and from no one can be learnt
More of man's thoughts and ways than his experience 35
Has given him power to teach : and then for courage
And enterprise—what perils hath he shunned ?
What obstacles hath he failed to overcome ?
Answer these questions, from our common knowledge,
And be at rest.

14–17 I have heard . . . Sea given to Lacy in D but corr. 19–20 But
enough . . . foiled D corr. We must be gone D.

24–6 Nay, but my heart is sad to part with you.

This Stranger, for such is he (*Mor.*) What of him? B: C D corr.

28 after hates you B has (*seeing Mor. displeased*) 33–40 Strong . . .
rest] not in B

Wil. Oh, Sir!

Mar. Peace, my good Wilfred ; 40
Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band
I shall be with them in two days at farthest.

Wil. May He whose eye is over all protect you! [*Exit.*]

Enter OSWALD (a bunch of plants in his hand).

Osw. This wood is rich in plants and curious simples.

Mar. (looking at them). The wild rose, and the poppy, and the
nightshade: 45

Which is your favourite, Oswald ?

Osw. That which, while it is
Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal— [*Looking forward.*]
Not yet in sight!—We'll saunter here awhile ;
They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

Mar. (a letter is his hand). It is no common thing when one
like you 50

Performs these delicate services, and therefore
I feel myself much bounden to you, Oswald ;
'Tis a strange letter this!—You saw her write it ?

Osw. And saw the tears with which she blotted it.

Mar. And nothing less would satisfy him ?

Osw. No less ; 55

For that another in his Child's affection
Should hold a place, as if 'twere robbery,
He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.
Besides, I know not what strange prejudice

Is rooted in his mind ; this Band of ours, 60

Which you've collected for the noblest ends,
Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed
To guard the Innocent—he calls us "Outlaws" ;
And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts
This garb was taken up that indolence 65
Might want no cover, and rapacity
Be better fed.

Mar. Ne'er may I own the heart
That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is.

Osw. Thou know'st me for a Man not easily moved,
Yet was I grievously provoked to think 70
Of what I witnessed.

43 Farewell, and heaven preserve you B 47 (*Looking forward as to a distance*) B 62 Here on the savage confines of the Tweed B 70 But death! it stirs my very soul B

Mar. This day will suffice
To end her wrongs.

Osw. But if the blind Man's tale
Should yet be true?

Mar. Would it were possible!
Did not the Soldier tell thee that himself,
And others who survived the wreck, beheld 75
The Baron Herbert perish in the waves
Upon the coast of Cyprus?

Osw. Yes, even so,
And I had heard the like before: in sooth
The tale of this his quondam Barony 80
Is cunningly devised; and, on the back
Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail
To make the proud and vain his tributaries,
And stir the pulse of lazy charity.
The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;
We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed: 'tis much 85
The Arch-impostor——

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald;
Though I have never seen his face, methinks,
There cannot come a day when I shall cease
To love him. I remember, when a Boy
Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the Elm 90
That casts its shade over our village school,
'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea
Repeat her Father's terrible adventures,
Till all the band of playmates wept together;
And that was the beginning of my love. 95
And, through all converse of our later years,
An image of this old Man still was present,

71-2 Well! to-day the truth Shall end B

77-8 True he did so

And something of the kind, though where I know not,
It seemed that I had heard before; and verily B

84 Devon] Cornwall B 86 The wily vagrant. *Mor.* Nay, be gentle
with him B C D: D *corr.*

90-2 Of six years growth or younger, by the thorn
Which starts from out the churchyard wall of Lorton
It was my joy B C: C *corr.*

96-9 And afterwards when we conversed together
This old Man's image still was present; chiefly
When I had been most happy. *Riv.* Whence this paleness? B C.
C *corr.*

When I had been most happy. Pardon me
If this be idly spoken.

Osw. See, they come,
Two Travellers!

Mar. (*points*). The woman is Idonea. 100

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass—
This thicket will conceal us. [*They step aside.*]

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply; ever since
We left the willow shade by the brookside,
Your natural breathing has been troubled.

Her. Nay, 105
You are too fearful; yet must I confess,
Our march of yesterday had better suited
A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—
In spite of all the larks that cheered our path,
I never can forgive it: but how steadily 110

You paced along, when the bewildering moonlight
Mocked me with many a strange fantastic shape!—
I thought the Convent never would appear;
It seemed to move away from us: and yet
That you are thus the fault is mine; for the air 115

Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the grass,
And midway on the waste ere night had fallen
I spied a Covert walled and roofed with sods—
A miniature; belike some Shepherd-boy,
Who might have found a nothing-doing hour 120
Heavier than work, raised it: within that hut

100 woman] female C

106-8 'Tis not so bad with me, and yet I know not

Our last night's march. *Mat.* Plague on that dismal heath B

110 I ne'er shall love it more. How cheerfully B C: C *corr.* 111 when
the bewildering moonlight C *corr.*: while the dim moonlight cloud B C

118-23 I spied a little hut built with green sods

A miniature it was, and as it seemed

Some shepherd's boy had raised it half in sport

To cheat the lazy time and half to screen him

From rain and the bleak wind: in that small hut

We might have made a bed of the dry heath

And lying down together rested safely. B

121 within that hut D *corr.*: belike for shelter. Or in the pride of skill. In
that small hut C D

We might have made a kindly bed of heath,
 And thankfully there rested side by side
 Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited strength,
 Have hailed the morning sun. But cheerily, Father,— 125
 That staff of yours, I could have almost heart
 To fling 't away from you: you make no use
 Of me, or of my strength;—come, let me feel
 That you do press upon me. There—indeed
 You are quite exhausted. Let us rest awhile 130
 On this green bank. [*He sits down.*]

Her. (*after some time*). Idonea, you are silent,
 And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me:
 I pondered patiently your wish and will
 When I gave way to your request; and now,
 When I behold the ruins of that face, 135
 Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of light,
 And think that they were blasted for my sake,
 The name of Marmaduke is blown away:
 Father, I would not change that sacred feeling
 For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed: 140
 Few minutes gone a faintness overspread
 My frame, and I bethought me of two things
 I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
 And thee, my Child!

Idon. Believe me, honoured Sire!
 'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy fancies, 145
 And you mistake the cause: you hear the woods
 Resound with music, could you see the sun,
 And look upon the pleasant face of Nature—

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be as cheerful
 As if we two were twins; two songsters bred 150
 In the same nest, my spring-time one with thine.
 My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
 As come, dear Child! from a far deeper source

130–1 Here is a green bank. Let us repose a little B
 your silence *Mat.* Wherefore thus reproach me? B
 139–40 this proud delight For the best hopes of love B C
 152–5 Well, be it so—you have indulged me, child!
 In many an old man's humour. Sitting here
 I feel myself recovered B C: *C corr.*

132 I understand
 133–4 not in B

Than bodily weariness. While here we sit
 I feel my strength returning.—The bequest
 Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
 We have thus far adventured, will suffice
 To save thee from the extreme of penury ;
 But when thy Father must lie down and die,
 How wilt thou stand alone ?

Idon. Is he not strong ?
 Is he not valiant ?

Her. Am I then so soon
 Forgotten ? have my warnings passed so quickly
 Out of thy mind ? My dear, my only, Child ;
 Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken reed—
 This Marmaduke——

Idon. O could you hear his voice :
 Alas ! you do not know him. He is one
 (I wot not what ill tongue has wronged him with you)
 All gentleness and love. His face bespeaks
 A deep and simple meekness : and that Soul,
 Which with the motion of a virtuous act
 Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,
 Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
 By a miraculous finger stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy Woman !

Idon. Nay, it was my duty
 Thus much to speak ; but think not I forget—
 Dear Father ! how *could* I forget and live ?—
 You and the story of that doleful night
 When, Antioch blazing to her topmost towers,
 You rushed into the murderous flames, returned
 Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have told me,
 Clasping your infant Daughter to your heart.

Her. Thy Mother too !—scarce had I gained the door,
 I caught her voice ; she threw herself upon me,
 I felt thy infant brother in her arms ;
 She saw my blasted face—a tide of soldiers
 That instant rushed between us, and I heard
 Her last death-shriek, distinct among a thousand.

160 *Mat. (earnestly) B* 167 wot . . . ill] guess . . . bad B: know . . .
 ill C 170 virtuous D *corr.*: glorious B C D 171 a terror-mingled
 look of sweetness B 172 quiet] silent B 177 The history of that
 lamentable night B 181 You clasped B C

Idon. Nay, Father, stop not; let me hear it all.

Her. Dear Daughter! precious relic of that time—

For my old age, it doth remain with thee 190

To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast been told,

That when, on our return from Palestine,

I found how my domains had been usurped,

I took thee in my arms, and we began

Our wanderings together. Providence 195

At length conducted us to Rossland,—there,

Our melancholy story moved a Stranger

To take thee to her home—and for myself,

Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuthbert's 200

Supplied my helplessness with food and raiment,

And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble Cot

Where now we dwell.—For many years I bore

Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities

Exacted thy return, and our reunion.

I did not think that, during that long absence, 205

My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,

Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,

Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,

Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries,

Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice! 210

I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,

But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you want a Guide,

Let me have leave to serve you!

Idon. My Companion

Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or Hostel 215

Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained,

You will look down into a dell, and there

Will see an ash from which a sign-board hangs;

The house is hidden by the shade. Old Man,

You seem worn out with travel—shall I support you? 220

189 'Twill do me good *Her.* Dear daughter, dearest love B 201 little

Cottage B 204 Now six months gone, exacted thy return B

213-5 Good morrow to you, Lady!

I guess that you are strangers; if you need

One better skilled *Mat.* The sight of inn or cottage B C: C *corr.*

Her. I thank you ; but, a resting-place so near,
'Twere wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.

[*Exit Peasant.*]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed—
'Tis but for a few days—a thought has struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this house, and thence 225
Proceed alone. It shall be so ; for strength
Would fail you ere our journey's end be reached.

[*Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA.*]

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him——

Osw. Be not hasty,

For sometimes, in despite of my conviction,
He tempted me to think the Story true ; 230
'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he said
That savoured of aversion to thy name
Appeared the genuine colour of his soul—
Anxiety lest mischief should befall her
After his death.

Mar. I have been much deceived. 235

Osw. But sure he loves the Maiden, and never love

222-3 You cannot miss the place

Her. Matilda we must part! *Mat.* Part! *Her.* Be not alarmed
B C: C *corr.*

226-7 I feel You are quite exhausted B C: C *corr.*

228 *Mor.* This instant we will stop him, a father too!

Riv. Nay Mortimer, I prithee, be not hasty B *After a father too*
A goes on:

Riv. By heavens he so incensed me
That I was half impelled to rush upon him
And force my sword into his heart at once

Mor. Oh! to confound the miscreant (a victory
Worth fifty conquests o'er brute violence)
He shall behold my triumph—there's a spot
Where I can make him feel

Riv. Nay be not hasty

234 any harm should reach A B: B *corr.*

235 After his death—for that was what he seemed
To fear the most.

Mor. I tell thee he is a tyrant
And most malignant in hypocrisy.
After his death—a cloak for selfishness
Hackney'd by every narrow soul on earth
And yet she could not see it A

Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,
Thus to torment her with *inventions!*—death——
There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his story!
He must have felt it then, known what it was, 240
And in such wise to rack her gentle heart
Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange pleasures
Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves!
To see him thus provoke her tenderness
With tales of weakness and infirmity! 245
I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

Mar. We will not waste an hour in such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble! shake her off at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments.—A Man

238-9 And thus to plague her with inventions
'Tis not in man to do it
There must be truth in this

Mor. False, false as hell
Truth in the story! had the thing been true A

241-2 And thus to prey upon her heart had been
A tenfold cruelty

Riv. What strange pleasures A B C: C *corr.*

243/4 By heavens such monsters are not fit to live
A mind so warped infects the general air
Now am I half in doubt if ill report
Have wronged thee with him, or he coins the slanders
With which he taints her ear—'tis plain his hate
Is deeply lodged and that [] deems
No price too high to seal her for his own *etc. as 245-6 A*

247 *Mor.* Her mind is poisoned, he has eat away
Her better soul—the villain has unnerved her
Oh Rivers—

Riv. From my heart I pity her

Mor. For what—thou scorn'st her. 'Tis her littleness
That moves thy pity, faith, compassion there
Has food enough—we will not waste an hour
In such a cause—six plundered families
But two days past came weeping to my tent
Where now they linger, waiting from my sword
The little that the sword can e'er restore.
Let's to the borders—danger too is there
And I have ever loved it. A

248 Why this is noble worthy of yourself
But shake her off at once and end the business A

249 Matilda has a heart. It is her virtues
Of which he makes his instruments A B

I never should have thought of it again
But for the scene which we by chance have witnessed.

275

Mar. What is your meaning ?

Osw. Two days gone I saw,
Though at a distance and he was disguised,
Hovering round Herbert's door, a man whose figure
Resembled much that cold voluptuary,
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and he knows
Where he can stab you deepest.

280

Mar. Clifford never
Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage door—
It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remember
That, when your praise was warm upon my tongue,
And the blind Man was told how you had rescued
A maiden from the ruffian violence
Of this same Clifford, he became impatient
And would not hear me.

285

Mar. No—it cannot be—
I dare not trust myself with such a thought—
Yet whence this strange aversion ? You are a man
Not used to rash conjectures—

290

Osw. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exeunt MARMADUKE and OSWALD*]

SCENE, *The door of the Hostel.*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

Her. (seated). As I am dear to you, remember, Child!
This last request.

Idon. You know me, Sire ; farewell!

295

Her. And are you going then ? Come, come, Idonea,
We must not part,—I have measured many a league
When these old limbs had need of rest,—and now
I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit down. [*Turning to Host.*
Good Host, such tendance as you would expect

300

276 *Mar.* What do you mean ? *Riv.* In truth I think I saw B 282 hover
round a blind man's door B C D : D *corr.* 285 And I began to tell him
B C : C *corr.* 292-3 it befits us To deal with caution : we must sift him
artfully B C : C *corr.* 298 and now] no no B

From your own Children, if yourself were sick,
Let this old Man find at your hands; poor Leader,

[*Looking at the dog.*

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!—Look,
The little fool is loth to stay behind, 305
Sir Host! by all the love you bear to courtesy,
Take care of him, and feed the truant well.

Host. Fear not, I will obey you;—but One so young,
And One so fair, it goes against my heart
That you should travel unattended, Lady!— 310
I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad
Shall squire you, (would it not be better, Sir?)
And for less fee than I would let him run
For any lady I have seen this twelve-month.

Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too long your guard 315
Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.
Why, if a wolf should leap from out a thicket,
A look of mine would send him scouring back,
Unless I differ from the thing I am
When you are by my side. 320

Her. *Idonea,* wolves
Are not the enemies that move my fears.

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three days at farthest
Will bring me back—protect him, Saints—farewell!

[*Exit IDONEA.*

Host. 'Tis never drought with us—St. Cuthbert and his Pil-
grims,
Thanks to them, are to us a stream of comfort: 325
Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;
She could not, sir, have failed of company.

Her. Now she is gone, I fain would call her back.

Host. (*calling*). Holla!

Her. No, no, the business must be done.—
What means this riotous noise?

Host. *The villagers* 330
Are flocking in—a wedding festival—
That's all—God save you, Sir.

302 Leader] Tray B C: C *corr.*

309 in truth it is a pity B

312 (and

sir I am bound to say it) B

323 back to you, farewell, farewell B

324 Cuthbert . . . his C Mary . . . her A B

330 But what is all this

noise? B

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! as I live,

The Baron Herbert.

Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

Osw. So far into your journey! on my life,
You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare you ?

335

Her. Well as the wreck I am permits. And you, Sir ?

Osw. I do not see Idonea.

Her. Dutiful Girl,

She is gone before, to spare my weariness.

But what has brought you hither ?

Osw. A slight affair

That will be soon despatched.

Her. Did Marmaduke

340

Receive that letter ?

Osw. Be at peace.—The tie

Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.

Her. This is true comfort, thanks a thousand times!—

That noise!—would I had gone with her as far

As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I have heard

345

That, in his milder moods, he has expressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great

333 Pray Sir, step in, I did not know your Honour

Now Tray my pretty dog A For Heaven's sake, Mercy! I did not
know you B

336 Well as an old man can expect B 337 The good Creature B C: C

corr. 339 A slight affair C *corr.* A little business A B C

340 *Her.* But have you been at Dalevale ? *Riv.* O yes

Her. But of the letter *Riv.* It is safe with him

Her. And you have told him all, good Rivers ? *Riv.* All

Her. And how did he receive it ? *Riv.* Be at peace

You'll hear no more of him. *Her.* Well this is comfort

But then the silly girl—ay there's what galls me

She doats as much as ever—But I'll save her

As long as there is life in me my child

Will love me far too well. Good Rivers

E'en to be ruined by her own consent

But say where is he now *Riv.* Oh not [?]

There is no danger. *Her.* What a noise is this

I shall have neither sleep or rest A (*MS. breaks off*)

340-3 There was a letter

Which we entrusted to you ? *Riv.* Be at peace

You'll hear no more of him *Her.* Well this is comfort B.

With Henry, our good King ;—the Baron might
 Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at Court.
 No matter—he's a dangerous Man.—That noise!— 350
 'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me,—the Convent
 Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good Host,
 And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky ;

I have been waiting in the wood hard by 355
 For a companion—here he comes ; our journey

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lies on your way ; accept us as your Guides.

Her. Alas ! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear ;

We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff

And need repose. Could you but wait an hour ? 360

Osw. Most willingly!—Come, let me lead you in,

And, while you take your rest, think not of us ;

We'll stroll into the wood ; lean on my arm.

[*Conducts HERBERT into the house. Exit MARMADUKE.*]

Enter Villagers.

Osw. (to himself coming out of the Hostel). I have prepared a
 most apt Instrument—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering somewhere 365

About this ground ; she hath a tongue well skilled,

By mingling natural matter of her own

With all the daring fictions I have taught her,

To win belief, such as my plot requires. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

Enter more Villagers, a Musician among them.

Host (to them). Into the court, my Friend, and perch yourself
 Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids, 371

348-52 With Henry our good King. I might have restored them [*sic*]

Perhaps he would have heard my suit : no matter

I do not like the man (*noise again*) this noise alas

I shall have neither sleep nor rest, the Convent B

353-6 Our journey lies that way, my friend and I

Will be your guides B

358 *After* slowly B has a wearisome companion 361-3 Oh certainly !

And while you rest yourself my friend and I Will stroll into the wood.

(*Rivers conducts Herbert into the house—various villagers crowd in. Rivers returns to Mortimer and they go out together. More villagers, and among them a rustic musician. To him*) B 364-9 not in B

Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,
Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.

SCENE *changes to the Wood adjoining the Hostel*—MARMADUKE and
OSWALD *entering*.

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves: 375
When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all.—You marked a Cottage,
That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
By the brook-side: it is the abode of One, 380
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,
Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.
Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,
Nor moves her hands to any needful work: 385
She eats her food which every day the peasants
Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has lived
Ten years; and no one ever heard her voice;
But every night at the first stroke of twelve
She quits her house, and, in the neighbouring Churchyard 390
Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,
She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—
She paces round and round an Infant's grave,
And in the Churchyard sod her feet have worn
A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep— 395
Ah! what is here?

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her
eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.*]

Beg. Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you;
I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled
The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe
Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread
When I had none to give him; whereupon 400
I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,
Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:

374 *not in B.* More speedily perhaps than you would like D 377/8 *Riv.*
Let us dismiss the business from our thoughts B 381–2 A maid who
fell a prey to the Lord C: And he B 383–4 the poor wretch, It turned
her brain, and now she lives alone B 393 She paces round and round,
still round and round B 396 *as if in sleep D: as if waking from sleep B*

When, into one of those same spotted bells
 A bee came darting, which the Child with joy
 Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear, 405
 And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;
 Here's what will comfort you. [Gives her money.]

Beg. The Saints reward you
 For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed away;
 And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog, 410
 Trotting alone along the beaten road,
 Came to my child as by my side he slept,
 And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden
 Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:
 But here he is, [kissing the child] it must have been a dream. 415

Osw. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice
 And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, Sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew
 What life is this of ours, how sleep will master
 The weary-worn.—You gentlefolk have got 420
 Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be
 A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,
 The darkness overtook me—wind and rain
 Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw
 A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze, 425
 Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky:
 At which I half accused the God in Heaven.—
 You must forgive me.

Osw. Ay, and if you think
 The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide
 Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day 430
 Has made amends.

Beg. Thanks to you both; but, Oh Sir!
 How would you like to travel on whole hours
 As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,
 Expecting still, I knew not how, to find
 A piece of money glittering through the dust? 435

Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady!
 Do you tell fortunes?

Beg. Oh Sir, you are like the rest.
 This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—

409 deed] work B 428-30 You must forgive me, Sirs, *Riv.* Well, well,
 to-day B

Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,
 But there are Mothers who can see the Babe 440
 Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:
 This they can do, and look upon my face—
 But you, Sir, should be kinder.

Mar.) Come hither, Fathers,
 And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch!

Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us. 445
 Why now—but yesterday I overtook
 A blind old Greybeard and accosted him,
 I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass
 He should have used me better!—Charity!
 If you can melt a rock, he is your man; 450
 But I'll be even with him—here again
 Have I been waiting for him.

Osw. Well, but softly,
 Who is it that hath wronged you?

Beg. Mark you me;
 I'll point him out;—a Maiden is his guide,
 Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog, 455
 Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before
 With look as sad as he were dumb; the cur,
 I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
 He does his Master credit.

Mar. As I live,
 'Tis Herbert and no other!

Beg. 'Tis a feast to see him, 460
 Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent,
 And long beard white with age—yet evermore,
 As if he were the only Saint on earth,
 He turns his face to heaven.

Osw. But why so violent
 Against this venerable Man?

Beg. I'll tell you: 465
 He has the very hardest heart on earth;
 I had as lief turn to the Friar's school
 And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

Mar. But to your story.

Beg. I was saying, Sir—
 Well!—he has often spurned me like a toad, 470

455 Spring's first] any B 465 venerable Man C *corr.* poor old gentle-
 man B C 470 spurned . . . toad] used . . . dog B

But yesterday was worse than all;—at last
 I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,
 And begged a little aid for charity:
 But he was snappish as a cottage cur.
 Well then, says I—I'll out with it; at which
 I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt!
 As if my heart would burst; and so I left him.

475

Osw. I think, good Woman, you are the very person
 Whom, but some few days past, I saw in Eskdale,
 At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay; and if truth were known
 I have good business there.

480

Osw. I met you at the threshold,
 And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry! well he might;
 And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—Yesterday,
 To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
 The best of all he has to me and mine.
 But 'tis all over now.—That good old Lady
 Has left a power of riches; and I say it,
 If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave
 Shall give me half.

485

Osw. What's this?—I fear, good Woman,
 You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's the Baron,
 I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

490

Osw. How say you? in disguise?—

Mar. But what's your business
 With Herbert or his Daughter?

Beg. Daughter! truly—
 But how's the day?—I fear, my little Boy,
 We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you seen him?

495

[Offers to go.]

Mar. I must have more of this;—you shall not stir
 An inch, till I am answered. Know you aught
 That doth concern this Herbert?

Beg. You are provoked,
 And will misuse me, Sir!

Mar. No trifling, Woman!—

471/2 And after trudging many a weary mile B 481-2 threshold and
 observed That he was angry B 490 Aye, Sir, and there's a Lord B C:
 C corr.

- Osw.* You are as safe as in a sanctuary ;
Speak. 500
- Mar.* Speak!
- Beg.* He is a most hard-hearted Man.
- Mar.* Your life is at my mercy.
- Beg.* Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all!—You know not, Sir,
What strong temptations press upon the Poor.
- Osw.* Speak out.
- Beg.* Oh, Sir, I've been a wicked Woman. 505
- Osw.* Nay, but speak out!
- Beg.* He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both ; and so
I parted with the Child.
- Mar.* Parted with whom ?
- Beg.* Idonea, as he calls her ; but the Girl
Is mine.
- Mar.* Yours, Woman! are you Herbert's wife ? 510
- Beg.* Wife, Sir! his wife—not I ; my husband, Sir,
Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter
We've weathered out together. My poor Gilfred!
He has been two years in his grave.
- Mar.* Enough.
- Osw.* We've solved the riddle—Miscreant!
- Mar.* Do you, 515
Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and wait
For my return ; be sure you shall have justice.
- Osw.* A lucky woman!—go, you have done good service. [*Aside.*]
- Mar.* (to himself). Eternal praises on the power that saved
her!—
- 506-7 But the poor girl has fared the better for it
I was paid for it, he flattered me and told
What harvest *etc.* A
- 511 Aye mine, and I was at the christening of her
And he shall never rob me of the money
Mor. Death! are you Herbert's wife ? *Beg.* Wife, Sir, not I,
Nor ever was since I was born. My husband A
- 514 I have it now—infernal miscreant
We've solved the riddle, hellish miscreant A *So B, but without
previous line*
- 516-18 You shall have justice—Herbert is gone by
But—leave the rest to me.
Riv. A lucky woman
Depart and think that you have done good service A B

Osw. (gives her money). Here's for your little boy,—and when
you christen him 520

I'll be his Godfather.

Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with me.

In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely owns
A dog that does not know me.—Thèse good Folks,
For love of God I must not pass their doors;
But I'll be back with my best speed: for you— 525
God bless and thank you both, my gentle Masters.

[*Exit Beggar.*]

Mar. (to himself). The cruel Viper!—Poor devoted Maid,
Now I do love thee.

Osw. I am thunderstruck.

Mar. Where is she—holla!

[*Calling to the Beggar, who returns; he looks at her stedfastly.*]

You are Idonea's Mother?—

Nay, be not terrified—it does me good 530
To look upon you.

Osw. (interrupting). In a peasant's dress
You saw, who was it?

Beg. Nay, I dare not speak;
He is a man, if it should come to his ears
I never shall be heard of more.

Osw. Lord Clifford?

Beg. What can I do? believe me, gentle Sirs, 535
I love her, though I dare not call her daughter.

Osw. Lord Clifford—did you see him talk with Herbert?

Beg. Yes, to my sorrow—under the great oak
At Herbert's door—and when he stood beside
The blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked 540
With such a look—it makes me tremble, Sir,
To think of it.

Osw. Enough! you may depart.

Mar. (to himself). Father!—to God himself we cannot give

526 A B omit both, my gentle

526/7 *Mor. (after some time)* Sinking, sinking
And feel that I am sinking—would this body
Were quietly given back unto the earth
From whence it came

Riv. (aside) Pierced to the heart. B C D (C D
delete)

527 *Mor. (to himself)* The cruel Viper! oh thou poor Matilda B

538 oak] beech B 540 he looked at the poor girl B

A holier name ; and, under such a mask,
 To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed, 545
 To that abhorred den of brutish vice!—
 Oswald, the firm foundation of my life
 Is going from under me ; these strange discoveries—
 Looked at from every point of fear or hope,
 Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin. 550

ACT II

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Hostel*—OSWALD *alone, rising from a Table on which he had been writing.*

Osw. They chose *him* for their Chief!—what covert part
 He, in the preference, modest Youth, might take,
 I neither know nor care. The insult bred
 More of contempt than hatred ; both are flown ;
 That either e'er existed is my shame : 555
 'Twas a dull spark—a most unnatural fire
 That died the moment the air breathed upon it.
 —These fools of feeling are mere birds of winter
 That haunt some barren island of the north,
 Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand, 560
 They think it is to feed them. I have left him
 To solitary meditation ;—now
 For a few swelling phrases, and a flash
 Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
 And he is mine for ever—here he comes. 565

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her lips all day
 And never speaks!

Osw. Who is it ?

Mar. I have seen her.

Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged homestead,
 Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to madness.

547–50 The firm foundation of my life appears
 To sink from under me. This business, Rivers
 Will be my ruin B

Act II *Hostel*] *Inn* on which] as if B

553–5 Insult that bred B

More of contempt than hatred. Shame on me B C: C *corr.*

555 *added in D* 567/8 Just now I have been standing at her door B

569 She whom the wicked B

Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he told me,
These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls. 570

Osw. I too have seen her;
Chancing to pass this way some six months gone,
At midnight, I betook me to the Churchyard:
The moon shone clear, the air was still, so still 575
The trees were silent as the graves beneath them.
Long did I watch, and saw her pacing round
Upon the self-same spot, still round and round,
Her lips for ever moving.

Mar. At her door
Rooted I stood; for, looking at the woman,
I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea. 580

Osw. But the pretended Father——

Mar. Earthly law
Measures not crimes like his.

Osw. We rank not, happily,
With those who take the spirit of their rule
From that soft class of devotees who feel 585
Reverence for life so deeply, that they spare
The verminous brood, and cherish what they spare
While feeding on their bodies. Would that Idonea
Were present, to the end that we might hear
What she can urge in his defence; she loves him. 590

Mar. Yes, loves him; 'tis a truth that multiplies
His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. 'Tis most perplexing:
What must be done?

Mar. We will conduct her hither;
These walls shall witness it—from first to last

570 the spot] her home B 572 I too] Yes, I B

574/5 I do not think I ever told you of it
'Twas a calm night as I remember well B

577 The church-clock from within the steeple tower
Ticked audibly—a full half-hour did I
Prolong my watch, I saw her pacing round B C: C corr.

579–80 Poor Matilda,
Oh Rivers! when I looked upon that woman B

582–3 But the old man?

Mor. There is no earthly law
That measures crimes like his B

583–8 We . . . bodies added to C

He shall reveal himself.

Osw.

Happy are we,

595

Who live in these disputed tracts, that own
No law but what each man makes for himself;
Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

Mar. Let us begone and bring her hither;—here
The truth shall be laid open, his guilt proved
Before her face. The rest be left to me.

600

Osw. You will be firm: but though we well may trust
The issue to the justice of the cause,
Caution must not be flung aside; remember,
Yours is no common life. Self-stationed here,
Upon these savage confines, we have seen you
Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy seas
That oft have checked their fury at your bidding.
'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy waste,
Your single virtue has transformed a Band
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire
For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is
In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world.

605

610

615

595 He shall reveal himself, his punishment
Shall be before her face. *Riv.* The thought is good
And worthy the occasion. But bethink you
Is it not possible that some may think
If it be seemly in a man like you
To take the life of one so helpless? *Mor.* Oh
Would he were older! would he were more weak
A thousand times more helpless; verily
I do not think the tale will be believed
Till I have shed his blood *Riv.* Happy etc. B So C as far as
more helpless, *but deleted*

600-1 Shall he be stretched, and after come what will B C: C *corr.*

602-4 That thought escaped me. This is an act of justice
And where's the triumph if the delegate
Must fall in the execution of his office? B C: C *corr.*
The wretch must die—thereafter come what will
Yes, that resolve becomes you, we may trust
The issue, trust to the justice of the cause D *corr.*

612-13 Of beauty and of order. The old man
Blesses . . . retires B C: C *corr.*

615 *added to C*

Benevolence, that has not heart to use
 The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
 Becomes at last weak and contemptible. 620
 Your generous qualities have won due praise,
 But vigorous Spirits look for something more
 Than Youth's spontaneous products; and to-day
 You will not disappoint them; and hereafter——

Mar. You are wasting words; hear me then, once for all: 625
 You are a Man—and therefore, if compassion,
 Which to our kind is natural as life,
 Be known unto you, you will love this Woman,
 Even as I do; but I should loathe the light,
 If I could think one weak or partial feeling—— 630

Osw. You will forgive me——

Mar. If I ever knew
 My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,
 'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have loved
 To be the friend and father of the oppressed,
 A comforter of sorrow;—there is something 635
 Which looks like a transition in my soul,
 And yet it is not.—Let us lead him hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment; 'tis an act of justice;
 And where's the triumph if the delegate
 Must fall in the execution of his office? 640
 The deed is done—if you will have it so—
 Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar wretches
 (You saw them gathering for the festival)

620–8 Is powerless and contemptible [?]

Your virtues, the spontaneous growth of instinct
 From vigorous souls can claim but little praise
 To-day you will assume a character
 More lofty and sublime—remember this
 And think hereafter *Mor.* Talk not of hereafter
 This act has virtue for a thousand lives

Riv. But 'tis an act of reason and bethink you
 Should any rashness *Mor.* Hark'ee, Rivers,
 You are a man, and if compassion's milk
 Be known unto you *etc.* B C: C *corr.*

631 will forgive] quite mistake B 632 My heart, and naked saw the
 man within me B C: C *corr.* 634 oppressed] helpless B

638–41 A moment's pause—To benefit their fellows
 Great souls must stoop—Let us survey the case
 Just as it is—the deed is done—performed B

643 not in B

Rush in—the villains seize us——

Mar. Seize!

Osw. Yes, they—

Men who are little given to sift and weigh— 645
Would wreak on us the passion of the moment.

Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—farewell—but stay,
Thou wilt relate the story.

Osw. Am I neither

To bear a part in this Man's punishment;
Nor be its witness?

Mar. I had many hopes 650
That were most dear to me, and some will bear
To be transferred to thee.

Osw. When I'm dishonoured!

Mar. I would preserve thee. How may this be done?

Osw. By showing that you look beyond the instant.

A few leagues hence we shall have open ground, 655
And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we enter
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling rock
The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft
Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom, 660
And very superstition of the place,

644-6

The eye

Of vulgar men knows not the majesty
With which the mind can clothe the shapes of things.
They look but through the spectacles of forms
And from success alone they judge of actions B

Yes, they

Will be more prompt than we have been, their hands
Will execute on us immediate judgment C D: D *corr.*,

647-50 Fear not, the cloud will soon disperse—but stay
Thou wilt relate the story—farewell *Riv.* Am I then
Of such light value? B

651-2

I mention it

That I may live in thee *Riv.* What, after I am dishonoured? B

654

By shewing that you calculate, and look
Beyond the present object of the sense B

656-60

And tread on ground as free as the first earth
Which nature gave to man. Before we enter
The barren heath, just halfway to the convent
We pass the beetling rock from which there hangs
A ruined Castle—you have heard of it
It is a noted spot where Clifford oft
Has held most hellish orgies B C: C *corr.*

Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee
 Would there perhaps have gathered the first fruits
 Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter HOST conducting HERBERT.

Host. The Baron Herbert
 Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host). We are ready—

(to HERBERT) Sir! 665

I hope you are refreshed.—I have just written
 A notice for your Daughter, that she may know
 What is become of you.—You'll sit down and sign it;
 'Twill glad her heart to see her father's signature.

[Gives the letter he had written.

Her. Thanks for your care. *[Sits down and writes. Exit Host.*

Osw. (aside to MARMADUKE). Perhaps it would be useful 670
 That you too should subscribe your name.

*[MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT—then writes—examines
 the letter eagerly.*

Mar. I cannot leave this paper. *[He puts it up, agitated.*

Osw. (aside). Dastard! Come.

*[MARMADUKE goes towards HERBERT and supports him—
 MARMADUKE tremblingly beckons OSWALD to take his
 place.*

Mar. (as he quits HERBERT). There is a palsy in his limbs—he
 shakes.

[Exeunt OSWALD and HERBERT—MARMADUKE following.

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Group of Pilgrims and IDONEA
 with them.

First Pil. A grove of darker and more lofty shade
 I never saw.

Sec. Pil. The music of the birds 675
 Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.

Old Pil. This news! it made my heart leap up with joy.

Idon. I scarcely can believe it.

Old Pil. Myself, I heard

664 mock Father's] foul monster's B 669 he had written] which was
 lying on the table B

672-3 It shall not be

I cannot leave this paper *Riv. (aside)* The blockhead! Come B C:
 C corr.

The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter
 Which purported it was the royal pleasure 680
 The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed,
 Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood,
 Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, Lady,
 Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned
 From Palestine, and brought with me a heart, 685
 Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort,
 I met your Father, then a wandering Outcast:
 He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy; but grieved
 He was that One so young should pass his youth
 In such sad service; and he parted with him. 690
 We joined our tales of wretchedness together,
 And begged our daily bread from door to door.
 I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady!
 For once you loved me.

Idon. You shall back with me
 And see your Friend again. The good old Man 695
 Will be rejoiced to greet you.

Old Pil. It seems but yesterday
 That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel,
 In a deep wood remote from any town.
 A cave that opened to the road presented
 A friendly shelter, and we entered in. 700

Idon. And I was with you?

Old Pil. If indeed 'twas you—
 But you were then a tottering Little-one—
 We sate us down. The sky grew dark and darker:
 I struck my flint, and built up a small fire
 With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds 705
 Of many autumns in the cave had piled.
 Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the woods;
 Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth
 And we were comforted, and talked of comfort;
 But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our heads 710

684 It filled my eyes B

696-7 'Twill glad his heart to greet you

Old Pil. It seems but yesterday

That cavern—does he ever talk of it?

No doubt you've heard the tale a thousand times

It was a dreary afternoon, and we

Were wan with travel when a storm o'ertook us B

706 autumns] winters B

The thunder rolled in peals that would have made
A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.

O Lady, you have need to love your Father.

His voice—methinks I hear it now, his voice

When, after a broad flash that filled the cave, 715

He said to me, that he had seen his Child,

A face (no cherub's face more beautiful)

Revealed by lustre brought with it from heaven;

And it was you, dear Lady!

Idon. God be praised,

That I have been his comforter till now! 720

And will be so through every change of fortune

And every sacrifice his peace requires.—

Let us begone with speed, that he may hear

These joyful tidings from no lips but mine.

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, *The Area of a half-ruined Castle—on one side the entrance to a dungeon—OSWALD and MARMADUKE pacing backwards and forwards.*

Mar. 'Tis a wild night.

Osw. I'd give my cloak and bonnet 725

For sight of a warm fire.

Mar. The wind blows keen;

My hands are numb.

Osw. Ha! ha! 'tis nipping cold.

[*Blowing his fingers.*]

I long for news of our brave Comrades; Lacy
Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens
If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed. 730

Mar. I think I see a second range of Towers;
This castle has another Area—come,
Let us examine it.

Osw. 'Tis a bitter night;

I hope Idonea is well housed. That horseman,

714 His countenance, methinks I see it now B

717 A face—and a confused gleam of human flesh B C: *C corr.* 718 added

to C 720 lived to be a comfort to him B 721–2 added to C

723–4 Let us begone, it is not two leagues hence

And we shall greet him with these happy tidings

This is a day of thankfulness and joy B C: *C corr.*

730/1 He is a stripling of great promise B 733 In truth 'tis cold B C:
C corr.

Who at full speed swept by us where the wood
 Roared in the tempest, was within an ace
 Of sending to his grave our precious Charge:
 That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would.

Osw. Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.

Osw. As up the steep we clomb, 740

I saw a distant fire in the north-east;
 I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon:
 With proper speed our quarters may be gained
 To-morrow evening.

[Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the dungeon.]

Mar. When, upon the plank, 745

I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice blessed me:
 You could not hear, for the foam beat the rocks
 With deafening noise,—the benediction fell
 Back on himself; but changed into a curse.

Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem

The fittest place?

Osw. (aside). He is growing pitiful. 750

Mar. (listening). What an odd moaning that is!—

Osw. Mighty odd

The wind should pipe a little, while we stand
 Cooling our heels in this way!—I'll begin
 And count the stars.

Mar. (still listening). That dog of his, you are sure,
 Could not come after us—he *must* have perished; 755

735 Who passed us at full speed when the dark wood B 737 Of sending
 the old fellow to his grave B

740 Did I not mention to you

That as we mounted up the open steep B C: C *corr.*

744–50 When I conducted him across that plank
 Hung o'er the torrent, did you hear him bless me?
 You could not hear—you were behind—'twas windy
 And the foam beat the rocks with deafening noise
 These words were most delicious to me.

Riv. A feast

For twenty years—How was it?

Mor. And you think

This is the fittest place?

Riv. (aside) Zounds, he's turning soft B C: C *corr.*

745 'cross 1845: o'er 1842

The torrent would have dashed an oak to splinters.
 You said you did not like his looks—that he
 Would trouble us; if he were here again,
 I swear the sight of him would quail me more
 Than twenty armies,

Osw. How ?

Mar. The old blind Man, 760
 When you had told him the mischance, was troubled
 Even to the shedding of some natural tears
 Into the torrent over which he hung,
 Listening in vain.

Osw. He has a tender heart!

[OSWALD offers to go down into the dungeon.]

Mar. How now, what mean you ?

Osw. Truly, I was going 765
 To waken our stray Baron. Were there not
 A farm or dwelling-house within five leagues,
 We should deserve to wear a cap and bells,
 Three good round years, for playing the fool here
 In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps, 770
 You'd better like we should descend together,
 And lie down by his side—what say you to it ?
 Three of us—we should keep each other warm :
 I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend
 Shall not disturb us ; further, I'll not engage ; 775
 Come, come, for manhood's sake!

Mar. These drowsy shiverings,
 This mortal stupor which is creeping over me,
 What do they mean ? were this my single body
 Opposed to armies, not a nerve would tremble :
 Why do I tremble now ?—Is not the depth 780
 Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of thought ?
 And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judgment,

761-4 Wept when you told him the mischance, and hung
 Listening above the precipice

Riv. In faith

He has a tender heart! *Mor.* You should not, Rivers,

Have hurled the innocent animal from the precipice

You should not—there was no occasion for it B

766 our stray Baron C *corr.* : the old fellow B : the old impostor C

776 manhood's] heaven's B 778-80 were this . . . now not in B

Something I strike upon which turns my mind
 Back on herself, I think, again—my breast
 Concentres all the terrors of the Universe: 785
 I look at him and tremble like a child.

Osw. Is it possible ?

Mar. One thing you noticed not:
 Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder
 Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing force.
 This is a time, said he, when guilt may shudder : 790
 But there's a Providence for them who walk
 In helplessness, when innocence is with them.
 At this audacious blasphemy, I thought
 The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the air.

Osw. Why are you not the man you were that moment ? 795
 [*He draws MARMADUKE to the dungeon.*]

Mar. You say he was asleep,—look at this arm,
 And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald! [*Leans upon OSWALD.*]

Osw. This is some sudden seizure!

Mar. A most strange faintness,—will you hunt me out
 A draught of water ?

Osw. Nay, to see you thus 800
 Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try
 To gain the torrent's brink. [*EXIT OSWALD.*]

Mar. (*after a pause*). It seems an age
 Since that Man left me.—No, I am not lost.

Her. (*at the mouth of the dungeon*). Give me your hand ; where
 are you, Friends ? and tell me
 How goes the night.

Mar. 'Tis hard to measure time 805
 In such a weary night, and such a place.

Her. I do not hear the voice of my friend Oswald.

Mar. A minute past, he went to fetch a draught

783-4 mind . . . herself] thoughts . . . myself B 793 audacious
 C *corr.*: infernal B C

794/5 Yet nothing came of it. I listened, but
 The echoes of the thunder died away
 Along the distant hills.

Riv. What then ? great souls
 Look to the world within. I marked you then B C: C *deletes*

802 an age C *corr.* an age of life B C

805-6 'Tis hard to say, we are not within the sound
 Of any clock in such a time and such a place B

Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,
A cheerless beverage.

Her. How good it was in you 810
To stay behind!—Hearing at first no answer,
I was alarmed.

Mar. No wonder; this is a place
That well may put some fears into *your* heart.

Her. Why so? a roofless rock had been a comfort,
Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were; 815

808-9 A minute past he went, for we were thirsty,
To fetch a draught of water B C D

812-54 Why yes, this is a place to make me fearful without knowing why

Her. Well, [?] was a comfort, bewildered as we were, and
such a storm bursting over our heads, and in a night like this to lend your
cloaks to make a bed for me. It was so kind, my poor girl will weep when
she hears of it.

Mor. This daughter of yours is very dear to you.

Her. Oh Sir! (*laying his hand upon him*) but you are young; forty years
must roll over your head ere you can know how much a father may love
his child.

Mor. (aside) I thank you old man for this.

Hcr. I am a poor and useless man—with a kind hand you have protected
me this evening—I have no return to make but my prayers—may the God
of Heaven bless your old age with such a daughter. When I was an out-
cast, even as you see me, a miserable outcast—but I am going to talk
fondly.

Mor. Oh let me have it by all means, 'tis pleasant to me to hear you.

Hcr. You will forgive me but my heart runs over—when my poor dog
perished in the waters what a piercing cry you sent after him! I have
loved you ever since (*starts*) where are we?

Mor. Oh! there is no danger—'Tis a cold night.

Her. 'Twas a foolish question—but I never shall forget the shuddering
that seized you when you led me over the torrent—but for you there had
not been a hair betwixt my death and me.

Mor. But when you were an outcast—The heavens are just—piety like
yours could not go unrewarded. The little Orphan would be of service to
you, I suppose.

Her. I turned away from the dwellings of my Fathers, where I was re-
membered only by those who had trampled me under foot—I bore her
in my arms—her looks won pity from the world—when I had none to help
me she brought me food—she was a raven, sent to me in the wilderness.
Have I not cause to love her?

Mor. Oh! Yes!

Her. More than ever parent loved a child? *Mor.* Yes! Yes!

Her. Merciful God! thou hast poured out the phials of thy wrath upon
my head—but I will not murmur—blasted as I am thou hast left me both
ears to hear the voice of my daughter, and arms to fold her to my heart. I
will adore thee and tremble! B

And in a night like this to lend your cloaks
To make a bed for me!—My Girl will weep
When she is told of it.

Mar. This Daughter of yours
Is very dear to you.

Her. Oh! but you are young;
Over your head twice twenty years must roll, 820
With all their natural weight of sorrow and pain,
Ere can be known to you how much a Father
May love his Child.

Mar. Thank you, old Man, for this! [*Aside.*

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a useless Man;
Kindly have you protected me to-night, 825
And no return have I to make but prayers;
May you in age be blest with such a daughter!—
When from the Holy Land I had returned
Sightless, and from my heritage was driven,
A wretched Outcast—but this strain of thought 830
Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar. Do not fear;
Your words are precious to my ears; go on.

Her. You will forgive me, but my heart runs over.
When my old Leader slipped into the flood
And perished, what a piercing outcry you 835
Sent after him. I have loved you ever since.
You start—where are we?

Mar. Oh, there is no danger;
The cold blast struck me.

Her. 'Twas a foolish question.

Mar. But when you were an Outcast?—Heaven is just;
Your piety would not miss its due reward; 840
The little Orphan then would be your succour,
And do good service, though she knew it not.

Her. I turned me from the dwellings of my Fathers,
Where none but those who trampled on my rights
Seemed to remember me. To the wide world 845
I bore her, in my arms; her looks won pity;
She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause to love her?

828–9 When I became an Outcast as you see me C *corr.*

845–6 Within my arms

I bore her; from the world her looks won pity C *corr.*

Mar. Yes.

Her. More than ever Parent loved a Child ?

Mar. Yes, yes.

Her. I will not murmur, merciful God! 850

I will not murmur ; blasted as I have been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daughter's voice,
And arms to fold her to my heart. Submissively
Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Herbert!—confusion! (*aside*). Here it is, my Friend, 855
[*Presents the Horn.*]

A charming beverage for you to carouse,
This bitter night.

Her. Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes gone,
To have heard your voice.

Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless ; and yet that place, 860
When the tempestuous wind first drove us hither,
Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better turn
And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored you.
No doubt you have been nobly entertained? 865
But soft!—how came he forth ? The Nightmare Conscience
Has driven him out of harbour ?

Mar. I believe
You have guessed right.

Her. The trees renew their murmur :
Come, let us house together.

[*OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.*]

Osw. (*returns*). Had I not

859-60 My good friend, I am sure
Your rest has been disturbed B

864 The storm is gathering B

868/9 (*right Riv.*) (*walks about with satisfaction turning back to Mortimer and looking at Herbert*)

We must cure these wanderings
I know a sovereign remedy—at times
The toothache twinges me, and luckily
I have a phial

Mor. Poison! Poison!

Esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair
 To its most fit conclusion, do you think
 I would so long have struggled with my Nature,
 And smothered all that's man in me?—away!—

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*]

This man's the property of him who best
 Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a privilege;
 It now becomes my duty to resume it. 875

Mar. Touch not a finger—

Osw. What then must be done?

Mar. Which way so'er I turn, I am perplexed.

Riv. Think you
 I would defraud that sword of yours so vilely?
 Humanity's the word with me—I wish
 That since all hope of penitence is vain
 The little time which he has left should be
 A time of peace

Mor. Hold, hold, the thought
 Is devilish

Riv. Hell! Say you so? Poor old Man!
 While he is human, like ourselves, all night
 Must these cold arches drip on his grey head?
 His blood is thin, his bones can ill sustain
 The rigours of a night like this. 'Tis mercy
 'Tis very mercy (*He bursts away from Mortimer and stops suddenly, rummaging his pockets*)

Plague! I have mislaid it
 No matter, the main end will be answered.
 (*to himself*) 'Tis a dark thought—I like the colour of it
 To have an old man drugged that he may kill him
 (*goes up to Her. and presents the horn gaily*)
 Here is some cool refreshment—you will pledge us
 If it were only for a traveller's pleasure
 To tell by your fireside what hearty cheer
 You met with at the Castle

Her. You are gay
 And you are wise—I think for a short while
 I could be merry too (*he drinks. Mortimer who had approached, turns from him*)

Riv. (*following Mortimer*) A gentle dose!
 That will compose him to a childlike sleep.
 There is no justice when we do not feel
 For man as man

Her. The trees begin to murmur
 The big drops scatter round us. Come, my friends
 And let us house together B C: C deletes 869 *Riv.* I must deal
 plainly with you. Had I not B. 874 This man's] He is B
 877 not] but B 878 Which way so'er I turn me, I am curst B

Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you. The misery
Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts 880
Did not admit of stronger evidence;
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set us right;
Their verdict would abolish these weak scruples.

Mar. Weak! I am weak—there does my torment lie,
Feeding itself.

Osw. Verily, when he said 885
How his old heart would leap to hear her steps,
You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.

Mar. And never heard a sound so terrible.

Osw. Perchance you think so now?

Mar. I cannot do it:
Twice did I spring to grasp his withered throat, 890
When such a sudden weakness fell upon me,
I could have dropped asleep upon his breast.

Osw. Justice—is there not thunder in the word?
Shall it be law to stab the petty robber
Who aims but at our purse; and shall this Parricide— 895
Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonour
Be worse than death) to that confiding Creature
Whom he to more than filial love and duty
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his purpose?
But you are fallen.

Mar. Fallen should I be indeed— 900
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the blow—
Away! away!—[*Flings away his sword.*]

Osw. Nay, I have done with you:
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall live,
And she shall love him. With unquestioned title 905
He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good deeds.
I now perceive we do mistake our masters,

882-4 Twelve neighbours, Plain men might set us right, their verdict
Would fortify your spirit, end this weakness.

Mor. I am weak—there is my hell B

895 Who aims at one poor life, and shall *this* monster B 896-9 not in B:
added to C D

901-2 Murder! asleep! blind! old! betray'd!
Drugg'd and in darkness! Here to strike this blow
Visible only to the eye of God B C: C *corr.*

907 chant the praise of C *corr.* bless ourselves for B C

And most despise the men who best can teach us:
 Henceforth it shall be said that bad men only 910
 Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old Man
 Is brave. [Taking MARMADUKE'S sword and giving it to him.

To Clifford's arms he would have led
 His Victim—haply to this desolate house.

Mar. (advancing to the dungeon). It must be ended!—

Osw. Softly; do not rouse him;

He will deny it to the last. He lies 915

Within the Vault, a spear's length to the left.

[MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.

(Alone). The Villains rose in mutiny to destroy me;
 I could have quelled the Cowards, but this Stripling
 Must needs step in, and save my life. The look
 With which he gave the boon—I see it now! 920

The same that tempted me to loathe the gift.—

For this old venerable Grey-beard—faith

'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face

Which doth play tricks with them that look on it:

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that countenance— 925

His staff—his figure—Murder!—what, of whom?

We kill a worn-out horse, and who but women

Sigh at the deed? Hew down a withered tree,

And none look grave but dotards. He may live

To thank me for this service. Rainbow arches, 930

Highways of dreaming passion, have too long,

Young as he is, diverted wish and hope

From the unpretending ground we mortals tread;—

Then shatter the delusion, break it up

And set him free. What follows? I have learned 935

That things will work to ends the slaves o' the world

912-13 He would have led his daughter hither

Into this dungeon, to this house of victims B C: C corr.

914 softly] For Heaven's sake B C

920/1 What if he did the deed in love—so be it

I hate him not—now I begin to love him B

925 this] he B

927-35 Of whom? of what? we kill a toad, a newt,

A rat—I do believe if they who first

Baptised the deed had called it murder, we

Had quailed to think of it. How many fools

Would laugh if I should say this youth may live

To thank me for this service! I have learned B C D: D corr.

And spake to you, why did you give no answer ?
 Feared you to waken him ? he must have been
 In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice. 960

There are the strangest echoes in that place!

Osw. Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom.

Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the Spot,
 When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight, 965
 As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.

Osw. But after that ?

Mar. The features of Idonea
 Lurked in his face——

Osw. Pshaw! Never to these eyes
 Will retribution show itself again
 With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me 970
 To share your triumph ?

Mar. Yes, her very look,
 Smiling in sleep——

Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!

Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my prayers.

when I spoke to you, why did you not answer ? You were afraid of waking him, I suppose. He must have been in a deep sleep, for I whispered to him twice—There are damned echoes in that place.

Riv. Tut! let them gabble to all eternity! 'Twas an excellent method—you would have the grasp of a demon—you are sure you finished him ?

Mor. Scarcely had I found the place where he was lying when I felt as if there was a string round my wrist, and the blind man's dog pulling at it.

Riv. Well, but after ? Let me have it.

Mor. There was something in his face the very counterpart of Matilda.

Riv. Let that alone—never will my life afford me such another opportunity—why did not you allow me a share in your triumph ?—Oh, how I envy you.

Mor. Her very looks smiling in sleep——

Riv. Hell! have you been playing the coward ?

Mor. 'Twas only for a single moment—but it sent me to my prayers.

Riv. Plague, is he alive ? *Mor.* Alive! who alive ?

Riv. Herbert! The *Baron* Herbert! since you will have it, he who will be the Baron Herbert when Matilda is Clifford's Harlot—Is *he* living ?

Mor. The blind man lying in that dungeon is alive.

Riv. Then curse me, if ever in camp or field I obey an order of yours again—I will proclaim you and before the whole body—they shall hear it all—you a protector of humanity! an avenger of innocence!

Mor. 'Twas dark, dark as hell! Yet I saw him—I tell thee I saw him, his face towards me—the very looks of Matilda sent there by some fiend to baffle me—It put me to my prayers. I cast my eyes upwards, and through a crevice in the roof I beheld a star twinkling over my head, and by the living God I could not do it (*sinks against the scene exhausted*) B

Osw. Is he alive ?

Mar. What mean you ? who alive ?

Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert; 975
He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea
Hath become Clifford's harlot—is *he* living ?

Mar. The old Man in that dungeon *is* alive.

Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field
Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band, 980
Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all shall hear it.
You a protector of humanity!
Avenger you of outraged innocence!

Mar. 'Twas dark—dark as the grave; yet did I see,
Saw him—his face turned toward me; and I tell thee 985
Idonea's filial countenance was there
To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.

Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,
Beheld a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it. [*Sinks exhausted.*]

Osw. (*to himself*). Now may I perish if this turn do more 991
Than make me change my course.

(*To MARMADUKE*). Dear Marmaduke,
My words were rashly spoken; I recal them:
I feel my error; shedding human blood
Is a most serious thing.

Mar. Not I alone, 995
Thou too art deep in guilt.

Osw. We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There *is* guilt in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever known
These trepidations? Plain it is that Heaven
Has marked out this foul Wretch as one whose crimes 1000
Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,
Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thousand worlds!

[*Goes towards the dungeon.*]

Osw. I grieve
That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much pain.

991-2 *Riv.* (*after some time*) Now may I perish if this be not joy to me

A meaner spirit would be overwhelmed. B

999 These strange infirmities? 'Tis plain *etc.* BC

1003-4 . . . worlds. 'Tis past

And I am saved from tortures

Mar. Think not of that! 'tis over—we are safe. 1005

Osw. (*as if to himself, yet speaking aloud*). The truth is hideous,
but how stifle it? [*Turning to MARMADUKE.*]

Give me your sword—nay, here are stones and fragments,
The least of which would beat out a man's brains;
Or you might drive your head against that wall.

No! this is not the place to hear the tale: 1010

It should be told you pinioned in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus?

Whate'er the monster brooding in your breast
care not: fear I have none, and cannot fear— 1015

[*The sound of a horn is heard.*]

That horn again—'Tis some one of our Troop;

What do they here? Listen!

Osw. What! dogged like thieves!

Enter WALLACE and LACY, &c.

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to the vagrant Troop
For not misleading us.

Osw. (*looking at WALLACE*). That subtle Grey-beard—
'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy (*to MARMADUKE*). My Captain, 1020

We come by order of the Band. Belike

You have not heard that Henry has at last

Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent abroad

His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate

The genuine owners of such Lands and Baronies 1025

As, in these long commotions, have been seized.

To which the agonies of hell are mercy (*goes towards the dungeon*)

Riv. Nay whither now? *Mor.* It must be—I must see

That face of his again—I must behold it

'Twere joy enough to end me. (*Rivers appears downcast*)

Nay, what ails you?

Riv. I am dejected—I am grieved

To think I ever caused you so much pain B C: C *corr.*

005 *Mor.* Fie! 'tis all over now, and we are safe B C D: D *corr.*

006 It must come to his ears at last, how stifle it? B

014-5 What monster have you brooding in your breast

I know not. This I know, I have no fear

And cannot fear

018 Ha! You are found at last *Riv.* That wily grey-beard

His Power is this way tending. It befits us
To stand upon our guard, and with our swords
Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look
But at the surfaces of things; we hear 1030
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young and old
Driven out in troops to want and nakedness;
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a cure
That flatters us, because it asks not thought:
The deeper malady is better hid; 1035
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?

Wal. (*whose eye has been fixed suspiciously upon OSWALD*). Ay,
what is it you mean?

Mar. Harkee, my Friends;—
[*Appearing gay.*

Were there a Man who, being weak and helpless
And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother, pressed
By penury, to yield him up her Daughter, 1040
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
Prattling upon his knee, to call him Father—

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that offence
I could forgive him.

Mar. (*going on*). And should he make the Child
An instrument of falsehood, should he teach her 1045
To stretch her arms, and dim the gladsome light
Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not—

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard—
But in a world like ours—

Mar. (*changing his tone*). This self-same Man—
Even while he printed kisses on the cheek 1050
Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent tongue
To lisp the name of Father—could he look
To the unnatural harvest of that time
When he should give her up, a Woman grown,
To him who bid the highest in the market 1055
Of foul pollution—

Lacy. The whole visible world
Contains not such a Monster!

1046 To stretch its little arms and dim the light B C: C *corr.* 1056 The
whole visible world] Hell itself B

Mar. For this purpose
Should he resolve to taint her Soul by means
Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think of them ;
Should he, by tales which would draw tears from iron, 1060
Work on her nature, and so turn compassion
And gratitude to ministers of vice,
And make the spotless spirit of filial love
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim
Both soul and body——

Wal. 'Tis too horrible ; 1065
Oswald, what say you to it ?

Lacy. Hew him down,
And fling him to the ravens.

Mar. But his aspect,
It is so meek, his countenance so venerable.

Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust). But how, what say you,
Oswald ?

Lacy (at the same moment). Stab him, were it
Before the Altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick, 1070
Tottering upon the very verge of life,
And old, and blind——

Lacy. Blind, say you ?

Osw. (coming forward). Are we Men,
Or own we baby Spirits ? Genuine courage
Is not an accidental quality,
A thing dependent for its casual birth 1075
On opposition and impediment.

Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats down
The giant's strength ; and, at the voice of Justice,
Spares not the worm. The giant and the worm——
She weighs them in one scale. The wiles of woman, 1080
And craft of age, seducing reason, first

Made weakness a protection, and obscured
The moral shapes of things. His tender cries
And helpless innocence—do they protect
The infant lamb ? and shall the infirmities, 1085
Which have enabled this enormous Culprit

To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanctuary
To cover him from punishment ? Shame!—Justice,
Admitting no resistance, bends alike

The feeble and the strong. She needs not here
Her bonds and chains, which make the mighty feeble. 1090

—We recognise in this old Man a victim
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!

Osw.

Yes, my Friends,

His countenance is meek and venerable; 1095

And, by the Mass, to see him at his prayers!—

I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish

When my heart does not ache to think of it!—

Poor Victim! not a virtue under heaven

But what was made an engine to ensnare thee; 1100

But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea!

Wal. How! what? your Idonea? [*To MARMADUKE.*

Mar.

Mine;

But now no longer mine. You know Lord Clifford;

He is the Man to whom the Maiden—pure

As beautiful, and gentle and benign, 1105

And in her ample heart loving even me—

Was to be yielded up.

Lacy. Now, by the head

Of my own child, this Man must die; my hand,

A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine

In his grey hairs!—

Mar. (to LACY). I love the Father in thee. 1110

You know me, Friends; I have a heart to feel,

And I have felt, more than perhaps becomes me

Or duty sanctions.

Lacy. We will have ample justice.

Who are we, Friends? Do we not live on ground

Where Souls are self-defended, free to grow 1115

1090 needs] wants B

1103–10 *Mor.* Know you Clifford?

Lacy. Clifford! who ever heard of this wild castle
And doth not know him?

Wal. I have lived little short of seventy years

And by the head of my own child this man

Must die. This wrinkled hand shall mat itself

In his grey hairs

Mor. (to Wallace) I love the father in thee B: C *pasted over*
with the text

1113 But justice! justice B

Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy wind.
 Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which decreed
 This monstrous crime to be laid open—*here*,
 Where Reason has an eye that she can use,
 And Men alone are Umpires. To the Camp 1120
 He shall be led, and there, the Country round
 All gathered to the spot, in open day
 Shall Nature be avenged.

Osw. 'Tis nobly thought;
 His death will be a monument for ages.

Mar. (to LACY). I thank you for that hint. He shall be
 brought 1125

Before the Camp, and would that best and wisest
 Of every country might be present. There
 His crime shall be proclaimed; and for the rest
 It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide:
 Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and see 1130
 That all is well prepared.

Wal. We will obey you.
 (*Aside.*) But softly! we must look a little nearer.

Mar. Tell where you found us. At some future time
 I will explain the cause. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE, *The Door of the Hostel, a group of Pilgrims as before; IDONEA
 and the Host among them.*

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at the Convent 1135
 As I have told you: He left us yesterday
 With two Companions; one of them, as seemed,
 His most familiar Friend. (*Going.*) There was a letter
 Of which I heard them speak, but that I fancy
 Has been forgotten.

Idon. (to Host). Farewell!

Host. Gentle pilgrims, 1140
 St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand.

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

1123 He shall be sacrificed B C: C *corr.* 1126-7 would the good and
 just Of every age might there 1132 *not in B C* 1137-8 I judged
 Was his B 1139-40 but I suppose It was forgotten B 1141 Cuth-
 bert] Mary B

SCENE, *A desolate Moor.*OSWALD (*alone*).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to the Camp.
 Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and then,
 That half a word should blow it to the winds!
 This last device must end my work.—Methinks 1145
 It were a pleasant pastime to construct
 A scale and table of belief—as thus—
 Two columns, one for passion, one for proof;
 Each rises as the other falls: and first,
 Passion a unit and *against* us—proof— 1150
 Nay, we must travel in another path,
 Or we're stuck fast for ever;—passion, then,
 Shall be a unit *for* us; proof—no, passion!
 We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
 Person, and place—the where, the when, the how, 1155
 And all particulars that dull brains require
 To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
 They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
 A whipping to the Moralists who preach
 That misery is a sacred thing: for me, 1160
 I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
 Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's mind
 Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface;
 And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
 He talks of a transition in his Soul, 1165
 And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
 The senseless body, and why not the mind?—
 These are strange sights—the mind of man, upturned,
 Is in all natures a strange spectacle;
 In some a hideous one—hem! shall I stop? 1170

1149 rises] rising B 1153 no, passion!] oh no B

1155-8 And place—the where, the when, the how, and all
 The dull particulars whose intrusion mars
 The dignity of demonstration. Well B

1163 It hath been rudely shaken, and the dregs
 Float on the surface—yea the very dregs B C: C *corr.*

1164 the heart] his spirit B

1165-6 This wretch, unutterably miserable
 Hath dreamt B C: C *corr.*

1169-70 Is a strange spectacle! Hem! shall I stop? B C: C *corr.*

No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink deep, but then
They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,
And something shall be done which Memory
May touch, whene'er her Vassals are at work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

Osw. (turning to meet him). But listen, for my peace——

Mar.

Why, I believe you.

Osw. But hear the proofs——

Mar.

Ay, prove that when two peas

Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then 1177
Be larger than the peas—prove this—'twere matter
Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream
It ever could be otherwise!

Osw.

Last night,

1180

When I returned with water from the brook,

I overheard the Villains—every word

Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.

Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind Man

Shall feign a sudden illness, and the Girl,

1185

Who on her journey must proceed alone,

Under pretence of violence, be seized.

She is", continued the detested Slave,

"She is right willing—strange if she were not!—

They say Lord Clifford is a savage man;

1190

But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,

Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,

There's witchery in't. I never knew a maid

That could withstand it. True," continued he,

"When we arranged the affair, she wept a little

1195

(Not the less welcome to my Lord for that)

And said, 'My Father he will have it so.'"

Mar. I am your hearer.

Osw.

This I caught, and more

That may not be retold to any ear.

The obstinate bolt of a small iron door

1200

1172 They have no shape. Let a few minutes pass B C: C corr.

1174-5 May touch when she looks back upon it—he—

Riv. (turning to meet him) (earnestly) 'Tis for my peace of mind

B C: C corr.

1198 This] Thus much B

Detained them near the gateway of the Castle.
 By a dim lantern's light I saw that wreaths
 Of flowers were in their hands, as if designed
 For festive decoration; and they said,
 With brutal laughter and most foul allusion, 1205
 That they should share the banquet with their Lord
 And his new Favorite.

Mar. Misery!—

Osw. I knew

How you would be disturbed by this dire news,
 And therefore chose this solitary Moor,
 Here to impart the tale, of which, last night, 1210
 I strove to ease my mind, when our two Comrades,
 Commissioned by the Band, burst in upon us.

Mar. Last night, when moved to lift the avenging steel,
 I did believe all things were shadows—yea,
 Living or dead all things were bodiless, 1215
 Or but the mutual mockeries of body,
 Till that same star summoned me back again.
 Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. Oh Fool!
 To let a creed, built in the heart of things,
 Dissolve before a twinkling atom!—Oswald, 1220
 I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools
 Than you have entered, were it worth the pains.
 Young as I am, I might go forth a teacher,
 And you should see how deeply I could reason
 Of love in all its shapes, beginnings, ends; 1225

1201-7 of the castle . . . Favorite.]

I could see

By a dim lantern which the stouter held
 That they were carrying to some inner room
 Materials for a banquet. They themselves
 Must share it with their master, if 'twas true
 What I distinctly heard the villains say

With damned laughter and most foul allusion B: C *pasted over*
as text

1207 *Mor.* Oh misery! *Riv.* I knew it would disturb you B 1211 mind]
 heart B 1213 when I would play the murderer's part B 1213-26
 C *pasted over with text* 1216 *not in B* 1220 atom! Oswald,] atom's
 eye B

1221-7 Philosophy! I will go forth a teacher
 And you shall see how deeply I will reason
 Of qualities and substances and laws,
 Of actions and their ends and difference B

Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects ;
Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

Osw. You take it as it merits——

Mar. One a King,
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground 1230
With carcasses, in lineament and shape
And substance, nothing differing from his own,
But that they cannot stand up of themselves ;
Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour
Floats kingcups in the brook—a Hero one 1235
We call, and scorn the other as Time's spendthrift ;
But have they not a world of common ground
To occupy—both fools, or wise alike,
Each in his way ?

Osw. Troth, I begin to think so.

Mar. Now for the corner-stone of my philosophy: 1240
I would not give a denier for the man
Who, on such provocation as this earth
Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath the chin,
And send it with a fillip to its grave.

Osw. Nay, you leave me behind.

Mar. That such a One, 1245
So pious in demeanour! in his look
So saintly and so pure!—Hark'ee, my Friend,
I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's Castle,
A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a medley 1250
Most tunable.

Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme ;

1235-9 . . . brook. They are wise men
Both are wise men
Faith I begin to think so B
. . . rivulet. Of this Pair
One we call Hero—the other but Time's Spendthrift
But both are fools, or if you chuse it wise
Each in his way

Troth I begin to think so B corr., C: C corr. to text.

1242-3 on such . . . Yields *added to B* 1246 his] her B
1247 I have a scheme of pleasure, on my life
There's promise in't. I'll to Lord Clifford's Castle
Plant myself full before the castle wall B

1251-5 Most tunable. What say you to it ?

Riv. In faith

But take your sword along with you, for that
Might in such neighbourhood find seemly use.—
But first, how wash our hands of this old Man ?

Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that viper in the path ; 1255

Plague on my memory, him I had forgotten.

Osw. You know we left him sitting—see him yonder.

Mar. Ha! ha!—

Osw. As 'twill be but a moment's work,
I will stroll on ; you follow when 'tis done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor at a short distance—
HERBERT is discovered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too!—'tis well—I feared 1260
The Stranger had some pitiable sorrow
Pressing upon his solitary heart.

Hush!—'tis the feeble and earth-loving wind
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.

Alas! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine— 1265

What can this mean ? There is a psalm that speaks
Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it.—Listen!—what foot is there ?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (*aside—looking at HERBERT*). And I have loved this Man!
and she hath loved him!

And I loved her, and she loves the Lord Clifford! 1270

And there it ends ;—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day that eyes were made
For a wise purpose—verily to weep with!

[*Looking round.*]

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece 1275
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill!

1251-5 *cont.*]

A pleasant scheme but first what must be done with—
How shall we wash our hands of—of—

Mor. Oh yes

That mole, that weazle, that old water rat B

1258-9 As you will make short work of it

I will stroll on, and take the way of the town B

1261-2 The stranger had some grief that pressed upon him B C: C *corr.*

1265/6 My limbs are cold. I could believe the air

Portended storm—in truth they tarry long B

1267-8 Of the tender mercies of God, which with Matilda

I used to sing—hist—what foot is there

Which creeps along the grass ? B

(*To HERBERT*). Good Baron, have you ever practised tillage?
Pray tell me what this land is worth by the acre?

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice! I know not
Wherein I have offended you;—last night 1280
I found in you the kindest of Protectors;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and threw it
About your own; but for these two hours past
Once only have you spoken, when the lark 1285
Whirred from among the fern beneath our feet,
And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent!—
So you bethought you of the many ways
In which a man may come to his end, whose crimes 1290
Have roused all Nature up against him—pshaw!—

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in sight?
No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul:
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,
That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-green moss 1295
From the stern breathing of the rough sea-wind;
This have we, but no other company:
Commend me to the place. If a man should die
And leave his body here, it were all one
As he were twenty fathoms underground. 1300

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks—
The Spirit of a murdered man, for instance—
Might have fine room to ramble about here,
A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

Her. Lost Man! if thou have any close-pent guilt 1305

1277 Good Baron,] My antient, B

1282-5 When I complained of weariness this morning
You took my scrip of food from off my shoulders
And threw it round your own—but for these two hours
You have only spoken to me once B

1287-8 And then you half terrified me. B 1291/2 'Twas very idle,

Her. Cast your eyes about B 1297 We have no other company, my
friend B

1301-2 Where is your comrade friend?

Mor. As you believe
In ghosts, the spirit of a murdered man B C: C corr.

Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour
Of visitation——

Mar. A bold word from *you!*

Her. Restore him, Heaven!

Mar. The desperate Wretch!—A Flower,

Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now
They have snapped her from the stem—Poh! let her lie 1310
Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless snail
Feed on her leaves. You knew her well—ay, there,
Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you knew
The worm was in her——

Her. Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

Mar. You have a Daughter!

Her. Oh that she were here!— 1315

She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,
And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace between us.

Mar. (aside). I do believe he weeps—I could weep too—
There is a vein of her voice that runs through his: 1320
Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the Maid;
And for his sake I loved her more: these tears—
I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee, Heaven! 1325
One happy thought has passed across my mind.
—It may not be—I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings!—(*To HERBERT*)—Now, for a little more
About your Daughter!

Her. Troops of armed men, 1330
Met in the roads, would bless us; little children,
Rushing along in the full tide of play,
Stood silent as we passed them! I have heard
The boisterous carman, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and hail us with mild voice, 1335
And speak with milder voice to his poor beasts.

Mar. And whither were you going?

Her. Learn, young Man,

1307 No that will not do B C: C *corr.*

1308-9 Oh villain! damned villain!

She smelled most sweet and she was fair, and now B C: C *corr.*

1323 And he was still a brother in my love. These tears B C: C *corr.*

To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,
 Whether too much for patience, or, like mine,
 Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy. 1340

Mar. Now, this is as it should be!

Her. I am weak!—

My Daughter does not know how weak I am ;
 And, as thou see'st, under the arch of heaven
 Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
 By the good God, our common Father, doomed!— 1345
 But I had once a spirit and an arm—

Mar. Now, for a word about your Barony:
 I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
 And came to—what's your title—eh? your claims
 Were undisputed!

Her. Like a mendicant, 1350
 Whom no one comes to meet, I stood alone ;—
 I murmured—but, remembering Him who feeds
 The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
 From my own threshold I looked up to Heaven
 And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope. 1355

So from the court I passed, and down the brook,
 Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak
 I came; and when I felt its cooling shade,
 I sate me down, and cannot but believe—
 While in my lap I held my little Babe 1360
 And clasped her to my heart, my heart that ached
 More with delight than grief—I heard a voice
 Such as by Cherith on Elijah called ;

It said, "I will be with thee." A little boy,
 A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone, 1365
 Hailed us as if he had been sent from heaven,
 And said, with tears, that he would be our guide:
 I had a better guide—that innocent Babe—
 Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from harm,
 From cold, from hunger, penury, and death ; 1370

1339–40 *added to B*

1341 Now this is as it should be! on my soul

I do admire you for it B

1345 With which the God of heaven has visited me B C: C *corr.*

1350 undisputed] little heeded B

1369–70 Who to this hour has saved me from all evil

From cold, from death, from penury and hunger B

To whom I owe the best of all the good
 I have, or wish for, upon earth—and more
 And higher far than lies within earth's bounds:
 Therefore I bless her: when I think of Man,
 I bless her with sad spirit,—when of God, 1375
 I bless her in the fulness of my joy!

Mar. The name of daughter in his mouth, he prays!
 With nerves so steady, that the very flies
 Sit unmolested on his staff.—Innocent!—
 If he were innocent—then he would tremble 1380
 And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turning aside*). I have read
 In Story, what men now alive have witnessed,
 How, when the People's mind was racked with doubt,
 Appeal was made to the great Judge: the Accused
 With naked feet walked over burning ploughshares. 1385
 Here is a Man by Nature's hand prepared
 For a like trial, but more merciful.
 Why else have I been led to this bleak Waste?
 Bare is it, without house or track, and destitute
 Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea. 1390
 Here will I leave him—here—All-seeing God!
 Such as *he* is, and sore perplexed as I am,
 I will commit him to this final *Ordeal!*—
 He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came to him
 And was his guide; if once, why not again, 1395
 And in this desert? If never—then the whole
 Of what he says, and looks, and does, and is,

1371-3 *not in B C, added to D* 1376/7 Look there, he prays! B

1379 unmolested on] undisturbed upon B

1381-94 It might be proved,
 My eyes are weak—there is a judge above—
 It dawns on me—I see the end for which
 An arm invisible hath led me hither.
 He heard a voice *etc.* B

1396-9 And in this desert? If never then is he damned
 Beyond a madman's dream: here will I leave him
 Here where no foot of man is found, no ear
 Can hear his cries—it is a fearful ordeal!
 But God is everywhere! (*looking round*)
 Here cold, *etc.* B

1389-99 *added to B (in 1842?) on slip stuck into book, but ll. 1390, 92*
 ship at sea, . . .

Such as he is, to thee I do commit him
 His trial in this pathless solitude. *So C but corr.*

Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave him here
 To cold and hunger!—Pain is of the heart,
 And what are a few throes of bodily suffering 1400
 If they can waken one pang of remorse? [*Goes up to HERBERT.*
 Old Man! my wrath is as a flame burnt out,
 It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here
 Led by my hand to save thee from perdition;
 Thou wilt have time to breathe and think——

Her. Oh, Mercy! 1405

Mar. I know the need that all men have of mercy,
 And therefore leave thee to a righteous judgment.

Her. My Child, my blessèd Child!

Mar. No more of that;
 Thou wilt have many guides if thou art innocent;
 Yea, from the utmost corners of the earth, 1410
 That Woman will come o'er this Waste to save thee.

[*He pauses and looks at HERBERT'S staff.*

Ha! what is here? and carved by her own hand!
[*Reads upon the staff.*

“I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord.
 He that puts his trust in me shall not fail!”
 Yes, be it so;—repent and be forgiven— 1415
 God and that staff are now thy only guides.

[*He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.*

SCENE, *an eminence, a Beacon on the summit.*

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.

Several of the Band (confusedly). But patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor, Oswald!—

1403–5 Here is a sword (*draws his sword*)
 Nay, I can point it at thy heart with pulse
 Calm as a sleeping child. I have led thee hither
 To save thy spirit from perdition

Her. Mercy!

What *me!* would you destroy me? drink the blood
 Of such a wretch as I am?

Mor. That is past

Her: Ah mercy! mercy!

Mor. I will be merciful

1407 And therefore do I this; three days, old man
 Will be the limit of thy worldly course—*B corr. to (after this)*
but life or death
 A righteous judgment speedily must come. *C corr.*

1410–11 earth . . . waste] world . . . heath B:

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—

Len. (to WALLACE). His tool, the wandering Beggar, made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no doubt, 1420
 Knowing what otherwise we know too well,
 That she revealed the truth. Stand by me now ;
 For rather would I have a nest of vipers
 Between my breast-plate and my skin than make
 Oswald my special enemy, if you 1425
 Deny me your support.

Lacy. We have been fooled—
 But for the motive ?

Wal. Natures such as his
 Spin motives out of their own bowels, *Lacy!*
 I learn'd this when I was a Confessor.
 I know him well ; there needs no other motive 1430
 Than that most strange incontinence in crime
 Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him
 And breath and being ; where he cannot govern,
 He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like moles!—
 Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for motives: 1435
 There is no crime from which this man would shrink ;
 He recks not human law ; and I have noticed
 That often, when the name of God is uttered,

1418-26 I would have spoken out some three months gone
 But that I'd rather have a nest of vipers
 Between my breastplate and my skin than know
 This Rivers was my enemy B

1434-40 . . . moles. Damnation!

Wal. Peace!

Len. He is a guilty man. I have often heard
 Dark rumours of some strange and heinous crime
 Which he committed in his youth

Wal. You knew this Rivers, as you say, in Syria ?

Len. I knew him there—he did despise alike
 Mahommedan and Christian

Lacy. I have noticed
 That when the name of God is spoken of
 A most strange blankness overspreads his face
One of the Band (in another part of the stage)
 Plague on your tongues! I have a dagger here
 Sharp as an adder's tooth

Len. (to Wal.) Aye, there you have it
 Yet reasoner etc. B

A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has built
Some uncouth superstition of its own. 1440

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed
A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;
And when the King of Denmark summoned him
To the oath of fealty, I well remember, 1445
'Twas a strange answer that he made; he said,
"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven."

Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor
Were that man, who could draw the line that parts
Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from Madness, 1450
That should be scourged, not pitied. Restless Minds,
Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men
No heart that loves them, none that they can love,
Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings. 1455

One of the Band. What if he mean to offer up our Captain
An expiation and a sacrifice
To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then swear,
My Friends, his heart shall have as many wounds 1460
As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing!

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns
Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind; and, when the sun is down,
Light up this beacon.

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed. 1465

[*They go out together.*]

1442 I do not understand you B C D: D *corr.* 1449-50 *original lines*
in B illegible.

1458-60

I call on you
My friends, I call on you to swear, that if
The event should be as Lennox has foretold
That heart of his shall have *etc* B

SCENE, *the Wood on the edge of the Moor.* MARMADUKE (*alone*).

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,
Yet calm.—I could believe that there was here
The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald, 1470
Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see;
You have done your duty. I had hopes, which now
I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears,
From which I have freed myself—but 'tis my wish
To be alone, and therefore we must part. 1475

Osw. Nay, then—I am mistaken. There's a weakness
About you still; you talk of solitude—
I am your friend.

Mar. What need of this assurance
At any time? and why given now?

Osw. Because 1480
You are now in truth my Master; you have taught me
What there is not another living man
Had strength to teach;—and therefore gratitude
Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

Mar. Wherefore press this on me?

Osw. Because I feel

1470-2

Riv. Ha my dear friend!

Mor. (*with faint smile*) Rivers, I am happy
To meet with you again

Riv. Alone, I see;
We may be merry now.

Mor. We may be happy.

Riv. You have done your duty

1477/8 Ask yourself if you fear a human face B C D: *deleted* C D

1478-9 Why say'st thou this to me? B 1480 Because you are my
master and have taught me B

1482-3 Had strength to teach (*altering the tone of his voice*) Therefore I'll
cleave to you

In camp and cities, in the wood and mountain
In evil and in solitary pain

You still shall find that I will cleave to you B

1484-6 *Riv.* (*resuming his former tone of openness*) Because I feel
That I am bound to you by links of adamant
You have taught mankind to seek the measure of justice

That you have shown, and by a signal instance, 1485
 How they who would be just must seek the rule
 By diving for it into their own bosoms.
 To-day you have thrown off a tyranny
 That lives but in the torpid acquiescence
 Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny 1490
 Of the world's masters, with the musty rules
 By which they uphold their craft from age to age:
 You have obeyed the only law that sense
 Submits to recognize; the immediate law,
 From the clear light of circumstances, flashed 1495
 Upon an independent Intellect.
 Henceforth new prospects open on your path;
 Your faculties should grow with the demand;
 I still will be your friend, will cleave to you
 Through good and evil, obloquy and scorn, 1500
 Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (exultingly). I know your motives!

I am not of the world's presumptuous judges,
 Who damn where they can neither see nor feel,
 With a hard-hearted ignorance; your struggles 1505
 I witness'd, and now hail your victory.

Mar. Spare me awhile that greeting.

Osw. It may be

That some there are, squeamish half-thinking cowards,
 Who will turn pale upon you, call you murderer,
 And you will walk in solitude among them. 1510
 A mighty evil for a strong-built mind!—
 Join twenty tapers of unequal height
 And light them joined, and you will see the less
 How 'twill burn down the taller; and they all

1491 Of moralists and saints and lawgivers B C: C *corr.* 1493-4 sense
 Submits to C *corr.*: wisdom Can ever B C 1495 Flashed from the light
 of circumstances B 1498 demand] occasion (*altering the tone of his*
voice, as before) B 1500 obloquy and scorn C *corr.* through scorn and
 infamy B C

1505-7 In the hard-hearted pride of ignorance
 I saw the matter as it was, I knew

Mor. wherefore this repetition? B

1511 A mighty evil! Bodies are like ropes
 When interwoven stronger by mutual strength.
 Thanks to our nature! 'tis not so with minds. B

Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude!— 1515
 The Eagle lives in Solitude!

Mar. Even so,
 The Sparrow so on the house-top, and I,
 The weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved
 To abide the issue of my act, alone.

Osw. Now would you? and for ever?—My young Friend, 1520
 As time advances either we become
 The prey or masters of our own past deeds.
 Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no;
 And if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,
 Substitutes, turn our faces where we may, 1525
 Are still forthcoming; some which, though they bear
 Ill names, can render no ill services,
 In recompense for what themselves required.
 So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
 And opposites thus melt into each other. 1530

Mar. Time, since Man first drew breath, has never moved
 With such a weight upon his wings as now;
 But they will soon be lightened.

Osw. Ay, look up—
 Cast round you your mind's eye, and you will learn
 Fortitude is the child of Enterprise: 1535
 Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
 Because they carry in themselves an earnest
 That we can suffer greatly.

Mar. Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that— 1540
 'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
 Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
 And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

Osw. What! if you had bid 1545
 Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
 And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart;

1516–34 Even so . . . learn] Forgive me
 If I should smile at this

Riv. You will perceive it. B

1544 shares] has B 1545 Truth—and I feel it D *corr.*: I do not under-
 stand you B: Your drift I know not C D

It is the toy of fools, and little fit
 For such a world as this. The wise abjure
 All thoughts whose idle composition lives 1550
 In the entire forgetfulness of pain.
 —I see I have disturbed you.

Mar. By no means.

Osw. Compassion!—pity!—pride can do without them;
 And what if you should never know them more!—
 He is a puny soul who, feeling pain, 1555
 Finds ease because another feels it too.
 If e'er I open out this heart of mine
 It shall be for a nobler end—to teach
 And not to purchase puling sympathy.
 —Nay, you are pale.

Mar. It may be so.

Osw. Remorse— 1560
 It cannot live with thought; think on, think on,
 And it will die. What! in this universe,
 Where the least things control the greatest, where
 The faintest breath that breathes can move a world;
 What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed, 1565
 A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
 Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.

Mar. Now, whither are you wandering? That a man,
 So used to suit his language to the time,
 Should thus so widely differ from himself— 1570
 It is most strange.

Osw. Murder!—what's in the word!—
 I have no cases by me ready made
 To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp!—
 A shallow project;—you of late have seen
 More deeply, taught us that the institutes 1575
 Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
 Banished from human intercourse, exist
 Only in our relations to the brutes
 That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake
 Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask 1580
 A license to destroy him: our good governors

1548 toy] passions B 1568 Why what is it that ails you? B 1571
 What's in the word B: an abused word C 1574 A foolish shallow
 project; you have seen C (B illegible) 1581/2 Wise thinkers have by
 forms and ceremonies Hedged B

Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,
But to protect themselves from extirpation?—
This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

1585

Mar. My Office is fulfilled—the Man is now
Delivered to the Judge of all things.

Osw. Dead!

Mar. I have borne my burthen to its destined end.

Osw. This instant we'll return to our Companions—
Oh how I long to see their faces again!

1590

Enter IDONEA with Pilgrims who continue their journey.

Idon. (after some time). What, Marmaduke! now thou art mine
for ever.

And Oswald, too! (*To MARMADUKE*). On will we to my Father
With the glad tidings which this day hath brought;
We'll go together, and, such proof received
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude
To God above will make him feel for ours.

1595

Osw. I interrupt you?

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idonea,

That I should ever live to see this moment!

Idon. Forgive me.—Oswald knows it all—he knows,
Each word of that unhappy letter fell
As a blood-drop from my heart.

1600

Osw. 'Twas even so.

Mar. I have much to say, but for whose ear?—not thine.

1585 You have burst through this flimsy superstition B 1586-7 He is
delivered to the Judge of all things B

1591-7 (*Enter Matilda along with the Pilgrims*)

Mat. What Mortimer! (*throws herself on his neck. The pilgrims
retire—After some time*)

Now thou art mine for ever. Rivers too!
You shall relate the news to my good father
Yourself shall tell it—it will be thrice welcome.

Riv. I fear I interrupt you

Mor. Ah! Matilda B

1598 moment: hour B

1602-3 I had much to say
Of grave and serious, of sublime and peaceful
—Rivers, speak to her

Riv. A trifle, you may soon set all things even.

Mat. Aye, plead for me, good Rivers! plead for me B

Idon. Ill can I bear that look—Plead for me, Oswald!
You are my Father's Friend.

(*To MARMADUKE*). Alas, you know not,
And never *can* you know, how much he loved me. 1605
Twice had he been to me a father, twice
Had given me breath, and was I not to be
His daughter, once his daughter? could I withstand
His pleading face, and feel his clasping arms,
And hear his prayer that I would not forsake him 1610
In his old age—— [*Hides her face.*

Mar. Patience—Heaven grant me patience!—
She weeps, she weeps—*my* brain shall burn for hours
Ere *I* can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman;
And, balancing the hopes that are the dearest
To womankind with duty to my Father, 1615
I yielded up those precious hopes, which nought
On earth could else have wrested from me;—if erring,
Oh let me be forgiven!

Mar. I *do* forgive thee.

Idon. But take me to your arms—this breast, alas!
It throbs, and you have a heart that does not feel it. 1620

Mar. (*exultingly*). She is innocent. [*He embraces her.*

Osw. (*aside*). Were I a Moralist
I should make wondrous revolution here;
It were a quaint experiment to show
The beauty of truth—— [*Addressing them*

I see I interrupt you;
I shall have business with you, Marmaduke; 1625
Follow me to the Hostel. [*Exit OSWALD.*

Idon. Marmaduke,

1608–11 Gracious heaven!

Riv. 'Twas virtue, 'twas a noble sacrifice

Mat. Could I behold his face, could I behold
The terrible pleading of that face of his
And could I feel his arms and hear him pray
That I would not forsake him, nor permit
My heart to abandon him in his old age (*hides her face*)

Riv. Indeed she could not do it

Mor. God of justice!

She weeps etc. B C. C corr.

1614–17 Shut out from every noble enterprize (*breaking off*) D corr.
1626 Hostel] Inn. Oh B

This is a happy day. My Father soon
 Shall sun himself before his native doors ;
 The lame, the hungry, will be welcome there.
 No more shall he complain of wasted strength, 1630
 Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying heart ;
 His good works will be balm and life to him.

Mar. This is most strange!—I know not what it was,
 But there was something which most plainly said
 That thou wert innocent.

Idon. How innocent!— 1635
 Oh heavens! you've been deceived.

Mar. Thou art a Woman,
 To bring perdition on the universe.

Idon. Already I've been punished to the height
 Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionately.*]

I see you love me still,
 The labours of my hand are still your joy ; 1640
 Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder
 I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was suspended HERBERT'S scrip.*]

Mar. Mercy of Heaven! [*Sinks.*]

Idon. What ails you! [*Distractedly.*]

Mar. The scrip that held his food, and I forgot
 To give it back again!

Idon. What mean your words ?

1629/30 *Mor.* Now is this possible *Mat.* What joy for us B
 1637 perdition] damnation B

1643-50 Ah misery! the scrip which held his food!
 And I forgot to give it back again.

Mat. (*returns to Mor.*) How feel you now ?

Mor. 'Tis but a shooting pang.

I know not what I said—all will be well

'Tis a dull pain—I was disturbed to see you

Mat. Oh! you can smile again—that smile has life in it!

Mor. 'Tis a bleak road across the heath at even

There is a cottage on its skirts—I pray you

Rest there to-night, my dearest innocent!

We shall do well—I had a thought indeed.

I will attend you to the edge of the heath

You'll see the cottage there—for me, I have business

With my friend Rivers

Mat. On the morrow early

I shall expect you—Well, you look again

As you were wont to do—the Heavens preserve you!

(*Exeunt together*) B C: C corr.

Mar. I know not what I said—all may be well.

1645

Idon. That smile hath life in it!

Mar. This road is perilous ;

I will attend you to a Hut that stands

Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night, I pray you :

For me, I have business, as you heard, with Oswald,

But will return to you by break of day.

1650

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—irregular sound of a bell—HERBERT enters exhausted.*

Her. That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,

But now it mocks my steps ; its fitful stroke

Can scarcely be the work of human hands.

Hear me, ye Men upon the cliffs, if such

There be who pray nightly before the Altar.

1655

Oh that I had but strength to reach the place!

My Child—my Child—dark—dark—I faint—this wind—

These stifling blasts—God help me!

Enter ELDRED.

Eld.

Better this bare rock,

Though it were tottering over a man's head,

Scene 1st. *A desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks rises at the bottom of the stage, an old chapel on the summit of one of them; the moon behind the rocks—the night stormy—the irregular sound of a bell is heard—Herbert enters in the depth of the stage much exhausted; he crosses the stage with difficulty.*

1651-6 *Her.* That bell if I have strength to reach it—oh!

(Stretching out his hand)

That wall of rocks, and the sound never nearer—

Hear me, ye men upon the cliffs, that pray

To God the father of all mercy, hear me! B

That bell, it is not rung by human hand

But by the wind, in mercy guide me,

Oh but that I had strength to reach the place

This wall of rocks, and the sound nearer nearer

Hear me ye men upon the cliffs that pray

Daily before that Chapel's altar, hear me C: C *corr. to text*

1658-66 *(Enter Robert at another part of the stage) Rob.* Better this

Than have a case of dungeon walls to screen a man

From the rough visitation of the sky.

These aching fingers. Ha what sound is that

Trees creaking in the wind send forth such noises

But all is naked here. That tinkling bell

It half confounds a man—perchance these rocks

Again—I never heard a sound so like B

Than a tight case of dungeon walls for shelter
From such rough dealing. [A moaning voice is heard. 1660

Ha! what sound is that?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are here)
Send forth such noises—and that weary bell!
Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night
Is ringing it—'twould stop a Saint in prayer, 1665
And that—what is it? never was sound so like
A human groan. Ha! what is here? Poor Man—
Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your friend:
No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts his hand
And lays it to his heart—(Kneels to him).

I pray you speak! 1670

What has befallen you?

Her. (feebly). A stranger has done this,
And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

Eld. Nay, think not so: come, let me raise you up:

[Raises him.

This is a dismal place—well—that is well—
I was too fearful—take me for your guide 1675
And your support—my hut is not far off.

[Draws him gently off the stage.

SCENE, A room in the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. But for Idonea!—I have cause to think
That she is innocent.

Osw. Leave that thought awhile

1670/1 In very fervour of my heart I pray you,
I know not what has harmed you—hush—again
O heaven

1674-6 *Her.* God be praised! *Rob.* Cheerly, cheerly, are you wounded?
Her. I have a daughter—carry a blessing to her
Tell her that she will never see me more.

Rob. Come, let me raise you up, indeed, indeed

We shall do well—I feel you are quite stout

I was afraid—my cottage—(draws him gently off the stage) B

1678-87 *Riv.* (collecting himself) I shall be able
To throw some light on this part of my history
You are unacquainted with. I am a murderer

Seeing his astonishment

Ay, just as I expected—in my youth

I was the pleasure etc. B

What stronger cause

For stifling feeling as the foe to truth

As one of those beliefs which in their hearts
 Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no better 1680
 Than feathers clinging to their points of passion.
 This day's event has laid on me the duty
 Of opening out my story; you must hear it,
 And without further preface.—In my youth,
 Except for that abatement which is paid 1685
 By envy as a tribute to desert,
 I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling
 Of every tongue—as you are now. You've heard
 That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage
 Was hatched among the crew a foul Conspiracy 1690
 Against my honour, in the which our Captain
 Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind fell;
 We lay becalmed week after week, until
 The water of the vessel was exhausted;
 I felt a double fever in my veins, 1695
 Yet rage suppressed itself;—to a deep stillness
 Did my pride tame my pride;—for many days,
 On a dead sea under a burning sky,
 I brooded o'er my injuries, deserted
 By man and nature;—if a breeze had blown, 1700
 It might have found its way into my heart,
 And I had been—no matter—do you mark me?

Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold crime
 Doth haunt your memory.

Osw. Patience, hear me further!—

One day in silence did we drift at noon 1705
 By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare;
 No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,
 No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form
 Inanimate large as the body of man,
 Nor any living thing whose lot of life 1710

Had ere existed since the world began
 Than you, within these two days past, have had.
 Innocent! leave that treacherous thought awhile
 And listen to my story. In my youth *etc.* C D: D *corr.*

1690–3 I was convinced a foul conspiracy
 Was laid against my honour, that the captain
 Was its prime agent. Well, we were becalmed B C: C *corr.*

1698 Beneath the burning sky on the dead sea B C: C *corr.* 1703–4 Your
 crime! what was your crime! B 1705 One day at noon we drifted
 silently B C: C *corr.* 1710 lot] span B

Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.
 To dig for water on the spot, the Captain
 Landed with a small troop, myself being one:
 There I reproached him with his treachery.
 Imperious at all times, his temper rose ; 1715
 He struck me ; and that instant had I killed him,
 And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades
 Rushed in between us: then did I insist
 (All hated him, and I was stung to madness)
 That we should leave him there, alive!—we did so. 1720

Mar. And he was famished ?

Osw. Naked was the spot ;
 Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
 Its stony surface glittered like a shield ;
 And in that miserable place we left him,
 Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures 1725
 Not one of which could help him while alive,
 Or mourn him dead.

Mar. A man by men cast off,
 Left without burial! nay, not dead nor dying,
 But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,
 In all things like ourselves but in the agony 1730
 With which he called for mercy ; and—even so—
 He was forsaken ?

Osw. There is a power in sounds:
 The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat
 That bore us through the water——

Mar. You returned

1713 troop] party B

1715-19 His temper rose imperious, and he struck me
 A blow! I would have killed him but my comrades
 Rushed in between us, they all hated him
 And they insisted—I was stung to madness B

1725-7 It swarmed with shapes of life scarce visible
 A giant body mid a world of beings (creatures D)
 Not one of which could give him any aid
 Alive or dead B C D
 Yet swarming with ephemeral life, enough
 To testify life's universal power.
 There was he left, alone but for Companions
 Not one of which, while breath remained, could help him
 Or mourn him dead. added to D

1727-8 deserted, Not buried in the sand— B C: C corr.

1734-5 *Mor.* Rivers, Rivers

I ought to tear you piecemeal

Upon that dismal hearing—did you not ? 1735

Osw. Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea
Did from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins are filled
At the same poisonous fountain!

Osw. 'Twas an island 1740

Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
Which with their foam could cover it at will.

I know not how he perished ; but the calm
The same dead calm, continued many days.

Mar. But his own crime had brought on him this doom, 1745
His wickedness prepared it ; these expedients
Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

Osw. The man was famished, and was innocent!

Mar. Impossible!

Osw. The man had never wronged me.

Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and be at peace. 1750

His guilt was marked—these things could never be
Were there not eyes that see, and for good ends,
Where ours are baffled.

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miserable man
No more was heard of ?

Osw. I had been betrayed. 1755

Mar. And he found no deliverance!

Osw. The Crew
Gave me a hearty welcome ; they had laid
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,
Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.
Se we pursued our voyage : when we landed, 1760

1741 But by permission B 1742 not in B 1745-6 But then he was a
traitor—these expedients B C : C corr.

1749-50 False, false, by all the fiends in hell

Rev. The man

Had never wronged me

Mor. Let not that thought trouble you B

1752 Were we not instruments in the hands of heaven B 1754 And
the miserable man was heard of no more ? B C : C corr.

1757-9 The crew received me gladly, 'twas a plot
To rid them of a master whom they hated B

The tale was spread abroad ; my power at once
Shrunk from me ; plans and schemes, and lofty hopes—
All vanished. I gave way—do you attend ?

Mar. The Crew deceived you ?

Osw. Nay, command yourself.

Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind howls! 1765

Osw. I hid my head within a Convent, there
Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.
That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown,
But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought to have seen
The guilt—have touched it—felt it at your heart— 1770
As I have done.

Osw. A fresh tide of Crusaders
Drove by the place of my retreat: three nights
Did constant meditation dry my blood ;
Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way ; 1775
And, wheresoe'er I turned me, I beheld
A slavery compared to which the dungeon
And clanking chains are perfect liberty.

1761-3 my power shrunk from me

My plans of heroism, my lofty hopes
All vanished. I could not support the charge
I sank into despair: do you attend? B

1764-71 (after deceived you) *Riv.* The unhappy man
He had a daughter. *Mor.* (turning away) Enough, Enough

Riv. His only child—she did not long survive it.
She was a lovely maid—she had conjured me
At parting never to forsake her father
To stand by him in all extremities.
The tidings reached her ; from that very time
She neither saw nor heard as others do
But in a fearful world of her own making
She lived—cut off from the society
Of every rational thing—her father's skeleton.

Mor. She shall not die ; no, I will have her curse
Here at my heart. *Riv.* You do not listen to me

Mor. It is a dismal night—how the wind howls

Go on. *Riv.* Well, I betook me to a convent
And dozed away the time—how long I know not
This would not do for me. I was o'erthrown
But not destroyed. *Mor.* The proofs, the proofs

You ought to have seen, to have touched the guilt, the heavens
Have kindly dealt with me, let me be thankful.

Riv. You have good cause. A fresh etc. B

You understand me—I was comforted ;
 I saw that every possible shape of action 1780
 Might lead to good—I saw it and burst forth,
 Thirsting for some of those exploits that fill
 The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.

[*Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.*

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity
 Subsided in a moment, like a wind 1785
 That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed.
 And yet I had within me evermore
 A salient spring of energy ; I mounted
 From action up to action with a mind
 That never rested—without meat or drink 1790
 Have I lived many days—my sleep was bound
 To purposes of reason—not a dream
 But had a continuity and substance
 That waking life had never power to give.

Mar. O wretched Human-kind!—Until the mystery 1795
 Of all this world is solved, well may we envy
 The worm, that, underneath a stone whose weight
 Would crush the lion's paw with mortal anguish,
 Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety.
 Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those traitors ? 1800

Osw. Give not to them a thought. From Palestine
 We marched to Syria: oft I left the Camp,

1779 with an awful comfort B

1782-7 Thirsting for some exploits of power and terror
 (*marking the expression of Mortimer's countenance*)
 Nay you have had the worst. The victory
 Already was accomplished ; my ferocity
 Subsided like a storm that dies at once.
 I felt I had been fettered by a straw,
 I stood astonished at myself—my brain
 Was light and giddy, and it teemed with projects
 Which seemed to have no limit.

Mor. Unhappy man!

Yet I will take thee to my heart. *Riv.* (*smiles*) I had within me B
 1792-4 my very dreams

Assumed a substance and a character. B

1795-1800 *Mor.* The traitors! and no meaner prey would satisfy him!
 [?them] B, *corr. to*

The traitors! yet from out their treason's depth

Rises thy expiation like a cloud.

1796-1801 not in B

1802 marched] drove B

When all that multitude of hearts was still,
 And followed on, through woods of gloomy cedar,
 Into deep chasms troubled by roaring streams ; 1805
 Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
 The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea :
 In these my lonely wanderings I perceived
 What mighty objects do impress their forms
 To elevate our intellectual being ; 1810
 And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,
 'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms
 A thing so great to perish self-consumed.
 —So much for my remorse!

Mar. Unhappy Man!

Osw. When from these forms I turned to contemplate 1815
 The World's opinions and her usages,
 I seemed a Being who had passed alone
 Into a region of futurity,
 Whose natural element was freedom——

Mar. Stop——

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

Osw. You must. 1820

I had been nourished by the sickly food
 Of popular applause. I now perceived
 That we are praised, only as men in us

1810 elevate] build up thus B

1814 Unhappy Man!] Oh my poor friend!
 By all that thou hast suffered doubly dear. B

1816 The opinions and the uses of the world C D

1816-20 Beyond the visible barriers of the world
 And travelled into things to come

Mor. Poor wretch

My heart aches for thee.

Riv. Is not shame, I said,

A mean acknowledgement of a tribunal
 Blind in its essence, a most base surrender
 Of our own knowledge to the world's ignorance? B

1823-56 That we are praised by men because they see in us
 An image of themselves, that a great mind
 Contemns its age, and is pursued with obloquy
 Because its movements are not understood
 I felt that truly to be the world's friend
 We must become the object of its hate

Mor. I can forgive you—but the merciless traitors!

Riv. Having no fear, at once I found myself
 The master of the better half of wisdom;

Do recognise some image of themselves,
 An abject counterpart of what they are, 1825
 Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.
 I felt that merit has no surer test
 Than obloquy; that, if we wish to serve
 The world in substance, not deceive by show,
 We must become obnoxious to its hate, 1830
 Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

Mar. I pity, can forgive, you; but those wretches—
 That monstrous perfidy!

Osw. Keep down your wrath.
 False Shame discarded, spurious Fame despised,
 Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found 1835
 Life stretched before me smooth as some broad way

I saw unveiled the genuine shapes of things
 And was astonished at the stupefaction
 Of them who had fallen. And note the very men
 The men to whom I owe this triumph, they
 Who made me what I am, you would destroy them.
 Join me in heaping blessings on their heads.

Mor. (*looking up and gnashing his teeth*)
 May he who made us—(*breaking off*) but I have not heard aright
 In truth I have been strangely troubled lately,
 What did you say?

Riv. You know wherein I differ
 From common minds, and in a wiser hour
 You have been proud to call me friend—one man
 Was famished and ten thousand have been saved.

Mor. It is a strange aching that—when we would curse
 And cannot. *Riv.* What! for saving a poor man perchance
 From a ten year's visitation of the stone
 Or the more gentle mercies of the palsy?

Mor. Thou poor old man and I had heart for this
 Because thou loved'st the infant that had fed thee
 Thy daughter—she that was the light of thy path
 The very blood that moved in thee. O! fool!
 (*To Riv.*) Monster you have betrayed me.

Riv. I have done
 What you perhaps may live to thank me for
Mor. (*laying his hand tranquilly on his heart*)
 I am content. I know that he is guiltless.

(*walks about*)

Peace, peace. Together we propped up his steps
 He leaned upon us both.

Riv. I've joined us by a chain of adamant
 Henceforth we are fellow labourers to enlarge
 The intellectual empire of mankind. B

Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests might spin
 Their veil, but not for me—'twas in fit place
 Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,
 And in that dream had left my native land, 1840
 One of Love's simple bondsmen—the soft chain
 Was off for ever; and the men, from whom
 This liberation came, you would destroy:
 Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'Tis a strange aching that, when we would curse 1845
 And cannot.—You have betrayed me—I have done—
 I am content—I know that he is guiltless—
 That both are guiltless, without spot or stain,
 Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man!
 And I had heart for this, because thou lovedst 1850
 Her who from very infancy had been
 Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood!—Together

[Turning to OSWALD.]

We propped his steps, he leaned upon us both.

Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of adamant;
 Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to enlarge 1855
 Man's intellectual empire. We subsist
 In slavery; all is slavery; we receive
 Laws, but we ask not whence those laws have come;
 We need an inward sting to goad us on.

Mar. Have you betrayed me? Speak to that.

Osw. The mask, 1860
 Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
 Must be cast off.—Know then that I was urged,
 (For other impulse let it pass) was driven,
 To seek for sympathy, because I saw
 In you a mirror of my youthful self; 1865
 I would have made us equal once again,

1857 In] 'Tis B 1859/60 Heavens, where's the harm of ridding an old
 wretch? B

1860-6 *Mor.* 'Twas in his face—I saw it in his face
 I've crushed the foulest crime

Riv. Away with that—

More noble triumphs are prepared for you
 And nobler sympathies—of this hereafter—
 That silly girl—I felt for your delusion
 The penalty be mine—yours the reward
 I would have made you equal with myself B

1863 added to D

But that was a vain hope. You have struck home,
With a few drops of blood cut short the business ;
Therein for ever you must yield to me.

But what is done will save you from the blank
Of living without knowledge that you live: 1870
Now you are suffering—for the future day,
'Tis his who will command it.—Think of my story—
Herbert is *innocent*.

Mar. (*in a faint voice, and doubtingly*). You do but echo
My own wild words ?

Osw. Young Man, the seed must lie 1875
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest ;
'Tis Nature's law. What I have done in darkness
I will avow before the face of day.
Herbert *is* innocent.

Mar. What fiend could prompt
This action ? Innocent!—oh breaking heart!— 1880
Alive or dead, I'll find him. [*Exit.*

Osw. Alive—perdition! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the inside of a poor Cottage.*

ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.

Idon. The storm beats hard—Mercy for poor or rich,
Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!

A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good Folks, within! 1884

Elea. O save us!

Idon. What can this mean ?

Elea. Alas, for my poor husband!—

We'll have a counting of our flocks to-morrow ;
The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:

1870 Enough is done to save you from the curse B

1871/2 You will be taught to think, and step by step
Led on from truth to truth, you soon will link
Pleasure with greatness, and may thus become
The most magnificent of characters. B

1872 Something you've suffered, for the future hour B

1874-5 *Mor.* (*in a faint voice*) That blind man
I've spoken very lightly, if so you do but
Echo my words. B

1879-81 What fiend could prompt thee to this damning deed ?
Innocent! Oh my heart! Alive or dead.

Riv. Alive—damnation B

1886/7 *Voice from without (with tumult)* B

Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers

[*The voices die away in the distance.*]

Returning from their Feast—my heart beats so—

A noise at midnight does so frighten me.

1890

Idon. Hush!

[*Listening.*]

Elea. They are gone. On such a night, my husband,
Dragged from his bed, was cast into a dungeon,

Where, hid from me, he counted many years,

A criminal in no one's eyes but theirs—

Not even in theirs—whose brutal violence

1895

So dealt with him.

Idon. I have a noble Friend
First among youths of knightly breeding, One
Who lives but to protect the weak or injured.

There again!

[*Listening.*]

Elea. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good Eldred

Has a kind heart; but his imprisonment

1900

Has made him fearful, and he'll never be

The man he was.

Idon. I will retire;—good night! [*She goes within.*]

Enter ELDRED (hides a bundle).

Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there are stains in that frock
which must be washed out.

Elea. What has befallen you?

1905

Eld. I am belated, and you must know the cause—(*speaking
low*) that is the blood of an unhappy Man.

Elea. Oh! we are undone for ever.

Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my hand against any man.
Eleanor, I have shed tears to-night, and it comforts me to think
of it.

1911

Elea. Where, where is he?

Eld. I have done him no harm, but—it will be forgiven me; it
would not have been so once.

1889 Feast] wake B

1891-6

'Twas such a night as this

They dragged my husband from his bed
And cast him deep into a dungeon, Lady,
Innocent of all crimes and now you see

That this wretched cottage cannot save us

From cruelty and insult. *Mat.* I have a friend B

1897 not in B C D

1901/2 *Enter Robert (while he speaks, goes and sits down
in dark part of the room)* B

1906 I have been detained to-night B

Elea. You have not *buried* anything? You are no richer than when you left me? 1916

Eld. Be at peace; I am innocent.

Elea. Then God be thanked——

[*A short pause; she falls upon his neck.*]

Eld. To-night I met with an old Man lying stretched upon the ground—a sad spectacle: I raised him up with the hope that we might shelter and restore him. 1921

Elea. (*as if ready to run*). Where is he? You were not able to bring him *all* the way with you; let us return, I can help you. [ELDRED *shakes his head.*]

Eld. He did not seem to wish for life: as I was struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains of blood upon my clothes—he waved his hand, as if it were all useless; and I let him sink again to the ground.

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side! 1929

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body were cold—how could I disturb his last moments? he strove to turn from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood——

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was cut; but I think his malady was cold and hunger. 1935

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me abroad to-night till this hour? I come home, and this is my comfort!

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set you at ease? 1941

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while he was muttering something about his Child—his Daughter—(*starting as if he heard a noise*). What is that?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father. 1945

Eld. God knows what was in my heart, and will not curse my son for my sake.

1918 *Margt.* (*servently*) Oh! God I thank thee (*a pause in which she looks at him, her countenance mantling with pleasure*) Robert I am happy to see you B 1923-4 I can help you] I am quite stout (*alarmed*) But what is it that would not have been so once? 1929-30 *Margt.* (*sighing deeply*)——*Robt.* (*with some impatience*) B 1932 settle] compose himself B 1933-4 But his wounds? *Robt.* I looked at them—he had fallen—and his face was bruised B C D: D *corr.* 1938 my ill . . . abroad] I have been so unfortunate as to have been abroad B C D: D *corr.* 1946 *Robt.* (*with a faulting voice*)

Elea. But you prayed by him? you waited the hour of his release? 1949

Eld. The night was wasting fast; I have no friend; I am spited by the world—his wound terrified me—if I had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms!—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair!

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all. 1975

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

Elea. And you left him alive?

Eld. Alive!—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour. 1961

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (*in a savage tone*). Ay, and his head was bare; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end. 1965

Elea. Is there nothing to be done? cannot we go to the Convent?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him!

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the Waste; let us take heart; this Man may be rich; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us. 1970

Eld. 'Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him. 1975

Eld. He will never open them more; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Idon. (*rushing out*). It is, it is, my Father—

Eld. We are betrayed! [Looking at IDONEA.]

Elea. His Daughter!—God have mercy!
[Turning to IDONEA.]

1950 *Robt.* It was far from home: the night B C D: D *corr.* 1952 arms!] arms—Hush! B 1957–8 *Robt.* (*sternly*) Have you forgot the bed on which you lay when *etc.* B 1962 (*weeps*) B 1964 it] it (*checking himself*) B 1969 Waste] heath—in my dreams a thousand times have I heard the cracking of your joints upon that dreadful engine (*affecting cheerfulness*) 1970 may reward us *not in* B 1971 (*in a softer tone*) B 1972 (*more eagerly*) B 1979 (*after his first surprize looking sternly at his wife*) B 1979–80 (*Turning to Mat. who is sunk senseless on the floor*) He is dead. Oh! *etc.* B

Idon. (*sinking down*). Oh! lift me up and carry me to the place.
You are safe; the whole world shall not harm you. 1981

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Eld. (*moved*), I'll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (*springing up*). Alive! you heard him breathe? quick,
quick— [Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE, *A Wood on the edge of the Waste.*

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen, 1985
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too; did you not say he listened?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood
As is heard often after stormy nights. 1990

Osw. But did he utter nothing?

For. See him there!

MARMADUKE *appearing.*

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters;
That is no substance which ye settle on!

For. His senses play him false; and see, his arms
Outspread, as if to save himself from falling!— 1995
Some terrible phantom I believe is now

1984 (*springing up with wild agitation*) B Act V. *Waste*] *Heath . . . a*
Forester] *Two Woodmen* 1985, 1989 *1st Wood. 2nd Wood.* B
1989 there came] he had heard B

1991/7 *1st Wood.* Then as it seemed from some strange intimation
Of things to us invisible, he turned
And looked around him with an eye that shewed
As if it wished to miss the thing it sought

Riv. But did he utter nothing which explained
The cause of these appearances?

2nd Wood. Look there! (*Mortimer appears crossing the stage at*
some distance—an expression of vacancy in his eye which at
last settles upon the ground)

Mor. The dust doth move and eddy at my feet.

2nd Wood. This is most strange; the air is dead and still.

1st Wood. Look there—how he spreads out his arms as 'twere
To save himself from falling! such impression
I never saw before on human face
I do believe some terrible phantom now
Doth pass etc. B

Passing before him, such as God will not
 Permit to visit any but a man
 Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[MARMADUKE *disappears*.

Osw. The game is up!—

For. If it be needful, Sir, 2000

I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind,

Who has a trick of straying from his keepers ;

We must be gentle. Leave him to my care.

[*Exit Forester.*

If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks 2006

Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine ;

The goal is reached. My Master shall become

A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE, *the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE and ELDRED *enter from opposite sides.*

Mar. (*raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED*). In any corner
 of this savage Waste 2010

Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man ?

Eld. I heard—

Mar. You heard him, where ? when heard him ?

Eld. As you know,

The first hours of last night were rough with storm :

I had been out in search of a stray heifer ;

1999 horrid] damning B

2006-8 *Riv. (alone)* What, have him whipped and howling ? No

I have an eye that will take care of him

And tame his freaks and curvetings of fancy

Into a sober fire. Henceforth I'll have him B

These freaks of troubled fancy shall be tamed

By my own eye. My Master shall become B *corr.* C: C *corr. to text*

2010-11 Have you seen

In any corner of this savage heath

A feeble helpless miserable wretch

A poor forsaken famished blind old man ? A B

2014-16 I was abroad, the search of a stray heifer

While yet the moon was up had led me far

Into the wildest part of this wild heath

When hearing as I thought a sudden voice .

I stopped and listened not without such fear

Upon me as the time and place might breed

But thinking *etc.* B C: C *corr.*

So A *but for* 2014 The search of a stray heifer yesternight *and after* breed :

Returning late, I heard a moaning sound ; 2015
 Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,
 I hurried on, when straight a second moan,
 A human voice distinct, struck on my ear.
 So guided, distant a few steps, I found
 An aged Man, and such as you describe. 2020

Mar. You heard!—he called you to him ? Of all men
 The best and kindest!—but where is he ? guide me,
 That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks
 A lonesome Chapel stands, deserted now :
 The bell is left, which no one dares remove ; 2025
 And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,
 It rings, as if a human hand were there
 To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it ;
 And it had led him towards the precipice,
 To climb up to the spot whence the sound came ; 2030
 But he had failed through weakness. From his hand
 His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink
 Of a small pool of water he was laid,
 As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained
 Without the strength to rise.

Mar. Well, well, he lives, 2035
 And all is safe: what said he ?

Eld. But few words:

I looked, but neither could I hear or see
 Aught living, only silent as the ground
 The cotters' shaggy ponies pastured near
 And geese from far sent forth a dreary cry
 So thinking *etc. as B*

After kindest (2022) how shall I repay thee ? But how looked he ? lead me to him That I may ask forgiveness. What said he ? Quick, did he speak of me ? Cottager. He only spoke etc. as 2037 A

2017-18 I hurried on . . . moan . . . struck] I turned away . . . sound . . . smote B

2020/1 Alive ? alive ? did you not say alive

Rob. I said that he was living *Mor.* But where ? how ? B

2022-3 Lead me to the spot. This moment lead me B 2028 I fancy
 he had heard it B C D: D *corr.*

2031-2 Poor man! *Mor.* And he was very feeble *Rob.* His head was bare
 His staff was by his side, and near the brink B

2034 His face close to the water. As it seemed

He had stooped down to drink and had remained B

2036 And all is safe] Oh God! he lives! B

He only spake to me of a dear Daughter,
 Who, so he feared, would never see him more ;
 And of a Stranger to him, One by whom
 He had been sore misused ; but he forgave 2040
 The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are troubled—
 Perhaps you are his son ?

Mar. The All-seeing knows,
 I did not think he had a living Child.—
 But whither did you carry him ?

Eld. He was torn,
 His head was bruised, and there was blood about him—— 2045

Mar. That was no work of mine.

Eld. Nor was it mine.

Mar. But had he strength to walk ? I could have borne him
 A thousand miles.

Eld. I am in poverty,
 And know how busy are the tongues of men ;
 My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one 2050
 Whose good deeds will not stand by their own light ;
 And, though it smote me more than words can tell,
 I left him.

Mar. I believe that there are phantoms,
 That in the shape of man do cross our path

2040-1 but he . . . wrong-doer] *not in B added to C and D.*

2042 The All-seeing] Heaven B 2046 Nor mine, God knows A

2049-62 And I have felt the cruel gripe of power
 And know how busy is Suspicion's eye
 I did not wish his blood upon my head
 My wife and children came into my mind
 And though it smote me more than tongue can speak
 I left him

Mor. Left him! Oh monster, what, to perish left him
 There is no heart in man, could nothing move thee ?
 What damning Fiend had poisoned thee i' the ear ?
 Oh monster, monster, there are three of us, in the flames
 Prepared for me I shall not lie alone
 But we shall howl together—where, where was it ?
 Let us to the spot and with the speed o' the wind.
 I've heard that men have lain whole weeks entranced
 And to all outward seeming dead
 And life yet in them: if there is a spark
 I'll find it (*dragging him along*) A

2053-7 beings

For unknown ends permitted to put on
 The shape of man, and thou art one of them
 But human things on me have pressed so hard B C D: C D *corr.*

On evil instigation, to make sport 2055

Of our distress—and thou art one of them!

But things substantial have so pressed on me—

Eld. My wife and children came into my mind.

Mar. Oh Monster! Monster! there are three of us,
And we shall howl together. [*After a pause, and in a feeble voice.*
I am deserted 2060

At my worst need, my crimes have in a net

(*Pointing to ELDRÉD*) Entangled this poor man.—Where was it?
where? [*Dragging him along.*

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your violence. His Daughter—

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scorpions lodge:
This old man *had* a Daughter.

Eld. To the spot 2065

I hurried back with her.—Oh save me, Sir,

From such a journey!—there was a black tree,

A single tree; she thought it was her Father.—

Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again

For twenty lives. The daylight dawned, and now— 2070

Nay; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should hear it—

As we approached, a solitary crow

Rose from the spot;—the Daughter clapped her hands,

And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[*MARMADUKE shrinks back.*

The startled bird quivered upon the wing. 2075

Mar. Dead, dead!—

2061-2 have brought a judgment

(*pointing to Rob.*) On this poor innocent man B C: C *corr.*

2064 Aye, is there not damnation in the word B; C curses for scorpions, but
corr. 2070/1 *Mor.* (*as if waking from a dream*) What damning fiend has
poisoned thee i' the ear? B

2074-80. And had an earthquake followed instantly

It could not more have moved me *Mor.* Dead, dead, dead

Rob. This business, Sir, seems to concern you nearly

I'll lead you to the maiden whom I left

With her dead Father's body at my hut

A few steps hence (*Margaret who has been standing for some time at
a distance comes forward*)

Margt. Nay, Robert, 'tis not fit

Two wretched beings, each so miserable,

Should come together. Poor unhappy man!

Rob. Thou dost forget thyself. I am confirmed

And we must see the bottom of it. (*To Mor.*) Sir

I said that I would lead you to his daughter.

Mor. His daughter—Yes, lead me to his daughter

Eld. (after a pause). A dismal matter, Sir, for me,
And seems the like for you; if 'tis your wish,
I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 'twere best
That she should be prepared; I'll go before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation. [ELDRED goes off.

Elea. (enters). Master! 2080

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support you?

Mar. (taking her arm). Woman, I've lent my body to the service
Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God forbid
That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion
With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was. 2085

Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things like these? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the door of ELDRED'S cottage—IDONEA seated—
enter ELDRED.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful hand
Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me,
And you remember such was my report:
From what has just befallen me I have cause 2090
To fear the very worst.

Idon. My Father is dead;

Why dost thou come to me with words like these?

Eld. A wicked Man should answer for his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld. It was most heinous,

And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not add, 2095

I prithee, to the harm thou'st done already.

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this service.

Hard by a Man I met, who, from plain proofs
Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it were 2100
You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have nothing

[2074-80 cont.]

Rob. Perhaps 'twere fit I should go on before
That she may be prepared.

Mor. Thou hast said well;

There will be need of preparation B

2086/7 *Id.* seated] *Mat.* seated at the door in stupid grief B

2091 the very worst] he has been murdered B

2101-2 he is coming (*Mat.* continues silent, taking no notice of this)
The wounds were slight

To do with others; help me to my Father—

[*She turns and sees MARMADUKE leaning on ELEANOR—
throws herself upon his neck, and after some time,*

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past;
And thus we meet again; one human stay
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

2105

Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no thing,
No, not the pitying moon!

Idon. And perish so.

Mar. Without a dog to moan for him.

Idon. Think not of it,

But enter there and see him how he sleeps,
Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

2110

Mar. Tranquil—why not?

Idon. Oh, peace!

Mar. He is at peace;

His body is at rest: there was a plot,
A hideous plot, against the soul of man:
It took effect—and yet I baffled it,
In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I thought,

2115

But there are ways to end a man that leave
Small trace of their effect.

Mat. Ha! what sayst thou?

Rob. I told your story and he did insist
To be conducted to you. I suppose
That he may straight proclaim himself and so
Find all the ease he can expect on earth.
The heavens have mercy on him. I remember
I spied a mark upon your father's throat

Mat. How! how!

Rob. But see him yonder guided by my wife
What must be done?

Mat. (*looking that way*) Oh God, oh God! A
2101-2 But see the murderer, guided by my wife

Mat. Oh help me to my father I have nothing
To do with him.

Rob. You must speak to him B

2104/5 Better than all earth's sympathy could give *added to B, C deletes*
2107 pitying moon C *corr.*: D *corr.*: moon in heaven B C D 2108 moan]
howl B 2113 hideous] damned B

2114-9 'Tis baffled, I have baffled it

Mat. Alas

You too have need of comfort

Mor. I remember

'Twas the first riddle that employed my fancy
To hunt some reason why the wisest thing B

A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven
 For both our needs; must I, and in thy presence,
 Alone partake of it?—Belovèd Marmaduke!

Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest thing
 That the earth owns shall never choose to die, 2120
 But some one must be near to count his groans.
 The wounded deer retires to solitude,
 And dies in solitude: all things but man,
 All die in solitude. [*Moving towards the cottage door.*]

Mysterious God,
 If she had never lived I had not done it!— 2125

Idon. Alas, the thought of such a cruel death
 Has overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

Eld. Lady!
 You will do well; (*she goes*) unjust suspicion may
 Cleave to this Stranger: if, upon his entering,
 The dead Man heave a groan, or from his side 2130
 Uplift his hand—that would be evidence.

Elea. Shame! Eldred, shame!

Mar. (*both returning*). The dead have but one face. (*to himself.*)
 And such a Man—so meek and unoffending—
 Helpless and harmless as a babe: a Man
 By obvious signal to the world's protection 2135
 Solemnly dedicated—to decoy him!—

Idon. Oh, had you seen him living!—

Mar. I (so filled

2124 an awful lesson

There is much reason in it (*Mor. leaves Mat. and goes towards the
 cottage*)

The fault's not mine B

2128–31 *Rob.* Lady, you will do well
 He has been dead and silent many hours
 If you should hear a groan or from his side
 He should uplift *etc.* B

2134 added to B

2137–42 (*Robert comes forward listening eagerly*)

Mat. Oh had you seen him living! he had a face
 There's not a soul

Mor. Now mark this world of ours
 A man may be a murderer and his hand
 Shall tell no tales, nay, the first brook he meets
 Shall wash it clean.

A man may be the father's murderer
 And to the daughter the most precious thing
 The world contains. Matilda at this moment

With horror is this world) am unto thee
 The thing most precious, that it now contains:
 Therefore through me alone must be revealed 2140
 By whom thy Parent was destroyed, Idonea!
 I have the proofs!—

Idon. O miserable Father!
 Thou didst command me to bless all mankind;
 Nor to this moment have I ever wished
 Evil to any living thing; but hear me, 2145
 Hear me, ye Heavens!—(*kneeling*)—may vengeance haunt the
 fiend

For this most cruel murder: let him live
 And move in terror of the elements;
 The thunder send him on his knees to prayer
 In the open streets, and let him think he sees, 2150
 If e'er he entereth the house of God,
 The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his head;
 And let him, when he would lie down at night,
 Point to his wife the blood-drops on his pillow!

Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart hath joined thee.

Idon. (*leaning on MARMADUKE*). Left to the mercy of that savage
 Man! 2156

How could he call upon his Child!—O Friend!
 [*Turns to MARMADUKE.*]

My faithful true and only Comforter.

Mar. Ay, come to me and weep. (*He kisses her.*)

(*To ELDRED*). Yes, Varlet, look,
 The devils at such sights do clap their hands. 2160
 [*ELDRED retires alarmed.*]

Idon. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is deadly pale;
 Hast thou pursued the monster?

Mar. I have found him.—

I feel a most unusual fondness for thee
 Thou must be wise as I am, thou must know
 By whom thy parent was betrayed
 I have the proofs! B

2153 stepping into bed at nights B 2155 Heaven is my witness that
 etc B 2158 not in B; added to C 2161 Thy limbs are torn, thy
 cheek is pale and haggard B

2162-4 Aye and found him
 And he must perish

Mat. Leave him to the pangs
 Of his own breast.

Oh! would that thou hadst perished in the flames!

Idon. Here art thou, then can I be desolate?—

Mar. There was a time, when this protecting hand 2165
 Availed against the mighty; never more
 Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Idon. Wild words for me to hear, for me, an orphan,
 Committed to thy guardianship by Heaven;
 And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope, 2170
 In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine
 For closer care;—here, is no malady. [*Taking his arm.*]

Mar. There, is a malady—
 (*Striking his heart and forehead.*) And here, and here,
 A mortal malady.—I am accurst:

[2162–4 cont.]

Mor. He must be put to death
 And for thy sake, for he will haunt thy bed
 Thy prayers, thy waking and thy sleeping thoughts—
 O would etc.

Mat. Art thou not here, the friend of all the helpless? B C:
 C corr.

2165 *Mor.* The feeble sought me once and my protection

2168–2172 These words I could make mockery of them, but
 Your voice is dreadful. Oh, my only friend
 What thoughts are these? Here is no malady B
 Love would in me have power to play with words
 That seem so void of meaning, but your voice
 Is dreadful. Safeguard of my soul, what thoughts
 Are mine! Be calm (*taking his arm*) Here is no malady C:
 C corr.

2174–2206 after mortal malady B goes on:

Mat. (*forcing a smile*) Come, come, this desperate effort
 To rid my spirit of its present sorrow
 Indeed it is ill-judged.

Mor. Look on my face.

Mat. Oh! when has this affliction visited thee?

Mor. I am the murderer of thy father! (*Matilda rushes off into
 the cottage*)

Mor. (*alone*) Three words have such a power! This mighty
 burden

All off at once! 'Tis done, and so done too
 That I have cased her heart in adamant.

[*two lines illegible*]

I was a coward then—but now am schooled
 To firmer purposes, there doth not lie
 Within the compass of a mortal thought
 A deed that I would shrink from—and I can endure.
 If I had done it with a mind resolved

All nature curses me, and in my heart
Thy curse is fixed ; the truth must be laid bare. 2175
 It must be told, and borne. I am the man,
 (Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)
 Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,
 Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person 2180
 Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did become
 An instrument of Fiends. Through me, through me,
 Thy Father perished.

Idon. Perished—by what mischance ?

Mar. Belovèd! if I dared, so would I call thee—
 Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen heart, 2185
 The extremes of suffering meet in absolute peace.

[*He gives her a letter.*

Idon. (*reads*) "Be not surprised if you hear that some signal
 judgment has befallen the man who calls himself your father ;
 he is now with me, as his signature will show : abstain from con-
 jecture till you see me. 2190

"HERBERT.

"MARMADUKE."

The writing Oswald's ; the signature my Father's :

There had been something in the deed
 To give me strength to bear the recollection ;
 But, as it is, this scrip, which would not cause
 The little finger of a child to ache,
 Doth lie upon my bosom with a load
 A mountain could not equal.

(*Enter Matilda from the cottage, dragging Robert*)

Rob. Already I've been forced, an innocent man,
 For many moons to make my bed with toads,
 But it is come at last and I must die.

Mat. (*repeating Robert's former words*) "Your father has been
 murdered" (*turning to Robert*) By thy hands.

Rob. And would you use me thus ?

Margt. You fear too much.

He is a man too wretched far
 To be your enemy.

Mat. (*to Robert*) Thou hast prevailed
 Upon his gentle nature.

Mor. (*to Robert stepping forward*) If the dregs
 Of such a life as thine be worth these tears
 Go dry them up—thou shalt not die for this. (*turns to Mat.—*
presents her a letter) [*Letter as text, but suspend your judgment*
for abstain from conjecture] (*Mortimer points*)

Mat. The writing yours—that signature my father's—

(*Looks steadily at the paper*) And here is yours,—or do my eyes deceive me ?

You have seen my Father ?

Mar. He has leaned 2195

Upon this arm.

Idon. You led him towards the Convent ?

Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur Castle. Thither We were his guides. I on that night resolved That he should wait thy coming till the day Of resurrection.

Idon. Miserable Woman, 2200
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,
With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.
Be calm, I pray thee!

Mar. Oswald—

Idon. Name him not. 2205

Enter female Beggar.

Beg. And he is dead!—that Moor—how shall I cross it ?
By night, by day, never shall I be able
To travel half a mile alone.—Good Lady!
Forgive me!—Saints forgive me. Had I thought

You have seen my father—what of that ?
It was not kind, you should have told me of it.

Mor. (*his hand pointing to his heart*)

O that that eye of thine were present here!
Now will I tell you how I dealt with him—
Into a foaming torrent

Mat. He was found,
My father he was found upon the heath

Mor. If a man have a tongue to tell these things,
A heart that cannot suffer, and a soul
That cannot fear—what has he lost ? These charms
These horrid charms of thought. He has leaned
Upon this arm—

Mat. You led him towards the Convent ?

Mor. That convent was Monteagle Castle. Thither
We were his guides, and I that night resolved
That he should wait thy coming till the day
Of resurrection. Rivers—

Mat. Rivers! oh!

That name hath terror in it. Name him not! (*Enter female beggar*)

Beg. Mercy, Mercy! that moor etc.

It would have come to this!—

Idon.

What brings you hither? speak!

Beg. (*pointing to MARMADUKE*). This innocent Gentleman.

Sweet heavens! I told him

2211

Such tales of your dead Father!—God is my judge,

I thought there was no harm: but that bad Man,

He bribed me with his gold, and looked so fierce.

Mercy! I said I know not what—oh pity me—

2215

I said, sweet Lady, you were not his Daughter—

Pity me, I am haunted;—thrice this day

My conscience made me wish to be struck blind;

And then I would have prayed, and had no voice.

Idon. (*to MARMADUKE*). Was it my Father?—no, no, no, for he

Was meek and patient, feeble, old and blind,

2221

Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.

—But hear me. For *one* question, I have a heart

That will sustain me. Did you murder him?

Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But learn the process: 2225

Proof after proof was pressed upon me; guilt

Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt,

Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee; and truth

And innocence, embodied in his looks,

His words and tones and gestures, did but serve

2230

With me to aggravate his crimes, and heaped

Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.

Then pity crossed the path of my resolve:

Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and cast,

Idonea! thy blind Father on the Ordeal

2235

Of the bleak Waste—left him—and so he died!

[IDONEA *sinks senseless*; Beggar, ELEANOR, &c., crowd
round, and bear her off.]

2210 *Mat.* This is most strange B What mean you? speak C: C *corr.*

2217–18 *Rob.* Peace! woman, peace! *Beg.* (*to Robert*) I tell you I am
haunted

Three times to-day I wished I were struck blind B
2222 than his] far than B

2225–36 *Mor.* No, no, not murder him—But knowest thou this?

Mat. Know it, that belt—the first gift of my love
It is the scrip that held my father's food.

Mor. I led him to the middle of the heath
I left him without food, and so he died.

(*Mat.* *sinks senseless on the ground*—*Robert, Margaret and the beggar*
crowd round her and during the course of the following speech
they bear her into the cottage) B

2229 And innocence that pleaded in his looks C: C *corr.*

Why may we speak these things, and do no more ;
 Why should a thrust of the arm have such a power,
 And words that tell these things be heard in vain ?

She is not dead. Why!—if I loved this Woman,

2240

I would take care she never woke again ;
 But she WILL wake, and she will weep for me,
 And say no blame was mine—and so, poor fool,
 Will waste her curses on another name.

[He walks about distractedly.]

2239 words that tell these things] things like these B

2245–2278 And this will be when I am in my grave.

(He walks about with a quick step)

I'll prove it that I murdered him—I'll prove it
 Before the dullest court in Christendom.

(Enter Robert from the cottage)

Rob. Do Sir come in and see what may be done
 To bring her to herself—If she should die
 What will become of us ?

Mor. Hark'ee my friend,
 That woman was to have been my wife,
(laughs hysterically) ha! ha! *(laying his hand on Robert)*
 Not yet, not yet,—Thy coming is well timed,
 There is a service to be done for me—
 Thou must conduct me hence. The executioner
 Must do this business.

Rob. The old man died of cold—
 You are not master of the elements.
 It was a bitter night—I was half frozen.

Mor. (in a commanding tone)

Didst hear me, man ? The Baron of St Clair
 Lives in this district—lead me to his court.

Rob. Good Master! there was not a wound about him
 That would have killed a mouse.

Mor. What's that to me ? *(drags Robert along)*

Rob. Good Sir! be merciful—If I do this
 I ne'er shall sleep in quiet.

Mor. There is something
 That must be cleared away.

Rob. How Sir ?

Mor. That staff
 Which bars the road before me there—'Tis there,
 'Tis there, breast-high, and will not let me pass.

Rob. Good Sir! be calm.

Mor. Bestir thee—let's begone
 She will be waking soon. Dost hear me, man ? *(dragging him
 along)*

Howl, howl, poor dog! Thou'lt never find him more ;

Enter OSWALD.

OSWALD (*to himself*). Strong to o'erturn, strong also to build up.
[*To MARMADUKE.*

The starts and sallies of our last encounter 2246
Were natural enough; but that, I trust,

Draggled with storm and wet, howl, howl amain
But not in my ears—I was not the death of thee.
What dost thou there, friend? get thee out of the way,
We must not trouble it—

Rob. Be patient, Sir.

Mor. What art thou made of, man? I would cleave a stone.

Rob. Good Sir! The body must be borne to Church.
This is a lonely place—but from the convent
The holy friars will bring us needful aid.

Mor. Bright fellow! Thou sayest well
We never shall get thither.

Beg. (*who has entered a little before from the cottage*) He is
crazed

Poor Gentleman! and I have wrought this evil.
The little children from the cottages
Will be his friends—he will be blessed and pitied,
—What will become of me?

Mor. (*to Robert*) Take heed, good friend, that she recover
not,

Thou wilt redeem the worst of all the crimes
Thou hast to answer for.

(*Enter Rivers—he looks at Mortimer unobserved by him*)

Buzz, buzz, ye fools!

That is no substance that ye settle on
Away! away!

Rob. (*to himself*) Would that some help were nigh!

(2245) *Riv.* (*to himself*) Strong to destroy, strong also to build up.

Beg. (*observing Rivers*) Look there! oh save me from him!
(*Mortimer and Rivers mutually fasten their eyes on each other
for some time*)

Mor. I am a man again.

Riv. Nay, something more (*pointing to Robert's cottage*)
Dead.

Mor. Quiet.

Riv. As his best friends could wish;
And you?

Mor. Almost as quiet.

Riv. (*with great pride*) So I prophesied;
We are then friends.

Mor. I am the friend of all men.

Riv. Of me especially.

Mor. Why yes!

Riv. A pledge—

Mor. Here is my hand—The hue of a pure lily,

Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains
That fettered your nobility of mind—
Delivered heart and head!

Let us to Palestine ;

2250

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next ? This issue—
'Twas nothing more than darkness deepening darkness,
And weakness crowned with the impotence of death!—
Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient. (*ironically*).
Start not!—Here is another face hard by ;
Come, let us take a peep at both together,
And, with a voice at which the dead will quake,
Resound the praise of your morality—

2255

[2244–2278 cont.]

A Lady hand—none of your crimson spots.
Not the less welcome—eh ?

Riv. Most noble—

(2246) The starts and sallies of our last encounter

Mor. Mere foolish freaks!

Riv. Bravo! the vessel's cleared—

That pestilential weight of heaven knows what,
Those bundles packed some thousand years ago,
Are plunged into the sea.

Mor. Even so.

Riv. And you are happy ?

Mor. Never so happy.

Riv. Hum! Stay, what's your age ?

Mor. Just three and twenty summers.

Riv. And his ? (*pointing to the cottage*)

Mor. Sixty,

A few moons more or less.

Riv. Let us to Syria

(2250) This is a paltry field for enterprise.—

Mor. Ay, what shall we do next ?

Riv. Sickly and blind!

Mor. Drugged, betrayed and starved!

(2252) But what of that ? If I sent him to his grave
'Twas nothing more than darkness, deepening darkness
And crowning all with the impotence of death
I am, you see, an apt proficient (*Rivers starts*)

Riv. Hell!

Mor. Start not

Nay, there is another face hard by.
Let's in and take a peep at both together,
And with a voice at which the dead will quake
Resound the praise of your morality.

Riv. Beyond my expectation.

Of this too much:

[*Drawing OSWALD towards the Cottage—stops short at the door.*

Men are there, millions, Oswald, 2260
 Who with bare hands would have plucked out thy heart
 And flung it to the dogs: but I am raised
 Above, or sunk below, all further sense
 Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight
 Of that old Man's forgiveness on thy heart, 2265
 Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.
 Coward I have been; know, there lies not now,
 Within the compass of a mortal thought,
 A deed that I would shrink from;—but to endure,
 That is my destiny. May it be thine: 2270
 Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth
 To feed remorse, to welcome every sting
 Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.
 When seas and continents shall lie between us—
 The wider space the better—we may find 2275
 In such a course fit links of sympathy,
 An incommunicable rivalry
 Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our view.

[*Confused voices—several of the band enter—rush upon OSWALD and seize him.*

One of them. I would have dogged him to the jaws of hell—

Osw. Ha! is it so!—That vagrant Hag!—this comes 2280
 Of having left a thing like her alive! [*Aside.*

Several voices. Despatch him!

Osw. If I pass beneath a rock
 And shout, and, with the echo of my voice,
 Bring down a heap of rubbish and it crush me,
 I die without dishonour. Famished, starved, 2285
 A Fool and Coward blended to my wish!

[*Smiles scornfully and exultingly at MARMADUKE.*

Mor. (when he comes to the door stops short) There are men
 Who with bare hands would have plucked out thy heart
 And flung it to the dogs—But I forgive thee. (*Confused voices
 are heard with uproar*)

Voices: Hola! there! there! Huzza! (*Lacy, Lennox, Wallace,
 etc., rush in, the beggar and Wilfred with them*) B

2280-1 *Riv.* (surrounded by them) Ha! is it so? (*turning to the Beg.*) Vile
 hag this issue comes
 From having left thee and thy like alive. B

Wal. 'Tis done! (*stabs him*).

Another of the band. The ruthless Traitor!

Mar. A rash deed!—

With that reproof I do resign a station
Of which I have been proud.

Wil. (*approaching MARMADUKE*). O my poor Master!

Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful Wilfred, 2290
Why art thou here? [Turning to WALLACE.

Wallace, upon these Borders,

Many there be whose eyes will not want cause
To weep that I am gone. Brothers in arms!

Raise on that dreary Waste a monument

That may record my story: nor let words— 2295

Few must they be, and delicate in their touch

As light itself—be there withheld from Her

Who, through most wicked arts, was made an orphan

By One who would have died a thousand times,

2287–321 *A voice:* Merciless traitor! (*they drag him off. Matilda rushes out towards Mortimer followed by Robert*)

Mat. 'Tis a strange disease. Oh save him, save him. (*Enter several friars who crowd round Matilda and conceal her from the audience*)

Wal. It is done. *Another of the band:* The merciless traitor
Wilfred (*approaching Mortimer*) My poor Master!

Mor. Oh! my good Wilfred! (*he turns to Lacy*) Lacy! on these borders

Many there are whose eyes will not want cause
To weep that I am gone.

[?] *re-entering* The hell hound. *Lacy.* Peace

Mor. Raise on this lonely heath a monument

That may record my story, to your care

Wallace and Wilfred I commend the maid

Now on the eve of rights recovered. *Several of the band* (*eagerly*)
Captain!

Mor. No prayers, no tears, but hear my doom in silence.

I will go forth a wanderer on the earth

A shadowy thing, and as I wander on

No human ear shall ever hear me speak

No human dwelling ever give me food

Or sleep or rest, and all the uncertain way

Shall be as darkness to me, as a waste

Unnamed by man! and I will wander on

Living by mere intensity of thought

A Being by pain and thought compelled to live

Yet loathing life till heaven in mercy strike me

With blank forgetfulness—that I may die. B

To shield her from a moment's harm. To you,
Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the Lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,
Whose long-suspended rights are now on the eve
Of restoration: with your tenderest care
Watch over her, I pray—sustain her—

Several of the band (eagerly). Captain!

Mar. No more of that; in silence hear my doom:

A hermitage has furnished fit relief
To some offenders; other penitents,
Less patient in their wretchedness, have fallen,
Like the old Roman, on their own sword's point.
They had their choice: a wanderer *must I* go,
The Spectre of that innocent Man, my guide.
No human ear shall ever hear me speak;
No human dwelling ever give me food,
Or sleep, or rest: but over waste and wild,
In search of nothing, that this earth can give,
But expiation, will I wander on—
A Man by pain and thought compelled to live,
Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased
In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to die.

2301-6 Wallace and Wilfred, for such care as here
Is needed will I venture to commend
That loveliest flower that ever lowly Nature
Reared for her own delight—and yet a lady
In all things worthy of her noble blood
And now on the eve of rights recovered. D (*deleted*)

After 2321 O be it with humble hope in my last breath C D: D *deletes*.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD

I

[Composed March 26, 1802.—Published 1807.]

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,

5

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man ;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

II

TO A BUTTERFLY

[Composed March 14, 1802.—Published 1807.]

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!

A little longer stay in sight!

Much converse do I find in thee,

Historian of my infancy!

Float near me ; do not yet depart!

5

Dead times revive in thee :

Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!

A solemn image to my heart,

My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,

10

The time, when, in our childish plays,

My sister Emmeline and I

Together chased the butterfly!

A very hunter did I rush

Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs

15

I followed on from brake to bush ;

But she, God love her! feared to brush

The dust from off its wings.

III

THE SPARROW'S NEST

[Composed 1801.—Published 1807.]

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!
 On me the chance-discovered sight
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.
 I started—seeming to espy 5
 The home and sheltered bed,
 The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
 My Father's house, in wet or dry
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together visited. 10

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
 Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it;
 Such heart was in her, being then
 A little Prattler among men.
 The Blessing of my later years 15
 Was with me when a boy:
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
 And love, and thought, and joy. 20

IV

FORESIGHT

[Composed April 28, 1802.—Published 1807.]

THAT is work of waste and ruin—
 Do as Charles and I are doing!

III. 1-3 *so* 1815: Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there!
 Few visions have I seen more fair,
 Nor many prospects of delight
 More pleasing than that simple sight! 1807, *Coleorton MS.*
 6 sheltered 1807: little *Coleorton MS.* 9 Emmeline 1807: Dorothy
Coleorton MS.

11-12 *so* 1845: She looked at it as if she feared it;
 Still wishing, dreading to be near it; 1807-36

IV. FORESIGHT 1836: FORESIGHT, or the Charge of a Child to his
 younger Companion 1807-32 1 *so* 1815: That is work which I am
 rueing 1807

V

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD

[Composed 1811.—Published 1815.]

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild ;
 And Innocence hath privilege in her
 To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;
 And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke 5
 Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.
 And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
 Not less if unattended and alone
 Than when both young and old sit gathered round
 And take delight in its activity ; 10
 Even so this happy Creature of herself
 Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her
 Is blithe society, who fills the air
 With gladness and involuntary songs.
 Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's 15
 Forth-startled from the fern where she lay couched ;
 Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-flowers,
 Or from before it chasing wantonly
 The many-coloured images imprest 20
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

VI

ADDRESS TO A CHILD,

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING. BY MY SISTER.

[Composed 1806.—Published 1815.]

WHAT way does the Wind come ? What way does he go ?
 He rides over the water, and over the snow,
 Through wood, and through vale ; and o'er rocky height,
 Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight ;
 He tosses about in every bare tree, 5
 As, if you look up, you plainly may see ;
 But how he will come, and whither he goes,
 There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
 And ring a sharp 'larum ;—but, if you should look, 10

There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
 Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
 And softer than if it were covered with silk.
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ; 15
 —Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place ?
 Nothing but silence and empty space ;
 Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
 That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!
 As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me 20
 You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
 That he has been there, and made a great rout,
 And cracked the branches, and strewn them about ;
 Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
 That looked up at the sky so proud and big 25
 All last summer, as well you know,
 Studded with apples, a beautiful show!
 Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
 And growls as if he would fix his claws
 Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle 30
 Drive them down, like men in a battle:
 —But let him range round ; he does us no harm,
 We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;
 Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,
 And burns with a clear and steady light ; 35
 Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled knell,
 Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.
 —Come now we'll to bed! and when we are there
 He may work his own will, and what shall we care ?
 He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in ; 40
 May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din ;
 Let him seek his own home wherever it be ;
 Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.

VII THE MOTHER'S RETURN

BY THE SAME

[Composed April or May, 1807.—Published 1815.]

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

O blessèd tidings! thought of joy! 5
 The eldest heard with steady glee;
 Silent he stood; then laughed amain,—
 And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,
 With witless hope to bring her near; 10
 "Nay, patience! patience, little boy;
 Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
 And long, long vales to travel through;
 He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed, 15
 But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast;
 She wars not with the mystery
 Of time and distance, night and day;
 The bonds of our humanity. 20

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

Her brother now takes up the note, 25
 And echoes back his sister's glee;
 They hug the infant in my arms,
 As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
 We rested in the garden bower; 30
 While sweetly shone the evening sun
 In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
 Our rambles by the swift brook's side
 Far as the willow-skirted pool, 35
 Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
 Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
 Of birds that build their nests and sing,
 And all "since Mother went away!" 40

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

—But see, the evening star comes forth! 45
 To bed the children must depart;
 A moment's heaviness they feel,
 A sadness at the heart:

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
 They run up stairs in gamesome race; 50
 I, too, infected by their mood,
 I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, O the change!
 Asleep upon their beds they lie;
 Their busy limbs in perfect rest, 55
 And closed the sparkling eye.

VIII

ALICE FELL;

OR, POVERTY

[Composed March 12, 13, 1802.—Published 1807.]

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
 For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
 When, as we hurried on, my ear
 Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways, 5
 I heard the sound,—and more and more;
 It seemed to follow with the chaise,
 And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
 He stopped his horses at the word, 10
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
 Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

VIII. 3-4 *so* 1845: When suddenly I seemed to hear

A moan, a lamentable sound. 1807-15, 1836-43

15-16 *so* 1845: And soon I heard upon the blast

The voice, and bade him halt again. 1807-15, 1836-43

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
 The horses scampered through the rain;
 But, hearing soon upon the blast
 The cry, I bade him halt again. 15

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
 "Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"
 And there a little Girl I found,
 Sitting behind the chaise, alone. 20

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,
 But loud and bitterly she wept,
 As if her innocent heart would break;
 And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?"—she sobbed, "Look here!" 25
 I saw it in the wheel entangled,
 A weather-beaten rag as e'er
 From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
 It hung, nor could at once be freed;
 But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
 A miserable rag indeed! 30

"And whither are you going, child,
 To-night along these lonesome ways?"
 "To Durham," answered she, half wild— 35
 "Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
 Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
 Sob after sob, as if her grief
 Could never, never have an end. 40

17-18 *so* 1845: Said I, alighting on the ground.

"What can it be, this piteous moan?" 1807-15, 1836-43

21 *so* 1836: *but* spoke *for* spake: "My cloak!" the word was last and first,
 1807-15 23 innocent . . . break 1840: very . . . burst 1807-15, 1836 24 her
 seat 1815: the Chaise 1807 29 There, 1845: 'Twas 1807-15, 1836-43

30-2 *so* 1845: Her help she lent, and with good heed

Together we released the Cloak;

A wretched, wretched rag indeed 1807-15: *so* 1836-43 *but*

l. 32 A miserable . . .

37-9 *so* 1845: She sate like one past all relief;

Sob after sob she forth did send

In wretchedness *etc.* 1807-15, 1836-43

- "My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
 She checked herself in her distress,
 And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
 I'm fatherless and motherless.
- "And I to Durham, Sir, belong." 45
 Again, as if the thought would choke
 Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
 And all was for her tattered cloak!
- The chaise drove on; our journey's end
 Was nigh; and, sitting by my side, 50
 As if she had lost her only friend
 She wept, nor would be pacified.
- Up to the tavern-door we post;
 Of Alice and her grief I told;
 And I gave money to the host, 55
 To buy a new cloak for the old.
- "And let it be of duffil grey,
 As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
 Proud creature was she the next day,
 The little orphan, Alice Fell! 60

IX

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE

[Composed 1799.—Published 1800.]

- OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child.
- No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; 5
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
 —The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door!
- You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green; 10
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
 You to the town must go;
 And take a lantern, Child, to light
 Your mother through the snow.” 15

“That, Father! will I gladly do:
 ’Tis scarcely afternoon—
 The minster-clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon!” 20

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

Not blither is the mountain roe: 25
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
 She wandered up and down; 30
 And many a hill did Lucy climb:
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide;
 But there was neither sound nor sight 35
 To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
 That overlooked the moor;
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
 A furlong from their door. 40

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

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge 45
 They tracked the footmarks small;
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
 And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed :
 The marks were still the same ; 50
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank ; 55
 And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child ;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild. 60

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

X

WE ARE SEVEN

[Composed 1798.—Published 1800.]

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

I met a little cottage Girl: 5
 She was eight years old, she said ;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad: 10
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
 —Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
 How many may you be ?”
 “How many ? Seven in all,” she said, 15
 And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
 She answered, “Seven are we ;
 And two of us at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea. 20

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

“You say that two at Conway dwell, 25
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
 Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,
 “Seven boys and girls are we ; 30
 Two of us in the church-yard lie,
 Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little Maid,
 Your limbs they are alive ;
 If two are in the church-yard laid, 35
 Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
 The little Maid replied,
 “Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
 And they are side by side. 40

“My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem ;
 And there upon the ground I sit,
 And sing a song to them.

“And often after sun-set, Sir, 45
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was sister Jane ;
 In bed she moaning lay, 50
 Till God released her of her pain ;
 And then she went away.

“So in the church-yard she was laid ;
 And, when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we played, 55
 My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side.” 60

“How many are you, then,” said I,
 “If they two are in heaven ?”
 Quick was the little Maid’s reply,
 “O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead ; those two are dead ! 65
 Their spirits are in heaven !”
 ’Twas throwing words away ; for still
 The little Maid would have her will,
 And said, “Nay, we are seven !”

XI

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS ;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.¹

A PASTORAL

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ;
 Among the hills the echoes play
 A never never ending song,
 To welcome in the May.
 The magpie chatters with delight ; 5
 The mountain raven’s youngling brood
 Have left the mother and the nest ;
 And they go rambling east and west
 In search of their own food ;

¹ *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

54 *so* 1827: And all the summer dry 1798–1820
 Maiden did reply, 1798–1832

63 *so* 1836: The little

2–4 And, pleased to welcome in the May,
 From hill to hill the echoes fling
 Their liveliest roundelay 1836 (*only*)

Or through the glittering vapours dart 10
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done. 15

On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim: 20
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong. 25

A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and, more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry, 30
That plaintive cry! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race." 35

—Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize, 40
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries—
James stopped with no good will:
Said Walter then, exulting; "Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

14-15 *so* 1836: It seems they have no work to do
Or that their work is done 1800-20
Boys that have had no work to do
Or work that now is done 1827

36 *so* 1805: I'll run with you a race."—no more—1800: We'll for this
Whistle run a race 1802

43-4 *so* 1836: Said Walter then, "Your task is here
'Twill keep you working half a year," 1800-20
'Twill baffle you for half a year 1827

“Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross— 45
Come on, and tread where I shall tread.”

The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go ; 50
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :
The gulf is deep below ;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall. 55

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march ;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan— 60
Again!—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent 65
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down 70
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne ;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn, 75
The lamb still swimming round and round,
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

45-8 *so* 1836: “Till you have cross'd where I shall cross,
Say that you'll neither sleep nor eat.”
James proudly took him at his word,
But did not like the feat. 1800

45-6 Now cross where I shall cross—come on,
And follow me where I shall lead”—1805-20

48 But did not like the deed 1805-20 46 Come on, and in my footsteps
tread!” 1827-32 57 pursued 1827: began 1800-20 63 *so* 1827: pale
as any ghost 1800-20 64 espies 1827: he spies 1800-20

When he had learnt what thing it was,
 That sent this rueful cry; I ween
 The Boy recovered heart, and told 80
 The sight which he had seen.
 Both gladly now deferred their task;
 Nor was there wanting other aid—
 A Poet, one who loves the brooks
 Far better than the sages' books, 85
 By chance had thither strayed;
 And there the helpless lamb he found
 By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
 And brought it forth into the light: 90
 The Shepherds met him with his charge,
 An unexpected sight!
 Into their arms the lamb they took,
 Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
 Then up the steep ascent they hied, 95
 And placed him at his mother's side;
 And gently did the Bard
 Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
 And bade them better mind their trade.

XII

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges." EUSEBIUS.

[Composed 1798.—Published 1798.]

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

One morn we strolled on our dry walk, 5
 Our quiet home all full in view,
 And held such intermitted talk
 As we are wont to do.

89 so 1836: He drew it gently from the pool 1800-32 94 so 1836: Said they, "He's neither maimed nor scarr'd" 1800-32
 Retine vim etc. 1845: *Subtile* Shewing how the art of lying may be taught
 1798 Practice of Lying 1800-43 6 home 1802: house 1798

My thoughts on former pleasures ran ;
 I thought of Kilve's delightful shore, 10
 Our pleasant home when spring began,
 A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
 Some fond regrets to entertain ;
 With so much happiness to spare, 15
 I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
 Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
 From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
 From sunshine back to shade. 20

Birds warbled round me—and each trace
 Of inward sadness had its charm ;
 Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
 And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim 25
 And graceful in his rustic dress!
 And, as we talked, I questioned him,
 In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"
 I said, and took him by the arm, 30
 "On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
 Or here at Liswyn farm?"

11 Our 1802 My 1798
 again 1798-1820

14 *so* 1827: To think, and think, and think

17-28 My boy was by my side, so slim
 And graceful in his rustic dress!
 And oftentimes I talked to him
 In very idleness.

The young lambs ran a pretty race ;
 The morning sun shone bright and warm ;
 "Kilve," said I, "was a pleasant place,
 And so is Liswyn farm.

My little boy, which like you more,"
 I said, and took him by the arm—
 "Our home by Kilve's delightful shore,
 Or here at Liswyn farm ?

And tell me, had you rather be,"
 I said, and held him by the arm,
 "At Kilve's smooth shore by the green sea,
 Or here at Liswyn farm?" 1798-1820; *text reached* 1827-36

In careless mood he looked at me,
 While still I held him by the arm,
 And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be
 Than here at Liswyn farm." 35

"Now, little Edward, say why so:
 My little Edward, tell me why."—
 "I cannot tell, I do not know."—
 "Why, this is strange," said I; 40

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

At this my boy hung down his head, 45
 He blushed with shame, nor made reply;
 And three times to the child I said,
 "Why, Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised—there was in sight,
 It caught his eye, he saw it plain— 50
 Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
 A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
 And eased his mind with this reply:
 "At Kilve there was no weather-cock;
 And that's the reason why." 55

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
 For better lore would seldom yearn,
 Could I but teach the hundredth part
 Of what from thee I learn. 60

41 *so* 1836: For, here are woods and green-hills warm 1798-1832

43-4 *so* 1800: At this, my boy so fair and slim

Hung down his head, nor made reply 1798

47 *so* 1845: And five times did I say to him 1798; five times to the child
etc. 1800-36 54 *so* 1836: And thus to me he made reply 1798-1832

XIII

RURAL ARCHITECTURE

[Composed (probably) 1800.—Published 1800.]

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore,
 Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the highest not more
 Than the height of a counsellor's bag;
 To the top of GREAT HOW¹ did it please them to climb:
 And there they built up, without mortar or lime, 5
 A Man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as they lay:
 They built him and christened him all in one day,
 An urchin both vigorous and hale;
 And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones. 10
 Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones;
 The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,
 And in anger or merriment, out of the north,
 Coming on with a terrible pother, 15
 From the peak of the crag blew the giant away.
 And what did these school-boys?—The very next day
 They went and they built up another.

—Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works
 By Christian disturbers more savage than Turks, 20
 Spirits busy to do and undo:
 At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes will flag;
 Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the crag;
 And I'll build up a giant with you.

¹ GREAT HOW is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

1 From the meadows of Armath, on Thirlmere's wild shore 1827 (*only*)
 19–24 so 1800: 1805, 1815 *omit* 20 so 1820: In Paris and London,
 'mong Christians and Turks, 1800–02

XIV
THE PET-LAMB

A PASTORAL

[Composed 1800.—Published 1800.]

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

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was all alone, 5
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his tail with pleasure
shook. 10

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

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away : 15
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked ; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face :
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing : 20

"What ails thee, young One ? what ? Why pull so at thy cord ?
Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and board ?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;
Rest, little young One, rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

"What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is wanting to thy heart ? 25
Thy limbs, are they not strong ? And beautiful thou art :
This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have no peers ;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ; 30
For rain and mountain-storms! the like thou need'st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

“Rest, little young One, rest ; thou hast forgot the day
 When my father found thee first in places far away ;
 Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none, 35
 And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
 A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam ?
 A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee yearn
 Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been. 40

“Thou know’st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
 Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;
 And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
 I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now, 45
 Then I’ll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough ;
 My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold
 Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
 That ’tis thy mother’s heart which is working so in thee ? 50
 Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
 And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

“Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
 I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there ;
 The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play, 55
 When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

“Here thou need’st not dread the raven in the sky ;
 Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
 Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?
 Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!” 60

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

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song ; 65
 “Nay,” said I, “more than half to the damsel must belong,
 For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
 That I almost received her heart into my own.”

58-60 *so* 1802: He will not come to thee, our Cottage is hard by,
 Night and day thou art safe as living thing can be,
 Be happy then and rest, what is’t that aileth thee ? 1800

XV

TO H.C.

SIX YEARS OLD

[Composed 1802.—Published 1807.]

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought ;
 Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
 And fittest to unutterable thought
 The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol ;
 Thou faery voyager! that dost float 5
 In such clear water, that thy boat
 May rather seem
 To brood on air than on an earthly stream ;
 Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
 Where earth and heaven do make one imagery ; 10
 O blessèd vision! happy child!
 Thou art so exquisitely wild,
 I think of thee with many fears
 For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest, 15
 Lord of thy house and hospitality ;
 And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
 But when she sate within the touch of thee.
 O too industrious folly!
 O vain and causeless melancholy! 20
 Nature will either end thee quite ;
 Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
 Preserve for thee, by individual right,
 A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
 What hast thou to do with sorrow, 25
 Or the injuries of to-morrow ?
 Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
 Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
 Or to be trailed along the soiling earth ;
 A gem that glitters while it lives, 30
 And no forewarning gives ;
 But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
 Slips in a moment out of life.

XVI

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

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

[Composed 1798.—Published in *The Friend*, Dec. 28, 1809; ed. 1815.]

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM

[This extract is reprinted from *The Friend*.]

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
 Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
 And giv'st to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion! not in vain,
 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn 5
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
 The passions that build up our human soul;
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
 But with high objects, with enduring things,
 With life and nature; purifying thus 10
 The elements of feeling and of thought,
 And sanctifying by such discipline
 Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me 15
 With stinted kindness. In November days,
 When vapours rolling down the valleys made
 A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
 At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
 When, by the margin of the trembling lake, 20
 Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
 In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
 Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
 And by the waters, all the summer long.
 And in the frosty season, when the sun 25
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
 The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
 I heeded not the summons: happy time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me
 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud 30
 The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse

That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase 35
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle: with the din
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 40
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west 45
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star; 50
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still 55
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round! 60
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

XVII

THE LONGEST DAY

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER, DORA

[Composed 1817.—Published 1820.]

LET us quit the leafy arbour,
 And the torrent murmuring by;
 For the sun is in his harbour,
 Weary of the open sky.

3 so 1843: Sol has slipped into MS.: dropped into 1820-36

Evening now unbinds the fetters 5
 Fashioned by the glowing light ;
 All that breathe are thankful debtors
 To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
 Eve renews her calm career ; 10
 For the day that now is ended
 Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,
 On this platform, light and free ;
 Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest, 15
 Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
 That inspires the linnet's song ?
 Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
 On her pinions swift and strong ? 20

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

And, while shades to shades succeeding 25
 Steal the landscape from the sight,
 I would urge this moral pleading,
 Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs ;—each day that follows
 Is a reflux from on high, 30
 Tending to the darksome hollows
 Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
 In his providence, assigned
 Such a gradual declination 35
 To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ;—fruits redden,
 Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
 And the heart is loth to deaden
 Hopes that she so long hath known. 40

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

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber, 45
 Fix thine eyes upon the sea
 That absorbs time, space, and number;
 Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
 On whose breast are thither borne 50
 All deceived, and each deceiver,
 Through the gates of night and morn;
 Through the year's successive portals;
 Through the bounds which many a star
 Marks, not mindless of frail mortals, 55
 When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
 Toward the mighty gulf of things,
 And the mazy stream unravelled
 With thy best imaginings; 60

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

Duty, like a strict preceptor, 65
 Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
 Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
 While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
 Fairest damsel of the green, 70
 Thou wilt lack the only symbol
 That proclaims a genuine queen;

And ensures those palms of honour
 Which selected spirits wear,
 Bending low before the Donor, 75
 Lord of Heaven's unchanging year!

48 thou to 1836: towards MS. 1820 *etc.*
 65 strict 1820: true MS.
 crown MS. 1820 *etc.*

57-60 added to MS.

68 so 1845: While thy brow youth's roses

XVIII

THE NORMAN BOY

[Composed ?—Published 1842.]

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
 Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,
 From home and company remote and every playful joy,
 Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame, 5
 Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
 With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child
 Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled o'er
 Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of more, 10
 Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their feed,
 And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and decayed,
 For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had made.
 A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be 15
 A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly lacked aught
 That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had wrought
 Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with fingers nice,
 To be grafted on the top of his small edifice. 20

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power and
 best

For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
 In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and wide,
 The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the true 25
 And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might ensue
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste
 Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay, let *us* before we part
 With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of earnest
 heart, 30

That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing stay.

XIX

THE POET'S DREAM

SEQUEL TO "THE NORMAN BOY"

[Composed ?—Published 1842.]

JUST as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power,
 And gladdened all things; but, as chanced, within that very hour,
 Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds that hid
 the sky,

And for the Subject of my Verse I heaved a pensive sigh. 4

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness be cleared,
 For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut appeared;
 And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling earth and air,
 I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articulate call,
 Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All; 10
 His lips were moving; and his eyes, upraised to sue for grace,
 With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder if the sight,
 Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?
 It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not trans-
 formed, 15
 But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart had
 warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him in my arms,
 And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,
 And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love to pay,
 By giving him for both our sakes, an hour of holiday. 20

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear Child! thou art my own,
 To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in town.
 What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or that holy place and calm
 St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the Church of Notre Dame?"

"St. Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose what else would please
 thee most 25

Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can boast!"
 "My Mother," said the Boy, "was born near to a blessed Tree,
 The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good Angel, show it me!"

254 POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD

On wings from broad and steadfast poise let loose by this reply,
 For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did we fly; 30
 O'er town and tower we fled, and fields in May's fresh verdure
 drest;

The wings they did not flag; the Child, though grave, was not
 deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light that broke
 Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on that huge
 oak,

For length of days so much revered, so famous where it stands 35
 For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and work of human hands ?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and round
 The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and stair that
 wound

Gracefully up the gnarled trunk ; nor left we unsurveyed
 The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of the shade. 40

I lighted—opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,
 Passed softly, leading in the Boy ; and while from roof to floor
 From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child with wonder cast,
 Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the sanctuary showed, 45
 By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered here, there
 glowed,

Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude ;
 Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and speech I thus
 renewed:

“Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy Mother say,
 And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de la Paix ; 50
 What mournful sighs have here been heard, and, when the voice
 was stopt

By sudden pangs ; what bitter tears have on this pavement dropt !

“Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured lot is thine,
 Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full many to this shrine ;
 From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no release, 55
 Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy in peace.

41 the chapel's 1845: a grated MS. 1842 43 the Child with wonder
 1845: the wondering Creature MS. 1842 48 so 1845: And swift as light-
 ning went the time, ere speech *etc.* MS. 1842

“Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most busy days ;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned the Chapel of this Tree ; 60

“Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty Dome ;
He sees the bending multitude, He hears the choral rites,
Yet, not the less, in children’s hymns and lonely prayer, delights.

“God for His service needeth not proud work of human skill ; 65
They please Him best who labour most to do in peace His will:
So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up to heaven.”

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was his look,
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—recorded in this book, 70
Lest all that passed should melt away in silence from my mind,
As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat this simple
theme, 75

Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee from whom it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet ’twas bounteously bestowed,
If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their fancies
feed. 80

XX

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

[Composed June 6, 1845.—Published 1845.]

PART I

SEEK who will delight in fable,
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
’Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

61 There stands, thou know’st, a marvellous Church, far, far away in Rome
MS. 62 worship] honour MS. 73-6 added 1845 77 Alas
1845: And though MS. 1842 78 so 1845: Was nothing, nor e’er can
be aught, ’twas etc. MS. 1842 4 thoughtless] corr. to simple MS.

Far and wide on hill and valley 5
 Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
 And the bleating mother's Young-one
 Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
 (Ten years scarcely had she told) 10
 Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
 Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
 Sinking, rising, on they go,
 Peace and rest, as seems, before them 15
 Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
 Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved ;
 Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,
 Shout in triumph, both are saved ; 20

Saved by courage that with danger
 Grew, by strength the gift of love,
 And belike a guardian angel
 Came with succour from above.

PART II

Now, to a maturer Audience, 25
 Let me speak of this brave Child
 Left among her native mountains
 With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
 Mother's care no more her guide, 30
 Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
 Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance makes him
 Loth to rule by strict command ;
 Still upon his cheek are living 35
 Touches of her infant hand,

20-31

So when Mother's love no longer
 Watched her an unwearied guide
 Fared it with this *etc.* MS.
 Blame him not MS.

33

Dear caresses given in pity,
 Sympathy that soothed his grief,
 As the dying mother witnessed
 To her thankful mind's relief. 40

Time passed on ; the Child was happy,
 Like a Spirit of air she moved,
 Wayward, yet by all who knew her
 For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions, 45
 Bred in house, in grove, and field,
 Link her with the inferior creatures,
 Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
 Learn how she can feel alike 50
 Both for tiny harmless minnow
 And the fierce sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling
 Into anger or disdain ;
 Many a captive hath she rescued, 55
 Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile ;—with patience
 Hear the homely truths I tell,
 She in Grasmere's old church-steeple
 Told this day the passing bell. 60

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
 To their echoes gave the sound,
 Notice punctual as the minute,
 Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office, 65
 Rang alone the far-heard knell,
 Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
 Paid to One who loved her well.

39-40 Efforts which the dying Mother
 Witnessed for her pain's relief. MS.

46 Did in every MS.

51-2 Wanton wrong to harmless minnow
 Done, and to the *etc.* MS.

53-6 *not in MS.*

When his spirit was departed,
 On that service she went forth ; 70
 Nor will fail the like to render
 When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,
 In her breast, unruly fire,
 To control the froward impulse 75
 And restrain the vague desire ?

Easily a pious training
 And a steadfast outward power
 Would supplant the weeds, and cherish,
 In their stead, each opening flower. 80

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,
 Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
 May become a blest example
 For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle, 85
 Constant as a soaring lark,
 Should the country need a heroine,
 She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought ; and here be uttered
 Prayer that Grace divine may raise 90
 Her humane courageous spirit
 Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

1 And must knoll the mournful summons MS.
 MS. 89-92 *not in MS.*

72 is laid] must lie

APPENDIX

JUVENILIA

EITHER NEVER REPRINTED BY WORDSWORTH
OR HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

I

LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT HAWKSHEAD,
ANNO ÆTATIS 14

[Composed 1784–5. Published 1851 (*Memoirs of W.*)]

“AND has the Sun his flaming chariot driven
Two hundred times around the ring of heaven,
Since Science first, with all her sacred train,
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly reign ?
While thus I mused, methought, before mine eyes, 5
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to rise ;
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the boy
Dead to the sense of every finer joy ;
Nor that vile wretch who bade the tender age
Spurn Reason’s law and humour Passion’s rage ; 10
But she who trains the generous British youth
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth :
Emerging slow from Academus’ grove
In heavenly majesty she seem’d to move.
Stern was her forehead, but a smile serene 15
‘Soften’d the terrors of her awful mien.’
Close at her side were all the powers, design’d
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind :
With panting breast, now pale as winter snows,
Now flush’d as Hebe, Emulation rose ; 20
Shame follow’d after with reverted eye,
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian dye ;
Last Industry appear’d with steady pace,
A smile sat beaming on her pensive face.
I gazed upon the visionary train, 25
Threw back my eyes, return’d, and gazed again.
When lo! the heavenly goddess thus began,
Through all my frame the pleasing accents ran.

“When Superstition left the golden light
And fled indignant to the shades of night ; 30
When pure Religion rear’d the peaceful breast
And lull’d the warring passions into rest,

Drove far away the savage thoughts that roll
 In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,
 Enlivening Hope display'd her cheerful ray, 35
 And beam'd on Britain's sons a brighter day;
 So when on Ocean's face the storm subsides,
 Hush'd are the winds and silent are the tides;
 The God of day, in all the pomp of light,
 Moves through the vault of heaven, and dissipates the night; 40
 Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,
 The glittering waves reflect the dazzling blaze;
 Science with joy saw Superstition fly
 Before the lustre of Religion's eye;
 With rapture she beheld Britannia smile, 45
 Clapp'd her strong wings, and sought the cheerful isle.
 The shades of night no more the soul involve,
 She sheds her beam, and, lo! the shades dissolve;
 No jarring monks, to gloomy cell confined,
 With mazy rules perplex the weary mind; 50
 No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,
 Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.
 Britain, who long her warriors had adored,
 And deem'd all merit centred in the sword;
 Britain, who thought to stain the field was fame, 55
 Now honour'd Edward's less than Bacon's name.
 Her sons no more in listed fields advance
 To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance;
 No longer steel their indurated hearts
 To the mild influence of the finer arts; 60
 Quick to the secret grotto they retire
 To court majestic truth, or wake the golden lyre;
 By generous Emulation taught to rise,
 The seats of learning brave the distant skies.
 Then noble Sandys, inspir'd with great design, 65
 Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and call'd it mine;
 There have I loved to show the tender age
 The golden precepts of the classic page;
 To lead the mind to those Elysian plains
 Where, throned in gold, immortal Science reigns; 70
 Fair to the view is sacred Truth display'd,
 In all the majesty of light array'd,
 To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul
 To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole to pole,
 From thence to search the mystic cause of things, 75
 And follow Nature to her secret springs;
 Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth
 Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,

- To regulate the mind's disordered frame,
 And quench the passions kindling into flame; 80
 The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,
 And purge from Vice's dross my tender charge.
 Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pursue,
 And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do;
 Go to the world, peruse the book of man, 85
 And learn from thence thy own defects to scan;
 Severely honest, break no plighted trust,
 But coldly rest not here—be more than just;
 Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome
 The gentler manners of the private dome; 90
 When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,
 Teach from the heart the tender tear to flow;
 If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul entice,
 Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,
 Arise superior to the Siren's power, 95
 The wretch, the short-lived vision of an hour;
 Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties fly,
 As fades the chequer'd bow that paints the sky.
- “So shall thy sire, whilst hope his breast inspires,
 And wakes anew life's glimmering trembling fires, 100
 Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praise with joy,
 Look up to heaven, and bless his darling boy.
 If e'er these precepts quell'd the passions' strife,
 If e'er they smooth'd the rugged walks of life,
 If e'er they pointed forth the blissful way 105
 That guides the spirit to eternal day,
 Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,
 Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.
 Awake, awake! and snatch the slumbering lyre,
 Let this bright morn and Sandys the song inspire.' 110
- “I look'd obedience: the celestial Fair
 Smiled like the morn, and vanish'd into air.”

II

ANACREON

Ἄγε, ζωγραφῶν ἄριστε

(Imitation)

- REYNOLDS, come, thy pencil prove,
 Reynolds, come and paint my love,
 Shadow'd here her picture see
 Shadow'd by the muse and me.
 The muse who knows 'twere rash to dare 5
 From life to paint a form so fair,

For sure so many charms combine
Half Apelles' fate were thine.

Waving in the wanton air
Black and shining paint her hair ; 10
Could with Life the canvass bloom
Thou might'st bid it breathe perfume.
Let her forehead smooth and clear
Through her shading locks appear,
As at eve the shepherd sees 15
The silver crescent through the trees ;
Nicely bend the living line
Black and delicately fine,
As you paint her sable brows
Arch'd like two ethereal bows. 20

Gentle as a vernal sky
Soft and sleepy paint her eye,
Trembling as the lunar beam
Sweetly silvering o'er the stream.
Now her lovely cheek adorn 25
With the blushes of the morn.
Give her lip the rose's hue
Moisten'd with the morning dew,
Paint it breathing love and joy,
Breathing bliss that ne'er can cloy. 30

Let thy softest pencil throw
O'er her neck a tint of snow,
There let all the Loves repair,
Let all the Graces flutter there.
Loosely chaste o'er all below 35
Let the snowy mantle flow,
As silvered by the morning beam
The white mist curls on Grasmere's stream,
Which, like a veil of flowing light,
Hides half the landskip from the sight. 40
Here I see the wandering rill,
The white flocks sleeping on the hill,
While Fancy paints, beneath the veil,
The pathway winding through the dale,
The cot, the seat of Peace and Love, 45
Peeping through the tufted grove.

Reynolds, Heav'n directs the line,
Heav'n inspires the fair design ;
All but Life thy pencil gives,
Gods! she comes, the picture lives. 50

Hawkshead, August 7th, 1786.

III

THE DEATH OF A STARLING—CATULLUS

(Sunt lacrimae rerum—Lugete, [o] Veneres Cupidinesque)

PITY mourns in plaintive tone
 The lovely Starling dead and gone.
 Weep, ye Loves, and Venus, weep
 The lovely Starling fall'n asleep.
 Venus see with tearful eyes, 5
 In her lap the starling lies,
 While the Loves all in a ring
 Softly stroke the stiffen'd wing.

Yet art thou happier far than she
 Who felt a mother's love for thee. 10
 For while her days are days of weeping,
 Thou, in peace, in silence sleeping
 In some still world, unknown, remote
 The mighty Parent's care hast found,
 Without whose tender guardian thought 15
 No Sparrow falleth to the ground.

IV

BEAUTY AND MOONLIGHT

AN ODE

Fragment

HIGH o'er the silver rocks I roved
 To wander from the form I loved,
 In hope fond Fancy would be kind
 And steal my Mary from my mind ;
 'Twas Twilight and the lunar beam 5
 Sail'd slowly o'er Winander's stream.
 As down its sides the water stray'd
 Bright on a rock the moonbeam play'd.
 It shone half-shelter'd from the view
 By pendent boughs of tressy yew. 10
 True, true to love but false to rest,
 So fancy whisper'd to my breast ;
 So shines her forehead smooth and fair
 Gleaming through her sable hair.

I turn'd to Heav'n, but view'd on high 15
 The languid lustre of her eye,
 The moon's mild radiant edge I saw
 Peeping a black-arched cloud below,
 Nor yet its faint and paly beam
 Could tinge its skirt with yellow gleam. 20

I saw the white waves o'er and o'er
 Break against a curved shore,
 Now disappearing from the sight
 Now twinkling regular and white ;
 Her mouth, her smiling mouth can shew 25
 As white and regular a row.

Haste—haste, some god indulgent prove
 And bear me, bear me to my Love.
 Then might—for yet the sultry hour
 Glows from the Sun's oppressive pow'r, 30
 Then might her bosom soft and white
 Heave upon my swimming sight,
 As these two Swans together ride
 Upon the gently swelling tide.
 Haste, haste, some god indulgent prove, 35
 And bear me, bear me to my Love.

V

THE DOG—AN IDYLLIUM

Quicquid est hominum venustiorum Lugete. Fies nobilium tu quoque.

WHERE were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er your little favourite's hapless head ?
 For neither did ye mark with solemn dream
 In Derwent's rocky woods the white Moonbeam
 Pace like a Druid o'er the haunted steep ; 5
 Nor in Winander's stream.
 Then did ye swim with sportive smile
 From fairy-templed isle to isle,
 Which hear her far-off ditty sweet
 Yet feel not ev'n the milkmaid's feet. 10
 What tho' he still was by my side
 When, lurking near, I there have seen
 Your faces white, your tresses green,
 Like water lillies floating on the tide ?
 He saw not, bark'd not, he was still 15
 As the soft moonbeam sleeping on the hill,
 Or when ah! cruel maids, ye stretched him stiff and chill.

If, while I gaz'd to Nature blind,
 In the calm Ocean of my mind
 Some new-created image rose 20
 In full-grown beauty at its birth
 Lovely as Venus from the sea,
 Then, while my glad hand sprung to thee,
 We were the happiest pair on earth.

VI

SONNET WRITTEN BY MR. — IMMEDIATELY
AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

THE Sun is dead—ye heard the Curfew toll,
Come, Nature, let us mourn our kindred doom ;
My Sun like thine is dead—and o'er my Soul
Despair's dark midnight spreads her raven gloom,
Yes, she is gone—he call'd her to illumine 5
The realms where Heav'n's immortal rivers roll
Who bids thy Sun, O nature, shed the bloom
Of light and life upon a happier pole.
Yet soon thy Sun shall wake his sister light
And lo the shades of Darkness roll away ; 10
She too shall soon from her [] height
Pour o'er my breast Religion's moonlight ray,
To cheer me through my long and lonely night
Till Heav'n's bright Morn lead on the eternal day.

March 2nd

VII

A BALLAD

“AND will you leave me thus alone
And dare you break your vow ?
Be sure her Ghost will haunt thy bed
When Mary shall lie low.”

So spoke in tears—but all in vain 5
The fairest maid of Esthwaite's vale,
To love's soft glance his eye was shut
His ear to Pity's tale.

And oft at Eve he sought the bridge
That near her window lay ; 10
There gayly laughed with other maids
Or sung the hour away.

She saw—and wept—her father frown'd,
Her heart began to break ;
And oft the live-long day she sat 15
And word would never speak.

Oft has she seen sweet Esthwaite's lake
Reflect the morning sheen ;
When lo ! the sullen clouds arise
And dim the smiling scene. 20

Reflected once in Mary's face
 The village saw a mind more fair ;
 Now every charm was all o'erhung
 By woe and black despair.

And oft she roam'd at dark midnight 25
 Among the silent graves ;
 Or sat on steep Winander's rock
 To hear the weltering waves.

Her father saw and he grew kind,
 And soon Religion shed 30
 Hope's chearing ray to light her to
 Her dark, her wormy bed.

For now her hour of Death was nigh,
 And oft her waft was seen
 With wan light standing at a door, 35
 Or shooting o'er the green.

She saw—she cried—" 'tis all in vain
 For broken is my heart,
 And well I know my hour is nigh,
 I know that we must part. 40

Heaven told me once—but I was blind—
 My head would soon lie low ;
 A Rose within our Garden blew
 Amid December's snow.

That Rose my William saw—and pluck'd, 45
 He pluck'd and gave it me ;
 Heaven warn'd me then—ah blind was I—
 That he my death would be.

And soon these eyes shall cease to weep
 And cease to sob my breath ; 50
 Feel—what can warm this clay-cold hand ?"
 —Her hand was cold as Death.

To warm her hand a glove they brought,
 The glove her William gave ;
 She saw, she wept, she sighed the sigh 55
 That sent her to her grave.

Her knell was rung—the Virgins came
 And kissed her in her shroud ;
 The children touch'd—'twas all they durst
 They touched and wept aloud. 60

The next day to the grave they went,
 All flocked around her bier;
 Nor hand without a flower was there
 Nor eye without a tear.

March 23 and 24, 1787.

VIII

DIRGE

SUNG BY A MINSTREL

List! the bell-Sprite stuns my ears
 Slowly calling for a maid;
 List! each worm with trembling hears
 And stops for joy his dreadful trade.
 For nine times the death-bell's Sprite 5
 Sulken for the Virgin cried
 And they say at dead of night
 Before its time the taper died.

Mie love is dedde
 Gone to her deathbedde, 10
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

When friends around her death-bed hung
 To feed life's ebbing flood awhile,
 The fell disease had chain'd her tongue
 Yet still she gave—she gave—a smile. 15

So have we mark'd yon lake at eve
 When eye of Love we took our fill
 With smiles the smallest rill receive
 Tho' mute—it smil'd—it dimpl'd still.

But now she is dead 20
 And laid in her grave,
 For ever to remain.

Low-mouldering does that eyebrow lie
 Which I, lovelorn, must view no more,
 Thrown o'er her soft dissolving eye 25
 Thrown like a bridge all ivi'd o'er.

The Loves and Pleasures thence shall lean
 No more like boys in smiling row,
 To watch the God who bath'd half-seen
 In the blue chrystal flood below. 30

Sweet when the red rose blossoms wild
 Where hedge is bath'd with may-morn dew
 And flocks which never mark defil'd
 At rest within are sweet to view.

Her lips with sweeter fragrance glow'd 35
 And lovelier tenants did enclose
 And from them sweeter music flow'd
 Than may-morn hedgerow ever knows.

Death like a Rock his shade has cast
 Black o'er the chill vale of my days ; 40
 I view his lowering form aghast
 Still as I tread through shadowy maze.

Maids yet unborn in secret there
 Of Death forewarn'd shall pour the tear ;
 And children ere they lisp a prayer 45
 Shall learn thy deathbed to revere.

And should some boy wild in the race
 On thy green grave unweeting start,
 Strange fear shall flie across his face
 And home he goes with haunted heart. 50

And if a scatter'd flower be there,
 Oft as they gather round thy sods
 That flower the wandering group shall spare
 And think it is a flower of God's.

This Dirge was first written to commemorate the death of a boy, the first stanza running thus :

List, the bell-sprite stuns my ears
 Deeply howling for a boy ;
 List! each worm with trembling hears
 And stops his dreadful trade for joy.

Other stanzas, not incorporated in the later version, are as follows :

Dumb is the ploughman's whistle shrill, 5
 The milkmaid at her pail is dumb,
 The schoolboy's laughing game is still,
 And mute all evening's mingled hum.

They laid him while each heart did bleed
 To cavern dark for wizard worms, 10
 Fair as some green ash left to feed
 The mountain flocks in winter storms.

I saw him in his grave-cloaths drest,
 His chearful cheek did smile as sweet
 As when he hied in sabbath vest 15
 At morning [? knell] his God to meet.

Ha! white and rayless are his eyes
 Fixed like two lamps to shine no more
 Which the cold morning Pilgrim spies
 At some deserted mansion's door. 20

But will they never shine again
 With Love's soft light till sleep's dim hour?
 No—now the hand of Death has rung
 Their Curfew—and they'll shine no more.

No hollow shriek shall haunt his tomb 25
 Nor the grim glance of meteor furr'd;
 The glow-worm there shall cheer the gloom
 And shrill small wailings there be heard.

By frequent feet the grass around
 His grave shall all be worn away, 30
 Yet never human foot be found
 On the green turf-hill o'er his clay.

That turf by soft Fays only trod
 Whose foot ne'er burst a drop of dew,
 That grave that heaves its [] sod 35
 As some green island sweet to view.

The gay lark straining loud his throat,
 If chance he hang above his bed,
 Shall drop a strange low mournful note—
 He has no other tear to shed. 40

The woodman at dim morn, who blows
 The chearing turf his dear wife gave,
 In the white Churchway-path shall pause
 At footmarks ending at thy grave.

IX

SONNET ON SEEING MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS
 WEEP AT A TALE OF DISTRESS

[Composed 1787.—Published March, 1787 (*The European Magazine*, Vol. XL, p. 202); never reprinted by W.]

SHE wept.—Life's purple tide began to flow
 In languid streams through every thrilling vein;
 Dim were my swimming eyes—my pulse beat slow,
 And my full heart was swell'd to dear delicious pain. 5
 Life left my loaded heart, and closing eye;
 A sigh recall'd the wanderer to my breast;
 Dear was the pause of life, and dear the sigh
 That call'd the wanderer home, and home to rest.
 That tear proclaims—in thee each virtue dwells,
 And bright will shine in misery's midnight hour; 10
 As the soft star of dewy evening tells
 What radiant fires were drown'd by day's malignant pow'r,
 That only wait the darkness of the night
 To cheer the wand'ring wretch with hospitable light.

X

THE VALE OF ESTHWAITE

[?] avaunt! with tenfold pleasure
 I [?] the landskip's various treasure.
 Lark! O Lark, thy Song awake
 Suspended o'er the glassy lake
 And see, the mist, as warms the day, 5
 From the green vale steals away;
 And ah! yon lingering fleecy streak,
 As breaks the rainbow, soon shall break;
 Now like a [] silver zone
 On the lake's lovely bosom thrown 10
 Yet round the mountain tops it sails
 Slow born[e] upon the dewy gales.
 And on yon summit brown and bare,
 That seems an island in the air,
 The shepherd's restless dog I mark, 15
 Who, bounding round with frequent bark,
 Now leaps around the uncovered plain,
 Now dives into the mist again;
 And while the guiding sound he hears
 The [] shepherd lad appears 20
 Who knows his transport while he sees
 His cottage smoking from the trees,
 [?] knows the shepherd boy
 And clasps his clinging dog for joy.
 At noon I hied to gloomy glades, 25
 Religious woods and midnight shades,
 Where brooding Superstition frown'd
 A cold and awful horror round,
 While with black arm and bending head
 She wove a stole of sable thread. 30
 And hark! the ringing harp I hear
 And lo! her druid sons appear.
 Why roll on me your glaring eyes?
 Why fix on me for sacrifice?
 But he, the stream's loud genius, seen 35
 The black arch'd boughs and rocks between
 That brood o'er one eternal night,
 Shoots from the cliff in robe of white.
 So oft in castle moated round
 In black damp dungeon underground, 40

35 the stream's loud genius] the torrent's yelling spectre B
 o'er one eternal] shed impenetrable B

37 brood

Strange forms are seen that, white and tall,
Stand straight against the coal-black wall.

Then musing onward would I stray
Till every rude sound died away,
And nought was heard but at my feet 45
The faint rill tinkling softly sweet.

[] Gothic mansion stood
In the black centre of a wood,
[] ever of his rusted door
[] shield from death the wandering poor. 50

And oft as ceased the owl his song
That screamed the roofless walls among,
Spirits yelling from their pains
And lashes loud, and clanking chains,
Were heard by minstrel led astray 55
Cold wandering thro' the swampy way,
Who, as he flies the mingled moan,
Deep sighs his harp with hollow groan.

He starts the dismal sound to hear,
Nor dares revert his eyes for fear: 60
Again his harp with grating thrill
Shrieks at his shoulder sharp and shrill;
Aghast he views, with eyes of fire,
A grisly Phantom smite the wire.

Then fancy, like the lightning gleam, 65
Shot from wondrous dream to dream;
Till roused, perhaps the flickering dove
Broke from the rustling Boughs above,
Or straggled sheep with white fleece seen
Between the boughs of sombrous green, 70
Starting wildly from its sleep,
Shook the pebble from the steep
That gingling downward shrill and slow
[] in the rill below.

Lone wandering oft by Esthwaite's s[tream] 75
My soul has felt the mystic drea[m],
When Twilight, wrapp'd in dusky s[hroud],
Slow journey'd from her cave of cloud;
Where, as she sleeps the livelong day
And dreams of Philomela's lay, 80
Her Elfins round her feebly sing,
Or fan her face with silken wing.
Hark, o'er the hills with dewy feet
She comes, and warbles softly sweet,

If winds faint rippling paint it white
 The long lake lengthening stretc' es on the night,
 While many a dark [? and] sleeping bay
 Blends with the shore and fades away,
 With dew-drop eye and languid cheek 135
 Faint as the dying western streak.

[7 pages, which must have contained 350-400 lines, are here cut out of the MS. The following extracts from B and C are probably a part of them.],

What though my griefs must never flow
 For scenes of visionary woe ?
 I trust the Bard can never part
 With Pity, Autumn of the heart! 140
 She comes and o'er the soul we feel
 Soft tender tints of Sorrow steal;
 Each flaunting thought of glowing dye,
 The offspring of a brighter sky
 That late in Summer colours drest 145
 The laughing landscape of the breast,
 Is dead, or, ting'd with darkened shades
 In sickly sorrow droops and fades.
 But, Charity, thy treasures show
 A warmer tint and riper glow, 150
 And richly teem with smiling store
 For the long Winter of the poor.

How sweet at Eve's still hour the song
 Of streams, the hills and vales among!
 Wide as the schoolboy's step the rill 155
 Drops from the near rock tinkling shrill;
 The Brook, scarce worth a bridge of stone,
 Soothes the lull'd ear with softer moan;
 A deep majestic murmur shews
 Where the slow solemn River flows; 160
 The torrent like the raving shore
 Swells the full choir[']s] sullen roar.

Yon hamlet far across the vale
 Is deck'd in lustre soft and pale;
 Hope, like this moon, emerging fair 165
 On the dark night of sad despair,
 Till higher mounted cannot chear
 The sable mountains frowning near
 Yet does she still all fondly play
 On scenes remote with smiling ray. 170

'Tis thus the dawning queen of Night
 While ineffectual is her light
 To gild the mountains near array'd
 In gloomy blank impervious shade
 Bounds o'er the gloom . . .

175

How sweet in life's tear-glistening morn
 While fancy's rays the hills adorn,
 To rove as through an Eden vale
 The sad maze of some tender tale,
 Pluck the wild flowers and fondly place
 The treasure in the bosom's face.
 Yet ah! full oft the enchanting while
 We croud the heart with pile on pile.

180

[] rising high
 Well from the heart, they droop, and all is dry.
 To mark the white smoke rising slow
 From the wood-built pile below,
 Hang like a Spirit on its way,
 Hang lingering round with fond delay
 Round the dear Spot where late it fell,
 And it had lov'd so long and well.
 Methinks my rising soul would smile
 With joy, to linger here awhile.

185

190

The ploughboy by his gingling wain
 Whistles along the ringing lane,
 And, as he strikes with sportive lash
 The leaves of thick o'erhanging ash,
 Wavering they fall; while at the sound
 The blinking bats flit round and round.

195

The moaning owl shall soon
 Sob long and tremulous to the moon
 Who soon the dark grey cloud shall fold
 In robes of azure white and gold
 And to the sky a blue restore
 Deeper than in the day it wore.

200

205

But Lo the night while from []
 The [] owl screams her song
 And mark the [] of fear
 Waves her black banner to the [? rear]
 [] I the while
 Look'd through the tall and sable isle

210

Of firs that to a mansion led
 With many a turret on its head ;
 And while the wild wind rav'd aloud,
 And each his grim black forehead bow'd, 215
 And flung his mighty arms around
 That clang'd and met with crashing sound,
 They seemed unto my fear-struck mind
 Gigantic Moors in battle joined ;
 While each with hollow-threatening tone 220
 Claim'd the hoar castle as his own.
 I started—and with wild affright
 Turn'd on the pale-faced child of Night,
 That wandering through the pathless skies
 Shot by fits before my eyes. 225
 Now hollow sounding all around I hear
 Deep murmurings creep upon my ear ;
 No more the wild shrieks of the storm
 Drive to its cell the startling worm.
 Alone, the Spirit of the surge 230
 Sings from the rocks the tempest's dirge,
 While now and then the Fisher's skiff
 Clanks its small chain against the cliff.
 Green isles, steep woods, emerge to view
 And white rocks shagg'd with sable yew 235
 The solemn mists, dark brown or pale,
 March slow and solemn down the vale ;
 The moon with sick and watery face
 Wades through the sky with heavy pace.
 Now did I love the dismal gloom 240
 Of haunted Castle's pannel'd room
 Listening the wild wind's wailing song
 Whistling the rattling doors among ;
 When as I heard a rustling sound
 My haggard eyes would turn around, 245
 Which strait a female form survey'd
 Tall, and in silken vest array'd.
 Her face of wan and ashy hue
 And in one hand a taper blue ;
 Fix'd at the door she seem'd to stand 250
 And beckoning slowly wav'd her hand.
 I rose, above my head a bell
 The mansion shook with solemn knell.

230-1 The Spirit of the weltering surge

Deep moans the tempest's solemn dirge.

235 yew] MS. ewe

Through aisles that shuddered as we pass'd
 By doors [?] flapping [?] the blast 255
 And green damp windings dark and steep,
 She brought me to a dungeon deep,
 Then stopp'd, and thrice her head she shook,
 More pale and ghastly seem'd her look.
 [] shew'd 260
 An iron coffer mark'd with blood.
 The taper turn'd from blue to red
 Flash'd out—and with a shriek she fled.
 With arms in horror spread around
 I mov'd—a form unseen I found 265
 Twist round my hand an icy chain
 And drag me to the spot again.
 But these were poor and puny joys
 Fond sickly Fancy's idle toys.
 I lov'd to haunt the giddy steep 270
 That hung loose trembling o'er the deep,
 While ghosts of Murderers mounted fast
 And grimly glar'd upon the blast.
 While the dark whirlwind rob'd, unseen,
 With black arm rear'd the clouds between; 275
 In anger Heaven's terrific Sire
 Prophetic struck the mighty Lyre
 Of Nature; with Hell-rouzing sound
 Now shriek'd the quivering strings around;
 At each drear pause a hollow breath 280
 Was heard—that sung of pain and Death,
 While, her dark cheek all ghastly bright,
 Like a chain'd Madman laugh'd the Night.
 Again! the deep tones strike mine ear,
 My soul will melt away with fear, 285
 Or swell'd to madness bid me leap
 Down, headlong down, the hideous steep.
 Yet Ah! that soul was never blind
 To pleasures of a softer kind.
 [?]
 [?]
 Her tints so shadowy soft and pale 290
 O'er lovely Grasmere's heavenly vale
 While, muttering low the wayward song,
 I sat the wild field-flowers among;
 Through what sweet scenes did fancy rove
 While thus her fairy dreams she wove. 295

Compared with fancy what is truth ?
 And Reason, what art thou to Youth ?
 Soft sleeps the breeze upon the deep
 Sweet flowers, while all in peace you sleep
 [?] of the tempest, which may blow 300
 Tomorrow, and may lay you low.

While lighted by the star of eve
 No more a curtain shall they form
 Giving its shelter from the storm,
 The moon retired, air blacken'd round, 305
 And loud the tempest lash'd the ground ;

I try'd the wide vault dark and blind
 While Terror lash'd me on behind,
 While yelling loud the torrents white
 Shot through the gloom upon my sight. 310

So in his hall in times of yore
 Alone a Baron, wandering o'er
 At midnight hour with melting gaze
 The holy forms of other days,
 Has mark'd slow creeping round the wall 315

A gloom as black as funeral pall,
 And a tall Ghost of ashy hue
 On every canvass met his view.

The Demons of the storm in crowds
 Glar'd through the partings of the clouds 320
 While Satan, calling those around,
 He trod the hills with thundering sound.
 Pale, faint and dismal was the trace
 Of human feature on his face.

On tiptoe, as I lean'd aghast 325
 Listening the hollow-howling blast
 I started back—when at my hand
 A tall thin Spectre seem'd to stand
 Like two wan wither'd leaves his eyes

His bones look'd sable through his skin 330
 As the pale moonbeam wan and thin
 Which through a chink of rock we view
 On a lone sable blasted eugh ;
 And on one branded arm he bore
 What seem'd the poet's harp of yore ; 335
 One hand he wav'd—and would have spoke,
 But from his trembling shadow broke

Faint murmuring—sad and hollow moans
 As if the wind sigh'd through his bones.
 He wav'd again, we entered slow 340
 A passage narrow damp and low,
 I heard the mountain heave a sigh
 Nodding its rocky helm on high,
 And on we journey'd many a mile
 While all was black as night the while, 345
 Save his tall form before our sight
 Seen by the wan pale dismal light
 Around his bones so [] shed
 Like a white shroud that wraps the dead.
 Now as we wander'd through the gloom 350
 In black Helvellyn's inmost womb
 The spectre made a solemn stand,
 Slow round my head thrice wav'd his hand,
 And [?] mine ear then swept his [? lyre]
 That shriek'd terrific shrill and [? dire] 355
 Shudder'd the fiend, the vault among
 Echoed the loud and dismal song.
 Twas done: the scene of woe was o'er;
 My breaking soul could bear no more.
 [?] when with a thunderous sound 360
 That shook the groaning mountain round
 A massy door wide open flew
 []
 That [] my grisly guide
 Each night my troubled spirit ride
 [] unveil 365
 To mortal ears the horrid tale
 Twere vain []
 Start from my body mad with fear
 I saw the ghosts and heard the yell
 Of every Briton [] who fell 370
 When Edmund deaf to horror's cries
 Trod out the cruel Brother's eyes
 With [] heel and savage scowl,
 While terror shapeless rides my soul,
 [] together are we hurled 375
 Far, far amid the shadowy world.
 And since that hour, the world unknown,
 The world of shades is all my own.

I saw

A dark and dreary vale below, 380
 And through it a river [? strong]

In sleepy horror heav'd along,
 And many a high rock black and steep
 Hung brooding on the darksome deep,
 And on each sable rock was seen 385
 A Form of wild terrific mien.
 Ha! that is hell-born Murder nigh
 With haggard, half-reverted eye,
 And now aghast he seems to stare
 On some strange Vision in the air, 390
 And Suicide with savage glance
 Started from his brooding trance,
 Then sunk again, anon he eyed
 With sullen smiles the torpid tide;
 And moody Madness aye was there 395
 With wide-rent robe, and shaggy hair.
 That streamed all wildly round his f[ace]

Peace to that noisy brawling din
 That jars upon the dirge within,
 Dear stream, forgive thy friend, for he 400
 Before was never harsh to thee.
 But ah! fond prattler, ah! the strain
 No more, as wont, can sooth my pain;
 Cease, cease, or rouse that sullen roar
 As, when a wintry storm is o'er, 405
 Thy rock-fraught heavy heaving flood
 Sounds dear, and creeps along the freezing blood.
 'Tis dear—and still with merry song
 Dash'd from the rough rocks lively leaps along.
 At sleepy noon what idler now 410
 Shall pore upon the willow bough?
 Upon thy bosom pleasure dancing,
 Still retreating and advancing,
 Still art thou dear, fond prattler, run,
 And glitter in to-morrow's sun. 415

No spot but claims the tender tear
 By joy or grief to memory dear.
 One Evening when the wintry blast
 Through the sharp Hawthorn whistling pass'd
 And the poor flocks, all pinch'd with cold 420
 Sad-drooping sought the mountain fold
 Long, long, upon yon naked rock
 Alone, I bore the bitter shock;
 Long, long, my swimming eyes did roam
 For little Horse to bear me home, 425

To bear me—what avails my tear ?
 To sorrow o'er a Father's bier.
 Flow on, in vain thou hast not flow'd,
 But eased me of a heavy load ;
 For much it gives my heart relief 430
 To pay the mighty debt of grief,
 With sighs repeated o'er and o'er,
 I mourn because I mourned no more.
 Nor did my little heart foresee
 She lost a home in losing thee. 435
 Nor did it know, of thee bereft,
 That little more than Heaven was left.
 Thanks to the voice in whisper sweet
 That says we soon again shall meet ;
 For oft when fades the leaden day 440
 To joy-consuming pain a prey,
 Or from afar the midnight bell
 Flings on mine ear its solemn knell,
 A still Voice whispers to my breast
 I soon shall be with them that rest. 445
 Then may some kind and pious friend
 Assiduous o'er my body bend,
 Once might I see him turn aside
 The kind unwilling tear to hide,
 And may (for while the tempests blow, 450
 And cold we tread this vale of woe,
 So dearly shall man buy a shed
 To hide but for an hour his head.
 Nor is one wandering wish to roam
 Fondly to his long long home.) 455
 Ah! may my weary body sleep
 In peace beneath a green grass heap,
 In Churchyard, such at death of day
 As heard the pensive sighs of Gray ;
 And if the Children loitering round 460
 Should e'er disturb the holy ground,
 Come, oh come with pensive pace
 The violated sod replace,
 And, what would even in death be dear,
 Ah! pour upon the spot a tear. 465
 Friend of my soul! for whom I feel
 What words can never half reveal,
 Thou too when musing by the side
 Of thy Winander's darling tide,
 While Hermit Eve in funeral stole 470
 With holy thoughts inspires the soul,

Thou too shalt turn thine eager eyes
 To where the Vale of Esthwaite lies
 (That vale where first my eyes surveyed
 Fair Friendship in thy form arrayed) 475
 And ah! fond wish, methinks I see
 One tender thought shall steal to me.

But cease my soul, ah! cease to pry
 Through Time's dark veil with envious eye,
 That pow'r who gave and only knows 480
 The hour when these sad orbs shall close
 May hold before me Nature's page
 Till dim seen by the eyes of age;
 Then basking in the noontide blaze
 Here might I fix my feeble gaze 485
 As on a Book, companion dear
 Of childhood's ever merry year,
 Retrace each scene with fond delight
 While memory aids the orbs of sight.

Perhaps my pains might be beguil'd 490
 By some fond vacant gazing child;
 He the long wondrous tale would hear
 With simple unfastidious ear
 For while I wandered round the vale
 From every rock would hang a tale, 495
 While he with questions dear and dear
 Call'd tale from tale and tear from tear.

Yet if Heaven bear me far away
 To close the evening of my day,
 If no vast blank impervious cloud 500
 The powers of thought in darkness shroud,
 Sick, trembling at the world unknown
 And doubting what to call her own,
 Even while my body pants for breath
 And shrinks at the [] dart of Death, 505
 My soul shall cast the wistful view
 The longing look alone on you.

As Phoebus, when he sinks to rest
 Far on the mountains in the west,
 While all the vale is dark between 510
 Ungilded by his golden sheen,
 A lingering lustre softly throws
 On the dear hills where first he rose.

[] For I must never share
 A tender parent's guardian care; 515

510-11 While all the vale, as dies his beam
 Can never catch one straggl'g gleam, *alt. reading.*

Sure, from the world's unkind alarm,
 Returning to a mother's arm;
 Mist-eyed awhile upraise the head
 Else sinking to Death's joyless bed,
 And when by pain, by Death, depress'd 520
 Ah! sure it gentler sinks to rest.
 As when a Ball, his darling toy,
 Toss'd upward by some watchful boy
 Meets in its quick declining course
 The well-known hand that gave it force, 525
 Springs up again with feeble bound
 Then softer falls upon the ground.
 Sister, for whom I feel a love
 What warms a Brother far above,
 On you, as sad she marks the scene, 530
 Why does my heart so fondly lean?
 Why but because in you is given
 All, all, my soul would wish from Heaven?
 Why but because I fondly view
 All, all that Heav'n has claimed, in you? 535

What from the social chain can tear
 This bosom link'd for ever there,
 Which feels, whene'er the hand of pain
 Touches this heav'n connected chain,
 Feels quick as thought the electric thrill 540
 Feels it ah me—and shudders still?
 While bounteous heaven shall Fleming leave
 Of Friendship what can me bereave?
 Till then shall live the holy flame,
 Friendship and Fleming are the same. 545

Adieu, ye forms of Fear that float
 Wild on the shipwreck of the thought,
 While fancy in a Demon's form
 Rides through the clouds and swells the storm,
 To thee, sweet Melancholy, blind, 550
 The moonlight of the Poet's mind,
 Blind to the thousand worlds that lie
 In the small orb of [] eye.

While Fancy loves apart to dwell,
 Scarce thro' the wicker of her cell 555

517 Returning] To drop into *alt. reading*.

539 Touches] Presses *alt. reading*

540 quick as thought] to the core

alt. reading

Dares shoot one timorous winking eye
 To chear me drooping on my way ;
 And that full soon must I resign
 To delve in Mammon's joyless mine.

Your hollow echoes only moan 560
 To toil's loud din or Sorrow's groan.

What tho' your dreary gloom absorb
 [] of the rolling orb
 The muses gave when first they placed
 Their pencil in the hand of taste ? 565
 [? Life] on the mental tablet throws
 Each Beauty Art and Nature knows
 In tints whose strength tho' time efface
 He blends them into softer grace.

XI

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

(Translated from Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 464-527.)

HE wandering far along the lonely main
 Sooth'd with the hollow shell his sickly pain ;
 Thee, thee, dear wife, [] he sung forlorn,
 From morn to eve, and thee from eve to morn.

He pierced the grove where brooding darkness flings 5
 A cold black horror from his [] wings,
 To where Hell's King in griesly state appears
 And round him hearts unmov'd by human tears ;
 On as he pass'd and struck the plaintive shell
 Ambrosial music fill'd the ear of hell. 10

[] from the lowest bound
 Of Erebus the shadows flock'd around,
 As birds unnumbered seek their leafy bower,
 Driv'n by the twilight dark, or morning shower,
 Boys, men, and matrons old, the tender maid, 15
 And mighty heroes' more majestic shade.

Felt his dear wife the sweet approach of light
 Following behind—ah why did Fate impose
 This cruel mandate, source of all his woes ?
 When [] a sudden madness stole 20
 His swimming senses from the lover's soul.
 The deed might not in vain for pardon sue
 If Hell the sweets of gentle pardon knew.

He paus'd, and treading on the edge of day
 Mindless, his parting soul dissolved away, 25
 He turn'd and gaz'd. [

] and thrice a dismal shriek
 From Hell's still waters thrice was heard to break.

Then she—"what God our Ruin hath decreed,
 And why, my Orpheus, why this desperate deed ? 30
 Once more I hear a dreadful voice, it cries

Come come away []
 Farewell my life, farewell my soul's delight,
 A death-like darkness tears me from thy sight
 But ah, my Orpheus, ah, no longer mine ; 35

Thy fond Eurydice, no longer thine,
 [? Still] through the gloomy door with eager pain
 Stretches her powerless arm to thee in vain."

What prayers or songs of weeping can now move
 The cruel fates to grant again his love ? 40

Even now cold shivering in the boat she stood,
 That slowly struggled through the torpid flood.

For seven long moons, by Strymon's desert side,
 He wept unceasing to the hollow tide ;
 While overhead, as still he wept and sung, 45
 Aerial rocks in shaggy prospect hung.

Meek grew the tigers when in caverns hoar
 He sung his tale of sorrow o'er and o'er ;
 The solemn forest at the magic song
 Had ears to joy—and slowly moved along 50

So darkling in the poplar's shady gloom
 Mourns the lorn nightingale her hapless doom ;

Mourns with low sighs and sadly pleasing tongue,
 Torn callow from their nest, her darling young ;
 All night she weeps, slow-pouring from her throat 55
 Renew'd at every fall the plaintive note,

Moans round the cheerless nest with pious love ;
 The solemn warblings sadden all the grove.

No maid the mourner's widow'd bosom moves
 He sicken'd at the thought of other loves ; 60

51-8 Even so bewails, the poplar groves among,
 Sad Philomela her vanished young ;
 Whom the harsh rustic from the nest hath torn,
 An unfledg'd brood ; but on the bough forlorn
 She sits, in mournful darkness, and night long
 Renews and still renews her doleful song
 And fills the leavy grove, complaining of her wrong. MS. (after 1820)

Hopeless and sad, with never ceasing moan,
 He trod the snowy Tanais all alone.
 He lov'd through cold Rhipaeen snows to roam,
 Cold fields of ice and snow his only home ;
 [? Reft] of his dear lost partner did he plain 65
 Giv'n to his arms from Death, but giv'n in vain ;
 For which sad dearer office coldly spurn'd
 The fell Ciconian Matrons inly burn'd
 [] to Bacchus, as they paid
 Nocturnal orgies in the midnight shade ; 70
 Him, mourning still, the savage maenads found
 And strew'd his mangled limbs the plain around ;
 His head was from its neck of marble torn
 And down the Ægrian Hebrus slowly borne.
 Then too upon the voice and faltering tongue 75
 Eurydice in dying accents hung ;
 Ah ! poor Eurydice, it feebly cried ;
 Eurydice, the moaning banks replied.

XII

THE HORSE

[*Georgics*, iii. 75-94.]

THE foal of generous breed along the plains
 Walks stately, balanced on his easy joints,
 Round are his hips, his belly short, his neck
 Lofty, and sharp his head with muscles swoln ;
 His breast exults luxuriant, all on fire, 5
 No idle sound appals him of the herd,
 First he devours the road, the stranger bridge
 Attempts, and throws himself upon the threatening flood ;
 He hears the din of distant arms, his feet
 Chafe, shudder his erected ears, his limbs 10
 Tremble ; beneath his nostrils clouds of fire
 Forced down, collected, roll in wreaths, his mane
 Redundant on his ample shoulder tossed
 Floats to the right ; strained like a bow, his [? spine]
 Doubles, and unbroken, springing back, he scorns 15
 The Earth ; resounds the hoof of solid horn.
 Such Cyllarus, who first received the rein
 From Amyclaeon Pollux, such, renowned
 In Grecian song, the brother steeds of Mars ;
 Such great Achilles' car, so Saturn's self, 20
 Fleet at his wife's approach, a horse's mane
 Gave to the winds, and flying, with neighings shrill
 Fill'd all the shaggy round of Pelion high.

XIII

ODE TO APOLLO

[Horace *Odes*, i. 31]

As the fresh wine the poet pours,
 What asks he, Phoebus, what implores ?
 Not rich Sardinia with her seas of corn,
 Nor herds in grateful prospect laid
 In hot Calabria's chestnut shade, 5
 Nor gold nor ivory from the realms of morn,
 Nor fields where, kiss'd by Liris' tide
 As still his evening waters glide,
 Drops in the quiet stream the crumbling mold ;
 Let those who for the blessing pine 10
 Prune with Calenian hook the vine
 And the rich merchant drain from cups of gold
 Wines from Assyrian produce given
 Each year the darling care of Heaven
 [? Thrice] from the Atlantic safe restored, 15
 But me, a poet, olives feed,
 And the light mallows of the mead
 And simple endive crowns my frugal board.
 Give me, Latona's honied boy,
 My little blessings to enjoy, 20
 Unbroken of frame, and oh! with mind entire,
 Nor old to totter in a race
 Of Shame, forgot by every grace,
 Deserted by the Lyre.

XIV

IN PART FROM MOSCHUS—LAMENT FOR BION

Ah me! the lowliest children of the spring,
 Violets and meekest snowdrops, when they lie
 Nipped in the faded garden, soon again
 Put forth fresh leaves and breathe another year,
 But we, the great, the mighty and the wise, 5
 Soon as we perish, in the hollow earth
 Unwakeable, unheard of, undisturbed,
 Slumber, a dull interminable sleep.
 Never to come again the time of song
 Nor [?store] of purple light, of scent and []. 10
 Man's sweet and pleasant time, his morn of life,
 Flies first, and come diseases on and age ;
 Widowed of Joy and Labor, till at length

Of oak full-grown or any forest tree ;
 The bright moon severed the black clouds in twain, 30
 And gave him on the gateway's side to see
 A man who stepped along, a tower to gain ;
 Where but the keystone seemed to link the arch
 Else broken, on he crept, a high and perilous march.

When he had reached a tower on th' other side 35
 He turned and cast a short survey around,
 And as he turned the youth a cutlass spied
 As if to staunch the blood of recent wound ;
 The blind [man] now impatiently inquired
 If better covert might not there be found ; 40
 So leading him along, the youth retired
 Behind a wall with trees secure and dark,
 And stood of that strange sight the sequel there to mark.

By entrance through a broken window made
 He saw that daring traveller disappear, 45
 Nor single word of this discovery said
 To his forlorn dependant standing near ;
 A full half hour the youth prolonged his watch,
 But whether work it were whose after-fear
 Must sleep upon the proof of sure despatch, 50
 Or that the lantern gave him to explore
 Some other passage out, that man appeared no more.

"Troth", cried the boy, "well need some favourite girl
 Were looked for, this attendance to requite ;
 Poor service 'tis while winds around us whirl 55
 Thus scantily roofed to weather out the night ;
 My legs with standing ache to th' very bone
 —And many hours must pass ere morning light.
 Be cheerful, comrade, think thou'rt not alone ;
 'Tis time to search, if here we must sojourn, 60
 Some more commodious spot where we may sleep till morn."

So saying, by the hand he led his charge
 Through the dark passage of the ponderous keep,
 That opened to a court of circuit large
 Whose walls had scattered many a stony heap ; 65
 The unimaginable touch of time
 Or shouldering rend had split with ruin deep
 Those towers that stately stood, as in their prime,
 Though shattered stood of undiminished height,
 And plumed their heads with trees that shook before the night. 70

Beyond a spacious gap, in distance seen,
 A second court its battlements upreared,
 And 'cross this ample area's midway green
 The youth with his attendant thither steered;
 The chasm scarce passed, he cast his eyes around 75
 [*four lines missing*]

"'Tis not for me this business to gainsay",
 Thus inly to himself the stripling spoke,
 "To some close covert hence we must away,
 For work is here which none may overlook."
 So towards the shadow of the eastern wall 80
 His backward course incontinent he took;
 When all at once, as at a demon's call,
 The pile was troubled by a deeper blast
 And with impervious clouds the moon was overcast.

Nor stayed the tempest here; the thunder stroke 85
 Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing force,
 And as the sulphurous bolt of terror broke
 The blind man shuddered to life's inmost source;
 For through the darkness of his brain the flash
 With sudden apparition [] the course. 90
 Again the fleecy clouds together clash,
 Revealing to the guide a short descent
 That promised safe retreat, and thither down they went.

It was a spot where once a depth of stairs
 Led to a dungeon far from any sound; 95
 A den where feudal Lords of antient years
 The vassals of their will in durance bound;
 And underneath a corner tower, appeared
 (*one line missing*)
 Amid the wreck that strewed the encumbered ground,
 Two armed men, who 'cross the stones conveyed 100
 A burthen of such weight as asked their mutual aid.

[*four lines missing*]
 But now filled up with earth, with grass o'ergrown,
 Smooth was the passage to the vault profound.
 "What change!" exclaimed the blind man guided down,
 "How warm, how still! here, comrade, will we stay, 105
 No better can betide till Morning bring the day.

Methinks I could almost be happy now
 To find us safe and warmly lodged at last,
 And yet my soul within, I know not how,
 Is sad to think upon the perils past. 110
 To night and many other nights and days
 I owe thee much, and wish thee better placed.
 Good youth, my debt thy earning ill repays,

For twice this very evening, but for thee,
There had not been a hair betwixt my death and me. 115

On the loose plank which spanned that roaring flood
How had we fared alone, my dog and I;
Or mid the darkness of the deafning wood
When at full speed the horseman galloped by.
In truth from thee it comes that now I live; 120
My recompense should with thy service vie;
But little recompense have I to give,
Yet something have I stored to meet the hour
When crippling Age shall bring the wanderer to his door.

Broken I am in health, and child have none, 125
And could'st thou be content our lot to share
Ere to the grave my wife and I be gone,
That store for thee might grow with thrifty care;
But on a stranded vessel thou wilt seem
To waste thy pains forlorn of inward cheer; 130
So oft I fancy, and myself I deem
A Burthen to the earth whereon I tread
A poor and useless man and better with the dead."

His hopes the youth to fatal dreams had lent
And from that hour had laboured with the curse 135
Of evil thoughts, nor had the least event
Not owned a meaning monstrous and perverse;
And now these latter words were words of blood
And all the man had said but served to nurse
Purpose most foul with most unnatural food; 140
Each kindred object which, that night, had braced
His fluctuating mind, he busily retraced.

Up as they climbed, the precipice's ridge
Lessons of death at every step had given;
And at the crossing of the pendent bridge 145
With impulse horrible his heart had striven:
And now with black regret he cursed agen
The fragment which the winds had idly riven;
But chief that place and those mysterious men
Here seen, did for his bloody purpose plead, 150
Of every human fear disburthening the deed.

At length confirmed and to the work addressed
The youth broke silence; but the summons found
No answer; for betaken to his rest
The blind man sleeping lay upon the ground. 155

So nearer to his bed the stripling drew,
 When in that ample dungeon's farthest bound
 Dim sparks revealed a hand of fleshy hue,
 And such the import which that phantom bore
 That had it long endured his heart had beat no more. 160

But that grim shape, as if it ne'er had been,
 Soon vanished, [] and anon
 In place of those dull sparks a light was seen
 That from the cavern's depth came gliding on ;
 And now the legs as of a human frame 165
 Appeared ; and with that light which dimly shone
 Forthwith a gloomy figure nearer came,
 And, stopping short, replaced a kerchief bound
 About his arm, that bled as from a recent wound.

Glad respite did that black Appearance give 170
 When every inward vessel gan dispart
 With ghostly terrors never sent to live
 Amid the weakness of a mortal heart ;
 The pendent cutlass and the belt, descried
 By what faint glare the lantern could impart, 175
 * Marked out the Shape which he before had spied.
 His work arranged, the man at distance short
 Passed through the dark recess and sought the upper court.

And gone, he left the stripling light of soul,
 Not doubting but the hand that vault had shown 180
 Was earthly, mid lamp-smothering vapours foul
 So fashioned to his eye by sparkles thrown
 On the thick air, from fire-detaining wood
 Or flint whose sound the wind had made its own.
 [*three lines missing*]

His ear, though often troubled, only felt 185
 The low vault to the moaning gust reply ;
 His sight, though inly busy, only dealt
 With darkness or the shapes of Phantasy ;
 At length he rose, by irksome thought impelled,
 And looking up, in restless walk, on high 190
 Above the dungeon's roof a star beheld
 Whose sparkling lustre, through the crevice shed,
 Sent to his fluttering heart a momentary dread.

At length, the open area to explore,
 For in that vault no second foot appeared, 195
 Up to the dungeon's mouth his course he bore.
 The winds were passed away, the sky was cleared,

Nor did the court or silent walls present
 Object or shape whose motion might be feared ;
 Only the crimson moon, her lustre spent, 200
 With orb half-visible was seen to sink,
 Leading the storm's remains along th' horizon's brink.

So back he slunk and to the corner came
 Where lay his friend devoted to the grave ;
 But as he gan to lift his murderous aim 205
 A rumbling noise along the hollow cave
 Was heard remote, succeeded by a sound
 Of uncouth horror, to which echo gave
 Such rending peal as made the vault rebound ;
 Nor whelming crash it seemed, or shriek or moan, 210
 But painful outcry strange, to living ear unknown.

"Whence comes that uproar ?" starting from his sleep
 The sailor cried, nor could the other make
 Reply, o'ercome with shock of horror deep ;
 And, when returning thought began to wake, 215
 In bare remembrance of that sound there dwelt
 Such power as made his joints with terror quake ;
 And all which he, that night, had seen or felt
 Showed like the shapes delusion loves to deem
 Sights that obey the dead or phantoms of a dream. 220

[*cetera desunt*]

XVI

(a)

THE road extended o'er a heath
 Weary and bleak ; no cottager had there
 Won from the waste a rood of ground, no hearth
 Of Traveller's half-way house with its turf smoke
 Scented the air through which the plover wings 5
 His solitary flight. The sun was sunk,
 And, fresh-indented, the white road proclaimed
 The self-provided waggoner gone by.
 Me from the public way the common hope
 Of shorter path seduced, and led me on 10
 Where smooth-green sheep-tracks thridded the sharp furze
 And kept the choice suspended, having chosen.
 The time exacted haste and steps secure
 From such perplexity, so to regain
 The road now more than a long mile remote, 15
 My course I slanted, when at once winds rose
 And from the rainy east a bellying cloud

Met the first star and hurried on the night.
 Now fast against my cheek and whistling ears
 My loose wet hair and tattered bonnet flapped 20
 With thought-perplexing noise, that seemed to make
 The universal darkness that ensued
 More dark and desolate. Though I had seen
 Worse storms, no stranger to such nights as these,
 Yet had I fears from which a life like mine 25
 Might long have rested, and remember well
 That as I floundered on, disheartened sore
 With the rough element and pelting shower,
 I saw safe-sheltered by the viewless furze
 The tiny glow-worm, lowliest child of earth, 30
 From his green lodge with undiminished light
 Shine through the rain, and, strange comparison
 Of Envy linked with pity, touched my heart,
 And such reproach of heavenly ordonnance
 As shall not need forgiveness. . . . 35
 . . . The cotters' ponies pastured near
 Mute as the ground, nor other living thing
 Appeared through all the waste; only the geese
 Were heard to send from far a dreary cry.

(b)

No spade for leagues had won a rood of earth 40
 From that bleak common, of all covert bare;
 From travellers' half-way house no genial hearth
 Scented with its turf smoke the desert air,
 Through which the plover wings his lonely course,
 Nor aught that might detain the sight was there, 45
 Only a blossomed slope of dazzling gorse
 Gave back the deep light of the setting sun;
 All else was dreary dark—sad course her feet must run.

Oft did her eye retrace the backward road
 Some coal-team or night-going wain to spy; 50
 The road's white surface, fresh indented, showed
 The self-provided waggoner gone by;
 She turned aside for nearer path and strayed
 Onward, where numerous sheep-tracks green and dry
 Thrid the sharp furze and after choice is made 55
 Keep choice suspended—so again she sought
 With slanted course the road, a [long] mile now remote

Her heart recovered, but the time allowed
 No further stay, and, less, her late affright,
 And from the rainy east a belying cloud 60
 Met the first star and hurried on the night;

The shower o'erblown she urged her lonely way,
 The desert opening in the moon's pale light,
 And marked at last a taper's twinkling ray
 Then little hoped for ; from the minster tower 65
 The distant clock tolled out the morning's second hour.

It was a lofty bell that to the ear
 Gave large command, and now from wicker hole
 Of hut beneath, that taper twinkled clear,
 And thence a sound of singing upward stole 70
 So plaintive-sad, the cadence might agree
 With one who sang from very grief of soul ;
 More likely at such hour the lullaby
 Of some poor mother o'er a sleepless child ;
 The house was soon attained—it was a dwelling wild. 75

Gently she knock'd and prayed they would not blame
 A Traveller weary-worn and needing rest ;
 Strait to the door a ragged woman came
 Who, with arms linked and huddling elbows press'd
 By either hand, a tattered jacket drew 80
 With modest care across her hollow breast,
 That showed a skin of sickly yellow hue,
 "With travel spent", she cried, "you needs must be
 If from the heath arrived ; come in and rest with me.

How could I fear that I, whose winter nights 85
 Won many a merry festival from sleep,
 Should pine, in youth outliving youth's delights,
 Here in the eye of hunger doomed to weep ?
 Here of my better days no trace is seen ;
 Yet in my breast the shadow still I keep 90
 Of Happiness gone by, with years between ;
 And but that Nature feels these corporal aches
 My life might seem a dream—the thing a vision makes."

So, praying her to come more near, she threw
 A knot of heath upon the embers cold, 95
 Which with her breath [] anon she blew,
 And talked between of that unfriendly wold.
 Then from a mat of straw a boy she raised
 Who seemed, though weak in growth, three winters old,
 And with a fruitless look of fondness gazed 100
 On his pale face and held him at her breast ;
 If nourishment thence drawn might lead at length to rest.

The stranger, whom such sight not failed to touch,
 Tenderly said, "In truth you are to blame
 For you are feeble and 'twill waste you much ; 105
 That office asks indeed a stronger frame."
 At this meek proof of sympathy so given
 Into the mother's eye a big tear came.
 "To wean the boy", she said, "I long have striven
 But we are poor, and when no bread is nigh 110
 It is a piteous thing to hear an infant's cry."

At once a thousand dreams through memory rushed,
 And from the heart its present sorrow chased,
 While down her cheek, by feverish watching flushed,
 Th' o'erflow of inmost weakness trickled fast, 115
 —Her cheek, the beauty of whose doubtful hues
 Showed like a rose, its time of blowing past,
 Wet with the morning's ineffectual dews.
 Then, while the stranger warmed her torpid feet,
 So willing seemed her ear, she gan her tale repeat. 120

"A little farm, my husband's own demesne,
 Beheld the promise of my bridal day,
 And when the dancing eddy of the brain
 Was past, through many months that rolled away
 Their calmer progress, sober reason blest 125
 Each hope that youth can feed or years betray.
 Our farm was sheltered like a little nest,
 No greener fields than ours could eye survey,
 Pleasant the fields without, and all within was gay.

From homely labour and appearance plain 130
 Round the light heart such steady pleasure shone,
 Thankful I lived nor tongue pronounced me vain.
 I bore my fortunes meekly and was one
 Whom softened envy might have learned to bless,
 Nor needed that these joys should all be flown 135
 To teach my heart the claims of wretchedness
 But []
 Nor may it well be said by one so fallen as I.

[*cetera desunt*]

XVII

SONNET

SWEET was the walk along the narrow lane
 At noon, the bank an[d] hedge-rows all the way
 Shagged with wild pale green tufts of fragrant hay,
 Caught by the hawthorns from the loaded wain,
 Which Age with many a slow stoop strove to gain; 5
 And Childhood, seeming still most busy, took
 His little rake; with cunning side-long look,
 Sauntering to pluck the strawberries wild, unseen.
Now, too, on melancholy's idle dreams
 Musing, the lone spot with my soul agrees, 10
 Quiet and dark; for [through] the thick wove trees
 Scarce peeps the curious star till solemn gleams
 The clouded moon, and calls me forth to stray
 Thro' tall, green, silent woods and ruins gray.

XVIII

SEPTIMI GADES

OH thou, whose fixed bewildered eye
 In strange and dreary vacancy
 Of tenderness severe,
 With fear unnamed my bosom chilled
 While thus thy farewell accents thrilled, 5
 Or seemed to thrill mine ear;

2

Think not, my friend, from me to roam,
 Thy arms shall be my only home
 My only bed thy breast;
 No separate path our lives shall know, 10
 But where thou goest I shall go,
 And there my bones shall rest.

3

Oh! might we seek that humble shed
 Which sheltered once my pilgrim head,
 Where down the mountains thrown 15
 A streamlet seeks, through forest glooms,
 Through viny glades and orchard blooms,
 Below, the solemn Rhone.

4

But if the wayward fates deny
 Those purple slopes, that azure sky, 20
 My willing voice shall hail
 The lone grey cots and pastoral steeps
 That shine inverted in the deeps
 Of Grasmere's quiet vale.

5

To him who faint and heartless stands 25
 On pale Arabia's thirsty sands,
 How fair that fountain seems
 Where last, beneath the palmy shade
 In bowers of rose and jasmine laid,
 He quaffed the living streams. 30

6

As fair in Memory's eye appear,
 Sweet scene of peace, thy waters clear
 Thy turf and folding groves ;
 On gales perfumed by every flower
 Of mountain-top or mead or bower 35
 Thy honey people roves.

7

What finny myriads twinkle bright
 Along thy streams—how pure and white
 The flocks thy shepherds fold ;
 What brimming pails thy milkmaids bear, 40
 —Nor wants the jolly Autumn there
 His crown of waving gold.

8

Yes, Nature on those vivid meads,
 Those [] slopes and mountain-heads,
 Has showered her various wealth ; 45
 There Temperance and Truth abide
 And Toil with Leisure at his side,
 And Cheerfulness and Health.

9

No spot does parting Phoebus greet
 With farewell smile more fond and sweet 50
 Than those sequestered hills ;
 While as composing shades invest
 With purple gloom the water's breast
 The grove its music stills.

10

When shouts and sheepfold bells and sound 55
 Of flocks and herds and streams rebound
 Along the ringing dale,
 How beauteous, round that gleaming tide,
 The silvery morning vapours glide
 And half the landscape veil. 60

11

Methinks that morning scene displays
 A lovely emblem of our days,
 Unobvious and serene ;
 So shall our still lives, half betrayed,
 Shew charms more touching from their shade, 65
 Though veiled, yet not unseen.

12

Yes, Mary, to some lowly door
 In that delicious spot obscure
 Our happy feet shall tend ;
 And there for many a golden year 70
 Fair Hope shall steal thy voice to cheer
 Thy poet and thy friend.

13

Though loudly roar the wintry flood
 And Tempest shake the midnight wood
 And rock our little nest 75
 Love with his tenderest kiss shall dry
 Thy human tear and still the sigh
 That heaves thy gentle breast.

XIX

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

WHEN Love was born of heavenly line,
 What dire intrigues disturbed *Cythera's* joy !
 Till VENUS cried, "A mother's heart is mine ;
 None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But, infant as he was, the child 5
 In that divine embrace enchanted lay ;
 And, by the beauty of the vase beguil'd,
 Forgot the beverage—and pin'd away.

"And must my offspring languish in my sight ?"
 (Alive to all a mother's pain, 10
 The Queen of Beauty thus her court address'd)
 "No: Let the most discreet of all my train
 Receive him to her breast:
 Think all, he is the God of young delight."

- Then TENDERNESS with CANDOUR join'd, 15
 And GAIETY the charming office sought ;
 Nor even DELICACY stayed behind :
 But none of these fair Graces brought
 Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pin'd.
 Some fond hearts to COMPLIANCE seem'd inclin'd ; 20
 But she had surely spoil'd the boy :
 And sad experience forbade a thought
 On the wild Goddess of VOLUPTUOUS JOY.
- Long undecided lay th' important choice,
 Till of the beauteous court, at length, a voice 25
 Pronounced the name of HOPE :—The conscious child
 Stretched forth his little arms and smil'd.
- 'Tis said ENJOYMENT (who averr'd
 The charge belong'd to her alone)
 Jealous that HOPE had been preferr'd 30
 Laid snares to make the babe her own.
- Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,
 The blushing mien and downcast look ;
 And came her services to proffer :
 And HOPE (what has not HOPE believ'd!) 35
 By that seducing air deceiv'd,
 Accepted of the offer.
- It happen'd that, to sleep inclin'd,
 Deluded HOPE for one short hour
 To that false INNOCENCE'S power 40
 Her little charge consign'd.
- The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats fill'd
 And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacherous store :
 A wild delirium first the infant thrill'd ;
 But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more. 45

XX

FROM THE GREEK

- AND I will bear my vengeful blade
 With the myrtle boughs arrayed,
 As Harmodius before,
 As Aristogiton bore,
 When the tyrant's breast they gored 5
 With the myrtle-branded sword,
 Gave to Triumph Freedom's cause,
 Gave to Athens equal laws.

Where, unnumbered with the dead,
 Dear Harmodius, art thou fled ? 10
 Athens says 'tis thine to rest
 In the islands of the blest,
 Where Achilles swift of feet
 And the brave Tydides meet.
 I will bear my vengeful blade 15
 With the myrtle boughs arrayed,
 As Harmodius before,
 As Aristogiton bore,
 Towering mid the festal train
 O'er the man Hipparchus slain, 20
 Tyrant of his brother men ;
 Let thy name, Harmodius dear,
 Live through heaven's eternal year ;
 Long as heaven and earth survive
 Dear Aristogiton, live ; 25
 With the myrtle-branded sword
 Ye the tyrant's bosom gored,
 Gave to triumph Freedom's cause,
 Gave to Athens equal laws.

XXI

 INSCRIPTION FOR A SEAT BY THE PATHWAY SIDE
 ASCENDING TO WINDY BROW

YE, who with buoyant spirits blessed
 And rich in vigour need not rest,
 Look on this slighted seat—repose
 From thoughtless joy and sigh for those
 Who, bowed with age or sickness, quit 5
 With thankfulness this timely seat ;
 And well admonished ponder here
 On the last resting place so near
 To you. Tho' Time his prey yet spares,
 Your fervid blood shall be as theirs ; 10
 Your motion light, your spirits high,
 Shall turn to feeble, cold, and dry.
 Then go with watchful care, sustain
 The languid steps of age and pain ;
 The thorny bed of sickness smooth ; 15
 So shall ye give new joys to youth,
 And for your future selves prepare,
 Through every change of years and care,
 That rest which Virtue still must know,
 And only Virtue can bestow. 20

XXII

INSCRIPTION FOR A SEAT BY THE ROAD-SIDE HALFWAY
UP A STEEP HILL FACING SOUTH

[Rewritten from previous poem early 1797; published in *Morning Post*,
Oct. 21, 1800, under signature Ventifrons]

THOU who with youthful vigour rich and light
 With youthful thoughts dost need no rest—to whom
 The plain and mountain's breast alike present
 A path of ease, if chance thy careless eye
 Glance on this turf, here stop, and think on them, 5
 The weary homeless vagrants of the earth,
 Or that poor man, the rustic artisan,
 Who, laden with his implements of toil,
 Returns at night to his far-distant home,
 And having plodded on through rain and mist, 10
 His frame o'er laboured, weak with feverish heat,
 And chafed and fretted by December's blasts,
 Here pauses, thankful to recruit his strength
 And mid the sheltering warmth of these bleak trees
 A grateful quiet finds; or think on them 15
 Who in the spring, to meet the warmer sun,
 Crawl up the steep hillside that double bends
 Their bodies, bowed by age or malady,
 And having gained at last the wished-for seat
 Repose, and well admonished ponder here 20
 On final rest; and if a serious thought
 Should come uncalled, how soon each motion light,
 Thy balmy spirits and thy fervid blood,
 Shall change to mournful, feeble, cold, and dry;
 Cherish the wholesome sadness, and, when'er 25
 The tide of life compel thee, oh be prompt
 To lend thy strength to be the staff of all
 That need support; so [] shalt thou give
 To youth the sweetest joy that youth can know,

5-8 Glance on this sod, and this rude tablet, stop!
 'Tis a rude spot, yet here, with thankful hearts,
 The footworn soldier and his family
 Have rested, wife and babe, and boy, perchance
 Some eight years old or less, and scantily fed,
 Garbed like his father, and already bound
 To his poor father's trade. Or think of him *Morning Post*

And for thy future self thou shalt prepare, 30
 Through every change of years and pain, that balm
 Which mid a tossing world shall soothe thy heart,
 Even till thou sink beneath the waves to Peace.

XXIII

IMITATION OF JUVENAL—SATIRE VIII

[1795-7]

YE Kings, in wisdom, sense and power, supreme,
 These freaks are worse than any sick man's dream.
 To hated worth no Tyrant ere design'd
 Malice so subtle, vengeance so refin'd.
 Even he who yoked the living to the dead, 5
 Rivall'd by you, hides the diminish'd head.
 Never did Rome herself so set at naught
 All plain blunt sense, all subtlety of thought.
 Heavens! who sees majesty in George's face?
 Or looks at Norfolk and can dream of grace? 10
 What has this blessed earth to do with shame
 If Excellence was ever Eden's name?
 Must honour still to Lonsdale's tail be bound?
 Then execration is an empty sound.
 Is Common-sense asleep? has she no wand 15
 From this curst Pharaoh-plague to rid the land?
 Then to our bishops *reverent* let us fall,
Worship Mayors, Tipstaffs, Aldermen and all.
 Let Ignorance o'er the monster swarms preside
 Till Egypt see her antient fame outvied. 20
 The thundering Thurlow, Apis! shall rejoice
 In rites once offered to thy bellowing voice.
 Insatiate Charlotte's tears, and Charlotte's smile
 Shall ape the scaly regent of the Nile.
 Bishops, of milder Spaniel breed, shall boast 25
 The reverence by the fierce Anubis lost.
 And 'tis their due;—devotion has been paid
 These seven long years to Grenville's onion head.
 But whence this gall, this lengthened face of woe?
 We were no saints at twenty,—be it so; 30

31-33 that balm *etc.*] a seat

Not built by hands, on which thy inner part,
 Imperishable, many a grievous hour,
 Or bleak or sultry may repose—yea, sleep
 The sleep of Death, and dream of blissful worlds,
 Then wake in Heaven, and find the dream all true. *M.P.*

29 gall . . . woe] spleen . . . gall

30 How keenly on your quondam

self you fall;

Yet happy they who in life's later scene
 Need only blush for what they once have been,
 Who pushed by thoughtless youth to deeds of shame
 Mid such bad daring sought a coward's name.
 I grant that not in parents' hearts alone 35
 A stripling's years may for his faults atone,
 So would I plead for York ;—but long disgrace
 And Moore and Partridge stare me in the face.
 Alas! twas other cause than lack of years
 That moistened Dunkirk's sands with blood and tears, 40
 Else had Morality beheld her line
 With Guards and Uhlans run along the Rhine,
 Religion hailed her creeds by war restored,
 And Truth had blest the logic of his sword.
 Were such your servant Percy! (be it tried 45
 Between ourselves! the noble laid aside),
 Now would you be content with bare release
 From such a desperate breaker of the peace ?
 Your friend the country Justice scarce would fail
 To give a hint of whips and the cart's tail, 50
 Or should you even stop short of Woolwich docks
 Would less suffice than Bridewell and the stocks ?
 But ye who make our manners laws and sense
 Self-judged can with such discipline dispense,
 And at your will what in a groom were base 55
 Shall stick new splendour on his gartered grace.
 The theme is fruitful ; nor can sorrow find
 Shame of such dye, but worse remains behind.
 My Lord can muster (all but honour spent)
 From his wife's Faro-bank a decent rent, 60
 The glittering rabble, housed to cheat and swear,
 Swindle and rob, is no informer there.
 Or is the painted staff's avenging host
 By sixpenny sedition-shops engrossed,
 Or rather skulking for the common weal 65
 Round fire-side treason-parties en famille ?
 How throngs the crowd to yon theatric school
 To see an English lord enact a fool.
 What wonder ?—on my soul 'twould split a tub
 To view the arch grimace of Marquis Scrub ; 70
 Nor safe the petticoats of dames that hear
 The box resound on Viscount Buffo's ear.
 But here's a thought which well our mirth may cross
 That Smithfield should sustain so vast a loss,

42 Uhlans] Hulens MS.
 parties] knots of treason

66 treason-

That spite of the defrauded Kitchen's prayers 75
 Scrub lives a genuine Marquess above stairs,
 And they who feed with this Patrician wit
 Mirth that to aching ribs will not submit
 Good honest souls!—if right my judgment lies
 Though very happy are not very wise 80
 Unless resolved in Mercy to the law
 Their legislative license to withdraw
 And on a frugal plan without more words
 []
 But whence yon swarm that loads the westren bridge, 85
 Crams through the arch, and bellys o'er the ridge ?
 His Grace's watermen in open race
 Are called to try their prowess with his Grace.
 Could aught but Envy now his pride rebuke ?
 The cry is six to one upon the Duke. 90
 St. Stephen's distanced, onward see him strive
 Slap-dash, tail foremost, as his arms shall drive.
 With shouts the *assembled* people rend the skies
 His Grace and his protection win the prize.
 Now Norfolk set thy heralds to their tools, 95
 Marshal forth-with a pair of oars in gules.
 Though yet the star *some hearts at court* may charm
 The nobler badge shall glitter on *his arm*.
 Enough—on these inferiour things:
 A single word on Kings, and Sons of Kings. 100
 Were Kings a free born work—a people's choice,
 Would More or Henry boast the general voice ?
 What fool, besotted as we are by names,
 Could pause between a Raleigh and a James ?
 How did Buchanan waste the Sage's lore! 105
 Not virtuous Seneca on Nero more.
 A leprous stain! ere half his thread was spun
 Ripe for the block that might have spared his son.
 (For never did th' uxorious martyr seek
 Food for sick passion in a minion's cheek.) 110
 To patient senates quibble by the hour
 And prove with endless puns a monarch's power,

84/5 O'erflowing myriads line the banks of Thames

A race, a race, the mingled [?] proclaims

85 yon crowd that swarms about MS.

98 nobler boatman's MS 99 But why so much of these *etc.* MS

111-12 Or smarting with his first-born's early praise

Shower on the senate thick like autumn leaves

Quibbles and puns, and prove them all his slaves.

Or whet his kingly faculties to chase
 Legions of devils through a key-hole's space.
 What arts had better claim with wrath to warm 115
 A Pym's brave heart, or stir a Ham(p)den's arm ?
 But why for scoundrels rake a distant age
 Or spend upon the dead the muse's rage ?
 The nation's hope shall shew the present time
 As rich in folly as the past in crime. 120
 Do arts like these a royal mind evince ?
 Are these the studies that beseech a prince ?
 Wedged in with blacklegs at a boxer's show
 To shout with transport o'er a knock-down blow,
 Mid knots of grooms the council of his state 125
 To scheme and counter-scheme for purse and plate.
 Thy ancient honours when shalt thou resume ?
 Oh! shame! is this thy service boastful plume ?
 Go, modern Prince, at Henry's tomb proclaim
 Thy rival triumphs—thy Newmarket fame. 130
 There hang thy trophies—bid the jockey's vest,
 The whip, the cap, and spurs, thy praise attest ;
 And let that heir of Glory's endless day
 Edward, the flower of chivalry, survey
 (Fit token of thy reverence and love) 135
 The boxer's armour, the dishonoured *Glove*.

When Calais heard (while Famine and Disease
 To stern Plantagenet resigned her keys)
 That victims yet were wanting to assuage 140
 A baffled conqueror's deeply searching rage,
 Six which themselves must single from a train
 All brothers, long endeared by kindred pain,
 Who then through rows of weeping comrades went
 And self-devoted sought the monarch's tent,
Six simple burghers—to the rope that tyed 145
 Your vassal necks how poor the garter's pride!
 Plebeian hands the [] mace have wrenched
 From sovereigns deep in pedigree intrenched.
 Let grandeur tell thee whither now is flown
 The brightest jewel of a George's throne. 150
 Blush Pride to see a farmer's wife produce
 The first of genuine kings, a king for use,
 Let Bourbon spawn her scoundrels, be my joy
 The embryo Franklin in the printer's boy.

121 arts] feats MS

140/1 That of her sons the bravest and the best

Must fall—sole price of mercy for the rest, MS

But grant 155
 The bastard gave some favorite stocks of peers
 Patents of Manhood for eight hundred years.
 Eight hundred years uncalled to other tasks
 Butlers have simply broached their Lordships' casks,
 My lady ne'er approached a thing so coarse 160
 As Tom,—but when he helped her to her horse—
 A Norman Robber then, &c. &c.

Erroneously we measure life by breath ;
 They do not truly live who merit death.
 Though Riot for their daily feast unite 165
 Thy turtles [?Wilston] and thy Venison, Wright,
 For them though all the portals open stand
 Of Health's own temple at her []'s command
 And the great high-priest baffling Death and Sin
 T' earth each immortal idiot to the chin, 170
 Ask of these wretched beings worse than dead
 If on the couch celestial gold can shed
 The coarser blessings of a Peasant's bed.

XXIV

LESBIA

(Catullus, V)

[1795-7]

My Lesbia let us love and live,
 And to the winds my Lesbia give
 Each cold restraint, each boding fear
 Of Age and all her saws severe.
 Yon sun now posting to the main 5
 Will set—but 'tis to rise again ;
 But we, when once our [] light
 Is set, must sleep in endless night.
 Then come, with whom alone I live,
 A thousand kisses take and give, 10
 Another thousand—to the store
 Add hundreds—then a thousand more,
 And when they to a million mount
 Let Confusion take the account,
 That you, the number never knowing, 15
 May continue still bestowing,
 That I for joys may never pine
 That never can again be mine.

For many a league a line of gold extends,
 Now lessened half his glancing disc de[scends]
 The watry sands athwart the ? []
 Flush [] sudden [] not [] 10
 While anchored vessels scattered far []
 Darken with shadowy hulks []
 O'er earth o'er air and ocean []
 Tranquillity extends her []
 But hark from yon proud fleet in peal profound 15
 Thunders the sunset cannon ; at the sound
 The star of life appears to set in blood,
 And ocean shudders in offended mood,
 Deepening with moral gloom his angry flood.

XXVII

SONNET

If grief dismiss me not to them that rest
 Till the grey morn of age those starry fires
 Unwatched extinguish, till the young desires
 Forget those vermeil lips, that rising breast,
 That cheek, those auburn locks which now exceed 5
 The breathing woodbine's hues, till Time efface
 With hand remorseless every angel grace
 That bad[e] concealment on my spirit feed ;
 Haply my bolder tongue may then reveal
 The prison annals of a life of tears ; 10
 And if the chill time on the softer joys
 Smile not, a broken heart perchance may feel
 Sad solace from the unforbidden sighs
 Heaved for the fruitless lapse of vernal years.

XXVIII

THE THREE GRAVES. PART II

"WOULD ye come here, ye maiden vile,
 And rob me of my mate ?"
 And on her child the mother scowled
 The ghastly leer of hate.

- 2 Till age, thou lovely maid! those starry fires *Morning Post*
 5-8 And those bright locks, that on thy shoulders play
 At will; and from thy forehead time displace
 The vernal garland, with'ring ev'ry grace
 Which bids concealment on my spirit play *M.P.*
 5-6 And morning-tinted cheek till silver grey
 "Fall on those woodbine locks", and time efface *another MS.*
 11 And if my winter clad in sullen guise *another MS.*

- Fast rooted to the spot, you guess,
 The wretched maiden stood,
 As pale as any ghost of night
 [] wanting flesh and blood.
- She did not groan, she did not fall,
 She did not shed a tear,
 Nor did she cry "oh mother, why
 May I not enter here?"
- But wildly up the stairs she ran
 As if her sense was fled,
 And then her trembling limbs she threw
 Upon the bridal bed.
- The mother she to Edward went
 Where he sate in the bower,
 And said "that woman is not fit
 To be your paramour.
- I could, but it will make you woe,
 Of her a story tell;
 She is my child, I'm loth to speak
 But that I know her well.
- She is my child, it makes my heart
 With grief and trouble swell;
 I rue the hour that gave her birth
 For never worse befel.
- For she is fierce and she is proud
 And of an envious mind;
 A very hypocrite she is
 And giddy as the wind.
- And if ye go to church with her
 You'll rue the bitter smart,
 For she will wrong your marriage bed
 And she will break your heart.
- Oh god! to think that I have shared
 Her deadly sins so long:
 She is my child, and therefore I,
 A mother, held my tongue.
- She is my child, I've risked for her
 My living soul's estate,
 I cannot say my daily prayers
 The burthen is so great.

- And she would scatter gold about 45
 Until her back was bare,
 And should you swing for lust of her
 In troth she'd little care."
- Then in a softer voice she said
 And took him by the hand ; 50
 "Sweet Edward, for one kiss of yours
 I'd give my house and land.
- And if you'll go to church with me
 And take me for your bride,
 I'll make you heir of all I have, 55
 Nothing shall be denied."
- Then Edward started from his seat
 And he laughed loud and long ;
 "In truth, good mother, you are mad
 Or drunk with liquor strong." 60
- To him no word the mother said,
 But on her knees she fell,
 And fetched her breath while thrice your hand
 Might toll the passing bell.
- "Thou daughter now above my head, 65
 Whom in my womb I bore,
 May every drop of thy heart's blood
 Be curst for evermore.
- And cursed be the hour when first
 I heard thee wail and cry, 70
 And in the churchyard cursed be
 The grave where thou shalt lie."
- In wrath young Edward left the hall,
 And turning round, he sees
 The mother looking up to God 75
 And still upon her knees.
- And Mary on the bridal bed
 Her mother's curse had heard,
 And while the cruel mother spake
 The bed beneath her stirred. 80
- Young Edward he to Mary went
 Where on the bed she lay ;
 "Sweet love, this is a wicked house
 Sweet love, we must away."

- He raised her from the bridal bed
 All pale and wan with fear ;
 "No dog", quoth he, "if he were wise,
 No dog would kennel here." 85
- He led her from the bridal bed
 He led her down the stairs ;
 Had sense been hers she had not dared
 To venture on her prayers. 90
- The mother still was in the bower,
 And with a greedy heart
 She drank perdition on her knees
 Which never may depart. 95
- But when their steps were heard below
 On God she did not call,
 She did forget the God of Heaven,
 For they were in the hall. 100
- She started up, the servant maid
 Did see her when she rose,
 And she hath oft declared to me
 The blood within her froze.
- As Edward led his bride along
 And hurried to the door,
 The ruthless mother springing forth
 Stopped midway on the floor. 105
- What did she mean ? What did she mean ?
 For with a smile she cried ;
 "Unblest ye shall not pass my door
 The bridegroom and his bride. 110
- Be blithe as lambs in April are,
 As flies when fruits are red ;
 Nay God forbid that thought of me
 Should haunt your marriage bed. 115
- And let the night be given to bliss,
 The day be given to glee ;
 I am a woman weak and old
 Why turn a thought to me ? 120
- What can an aged mother do,
 And what have ye to dread ?
 A curse is wind, it hath no shape
 To haunt your marriage bed."

When they were gone and out of sight 125
 She rent her hoary hair,
 And foamed like any dog of June
 When sultry sunbeams glare.

.

And she was pinched and pricked with pins,
 And twitched with cord and wire; 130
 And starting from her seat would cry,
 "It is a stool of fire."

And she would bare her maiden breast,
 And if you looked would shew
 The milk which clinging imps of hell 135
 And sucking daemons drew.

Oh cursed mother, mother curst,
 Oh dig the grave for thee
 And let the grave where thou art laid
 For ever cursed be. 140

XXIX

THE CONVICT

[Composed ?.—Published in the *Morning Post* Dec. 14, 1797; in *L.B.*
 1798; never reprinted by W.]

THE glory of evening was spread through the west;
 —On the slope of a mountain I stood,
 While the joy that precedes the calm season of rest
 Rang loud through the meadow and wood.

"And must we then part from a dwelling so fair?" 5
 In the pain of my spirit I said,
 And with a deep sadness I turned, to repair
 To the cell where the convict is laid.

1-4 When extending his beams the mild sun from the west
 Diffuses that exquisite charm
 Which mellows each thought and illumines the breast
 With tender benevolence warm; MS.

The sun was dilating his orb *etc.*
 And the still season's mellowing charm
 Diffus'd thro' all Nature was felt in the breast,
 And the breast became kindly and warm; *M.P.*

5-7 When the labourer just ending the task of the day
 More chearily presses his spade,
 Then feeling the price of existence I stray MS.

7 But subduing the thought I made haste to repair *M.P.*

The thick-ribbed walls that o'ershadow the gate
 Resound ; and the dungeons unfold : 10
 I pause ; and at length, through the glimmering grate,
 That outcast of pity behold.

His black matted hair on his shoulder is bent,
 And deep is the sigh of his breath,
 And with steadfast dejection his eyes are intent 15
 On the fetters that link him to death.

'Tis sorrow enough on that visage to gaze,
 That body dismiss'd from his care ;
 Yet my fancy has pierced to his heart, and pourtrays
 More terrible images there. 20

His bones are consumed, and his life-blood is dried,
 With wishes the past to undo ;
 And his crime, through the pains that o'erwhelm him, descried,
 Still blackens and grows on his view.

When from the dark synod, or blood-reeking field, 25
 To his chamber the monarch is led,
 All soothers of sense their soft virtue shall yield,
 And quietness pillow his head.

But if grief, self-consumed, in oblivion would doze,
 And conscience her tortures appease, 30
 'Mid tumult and uproar this man must repose ;
 In the comfortless vault of disease.

When his fetters at night have so press'd on his limbs,
 That the weight can no longer be borne,
 If, while a half-slumber his memory bedims, 35
 The wretch on his pallet should turn,

11 I pause, my sight clears, and at length through the grate MS.

15 While he numbers the slow pacing minutes, intent MS.

16/17 From the mighty destroyers, the plagues of the mind
 What corner of earth is at rest,
 While Fame with great joy blows his trumpet behind
 And the work by religion is blest ?

29-32 If the less guilty convict a moment would doze
 And oblivion *etc.*

On the iron that galls him his limbs *etc.*

In the damp-dripping *etc.* M.P.

33-6 When fix'd resolution to slumber applied

Forbids thee thy body to turn,

And the iron that enters so deep in thy side

At length can no longer be borne MS.

When full fain he would sleep, and had patiently tried

No longer his body to turn

. . . his . . .

Has entered too deep to be borne M.P.

While the jail-mastiff howls at the dull clanking chain,
 From the roots of his hair there shall start
 A thousand sharp punctures of cold-sweating pain,
 And terror shall leap at his heart. 40

But now he half-raises his deep-sunken eye,
 And the motion unsettles a tear ;
 The silence of sorrow it seems to supply,
 And asks of me why I am here.

“Poor victim! no idle intruder has stood 45
 With o’erweening complacence our state to compare,
 But one, whose first wish is the wish to be good,
 Is come as a brother thy sorrows to share.

“At thy name though compassion her nature resign,
 Though in virtue’s proud mouth thy report be a stain, 50
 My care, if the arm of the mighty were mine,
 Would plant thee where yet thou might’st blossom again.”

XXX

INCIPIENT MADNESS

[?1795]

I **CROSSED** the dreary moor
 In the clear moonlight: when I reached the hut
 I entered in, but all was still and dark,
 Only within the ruin I beheld
 At a small distance, on the dusky ground 5
 A broken pane which glittered in the moon
 And seemed akin to life. There is a mood
 A settled temper of the heart, when grief,

43 That seems the mute voice of despair to supply MS.

It seems the low voice M.P.

After 52 Vain wish! yet misdeem not that vainly I grieve
 When thy soul shall repose from that heart-gnawing flame
 My pity thy children and wife shall relieve
 From the dangers that wait round the dwellings of shame. MS.
So M.P. but l. 54

When vengeance has quitted her grasp on thy frame M.P.

And Mercy forbid that the voice of a friend
 Be lost in this season of uttermost woe ;
 To the grave where thy terrors must soon have an end
 Not entirely rejected of men dost thou go.

To us who remain—is there one but may die
 By the murders which men to their fellows allow,
 Or one who, self questioned, can truly reply
 That he is more worthy of being than thou ? MS.; *not in M.P.*

Become an instinct, fastening on all things
 That promise food, doth like a sucking babe 10
 Create it where it is not. From this time
 That speck of glass was dearer to my soul
 Than was the moon in heaven. Another time
 The winds of Autumn drove me o'er the heath
 One gloomy evening: by the storm compell'd 15
 The poor man's horse that feeds along the lanes
 Had hither come among these fractur'd walls
 To weather out the night; and as I pass'd
 While restlessly he turn'd from the fierce wind
 And from the open sky, I heard, within, 20
 The iron links with which his feet were clogg'd
 Mix their dull clanking with the heavy noise
 Of falling rain—I started from the spot
 And heard the sound still following in the wind.

Three weeks 25

O'er arched by the same bramble's dusky shade
 On this green bank a glow worm hung its light
 And then was seen no more. Within the thorn
 Whose flowery head half hides those ruined pales
 Three seasons did a blackbird build his nest 30
 And then he disappear'd. On the green top
 Of that tall ash a linnet perch'd himself
 And sang a pleasant melancholy song
 Two summers and then vanished. I alone
 Remained: the winds of heaven remained: with them 35
 My heart claimed fellowship and with the beams
 Of dawn and of the setting sun that seemed
 To live and linger on the mouldering walls.

I have seen the Baker's horse
 As he had been accustomed at your door 40

12 I found my sickly heart had tied itself
 Even to this tiny speck of glass—it could produce
 A feeling of absence [
] on the moment when my sight
 Should feed on it again. Many long months
 Confirmed this strange incontinence; my eye
 Did every evening measure the moon's height
 And forth I went before her yellow beams
 Could overtop the elmtrees oer the heath,
 I went, I reach'd the cottage, and I found
 Still undisturb'd and glittering in its place
 That speck of glass more precious to my soul *etc. other MS.*

Stop with the loaded wain, when o'er his head
 Smack went the whip, and you were left, as if
 You were not born to live, or there had been
 No bread in all the land. Five little ones,
 They at the rumbling of the distant wheels 45
 Had all come forth, and, ere the grove of birch
 Concealed the wain, into their wretched hut
 They all returned. While in the road I stood
 Pursuing with involuntary look
 The wain now seen no longer, to my side 50
 [] came, a pitcher in her hand
 Filled from the spring; she saw what way my eyes
 Were turned, and in a low and fearful voice
 By misery and rumination deep
 Tied to dead things, and seeking sympathy 55
 She said: "that waggon does not care for us"—
 The words were simple, but her look and voice
 Made up their meaning, and bespoke a mind
 Which being long neglected, and denied
 The common food of hope, was now become 60
 Sick and extravagant,—by strong access
 Of momentary pangs driven to that state
 In which all past experience melts away,
 And the rebellious heart to its own will
 Fashions the laws of nature. 65

XXXI

ARGUMENT FOR SUICIDE

[1796-7]

SEND this man to the mine, this to the battle,
 Famish an aged beggar at your gates,
 And let him die by inches—but for worlds
 Lift not your hand against him—Live, live on,
 As if this earth owned neither steel nor arsenic, 5
 A rope, a river, or a standing pool.
 Live, if you dread the pains of hell, or think
 Your corpse would quarrel with a stake—alas
 Has misery then no friend?—if you would die
 By license, call the dropsy and the stone 10
 And let them end you—strange it is;
 And most fantastic are the magic circles
 Drawn round the thing called life—till we have learned
 To prize it less, we ne'er shall learn to prize
 The things worth living for.— 15

NOTES

p. 1. *If thou indeed, etc.*: "These verses were written some time after we had become residents at Rydal Mount; and I will take occasion from them to observe upon the beauty of that situation, as being backed and flanked by lofty fells, which bring the heavenly bodies to touch, as it were, the earth upon the mountain-tops, while the prospect in front lies open to a length of level valley, the extended lake, and a terminating ridge of low hills; so that it gives an opportunity to the inhabitants of the place of noticing the stars in both the positions here alluded to, namely, on the tops of the mountains, and as winter-lamps at a distance among the leafless trees."—I. F. First published 1827, among *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*; ll. 2 and 14–16 were added in 1837. On Nov. 5, 1845 W. W. wrote to Moxon that he had instructed the printer to place the poem at the beginning of the volume, for, he said, "I mean it to serve as a sort of Preface". Hence its position in the ed. of 1845 and subsequently.

For ll. 4–5, 1827–32 read "The Star that from its zenith darts its beams", with consequent changes to "it", "its", "is", in the following lines.

p. 2. POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH: From 1815 to 1836 entitled "Juvenile Pieces". In 1820 they had this prefatory note: "Of the Poems in this class, "THE EVENING WALK" and "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES" were first published in 1793. They are reprinted with some unimportant alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication. It would have been easy to amend them, in many passages, both as to sentiment and expression, and I have not been altogether able to resist the temptation; but attempts of this kind are made at the risk of injuring those characteristic features, which, after all, will be regarded as the principal recommendation of juvenile poems." In 1836 the word "unimportant" was omitted, and after "temptation" the note ran: "as will be obvious to the attentive reader, in some instances; these are few, for I am aware that attempts" etc. After "juvenile poems" 1836 adds: "The above which was written some time ago, scarcely applies to "Descriptive Sketches" as it now stands. The corrections, though numerous, are not, however, such as to prevent its retaining with propriety a place in the class of Juvenile Poems."

p. 2. I. *Extract, etc.*: "1786, Hawkshead. The beautiful image with which this poem concludes, suggested itself to me while I was resting in a boat along with my companions under the shade of a magnificent row of Sycamores, which then extended their branches from the shore of the promontory upon which stands the ancient, and at that time the more picturesque, Hall of Coniston, the seat of the Le Flemings from very early times. The Poem of which it was the conclusion

was of many hundred lines, and contained thoughts and images most of which have been dispersed through my other writings."—I. F.

For the early version of these lines, of which the correct date is 1787, not 1786, *v. The Vale of Esthwaite*, ll. 499–514 (p. 281); for the circumstance of their composition *v. Prelude*, viii. 458–75.

p. 3. II. *Written in very early youth*: Before 1845 placed among the Sonnets. In 1836 W. W. dated it 1786, but nothing of it can be so early, except, perhaps, a phrase or two, and the underlying idea of remonstrance at the "officious touch" of friends who wished to withdraw him from the poetic contemplation of nature to earn a livelihood and "delve in Mammon's joyless mine" (*v. Vale of Esthwaite*, 555–62). The MS. quoted in the *app. crit.*, which probably represents the first shaping of the poem into anything like its present form, is proved by the other contents of the notebook to be dated 1795–7. The improvement (1837) to l. 4 was probably due to a reminiscence of the horse in the Countess of Winchelsea's *A Nocturnal Reverie*, (a favourite poem with W.)

Whose stealing pace and lengthened shape we fear,
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear.

7. blank of things] Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 48–9:

a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expunged and ras'd.

8. homefelt] Cf. *Comus*, 260, 262, 264:

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
But such a sacred, and homefelt delight
I never heard till now.

p. 4. AN EVENING WALK: "The young Lady to whom this was addressed was my Sister. It was composed at school, and during my two first College vacations. There is not an image in it which I have not observed; and now, in my seventy-third year, I recollect the time and place where most of them were noticed. I will confine myself to one instance:

"Waving his hat, the shepherd from the vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, bounds barking, 'mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts where his master points the intercepted flocks."

I was an eye-witness of this for the first time while crossing the Pass of Dunmail Raise. Upon second thought, I will mention another image:

"And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines."

This is feebly and imperfectly expressed, but I recollect distinctly the very spot where this first struck me. It was in the way between

Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply, in some degree, the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above 14 years of age. The description of the swans, that follows, was taken from the daily opportunities I had of observing their habits, not as confined to the gentleman's park, but in a state of nature. There were two pairs of them that divided the lake of Esthwaite and its in-and-out-flowing streams between them, never trespassing a single yard upon each other's separate domain. They were of the old magnificent species, bearing in beauty and majesty about the same relation to the Thames swan which that does to the goose. It was from the remembrance of those noble creatures I took, 30 years after, the picture of the swan which I have discarded from the poem of Dion. While I was a schoolboy, the late Mr. Curwen introduced a little fleet of those birds, but of the inferior species, to the Lake of Windermere. Their principal home was about his own island; but they sailed about into remote parts of the lake, and, either from real or imagined injury done to the adjoining fields, they were got rid of at the request of the farmers and proprietors, but to the great regret of all who had become attached to them, from noticing their beauty and quiet habits. I will conclude my notice of this poem by observing that the plan of it has not been confined to a particular walk or an individual place; a proof (of which I was unconscious at the time) of my unwillingness to submit the poetic spirit to the chains of fact and real circumstance. The country is idealized rather than described in any one of its local aspects."—I. F.

By stating that some of the poem was composed at school W. W. could have meant no more than that some of its subject-matter and imagery were taken from *The Vale of Esthwaite*, on which he was engaged up to the end of his school-days and after. It is extremely unlikely that the two poems were actually contemporaneous.

No complete MS. of the poem anterior to its publication is extant, but a fragmentary, unbound, small quarto notebook, probably belonging to W. W.'s Cambridge period, has preserved earlier drafts of ll. 125-38, 255-326, 331-6, 349-70, 379-88, 391-472, 440, 443-6. Its variants are quoted in *app. crit.* as MS. In April-May 1794, spent with D. W. at Windy Brow, Keswick, and Whitehaven, W. was partly occupied in "correcting and considerably adding to" the *E.W.* "It was with great reluctance", he wrote on May 23, "I huddled up those two little works (*E.W.* and *D.S.*) and sent them into the world in so imperfect a state." Two MSS. record the work of this period: (1) a notebook principally devoted to the original version of *Salisbury Plain*, but containing long extracts from the

revised and enlarged *E.W.*; (2) a mutilated copy of the 1793 edition, stuck on to folio sheets so as to allow the insertion of corrections and of much new material, only a small part of which was afterwards admitted into the text. The readings found in this copy are referred to in the *app. crit.* as 1794. A few variants are written into two other copies of the 1793 ed.; a fourth copy, in the library at Wellesley College, Mass., also contains some MS corrections. These MSS. bear out in a measure W. W.'s assertion that the alterations were chiefly made very soon after publication.

In 1815 extracts from the poem were republished, consisting of ll. 139-50, 191-218, 329-38, 343-50, 359-60, 363-4, 367-74, 381-96, 399-422. It was reprinted in full, with many textual changes, in 1820 and subsequent editions.

W.'s mature judgement on this poem and on *Descriptive Sketches* will be found in his letter to Miss Taylor, April 9, 1801 (*E.L.*, p. 270): "They are juvenile productions, inflated, and obscure, but they contain many new images, and vigorous lines; and they would perhaps interest you, by shewing how very widely different my former opinions must have been from those which I hold at present." For D. W.'s criticism cf. *E.L.*, pp. 85-6; for Coleridge's, *Biog. Lit.* (ed. Shawcross), i. 56, 58. Their style was exhaustively examined by Legouis in his *Early Life of W.*, pp. 120-60, and their debt to earlier poetry exhibited, in particular to that of the eighteenth century; v. also Professor Beatty's *Representative Poems of W.*, 1937, where further debts are pointed out to the French descriptive poets, Delille, Rosset, and Rouchet (W. himself alludes to Rosset in his note to l. 129) and to current Guide Books of the Lake District, Hutchinson's *Excursion to the Lakes*, 1776, West's *Guide to the Lakes*, 1779, Clarke's *Survey of the Lakes*, 1787, and Gilpin's *Observations on several parts of Great Britain*, etc. 1789. The more important borrowings are recorded below; it is worth noting (1) that despite many debts to the poets of the eighteenth century the greatest debt to any single poet is to Milton; (2) that many of the borrowings disappear from the revised texts.

A 3. wizard course] Cf. *Lycidas*, 54, "where Deva spreads her wizard stream."

A 29. From Lady Winchelsea, *Life's Progress*, 12, "But April drops our tears".

A 30. "There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." Milton, *Areopagitica*. Cf. *Des. Sk.* A 767

A 47. cot . . . ray] v. *app. crit.* The sense requires this transposition.

A 49-52. l. 17 of 1794 addition: sensible warm motion] from *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 120.

A 55. embattled clouds] from Beattie, *Minstrel*, II. xii.

A 72. huddling rill] Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 495, "the huddling brook".

A 79-84. This description of the brook is reminiscent of Thomson, *Spring*, 909-13:

along the dale

With woods o'erhung, and shagged with mossy rocks
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees.

Ll. 81-2 recall *As You Like It*, II. i. 31-2:

Under an oak whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

B 72-85. In 1794 W. writes "Blandusia", and so in his note. The passage added in 1794 after B 127 is interesting as an early expression of W.'s admiration for science. Cf. the I.F. note to "This lawn, a carpet all alive." (Vol. iv, 102).

B 85. It is worth noting that the lines added in 1794 after B 85 anticipate the thought that inspired *Lines written in Early Spring* and *Hartleap Well*.

A 114. . . . 'green rings'] the broom

In scattered plots by vivid rings of green
Encircled. . . .

From *A poem written during a shooting excursion on the moors: by the Rev. William Greenwood, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, etc.*, 1787.

A 117 note. For a description of the rude structure on the Whin-latter Pass v. D. W.'s Letter to Lady Beaumont: *E.L.*, p. 416.

A 124. thunders heard remote] Cf. *Descriptive Sketches*, A 439 "rumbling heard remote of falling snow". Both passages recall *Paradise Lost*, ii. 477.

A 146. gulph profound] Cf. *Des. Sk.* B 314 "gulf of snow profound". Both are from Milton's "gulf profound": *P.L.* ii. 592.

A 158. "prospect all on fire"] Mr. Nowell Smith has pointed out that W. owes this phrase to a poem entitled *Sunday Thoughts* by Moses Browne, and quoted in Scott's *Critical Essays*, pp. 349, 351. The *Critical Essays* of John Scott of Amwell appeared in 1785.

A 165. Waving his hat *etc.*] v. I.F. note, *supra*, and *The Vale of Esthwaite*, 13-24.

A 173. cf. *The Seasons, Summer*, 1627-9: he dips his orb,
Now half-immersed; and now, a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

A 191-2. The following lines, found in an early notebook, appear to be a fragment composed before *An Evening Walk* (v. concluding couplet):

Give them to taste the cooling rural vale
While yet the star of Morning glimmers pale,

While o'er the glimmering rocks all pale and white
 Inconstant shoot the trembling streaks of light,
 While hoar the fields, and all in dew array'd
 Most cool and pleasant is the tender blade.
 At that dead hour when breathless pale and still
 The sultry noontide broods on every hill
 View the steep rocks in shaggy prospect throw
 Their darksome umbrage on the glen below:
 Or where the sable forest round him throws
 A deep religious gloom—a dread repose.
 Give them again, at day's departing beam,
 To taste the pasture sweet, and living stream,
 Even when the solemn evening shadows sail
 On moist slow-waving pinions down the vale

B 237. From Collins, *Ode to Passions*, 60.

A 254. Minden's plain, the reading of the text in 1793 (but corrected in *errata*), is a reminiscence of Langhorne's *Country Justice*:

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain
 Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain.

For Langhorne's poetry W. W. retained through life an admiration: *v. L. Y.*, p. 829.

A 256. Ecclesiastes, xii. 6. "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

A 268. Cf. *Samson Agonistes*, l. 89, "Hid in her vacant interlunar cave".

A 278. Cf. Coleridge, *Shurton Bars*, 114–16:

I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
 Move with "green radiance" through the grass
 An emerald of light.

to which, in 1796, he appended the note: 'The expression "green radiance" is borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth, a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction frequently obscure; but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring.' *Shurton Bars* was written in Sept. 1795, the month in which Coleridge first met W.; he had become acquainted with *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches* two years earlier. W. W. is supposed to owe his phrase to Thomson's description of the "moving radiance" of the glow-worm (*Summer*, 1684).

A 301. Sweet are the sounds *etc.*] Cf. note on A 323, *infra*.

A 302. folding star] from Collins, *To Evening*, 21: "For when thy folding star arising shews His paly circlet."

A 318. curfew swinging] Cf. *Il Penseroso*, 74, 76:

I hear the far-off curfew sound . . .
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

A 323. Village murmurs] Cf. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 113-14:

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.

A 354. drowsy tinklings] from Gray, *Elegy*, 8. Cf. *Descriptive Sketches*, A 435.

A 360. No wrack . . . remains] Cf. *The Tempest*, iv. i. 155-6.

A 361. Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. 1042.

A 392. with boding note] Cf. Cowper, *Task*, i. 205:

And even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon has charms for me.

In his letter to John Wilson (1802; v. *E.L.*, p. 296) W. criticizes Cowper for applying the epithet to the owl, but he retained it in his text till 1836 (v. *app. crit.*). Note the debt of the MS. reading (v. *app. crit.*) to the *Vale of Esthwaite*, 201.

A 398. Chequer with paler red] Cf. Lady Winchelsea, *A Nocturnal Reverie*:

Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes
And chequers still with red the dusky brakes.

The reference to the fox-glove in the 1794 text brings the lines still closer to *A Nocturnal Reverie*.

A 433-4. A reminiscence of a passage in *A Letter to a Friend* (1770) by Dr. Brown; "The writer was one of the first who led the way to a worthy admiration of this country." v. *W.W. Guide to the Lakes* (p. 49, ed. 1905):

Nor voice, nor sound, broke on the deep serene:
But the soft murmur of swift-gushing rills,
Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep,
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaim'd
All things at rest.

Cf. also Gray's *Journal in the Lakes* for Oct. 3, 1769. "At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible in the daytime." The idea was a favourite one with W. W. Cf. *The White Doe*, 964; *Excursion*, iv. 1173-4.

A 436. aerial music of the hill] Cf. *Paradise Lost*, v. 547-8:

Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aereal Music send.

A 442. "Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs": Beattie, *Minstrel*, i. xxxix.

A 445. From Gray's *Journal in the Lakes*, Oct. 9 (1769); "The thumping of huge hammers at an iron forge not far distant made it a singular walk."

p. 40. IV. *Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening*. "The title is scarcely correct. It was during a solitary walk on the banks of the Cam that I was first struck with this appearance, and applied it to my own feelings in the manner here expressed, changing the scene to the Thames, near Windsor. This, and the three stanzas of the following poem, *Remembrance of Collins*, formed one piece: but, upon the recommendation of Coleridge, the three last stanzas were separated from the other."—I. F.

From 1815 to 1843 the two poems were placed among *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*. Their present position was assigned to them in 1845.

p. 41. V. *Remembrance of Collins*, l. 1. Cf. *After thought* to the Duddon Sonnets; l. 5, "Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide".

l. 8, "Collins's *Ode on the Death of Thomson*, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza".—W. W. *note*, 1798. The lines alluded to by W. W. are:

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

p. 42. VI. DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. "1791–2. Much the greatest part of this poem was composed during my walks upon the banks of the Loire in the years 1791, 1792. I will only notice that the description of the valley filled with mist, beginning—"In solemn shapes", was taken from that beautiful region of which the principal features are Lungarn and Sarnen. Nothing that I ever saw in nature left a more delightful impression on my mind than that which I have attempted, alas, how feebly! to convey to others in these lines. These two lakes have always interested me especially, from bearing, in their size and other features, a resemblance to those of the North of England. It is much to be deplored that a district so beautiful should be so unhealthy as it is."—I. F.

No MS. of the poem is known to exist,¹ but a copy of the 1793 ed. with some variant readings is in the Henry Huntington Library (quoted in my *app. crit.* as H.). In 1815 the following extracts were published: 17–44, 53–7, 60–75, 78–115, 120–47, 243–72, 275–90, 293–349, 424–65, 468–91, 568–71, 578–89, 632–9, 642–9, 654–61: in 1820 and subsequent editions the poem was reprinted in full, but with many changes in the text, the most important of them in 1836. In a letter written in that year W. speaks of having made very considerable alterations which cost much labour. A few variants

¹ ll. 184–7 are found in a notebook chiefly devoted to drafts of *An Evening Walk*, and probably inserted there later than the rest of the contents.

followed in the *app. crit.* by the letter C, are taken from the entries in W.'s own copy of the 1836 ed.

The poem is characterized by the same faults of style as *An Evening Walk*, and, in addition to its borrowings from English poetry, is largely indebted to several French authors. W. has himself acknowledged his debt to Delille and Watelet, and to Ramond's translation of Coxe's *Travels—Lettres de M. William Coxe à M. W. Melmoth, sur l'état politique, civil et naturel de la Suisse; traduites de l'anglais at augmentées des observations faites dans le même pays, par le traducteur*, 1781; and Legouis (*Early Life of W.*, pp. 475-7) has noted several parallel passages in Ramond and the *D.S.* Professor Beatty (*Representative Poems of W.*, p. 34) has further pointed out that W. took from Ramond his "thesis that Switzerland is the representative of primeval man, who is free, independent, hospitable—at least so far as the herdsmen and hunters are concerned". . . . 'a belief' which in Ramond was a "flaming conviction which fires others with an unquenchable zeal for the betterment of mankind. That this zeal on the part of W. appears later than his journey in Switzerland is shewn by the fact that in a long letter he wrote to Dorothy while still on this journey (Sept. 6, 1790) he compares the Swiss very unfavourably with the French and Italians." The fact that the *D.S.* is based less exclusively on the poet's own observation, and draws more on literary sources, is, doubtless, one reason why it is less readable than the *E.W.* Its melancholy tone, so different from the spirit in which the tour was actually made (*v.* letter cited above [*E.L.*, pp. 30-7] and *Prelude*, vi), is due partly to poetic convention, but partly also to his state of mind at the time of its composition, in his love for Annette and enforced separation from her.

LOCA PASTORUM *etc.*] Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, v. 389.

CASTELLA IN TUMULIS *etc.*] Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 475, 477.

From 1820 onwards the quotations are omitted, and the title of the poem becomes "*DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES* taken during a pedestrian tour among the Alps". The dedicatory Letter is reproduced, but in 1845 "the circumstance of having accompanied you amongst the Alps" becomes "the circumstance of our having been companions among the Alps" and in 1820 "your most obedient very humble servant" was changed to "most sincerely yours". In the "Argument" of the poem several of the capital letters were dropped in 1836.

In an early notebook W. has recorded the "places where Robert Jones and William Wordsworth slept during their pedestrian tour on the continent": 1790. *July* 10. Shuter's Hill. (Sat. Ev.)¹ 11. Canterbury. (Sun.) 12. Dover. 13. Calais. 14. Ardes. 15. Lillers. 16. Arras. 17. Peronne. 18. Village near Couci. (Sun.) 19. Soissons. 20. Château Thierry. 21. Sézanne. 22. Village near

¹ Sat. Ev. Sun. etc., have been added to MS. later, in pencil.

Troyes. 23. Bar le Duc. 24. Châtillon. 25. Town in a hôle. (Sun.)
 26. Nuit[s]. 27. Châlons. 28. Châlons. 29. On the Sâone. 30.
 Lyons. 31. Condrieu. *August* 1. Moreau. (Sun.) 2. Voreppe.
 3. Village near Chartreuse. 4. Chartreuse. 5. Chartreuse. 6. Aix.
 7. Town in Savoy. 8. French town on Lake of Geneva. (Sun.)
 9. Lausanne. 10. Villeneuve. 11. St. Maurice. (entr. of Valais).
 12. Chamonix[x]. 13. Chamonix. 14. Murtinach. [Martigny.] 15.
 Village beyond Sion. (Sun.) 16. Brig. 17. Spital. 18. Margozza.
 19. Village beyond Lago Maggiore. 20. Village on Lago di Como.
 21. Village beyond Gravedona. 22. Jones—Chiavenna. W. at Samo-
 lico. (Sun.) 23. Sovazza. 24. Splügen. 25. Flems. 26. Dissentis.
 27. Village on the Reuss. 28. Fluelen. 29. Lucerne. (Sun.) 30.
 Village on Lake of Zurich. 31. Ensiedlen. *September* 1. Glarus.
 2. Glarus. 3. Village beyond lake of Wallesstadt. 4. Village on
 Road to Appenzell. 5. Appenzell. (Sun.) 6. Keswill—village on
 lake of Constance. 7. on the Rhine. 8. on the Rhine. 9. on Road
 to Lucern. 10. Lucern. 11. Saxelen. 12. Village on the Aar. (Sun.)
 13. Grindelwald. 14. Lauterbrunnen. 15. Village 3 leagues from
 Bern. 16. Av[r]anches. 17. Village in valley of [? Truvers]. 18.
 Village in valley of St. Pierre. 19. Village beyond Pierre Pertuise
 (Sun.). 20. Village 4 leagues from Basle. 21. Basle. 22. Town 6
 leagues from Strasbourg. 23. Spires. 24. Village on the Rhine.
 25. —. 26. Mentz. 27. Village on the Rhine—2 leagues from
 Coblentz. 28. Cologne. 29. Village 3 leagues from Aix-la-Chapelle.
 20. Cf. Gray's *Ode to Vicissitude*, 50: "The simplest note that swells
 the gale."

A 24. Velvet tread] from *Comus* 808: the cowslip's Velvet head
 That bends not as I tread.

A 26. Cf. Addison's *Cato*, i. i. 71: "Blesses his stars, and thinkst
 it luxury."

A 53. For W.'s later account of his visit to the Chartreuse v. *Pre-
 lude*, vi. 414-88.

A 56. "sober Reason"] from Rogers's *Pleasure of Memory*, eight
 lines from end.

A 66. thundering tube] K. compares Pope, *Windsor Forest*, 129-
 30:

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.

A 72. "parting Genius"] from Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*,
 186.

A 81. For W.'s impressions of Como at the time of his visit v. his
 letter to Dorothy, *E.L.*, pp. 39-40.

A 108-9. spire . . . fire] Cf. Dyer, *Grongar Hill*, 51-2:

Rushing from the woods the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires.

A 151. 'sultry ray' of young Desire] Cf. Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, 40-1:

O'er her warm check, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

A 249. black drizzling crags] *v.* *The Simpton Pass*, 11; *Prelude*, vi. 631.

A 265. *v.* I.F. note, *supra*.

A 282. drizzling show'rs] *Paradise Lost*, vi. 546.

A 329. "weeds"] the reference is to Cowper's *Task*, v. 446-8:

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.

A 321. Spartan Fife] Collins, *Ode to Liberty*, l. 1.

A 356. Canadian hills] *v.* note to *An Evening Walk*, 254.

A 359-65. Professor Beatty, following Mr. Nowell Smith, notes that the "plaided chief" is Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, killed in the battle of Killiecrankie in 1679. "The phrase "faint huzzas" is accounted for by a passage in W.'s source, Gilpin's *Observations on Several Parts of Great Britain, Particularly the Highlands of Scotland*, 2 vols., 1789 [vol. i, p. 137]. "In the article of victory Dundee was mortally wounded. An old highlander shewed us a few trees, under the shade of which he was led out of the battle: and where he breathed his last with that intrepidity, which is so nobly described by a modern Scotch poet in an interview between death and a victorious hero:

Nae could faint-hearted doubtings tease him,
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
With bloody hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

As it is Gilpin, not Burns, who connects the phrase with Dundee, it is clear that W. remembers it from the prose writer, not from the poet." Burns's lines are from *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer*, st. xxx.

A 421. Soft music from the aerial summit] Cf. *Evening Walk*, A 436, and note.

A 422. answering every close] Cf. Milton, *Ode to Nativity*, 99-100:

The air such pleasure loth to lose
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close:

A 423. rich steam of sweetest perfume] Cf. *Comus*, 556: "Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes."

A 427. dim discovered] Cf. Thomson, *Summer*, 946: "Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds"; and Collins, *To Evening*, 37, "dim-discovered spires", and *Manners*, 2.

A 433. Psalm xlii. 7: "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts."

A 435. Gray, *Elegy*, 8. Cf. A 506 and *An Evening Walk*, A 354.

A 467. *Hamlet*, I. iv. 75:

The very place puts toys of desperation
Without more motive into every brain.

A 495–511. A mighty waste of mist, *etc.*] Professor Beatty notes that here "W. appropriates Ramond's vivid account of his mountain journey from Engelberg to Meiningen." But the passage owes not a little also to Beattie, *Minstrel*, I. xxi:

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb
When all in mist the world below was lost,
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

Cf. also W.'s magnificent recreation of the scene in the description of his ascent of Snowdon: *Prelude*, xiv. 40–62.

A 535. From Smollett, *Ode to Leven Water*, last stanza:

And hearts resolved and hands prepar'd
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

A 567. an angel's smile all rosy red] Cf. *Paradise Lost*, viii. 618–19:

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue.

A 579. (H) The surly chiding] Cf. *As You Like It*, II. i. 7.

A 627. memorial cell] from Cowper's *Task*, vi. 11–12: "All the cells Where Memory sleeps."

A 631. Genesis, xlii. 38.

A 636. (note) Optima quaeque dies, *etc.*] Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 66–8.

A 708. skirt of thy dark cloud] Cf. *Paradise Lost*, xi, 878: "The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud."

A 741. v. note to *Evening Walk*, 256.

A 767. v. note to *Evening Walk*, 30.

A 792 foll. In the study of W.'s opinions it is worth noting that this apostrophe to Freedom survives all revisions up to 1836, and that though, in that year, "the just cause" is substituted for it, he retains his faith in progress, and is as vehement as ever in his denunciation of tyranny.

A 793. Gray, *Progress of Poetry*, 95: "Nor second he who rode sublime."

A 803. *Henry V*, Chorus to Act I. 6–8.

A 805 Cf. Gray, *Education and Government*, 101, 103, "where Nile . . . broods o'er Egypt with his water wings".

A 809. Cf. Langhorne, *Owen of Carron*, last line: "She saw—and sank to rise no more."*

p. 92. VII. *Lines left upon a seat in a Yewtree*: "Composed in part at school at Hawkshead. The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Common on which it stood, that ran parallel to the lake, and lay open to it, has long been enclosed; so that the road has lost much of its attraction. This spot was my favourite walk in the evenings during the latter part of my school-time. The individual whose habits and character are here given, was a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a man of talent and learning, who had been educated at one of our Universities, and returned to pass his time in seclusion on his own estate. He died a bachelor in middle age. Induced by the beauty of the prospect, he built a small summer-house on the rocks above the peninsula on which the ferry-house stands. This property afterwards passed into the hands of the late Mr. Curwen. The site was long ago pointed out by Mr. West in his Guide, as the pride of the lakes, and now goes by the name of 'The Station.' So much used I to be delighted with the view from it, while a little boy, that some years before the first pleasure-house was built, I led thither from Hawkshead a youngster about my own age, an Irish boy, who was a servant to an itinerant conjurer. My motive was to witness the pleasure I expected the boy would receive from the prospect of the islands below and the intermingling water. I was not disappointed; and I hope the fact, insignificant as it may appear to some, may be thought worthy of note by others who may cast their eye over these notes."—I. F.

W.'s statement that the poem was "composed in part at Hawkshead" does not necessarily imply that he wrote it while still at school, for he visited Hawkshead in both 1788 and 1789. But very little can have been written as early as that; for the poem as a whole represents his revulsion from the intellectual arrogance and self-sufficiency of Godwinism, from which he recovered during his years at Racedown, and the warning that man should "still suspect and still revere himself" implies renunciation of the Godwinian view that man's vices are due to society rather than to the innate imperfection of human nature. In 1815 W. dated the poem 1795, and drafts of it are found in a rough notebook in use at Racedown (1795-7); but some lines of it, not in their final form, and written in the hand of Mary Hutchinson, who was at Racedown in the early months of 1797, prove that the poem did not reach its published form before that date. In July of that year it was read to Lamb, who wrote afterwards to Coleridge for a copy of it. Hutchinson (*ed. of L.B.* 1798) notes its influence on Coleridge, who wrote to Southey in July 1797, "I am as much a Pangloss as ever, only less contemptuous than I used to be when I argue how unwise it is to feel contempt for anything."

27. The return to the reading of 1798 was probably due to the protest of Lamb (April 7, 1815) on finding the "admirable line gone" . . . "a line quite alive".

p. 94. VIII. GUILT AND SORROW: "Unwilling to be unnecessarily particular, I have assigned this poem to the dates 1793 and 1794; but in fact much of the 'Female Vagrant's' story was composed at least two years before. All that relates to her sufferings as a sailor's wife in America, and her condition of mind during her voyage home, were faithfully taken from the report made to me of her own case by a friend who had been subjected to the same trials and affected in the same way. Mr. Coleridge, when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that it would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression than I had at first given to it. This fault was corrected nearly fifty years afterwards, when I determined to publish the whole. It may be worth while to remark, that, though the incidents of this attempt do only in a small degree produce each other, and it deviates accordingly from the general rule by which narrative pieces ought to be governed, it is not therefore wanting in continuous hold upon the mind, or in unity, which is effected by the identity of moral interest that places the two personages upon the same footing in the reader's sympathies. My rambles over many parts of Salisbury Plain put me, as mentioned in the preface, upon writing this poem, and left on my mind imaginative impressions the force of which I have felt to this day. From that district I proceeded to Bath, Bristol, and so on to the banks of the Wye, where I took again to travelling on foot. In remembrance of that part of my journey, which was in 1793, I began the verses—'Five years have passed'."—I. F.

The I. F. note to *The Female Vagrant*, which corresponds to stanzas xxiii–xxxiv, xxxvii–l of *G. and S.*, runs: "I find that the date of this is placed at 1792" [but in 1815 and 1820 it is given as 1793] "in contradiction by mistake to what I have asserted in *Guilt and Sorrow*. The correct date is 1793–4. The chief incident of it, more particularly the description of her feelings on the Atlantic are taken from life." But a letter to Wrangham (quoted *infra*) proves conclusively the "correct date" to be 1793–Nov. 1795.

Four MSS. of *Guilt and Sorrow* are extant; MSS. 3 and 4 belong to the year 1842, MSS. 1 and 2 are early; and by a study of them, together with reference to Wordsworth's correspondence, it is possible to trace the poem's somewhat intricate development. MS. 1, a fair copy written by D. W. into a small quarto notebook at Windy Brow, in April–May 1794, represents the poem as it was first conceived. On May 23 of that year, writing to Matthews, W. speaks of it as "written last summer and ready for the press". It is headed

"Salisbury Plain", and consisted of 61 numbered stanzas, of which the pages that contained the last few lines of st. 53, sts. 54-6, 59, and 60 (all but the last line) have been torn out. Of these 61 the first 4 and the last 15 are devoted to moral reflection and exhortation: the remainder for the most part corresponds with *The Female Vagrant* as published in the *L.B.* of 1798, though some nine or ten stanzas, before the woman begins her tale, elaborating the supernatural horrors of the scene in the crude manner characteristic of W.'s youthful taste, and the lines (*F.V.* 181-261; *G. and S.* 370-441) which recount the woman's illness after her return to England, her sojourn in the hospital, and her life with the gipsies, have no counterpart in the manuscript. It should further be noted that the man to whom the vagrant tells her tale has, as yet, no character or recorded history; he is merely a "traveller on Sarum's plain". On Nov. 7 of this year, 1794, W. wrote to Mathews: "You enquired after the name of one of my poetical bantlings. Children of this species ought to be named after their characters, and here I am at a loss, as my offspring seems to have no character at all. I have however christened it by the appellation of Salisbury Plain; though *A night on Salisbury Plain*,—were it not so insufferably awkward—would better suit the thing itself." (And the words "A night on" have been scrawled above "Salisbury Plain" in the MS., probably about this time.)

MS. 2 is a fair copy entered by D. W. in a small octavo leather-bound notebook, which the other contents prove to have been filled between 1798 and 1800 inclusive. On May 9, 1798, W. wrote to Cottle: "I say nothing of Salisbury Plain till I see you. I am determined to finish it, and equally that you shall publish." It was, perhaps, with a view to this project that D. W. made her copy of the poem as it then stood.¹ But though this manuscript probably dates from 1798, it represents composition of some two and a half years earlier. For on Nov. 27, 1795, W. had written to Wrangham: "Have you any interest with the booksellers? I have a poem which I should wish to dispose of provided I could get anything for it. I recollect reading the first draught of it to you in London. But since I came to Racedown, I have made alterations and additions so material as that it may be looked on almost as another work. Its object is partly to expose the vices of the penal law and the calamities of war as they affect individuals.' In the following January (1796) W. promises to send the MS. to Cottle in a few days, and it seems unlikely that W. touched the poem between that date and 1798. Thus MS. 2 almost certainly represents the poem as it was when he spoke of it to Wrangham, and as he read it to Coleridge soon afterwards (*v. Biog. Lit.*, chap. 4), i.e. the poem of which *Guilt and Sorrow* was a

¹ MS. 2 may have been copied by D. W., not in May 1798, but at Goslar, but it must have been before W.'s letter to Coleridge in Feb. 1799 quoted *infra*.

revision made (as W. states in the I. F. note) nearly fifty years afterwards. D. W. has not copied into MS. 2 the story of the Female Vagrant—that, doubtless, she had copied separately with a view to its inclusion in the *L.B.*, but her MS. presupposes its inclusion, as an integral part of the poem.

It is now headed *Adventures on Salisbury Plain* and divided into two parts, the first concluding with the pause in the woman's tale (st. xxxv). The introduction and conclusion of MS. 1 are now omitted, as well as some of the stanzas of supernatural horror, the taste for which W. was already outgrowing, and the traveller of MS. 1 becomes a sailor whose character and life history are duly related, as in *Guilt and Sorrow*. But the story is more complicated than in its later and published form, for it opens with the meeting on Salisbury Plain of the sailor with an old soldier (referred to in a letter as Robert Walford, though he is unnamed in the text) who is afterwards to prove to be the sailor's father-in-law. But the theme is not yet worked out, and it was to the rounding off of this episode at the end of the poem that W. seems to have referred on May 9, 1798, when he told Cottle, "I am determined to finish it". But he had other work on hand; he was now fully occupied with *Peter Bell* and with preparations for the volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, and the next we hear of the poem is in a letter to Coleridge from Germany, dated Feb. 27, 1799; in which, speaking of his recent poetical labours, he goes on: "I also took courage to devote two days (O Wonder) to the Salisbury Plain. I am resolved to discard Robert Walford and invent a new story for the woman. The poem is finished all but her tale. Now by way of a pretty moving accident and to bind together in palpable knots the story of the piece I have resolved to make her the widow or sister or daughter of the man the poor Tar murdered.¹ So much for the vulgar. Further the Poet's invention goeth not. This is by way of giving a physical totality to the piece, which I regard as finished minus 24 stanzas, the utmost tether allowed to the poor lady." There are traces in the MS. of the work of these two days and a day or two shortly afterwards. First, before Robert Walford had been finally discarded, a stanza or two is added to the latter part of the poem, reintroducing him as attempting to console the sailor on the death of his wife, Robert's daughter, and attending her burial, and another in which Rachel, a name now given to the Female Vagrant, is represented as having no suspicion that the sailor is her husband's murderer. And one stanza was also written of the new story that is to be given to the Female Vagrant, in which her early home is moved from "Derwent's side" to the west country. But he went no farther.

¹ This "new story" was necessary because, it will be remembered, the Female Vagrant's husband had not been murdered, but had died in America. And as the F. V.'s story was already published in the *L.B.*, W. may also have wished to make *Guilt and Sorrow* wholly independent of it.

His next step was to cut out Robert Walford and to alter the first stanzas of the poem accordingly; then he gave up the idea of making the sailor's victim the husband of the Female Vagrant, and left the work to be revised some fifty years later.

A comparison of the various texts throws interesting light on the development of W.'s thought. MS. 1 shows him an ardent humanitarian, keenly alive to horrors of war and to the wrongs of a social system in which the lot of the poor and oppressed compares unfavourably with that of the primitive savage, but with his optimistic faith still undimmed in the ultimate triumph of reason: in MS. 2 (Oct. 1795) this faith has vanished, he is at the "lowest ebb" of his moral crisis; and whilst his humanitarianism is as passionate as ever, his picture of the injustice of social conditions is drawn in still darker colours. To the tale of the vagrant's sufferings he now adds her treatment "with careless cruelty" at the hospital, and, after her discharge, her life as a homeless beggar, only relieved by the kindness of the gipsies, who are themselves lawless outcasts. And the addition of the sailor's story not only gives cumulative force to the general indictment of society, but is itself conceived and executed in a greater bitterness of spirit. By nature he is "mild and good", and has only been driven to crime by the cruel injustice of those in authority. Seized by the "ruffian pressgang dire" on returning from a voyage, he has to face the horrors of war, and on his discharge is denied the pay due to him by the "slaves of office". Driven to robbery and murder in the desire to provide food for his family, he is tortured with remorse, and his crime, instead of hardening his heart, enlarges his sympathies, teaching him to "make all others' ills his own". At the close, when he gives himself up to be hanged, the "violated name of Justice" performs, "for once", an act of mercy, in that it frees him from the misery of life. The last stanza records, with savage satire, how "dissolute men", and fathers with their wives and children, make holiday at the foot of the gallows.

All this is smoothed away on publication in 1842: the vagrant's story, in print since 1798,¹ had already, in 1805, undergone some modification, e.g. the injustice suffered by her father at the hands of the wealthy landlord is softened and the praise accorded to the gipsies, as rebels to society, is cut out; and Wordsworth, as a strenuous supporter of the war against Napoleon and himself a volunteer, could hardly leave standing his denunciation of soldiers as "a brood" who "doglike . . . lap (their very nourishment!) their brothers' blood".

W. himself did not rate the poem highly. In 1801 he complained that in it he had not "looked steadily at my subject. . . . The diction",

¹ *The F.V.* was printed in the *L.B.* of 1798-1805, and in the *Poems* 1820-36. In 1815 an extract from it was printed (*G. and S.*, ll. 302-6; 334-450) prefaced by the words: *Having described her own Situation with her Husband, serving in America during the War, she proceeds.*

he wrote, "is often vicious, and the descriptions are often false, giving proofs of a mind inattentive to the true nature of the subject on which it was employed" (*E.L.*, pp. 270-2); and in 1814 he told Payne Collier that "he set comparatively little value [on it]; it was addressed to coarse sympathies, and had little or no imagination about it, or invention as to story." He added that it was merely descriptive, "though the description is accurate enough". Coleridge in the *Biog. Lit.*, chap. iv, contrasted its style and diction favourably with that of *Descriptive Sketches*.

W.'s choice of metre for the poem was doubtless influenced by the popularity of the Spenserian stanza for narrative in the eighteenth century, but there are not a few places where the direct influence of Spenser can be traced, e.g. "finny drove" (*F.Q.* III. viii. 29), "with anger vehement" (*F.Q.* I. xi. 26) "as well behaved", "cold stony horror did his senses bound"; and the revilings of the churl in stanza LIV recall Spenser's churls.

The plot of the sailor's story Professor Beatty thinks is "almost certainly" taken from a story printed in the *New Annual Register*, 1786, which gives the account of "a sailor who committed a murder, and after suffering the horrors of a guilty conscience for years, confessed to a companion during a thunderstorm, and gave himself up to justice". The story is also told in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, *A Legend of Salisbury Plain*. But W. is, perhaps, chiefly indebted to his own memories of his sight of the gallows as a boy near the Border Beacon (*v. Prelude* (1805), xi. 280-328), his meeting with the old soldier by Esthwaite (*Prelude*, iv), and his own visit to Salisbury Plain in 1793.

1-22. For these lines MS. 1 reads:

Hard is the life when naked and unhoused
 And wasted by the long day's fruitless pains,
 The hungry savage mid deep forests, roused
 By storms, lies down at night on unknown plains
 And lifts his head in fear, while famished trains
 Of boars along the crashing forests' prowl,
 And heard in darkness, as the rushing rains
 Put out his watchfire, bears contending growl,
 And round his fenceless bed gaunt wolves in armies howl.

Yet is he strong to suffer; and his mind
 Encounters all his evils unsubdued;
 For happier days, since at the breast he pined,
 He never knew, and when by foes pursued
 With life he scarce has reached the fortress rude,
 While with the warsong's peal the valleys shake,
 What in those wild assemblies has he viewed
 But men who all of his hard lot partake,
 Repose in the same fear, to the same toil awake?

The thoughts which load the kindly spirit down,
 And break the springs of joy, their deadly weight
 Derive from memory of pleasures flown,
 Which haunts us in some sad reverse of fate,
 Or from the reflection in the state
 Of those who on the couch of Affluence rest,
 By laughing Fortune's sparkling cup elate,
 While we of comfort reft, by pain depressed,
 No other pillow know than Penury's iron breast.

Hence where Refinement's genial influence calls
 The soft affections from their wintry sleep,
 And the sweet tear of Love and Friendship falls
 The willing heart in tender joy to steep;
 When men in various vessels roam the deep
 Of social life, and turns of chance prevail
 Various and sad, how many thousands weep
 Beset with foes more fierce than e'er assail
 The savage without home in winter's keenest gale.

The troubled West was red with stormy fire
 O'er Sarum's plain a Traveller wearily
 Measured his lonesome way, the distant spire
 That fixed at every turn his backward eye,

1-22. For these lines MS. 2 reads:

A Traveller on the Skirt of Sarum's Plain
 O'ertook an aged Man with feet half bare,
 Propped on a trembling staff he crept with pain,
 His legs from slow disease distended were,
 His temples just betrayed their silver hair
 Beneath a kerchief's edge that wrapp'd his head
 To fence from off his face the breathing air;
 Stuck miserably o'er with patch and shred
 His ragged coat scarce shewed the Soldier's faded red.

"And dost thou hope across this plain to trail
 That frame o'ercome with years and malady,
 Those feet that scarcely can outcrawl the snail,
 Those withered arms of thine, that faltering knee?
 Come, I am strong and stout, come, lean on me."
 The old man's eyes a wintry lustre dart,
 And so supported faced the open lea,
 But short the joy that touched his melting heart,
 For ere a mile be gone his friend and he must part.
 Nor of long absence failed he soon to tell,
 And how he with the soldier's life had striven
 And soldier's wrongs: but one who knew him well
 A home to his old age had lately given;

Thence he had limped to meet a daughter driven
 By circumstance which did all faith exceed
 From every stay but him: his heart was riven
 At the bare thought—the creature that had need
 Of any aid from him most wretched was indeed.

He said that on his comrade's road there lay
 One lonely inn upon the open moor;
 But entrance none was there for such as they,
 No board inscribed the needy to allure
 The grapes hung glittering at the gilded door;
 But now their short-lived fellowship must end,
 Down sate with pain the soldier sick and poor,
 Nor can the younger quit his helpless friend
 Where thus the bare white roads their dreary line extend.

Ere long a postboy's scarlet vest he spied
 On the wide down at distance flashing bright,
 And when the wheels approached he rose and cried
 "Have mercy on this brother soldier's plight;
 Deed of such sort shall well itself requite."
 The old man then was on the cushion placed
 And all his body trembled with delight.
 Forthwith, self-satisfied his comrade faced,
 And yet the sun was high, the far-extended waste.

The evening came with clouds and stormy fire,
 That inn he long had passed, and wearily
 Measured his lonesome way, the distant spire
 That fixed at every turn his backward eye,

With l. 9 cf. *Excursion*, i. 887, written shortly after, "A man whose garments showed the soldier's red".

81. And hovering, etc.] "From a short MS poem read to me when an undergraduate by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young."—W. W.

107-8. Cf. *An Evening Walk*, B 248-9.

122. giant wicker] Professor Beatty sees here a reference to Caesar, *Gallic War*, vi. 16. Note how fully the Druid theme is developed in the MS. 1 variant on 185-98 (15-41), a passage on which is based *Prelude*, xiii. 312-49.

185-98. MS. 1, 58-9 corrected, evidently in 1794, to

Their sensible warm motions transport swayed
 By day, and Peace at night her cheek between them laid.

Cf. *An Evening Walk*, A 49 note.

198. The woman thus retraced, etc.] In Feb. 1799, when W. was

intending "to write another story for the Female Vagrant (*v. supra*), he changed this line to "The Woman seemed to wish her story to relate", and then wrote one stanza of her new tale:

My Father, thus did she begin her tale,
Lived many years in plenty, ease, and rest,
Our house stood in a corner of the vale
Of Taunton-Dean, far distant in the west;
Three fields we had as fruitful as the best;
We were untroubled and our thoughts were gay:
Our farm was sheltered like a little nest,
No greener fields than ours could eye survey,
And happily, indeed we liv'd from day to day.

199-216. Note in the reading of this passage in MS. 1, the "poetic diction" of the phrases "finny flood", "fleecy store", "snowy pride", not found in later published text.

231. To the reading of MS. 1 and 1798, "His little range of water was denied", W. appended the note: "Several of the Lakes in the north of England are let out to different fishermen, in parcels marked out by imaginary lines drawn from rock to rock."

251-2. And I indeed did love him like a brother, *etc.*] It is worth noting that these lines are not in MS. 1, but were added after the poet's companionship with his sister at Racedown.

307. As the woman's tale is not copied into MS. 2, it contains nothing to correspond with ll. 199-306. At 307 MS. 2 goes on:

She paused, or by excess of grief oppressed
Or that some sign of mortal anguish broke
In strong convulsion from her comrade's breast,
She paused, and shivering wrapp'd her in her cloak;
Once more a horrid trance his limbs did lock,
Him through the gloom she could not then discern
And after a short while again she spoke,
But he was stretch'd upon the wither'd fern
Nor to her friendly summons answer could return.

Adventures on Salisbury Plain. Part Second

Now dim and dreary was the plain around,
The ghosts were up on nightly roam intent,
And many a gleam of grey light swept the ground
When high and low these ghostly wanderers went;
And wheresoe'er their rustling course they bent
The startled earth-worms to their holes did slink
The whilst the crimson moon, her lustre spent,
With orb half visible was seen to sink,
Leading the storm's remains along the horizon's brink.

The Sailor now awoke and on his side
 Upraised inquired if she had nothing seen,
 And when the Maiden answered "no", he cried,
 "'Tis well, I am a wretched man, I ween,
 Your tale has moved me much, and I have been
 I know not where." Quoth she, "Your heart is kind,
 And if no wish of sleep should intervene
 Till we by morning light some track can find,
 I will relate the rest; 'twill ease my burden'd mind."

Here follow asterisks, denoting the rest of the woman's story [334-450], and then MS. 2 goes on:

The woman from the ruined tenement
 Did with a light and chearful step depart,
 But deep into his vitals she had sent
 Anguish that rankled like a fiery dart;
 She with affectionate and homely art
 His peace of mind endeavour'd to restore:
 "Come, let us be," she said, "of better heart."
 Thus oftentimes the woman did implore,
 And still the more he griev'd she loved him still the more.

On themes indifferent often she began
 To hold discourse, but nothing could beguile
 His thoughts, still cleaving to the murdered man.
 When they had travell'd thus a full half mile,
 "Why should you grieve," she said, "a little while
 And we shall meet in heaven." But now they hear
 The mail come rattling on in scampring file,
 And when the coachman gave the morning chear
 The sailor's face was pale with momentary fear.

But now they view upon the darker heath
 Small hillocks smoking in the early beam;
 One volume mingles every various wreath
 And steals along the waste its silver gleam;
 To them the sight was pleasant, but a scream, *etc.* as 465-8.

450. (MS. 1 *reading*) Scattering from out the sky the rear of night's thin gloom] cf. *L'Allegro*, 49-50: "While the cock with lively din, Scatters the rear of darkness thin."

468. The rest of MS. 1 has no counterpart to the poem as published; it concludes as follows:

47

Adieu, ye friendless, hope-forsaken pair
 Yet, friendless, ere ye take your several road,
 Enter that lowly cot and ye shall share
 Comforts by prouder mansions unbestowed.

For you yon milkmaid bears her brimming load,
 For you the board is piled with homely bread ;
 And think that life is like this desert broad,
 Where all the happiest find is but a shed
 And a green spot mid wastes interminably spread.

48

Though from huge wickers paled with circling fire
 No longer horrid shrieks and dying cries
 To ears of Demon-Gods in peals aspire,
 To Demon-Gods a human sacrifice,
 Though Treachery her sword no longer dyes
 In the cold blood of Truce, still, reason's ray—
 What does it more than, while the tempests rise
 With starless glooms, and sounds of loud dismay,
 Reveal with still-born glimpse the terrors of our day ?

49

For proof, if man thou lovest, turn thine eye
 On realms which least the cup of Misery taste ;
 For want how many men and Children die ;
 How many, at Oppression's portal placed,
 Receive the scanty dole she cannot waste ;
 And bless, as she has taught, the hand benign.
 How many, by inhuman toil debased,
 Abject, obscure and brute, to earth incline
 Unrespected, forlorn of every spark divine !

50

Nor only is the walk of private life
 Unblessed by Justice and the kindly train
 Of Peace and truth, while Injury and strife.
 Outrage and deadly Hate usurp their reign.
 From the pale line to either frozen main
 The nations, forced at home in bonds to drink
 The dregs of Wretchedness, for empire strain ;
 And when by their own fetters crushed they sink
 Move their galled limbs in fear, and eye each silent link.

51

Lo! where the Sun, exulting in his might,
 In haste the fiery top of Andes scales,
 And flings deep silent floods of purple light
 Down to the sea through long Peruvian vales ;
 At once a thousand streams and gentle gales
 Start from their slumbers, breathing scent and song ;
 But now no joy of Man or Woman hails
 That star as once, ere with him came the throng
 Of Furies and grim Death, by Avarice lashed along.

52

Oh that a slave who, on his bended knees,
 Weeps tears of fear at Superstition's nod,
 Should rise a monster Tyrant, and o'er seas
 And mountains stretch so far his cruel rod
 To bruise meek Nature in her lone abode!
 Is it for this the planet of the pole
 Hangs out his stedfast lamp? Merciful God!
 Who viewest us ride with Misery to her goal,
 Disclose thy light of Truth to guide man's erring soul!

53

How changed that paradise, those happy bounds,
 Where once through his own groves the Hindoo strayed
 No more the voice of jocund toil resounds
 Along the crowded banyan's high arcade;

[Two pages of the MS., containing 3½ stanzas, are here torn out.]

57

How weak the solace such fond thoughts afford
 When with untimely stroke the virtuous bleed.
 Say, rulers of the nations, from the sword
 Can aught but murder, pain, and tears proceed?
 Oh, what can war but endless war still breed?
 Or whence but from the labours of the sage
 Can poor benighted mortals gain the meed
 Of happiness and virtue, how assuage
 But by his gentle words their self-consuming rage?

58

Insensate they who think, at wisdom's porch,
 That Exile, Terror, Bonds and Force may stand;
 That Truth with human blood can feed his torch,
 And Justice balance with her gory-hand
 Scales whose dire weight of human heads demand
 A Nero's arm. Must Law with its own scourge
 Still torture crimes that grew a monstrous band
 Formed by his care, and still his victims urge
 With voice that breathes despair to death's tremendous verge?

[One page of MS., containing 17 lines, is here torn out.]

Who fierce on kingly crowns hurled his own lightning blaze.

61

Heroes of Truth, pursue your march, uprear
 The oppressors' dungeon from its deepest base;
 High o'er the towers of Pride undaunted rear
 Resistless in your might th' Herculean mace

Of Reason, let foul Error's monstrous race
 Dragged from their dens start at the light with pain
 And die! pursue your toils till not a trace
 Be left on earth of Superstition's reign
 Save that eternal pile which frowns on Sarum's plain.

l. 5 of stanza 57 is taken from Milton's *Sonnet on the Lord General Fairfax*: "For what can Warr but endless warr still breed?" and, indeed, the concluding stanzas of MS. 1 are far more inspired by Milton's great political utterances in prose and verse than by Godwin.

492-3. Through his brain . . . the griding iron passage found] cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 329-30: 'The griding sword with discontinuous wound Passed through him.'

630. When W. W. was meditating the enlargement of his story (*v.* Letter of Feb. 1799 *supra*) he added these stanzas to MS. 2 at l. 630:

Meanwhile the aged Soldier o'er the Plain
 Towards the Cottage Inn his steps did bend,
 And from the man returning with the wain
 He learned his daughter's miserable end;
 When to the house he came and found his friend,
 And heard the cause for which he lingered there,
 Much joy did with the Old Man's sorrow blend,
 And of his son he begg'd with fervent prayer
 []
 Heartstruck had Rachel heard the haven's name
 Near which in that lone creek the body lay
 But never once into her thoughts it came
 That it was he who did her husband slay;
 And she and the old soldier all that day,
 Not knowing how they did their purpose thwart,
 Strove all they could his anguish to allay;
 But of the woman he with bursting heart
 Entreated evermore that she would thence depart.

And after l. 639 he added:

Thus passed for him that lamentable night,
 And Rachel, seeing that they vainly tried
 To ease his sufferings, with the morning light
 Renew'd her journey o'er the champaign wide;
 Yet in the cottage by the sailor's side,
 Or by his daughter's bed the old man stay'd,
 And he and his unhappy son supplied
 The little wealth they had, and they both prayed
 That in a decent grave the body might be laid.

P. 128. THE BORDERERS: "This Dramatic Piece, as noted in its title-page, was composed in 1795-6. It lay nearly from that time till

within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory, that the Tragedy of 'The Borderers' was composed."—W.W. 1842.

"Of this dramatic work I have little to say in addition to the short printed note which will be found attached to it. It was composed at Racedown in Dorsetshire during the latter part of the year '95, and in the course of the following year. Had it been the work of a later period of life, it would have been different in some respects from what it is now. The plot would have been something more complex, and a greater variety of characters introduced to relieve the mind from the pressure of incidents so mournful. The manners also would have been more attended to. My care was almost exclusively given to the passions and the characters, and the position in which the persons in the Drama stood relatively to each other, that the reader (for I had then no thought of the Stage) might be moved, and to a degree instructed, by lights penetrating somewhat into the depths of our nature. In this endeavour, I cannot think, upon a very late review, that I have failed. As to the scene and period of action, little more was required for my purpose than the absence of established Law and Government; so that the agents might be at liberty to act on their own impulses—nevertheless I do remember that, having a wish to colour the manners in some degree from local history more than my knowledge enabled me to do, I read Redpath's *History of the Borderers*, but found there nothing to my purpose. I once made an observation to Sir Walter Scott, in which he concurred, that it was difficult to conceive how so dull a book could be written on such a subject. Much about the same time, but a little after, Coleridge was employed in writing his tragedy of 'Remorse', and it happened that soon after, through one of the Mr. Pooles, Mr. Knight the actor heard that we

had been engaged in writing Plays, and upon his suggestion mine was curtailed, and I believe Coleridge's also was offered to Mr. Harris, manager of Covent Garden. For myself, I had no hope nor even a wish (tho' a successful play would, in the then state of my finances, have been a most welcome piece of good fortune) that he should accept my performance; so that I incurred no disappointment when the piece was *judiciously* returned as not calculated for the Stage. In this judgement I entirely concurred, and had it been otherwise, it was so natural for me to shrink from public notice, that any hope I might have had of success would not have reconciled me altogether to such an exhibition. Mr. C.'s play was, as is well known, brought forward several years after thro' the kindness of Mr. Sheridan. In conclusion I may observe that while I was composing this Play I wrote a short essay illustrative of that constitution and those tendencies of human nature which make the apparently *motiveless* actions of bad men intelligible to careful observers. This was partly done with reference to the character of Oswald, and his persevering endeavour to lead the man he disliked into so heinous a crime; but still more to preserve in my distinct remembrance what I had observed of transition in character, and the reflections I had been led to make during the time I was a witness of the changes through which the French Revolution passed."—I. F.

The correct date of *The Borderers* seems to be 1796–7. The first we hear of it is in a letter by D. W. dated Oct. 24, 1796 (quoted M., I.96), "W. is ardent in the composition of a tragedy"; on Feb. 27, 1797, W. wrote to Wrangham: "I have lately been employed in writing a tragedy, the first draught of which is nearly finished;" on May 28 D. W. writes: "W. has nearly finished a tragedy which he has good hopes of getting shown to Sheridan." It was read to Coleridge early in June; on Nov. 20 the play is finished (i.e. the curtailed version for the stage) and sent to Covent Garden.

Four MSS. of the play are known to exist: MS. A is in a small quarto note-book from which more than half the pages have been torn. This MS. preserves fragments representing two stages in the play's composition, which can be distinguished partly by the handwriting and partly by the fact that in the earlier the characters of Marmaduke, Oswald, and Matilda bear the names Ferdinand, Danby, and Matilda, and in the later (as in MS. B) Mortimer, Rivers, and Matilda. Of the first stage we have (1) a short argument of Act III, in which Matilda meets a pilgrim who turns out to be her long-lost mother; (2) a scene between Matilda and a pilgrim, in which the "mother" theme has been discarded and the pilgrim is a man; (3) a scene corresponding with 2087–2102 followed by 2075–86, in which the peasant's name is Robert, not Ælfred; (4) 1985–91 (in which, however, the speakers are Robert and Margaret, not a forester and Oswald), followed by a prose soliloquy by Ferdinand, and then 2010–63. Of the second stage

we have (1) a short argument of Act II, (2) ll. 454-9, 2062-5, 2083-6, 228-52, 486-526, 352-64, 370-2, and fragments roughly corresponding to 294-350 and 253-93.

MS. B is in a small vellum-bound note-book which also contains *Prelude* MS. U and *The Cumberland Beggar*. D. W.'s letter to C. W. from Goslar in Feb. 1799 (*E.L.*, p. 214) expresses great anxiety as to the safety of the only copy of the poem in existence, and it seems certain¹ that MS. B is a copy of that MS. made at Sockburn, chiefly by M. H. but in part by D. W., soon after their return. It thus represents the text as it was completed in Nov. 1797. The few corrections that have been made in it obviously belong to 1842, the year of its revision, and as these recur in MSS. C and D I have not recorded them in my *app. crit.*

MSS. C and D, the former written by M. W., the latter (the press copy) by Dora W., belong to the year 1842. A comparison of them with MS. B bears out W.'s statement that in his revision he made "no change in the conduct of the story or the composition of the characters".

The ideas that underlie the play and the motives that led W. to write it are sufficiently explained in his *Preface* (*v. infra*) prefixed to MS. B, in the note to the 1842 edition, and the I. F. note; a full discussion of its significance in the development of W.'s thought will be found in my *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, 1934. Mr. J. R. MacGillivray has noted the fact that on Dec. 14, 1797, the day before W. left London after the rejection of *The Borderers* at Covent Garden, his poem *The Convict* was printed in the *Morning Post* under the pseudonym Mortimer, and he plausibly suggests that by adopting that pseudonym W. indicates the similarity of his own state of mind, during his convalescence from the combined effects upon him of the French Revolution and Godwinism, with that of Mortimer (Marmaduke) seduced by the deceptions and specious doctrines of Oswald.

On the literary sources of the play *v. my* essay cited above; but Othello is not the only Shakespearian influence on the play. Its central scene, on a desolate moor in a storm, has its obvious analogy in *Lear*, whilst apart from definite verbal borrowings there are many lines which in their rhythm and phrasing recall the language of Shakespearian tragedy. It may be added that in his choice of names for his characters W. was partly guided by local history. In Nicholson and Burn's *History and Antiquities of Westmorland and Cumberland*, 2 vols., 1792, Mortimer and Marmaduke, Matilda, Idonea, and Clifford are names that constantly recur in records of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

When *The Borderers* was read to Coleridge, he pronounced it "absolutely wonderful". "There are in the piece" he wrote, "those

¹ It may have been copied during M. H.'s visit to Grasmere in Nov. 1800; but as the volume concludes with the *Old Cumberland Beggar* (called *The Beggar* in this MS.), which was published in 1800, this is very unlikely.

profound touches of the human heart which I find three or four times in 'The Robbers' of Schiller, and often in Shakespeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities." Posterity has not endorsed Coleridge's criticism, but there is fine poetry in the play, and acute psychology both in it and in W.'s prefatory essay, which runs as follows:

"Let us suppose a young man of great intellectual powers yet without any solid principles of genuine benevolence. His master passions are pride and the love of distinction. He has deeply imbibed a spirit of enterprise in a tumultuous age. He goes into the world and is betrayed into a great crime.—That influence on which all his happiness is built immediately deserts him. His talents are robbed of their weight, his exertions are unavailing, and he quits the world in disgust, with strong misanthropic feelings. In his retirement, he is impelled to examine the unreasonableness of established opinions; and the force of his mind exhausts itself in constant efforts to separate the elements of virtue and vice. It is his pleasure and his consolation to hunt out whatever is bad in actions usually esteemed virtuous, and to detect the good in actions which the universal sense of mankind teaches us to reprobate. While the general exertion of his intellect seduces him from the remembrance of his own crime, the particular conclusions to which he is led have a tendency to reconcile him to himself. His feelings are interested in making him a moral sceptic, and as his scepticism increases he is raised in his own esteem. After this process has been continued some time his natural energy and restlessness impel him again into the world. In this state, pressed by the recollection of his guilt he seeks relief from two sources, action and meditation. Of actions those are most attractive which best exhibit his own powers, partly from the original pride of his own character, and still more because the loss of authority and influence which followed upon his crime was the first circumstance which impressed him with the magnitude of that crime, and brought along with it those tormenting sensations by which he is assailed. The recovery of his original importance and the exhibition of his own powers are therefore in his mind almost identified with the extinction of those powerful feelings which attend the recollection of his guilt. Perhaps there is no cause which has greater weight in preventing the return of bad men to virtue than that good actions being for the most part in their nature silent and regularly progressive, they do not present those sudden results which can afford a sufficient stimulus to a troubled mind. In processes of vice the effects are more frequently immediate, palpable and extensive. Power is much more easily manifested in destroying than in creating. A child, Rousseau has observed, will tear in pieces fifty toys before he will think of making one. From these causes, assisted by disgust and misanthropic feeling, the character we are now contemplating will have a strong tendency to vice. His

energies are most impressively manifest in works of devastation. He is the Orlando of Ariosto, the Cardenio of Cervantes, who lays waste the groves that should shelter him. He has rebelled against the world and the laws of the world, and he regards them as tyrannical masters; convinced that he is right in some of his conclusions, he nourishes a contempt for mankind the more dangerous because he has been led to it by reflection. Being in the habit of considering the world as a body which is in some sort of war with him, he has a feeling borrowed from that habit which gives an additional zest to his hatred of those members of society whom he hates and to his own contempt of those whom he despises. Add to this, that a mind fond of nourishing sentiments of contempt will be prone to the admission of those feelings which are considered under any uncommon bond of relation (as must be the case with a man who has quarrelled with the world), and the feelings will mutually strengthen each other. In this morbid state of mind he cannot exist without occupation, he requires constant provocations, all his pleasures are prospective, he is perpetually chasing a phantom, he commits new crimes to drive away the memory of the past. But the lenitives of his pain are twofold, meditation as well as action. Accordingly, his reason is almost exclusively employed in justifying his past enormities and in enabling him to commit new ones. He is perpetually imposing upon himself, he has a sophism for every crime. The *mild* effusions of thought, the milk of human reason are unknown to him. His imagination is powerful, being strengthened by the habit of picturing possible forms of society where his crimes would be no longer crimes, and he would enjoy that estimation to which, from his intellectual attainments, he deems himself entitled. The nicer shades of manners he disregards; but whenever upon looking back upon past ages, or in surveying the practices of different countries in the age in which he lives, he finds such contrarieties as seem to affect the principles of *morals*, he exults over his discovery, and applies it to his heart as the dearest of consolations. Such a mind cannot but discover some truths, but he is unable to profit by them, and in his hands they become instruments of evil.

“He presses truth and falsehood into the same service. He looks at society through an optical glass of a peculiar tint; something of the forms of objects he takes from objects, but their colour is exclusively what he gives them; it is one, and it is his own. Having indulged a habit, dangerous in a man who has fallen, of dallying with moral calculations, he becomes an empiric, and a daring and unfeeling empiric. He disguises from himself his own malignity by assuming the character of a speculator in morals, and one who has the hardihood to realize his speculations.

“It will easily be perceived that to such a mind those enterprizes which are most extraordinary will in time appear the most inviting.

His appetite from being exhausted becomes unnatural. Accordingly he will struggle so to characterize and to exalt actions little and contemptible in themselves by a forced greatness of *manner*, and will chequer and degrade enterprizes great in their atrocity by grotesque littleness of manner and fantastic obliquities. He is like a worn out voluptuary—he finds his temptation in strangeness, he is unable to suppress a low hankering after the double entendre in vice; yet his thirst after the extraordinary buoys him up, and supported by a habit of constant reflection he frequently breaks out into what has the appearance of greatness; and in sudden emergencies, when he is called upon by surprize and thrown out of the path of his regular habits, or when dormant associations are awakened tracing the revolutions through which his character has passed, in painting his former self he really *is* great.

“Benefits conferred on a man like this will be the seeds of a worse feeling than ingratitude. They will give birth to positive hatred. Let him be deprived of power, though by means which he despises, and he will never forgive. It will scarcely be denied that such a mind, by very slight external motives, may be led to the commission of the greatest enormities. Let its malignant feelings be fixed on a particular object, and the rest follows of itself.

“Having shaken off the obligations of religion and morality in a dark and tempestuous age, it is probable that such a character will be infected with a tinge of superstition. The period in which he lives teems with great events which he feels he cannot controul. That influence which his pride makes him unwilling to allow to his fellow-men he has no reluctance to ascribe to invisible agents: his pride impells him to superstition and shapes the nature of his belief: his creed is his own: it is made and not adopted.

“A character like this, or some of its features at least, I have attempted to delineate in the following drama. I have introduced him deliberately prosecuting the destruction of an amiable young man by the most atrocious means, and with a pertinacity, as it should seem, not to be accounted for but on the supposition of the most malignant injuries. No such injuries however appear to have been sustained. What then are his motives? First it must be observed that to make the non-existence of a common motive itself a motive to action is a practice which we are never so prone to attribute exclusively to madmen as when we forget ourselves. Our love of the marvellous is not confined to external things. There is no object on which it settles with more delight than on our own minds. This habit is in the very essence of the habit which we are delineating.

“But there are particles of that poisonous mineral of which Iago speaks gnawing his inwards; his malevolent feelings are excited, and he hates the more deeply because he feels he ought not to hate.

“We all know that the dissatisfaction accompanying the first

impulses towards a criminal action, where the mind is familiar with guilt, acts as a stimulus to proceed in that action. Uneasiness must be driven away by fresh uneasiness, obstinacy, waywardness and wilful blindness are alternatives resorted to, till there is an universal insurrection of every depraved feeling of the heart.

“Besides, in a course of criminal conduct every fresh step that we make appears a justification of the one which preceded it, it seems to bring again the moment of liberty and choice; it banishes the idea of repentance, and seems to set remorse at defiance. Every time we plan a fresh accumulation of our guilt we have restored to us something like that original state of mind, that perturbed pleasure, which first made the crime attractive.

“If after these general remarks, I am asked what are Rivers’s motives to the atrocity detailed in the drama, I answer they are founded chiefly on the very constitution of his character; in his pride which borders even upon madness; in his restless disposition; in his disturbed mind; in his superstition; in irresistible propensities to embody in practical experiments his worst and most extravagant speculations; in his thoughts and in his feelings; in his perverted reason justifying his perverted instincts. The general moral intended to be impressed by the delineation of such a character is obvious—it is to shew the dangerous use which may be made of reason when a man has committed a great crime.

“There is a kind of superstition which makes us shudder, when we find moral sentiments to which we attach a sacred importance applied to vicious purposes. In real life this is done every day, and we do not feel the disgust. The difference is here. In works of imagination we see the motive and the end. In real life we rarely see either the one or the other; and when the distress comes it prevents us from attending to the cause. This superstition of which I have spoken is not without its use; yet it appears to be one great source of our vices; it is our constant engine in seducing each other. We are lulled asleep by its agency, and betrayed before we know that an attempt is made to betray us.

“I have endeavoured to shake this prejudice, persuaded that in so doing I was well employed. It has been a further object with me to shew that from abuses interwoven with the texture of society a bad man may be furnished with sophisms in support of his crimes which it would be difficult to answer.

“One word more upon the subject of motives. In private life what is more common than when we hear of lawsuits prosecuted to the utter ruin of the parties, and the most deadly feuds in families, to find them attributed to trifling and apparently inadequate sources? But when our malignant passions operate the original causes which called them forth are soon supplanted, yet when we account for the effect we forget the immediate impulse, and the whole is attributed

to the force from which the first motion was received. The vessel keeps sailing on, and we attribute her progress in the voyage to the ropes which first towed her out of harbour.

“To this must be added that we are too apt to apply our own moral sentiments as a measure of the conduct of others. We insensibly suppose that a criminal action assumes the same form to the agent as to ourselves. We forget that his feelings and his reason are equally busy in contracting its dimensions and pleading for its necessity.

“A TRAGEDY.

“Of human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man ;
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.”

POPE.”

92-3. her Father's terrible adventures] Marmaduke's account of how his love for Idonea had its beginning is obviously indebted to Othello's account of how Desdemona came to love him.

178. topmost towers] from the famous apostrophe to Helen in Marlow's *Dr. Faustus*.

253 foll. MS. A has the following draft of the rest of this scene :

Riv. I fear there is something here
More than we see—or whence this strong aversion
To one whose station qualities and bearing
Are envy's mark—these tales have been most black.

Mort. Away—I tell thee they are his own coinage
Fresh from the Baron's mint—'tis plain his hate
Is deeply lodged—and that the traitor deems
No price too high to seal her for his own.

Riv. But wherefore should his love exclude a rival ?
To one so helpless, it would seem the safeguard
Of such a man as thee should be most welcome
I do not like this—

Mort. Like—for my part
I do detest the scoundrel from my heart.

Riv. But this is something which

Mort. I know thou lovest me
Thy patience here were else most foul, and thou
A monster on this earth—What hast thou seen ?

Riv. You do amaze me.

Mort. What hast thou seen ?

Riv. Seen! Nothing.

Mort. Thou hast thoughts
Which thou dost fear to look on—In thy breast
There is a brood of hellish thoughts
Which thou wouldst stifle there.

Or have you made divorce with common reason ?
 It cannot bear a touch of thought—ere this
 He would have paved the way—besides—he knows
 That the most trivial hint of the imposture
 Would blast his views, and wither up at once
 The filial love with which he cheers his age—
 Mere selfishness and old men have strange pleasures

Mort. What have I done that thou should'st hate me thus ?

Riv. Nay I will leave you.

Mort. Stop.

Riv. Why should I stop ?

I never have been used to check my thoughts
 And least of all with those I love, but be it so
 Since you will have it.

Mort. (stopping him). But to perish thus
 In such a cause. Thou wilt forgive me, Rivers,
 I did not wish to wrong thee, but 'tis hard
 To have the firm foundation of my life
 Thus drop from under me. (*Coolly*) This business
 Will ruin me. Oh I am swept away
 And like a drowning man, when I would save myself
 Snatch at the foam of seas that overwhelm me.
 Let us be gone that I may be assured.

551 *fol.* MS. A has the following argument for Act II: "Scene a room in the Inn. Rivers having stirred him up to murder him then resolves to lead him to Monteagle castle—Matilda and old soldier—Monteagle Castle, a storm. Mortimer dialogue—he goes down to murder him. Rivers soliloquizing—smugglers seen on the top of the walls in another part of the castle—smugglers have overheard—resolve to prevent scheme—Mortimer goes up to Rivers—stirred up and goes down again—sees the light and hearing cries overcome with terror and cannot do it. Rivers laughs at him—a voice heard—they discover blood [] of banditti. Mortimer tells Rivers of a plan in which [*rest illegible*]."

This argument has a special interest in its close relation with the story told in the "Gothic fragment" (*Appendix* No. xv *q.v.*). Several reminiscences of that poem are found in the text (in addition to the fact that in both the hero brought a blind man on a stormy night to a ruined castle, where he intends to murder him) e.g. the episode of the horsemen ll. 734–6 cf. *Gothic Tale*, 13–14, 118–19; the crossing of the plank, 744–6, cf. *Gothic Tale*, 116–17. So with l. 799, cf. *Gothic Tale*, 89–90:

the thunder-stroke

Burst on the mountains with hell rousing force:

and the B text of ll. 812–54 contains the lines from *Gothic Tale*, 114–15

but for thee

There had not been a hair betwixt my death and me.

762. natural tears] from *Paradise Lost*, xii. 645.

779. Opposed to armies not a nerve would tremble] Cf. *Macbeth*, III. v. 102-3:

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble

794. The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the air] So *Macbeth* of the witches: 'infected be the air whereon they ride' (IV. i. 138).

957-62. Marmaduke's agitated speech to Oswald recalls *Macbeth's* fear-stricken dialogue with Lady *Macbeth* after Duncan's murder (II. ii).

967, 971. Marmaduke's inability to kill Herbert because "he looks like Idonea in sleep" recalls Lady *Macbeth's* "Had he not resembled my father as he slept I had done it" (II. ii. 13-14).

1002. mortal instruments] *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 66.

1022. Henry has at last Dissolved the Baron's League] This reference to the dissolution of the Baron's League shows that W. conceived the action of his play as taking place just after the Battle of Evesham, Aug. 1265.

1060 draw tears from iron] Cf. *Il Penseroso* 107.

1135 *fol.* ACT III. The early argument to Act III found in MS. A and referred to above, runs as follows: "Matilda having heard of the Inn where she had left her father that he was gone to the convent where they had slept proceeds after him, goes on, comes to a Church yard—meets a pilgrim whom she discovers to be her mother. Her joy at the thought of meeting her father. Danby meets Matilda and her mother to whom as a friend she relates her good fortune; soon after parting with her in this way he meets with Ferdinand, understands from him that he has put Herbert to death, then informs him that he had discovered Matilda with her mother. Ferdinand enraged. Danby, to drive Ferdinand to despair, informs him that he had invented these things. Ferdinand resolves to go back to see if Herbert may yet be saved."

MS. A contains also the following scene headed "Act 3d", which has no counterpart in B or a later MS. Though the idea that the pilgrim should turn out to be Matilda's mother has now been discarded, and the pilgrim is a man, traces of W.'s original intention survive in ll. 62, 63, 66, and in the stage direction to 166, where in transcription he has forgotten to change the "her" and "she" to "him" and "he". Presumably this scene was cut out when W. was preparing his version for stage representation.

Scene a Churchyard: Peasants having just entombed a body

Peas. That droning pipe heard from the wood below
Proclaims some pilgrim nigh.

Old P. Of all that pass
I never till this afternoon beheld

One on whose brow affliction's hand had left
 So little of earthly: wrinkles that might seem 5
 Wrinkles of sorrow rather than of years
 Had traced his temples with religious touch.
 Acquainted though his eyes appear with weeping,
 Nor tears nor sorrow have subdued their lustre;
 Bright lights break out at times about their orbs 10
 That speak the wildness of great joy, perhaps
 He is not in his true and perfect mind.
 He begged an alms and lingering at my door
 Talked much of those who at Jerusalem
 Die in the Lord and from that very moment— 15
 And as he spoke, he smiled with extreme joy—
 Are borne to Paradise and the ten thousand.
 And sure he is a man beloved of heaven,
 For at the word a long slant evening beam
 Such as in shower-time darts between the hills 20
 Shot from between two clouds upon his face
 And added to his smile a fearful glory.
 I took it as a sign from him who hung
 The bow in heaven we are not all to sleep
 But we shall all be changed. 25
 For afterwards in milder mood he talked
 Of man and of man's heart and things below
 And human sufferings, chief, of those that toil
 After their friends are in the world of rest,
 Till the wild joy that lighted up his tears, 30
 Grown dim like dying lamps or suns that set,
 Gave one bright glance and seemed to pass for ever.
 But he approaches—'tis the very same.

Enter Pilgrim.

Pil. I come not, Brothers, to disturb your rites;
 If Misery, as we're told, may give a claim 35
 On heaven, my prayers will sure be acceptable.

Old P. Thanks, holy Pilgrim, but the rites are finished.

Pil. Ha! 'tis an infant's grave. I once had infants
 (a pause—*pilgrim's eyes fixed on the grave*)

Old P. Then are they happy if the grave

Pil. The grave 40
 May at the call of nature—one by one—
 Receive the infant fruits of fondest love,
 And after a few throbs the heart be still;
 But Death has shapes so terrible (a pause)—and yet
 Heaven in his kindness surely took thee from me. 45
 For it was at a time when fear had just

- A shepherd I, (*smiles*) I, who have seen the lamb
 Run from its milk to sport amid its fellows, 90
 Have seen it spring to meet its mother's call,
 Have seen, and had no pleasure in the sight.
 No! No! my heart
 Answers not any purposes of being 95
 And never will its uses be restored.
- Mat.* Yes, trust me, pilgrim, long as thy red blood
 Is warm, this old man knows there is a power,
 Even in the common offices of love
 And friendly ministration, to revive 100
 Nature within thee, bid thee smile again
 With those that smile; and weep with those that weep.
- Pil.* Look in my face—I have not yet forgotten
 All functions of a man—I weep and laugh
 But with no fond endearing unison 105
 Of social smiles and sympathetic tears.
 No, 'tis in dreadful contrariety
 To all mankind, as now I laugh that thou
 Givest physic, damsel, to the senseless dead.
- Mat.* But be persuaded
Old P. Do go home with me. 110
 Henceforth the seat beneath the elm is yours,
 And yours the corner chair when winds blow sharp
 Through the bare thorns—the sound of the farm gate
 At evening, when you enter from the fields, 115
 Closing behind you shall be dear and welcome,
 The dog that barks at you shall be chastized,
 And my son's little ones shall reverence you
 And run with joy to lift the latch and meet you,
 And she, their little sister, had she not
 Slept in that grave, should have been taught to love you. 120
- Pil.* I am perplexed and cannot think it true
 That thus thou speak'st to me, and where I am
 I know not, nor if this be the same air
 And the same sun, and we are fellow beings,
 Or all is changed: I am indeed perplexed, 125
 And, poor old man, I understand thee not
 And know not what it is that works within me.
- Mat.* Rest with this good old man a little while
 And soon shall he restore thee to thyself;
 Thy looks are changed already.
- Pil.* 'Tis most true 130
 I never have been so beguiled before;
 But it is past, and I am once again
 The thing I was.

Old P. With patience you have run
The race of duty—you have visited
The sepulchre—and now you ought to rest. 135

Pil. No, good old man, it cannot, cannot be,
A few days' journey and these feet shall reach
My infant home, the dwelling of my father,
That *human* pilgrimage performed—and then (*a long pause*)
Yet, old man, I will thank thee, and my ear, 140
Though it be dull and cold, shall vibrate long
As if it heard thy voice—and I will pray
That he whose sun shines on the evil and good,
Who sends his rain upon the just and unjust,
That he will love to look upon thy sheepwalks, 145
And, chiefly, be the shepherd of thyself
And family, and in this thorny scene.

Old P. Farewell. (*Exeunt Peasants.*)

Mat. (*aside*). With best success even to my father's wish
Thus far have I returned, my errand sped.
And yet from such a service one short hour 150
I fain would spare for this sweet pilgrim's sake.
For I do feel in his sad story's spite
My heart has yet some cheerfulness behind
Which it would gladly lend him.

Pil. Know you, maiden
How far 'tis called to Rhudland ?

Mat. Thitherward 155
My journey lies—and fellowship in travel
May be endured when grief would otherwise
Covet to be alone ; a few leagues hence
My father waits for me ; the good old man
Will clasp my hand and weep to hear you talk, 160
And evermore at every piteous word
Will bid me listen.

Pil. Oh the grief
On which the heart that owns it dare not look
Doth ask no sympathy. But stay a moment
I have a little business yet, that done 165
And we will on together. (*Pilgrim approaching the grave which she
regards stedfastly for some time.*) No! the grave
Contains not all that perish, though the dead
Be sacred and with darkness ought to dwell.

1304. squeak and jibber] *Julius Caesar*, i. i. 116.

1493–6. You have obeyed, etc.] a poetical version of a tenet of
Godwin, *v. Prelude* (1805), x. 820–30, and note.

1539–44. Action is transitory, etc.] The lines referred to in W.'s

prefatory note to the poem (v. p. 128). W. used them, with seven additional lines, as a Preface to *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

1723. the stony surface glittered like a shield] W. employs the same image in *Preluda* (1805), viii. 565-6, 572.

2010. MS. A preserves the following opening to this scene:

Scene, the edge of a heath. Enter Ferdinand, his hair loose and dress disordered. His looks betray extreme horror.

How many hours have I wandered night and day through every corner of this dreary heath. My eyes have been strained till they have lost their uses, my voice has called incessantly but in vain. I shall never be able to travel half a mile in the darkness of the night again. Not a bush or solitary tree did I meet but my heart leaped. This morning the huntsmen were abroad upon the moor. I halloed after them but they took no notice of me. There was something most horrible in the cry of those dogs.—I think I shall hear it to the hour of my death. And yet (*plaintively*) the night has not been cold. There is some hope. His food (*with horror*) I have taken care of that. But when the mind is troubled the body does not ask its accustomed nourishment. I have not eaten since I left him. And I have no need of sustenance. Die of hunger! Never! A mortal thirst might seize upon his vitals. Aye, that is terrible. The heath is full of deserted quarries; what if he has fallen into one of them and is now lying at the bottom maimed and unable to rise?—oh damned villain, if thou art within a thousand leagues I will drag thee to the spot, and I shall see whether thou wilt find it an easy deathbed. Foolish old man, in the best of days most foolish. What was that child of thine but a piece of clay warmed with the breath of two summers? There may be virtue in these things, but mine is not the eye that can find it. What a fever I have about my heart. I could drink up whole rivers. Whither shall [I] betake me now (*casting his eyes about*) Ha! there is one from whom something may yet be learned. [*Scene continues as l. 2010.*]

2064. scorpions] *Macbeth*, III. ii. 36: "full of scorpions is my mind."

2310. Like the old Roman] *Macbeth*, v. viii. 1:

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD

p. 226. I. *My heart leaps up*: "This was written at Grasmere Town-End 1804."—I. F. But the correct date is March 26, 1802; v. D. W.'s *Journal* of that day: "When I was getting into bed he wrote *The Rainbow*." But, as she notes on May 14, "W. very nervous. After he was in bed, haunted with altering *The Rainbow*", we may conjecture that the poem did not reach its published form on March 26.

In 1807 it was included among "Moods of my own Mind".

p. 226. II. *To a Butterfly*: "Grasmere Town-End. Written in the Orchard 1801. My Sister and I were parted immediately after the death of our Mother who died in 1778, both being very young."—I. F.

D. W.'s *Journal* gives the correct date and circumstances of composition. Sunday, March 14, 1802: "while we were at breakfast, that is (for I had breakfasted) he with his basin of broth before him untouched, and a little plate of bread and butter, wrote the poem *To a Butterfly*. He ate not a morsel, nor put on his stockings, but sate with his neck unbuttoned, and his waistcoat open while he did it. The thought first came upon him as we were talking about the pleasure we both always feel at the sight of a butterfly. I told him that I used to chase them a little, but that I was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings. He told me how they used to kill all the white ones when he went to school because they were Frenchmen."

Included in 1807 among "Moods of my own Mind".

p. 227. III. *The Sparrow's Nest*: "The Orchard, Grasmere Town-End. 1801. At the end of the garden at my Father's house at Cocker-mouth was a high terrace that commanded a fine view of the River Derwent and Cocker-mouth Castle. This was our favourite playground. The terrace-wall, a low one, was covered with closely-clipt privet and roses, which gave an almost impervious shelter to birds that built their nests there. The latter of these stanzas alludes to one of these nests."—I. F.

Placed in 1807 among "Moods of my own Mind": from 1815 to 1843 among *Poems founded on the Affections*.

17. She gave me eyes] Miss M. H. Addington notes this line as an unconscious borrowing from Churchill's *Independence* (1764), ll. 39-44, where Churchill says of the aristocracy:

'Twas Nature's first intent
Before their rank became their punishment,
They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to prize
The blessing she bestow'd—she gave them eyes,
And they could see; she gave them ears—they heard,
The instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd.

p. 227. IV. *Foresight*: "Also composed in the Orchard, Grasmere Town-End"—I. F. "William was in the Orchard. I went to him. . . . I happened to say that when I was young I would not have pulled a strawberry blossom. I left him. . . . At dinner time he came in with the poem of *Children gathering Flowers*, but it was not quite finished, and it kept him long off his dinner. It is now done."—D. W. *Journal*, April 28, 1802.

p. 229. V. *Characteristics of a Child three years old*: "Written at Allan Bank, Grasmere 1811. Picture of my Daughter Catharine, who died the year after."—I. F. Catharine W. was born Sept. 6, 1808, and died June 4, 1812. For D. W.'s description of her *v. M.Y.*,

p. 357. If the poem was written at Allan Bank it must have been before June 1811, when the W.s moved into the Rectory. In a draft of *Excursion* III, W. introduced this poem (with the verbs in the past tense), where the Solitary speaks of his grief at the loss of his little daughter.

12-13. solitude to her Is blithe society] Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 429: "for solitude sometimes is best society."

20-1. Cf. *Prelude*, v. 386-8.

p. 229. VI. *Address to a Child*: "Town-End Grasmere 1806 by Miss Wordsworth"—I. F. Edward (1.42) is Johnnie, i.e. John W., born June 18, 1803.

p. 230 VII. *The Mother's Return*: "Town-End Grasmere 1806 by Miss Wordsworth."—I. F. The I. F. note to *The Mother's Return* is incorrect: the poem was written by D. W. at Coleorton when she and the children were awaiting the return of W. W. and M. W. from London. As they were still in town on April 28 (*v. M.Y.*, p. 124) the poem can be dated early May 1807.

p. 232. VIII. *Alice Fell*: "Written to gratify Mr. Graham of Glasgow, brother of the Author of the Sabbath. He was a zealous coadjutor of Mr. Clarkson, and a man of ardent humanity. The incident had happened to himself, and he urged me to put it into verse, for humanity's sake. The humbleness, meanness if you like, of the subject, together with the homely mode of treating it, brought upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics, so that in policy I excluded it from many editions of my poems [1820-32], till it was restored [1836] at the request of my son-in-law, Edward Quillinan."—I. F.

"Mr. Graham said he wished Wm had been with him the other day—he was riding in a post-chaise and he heard a strange cry that he could not understand, the sound continued, and he called to the chaise driver to stop. It was a little girl that was crying as if her heart would burst. She had got up behind the chaise, and her cloak had been caught by the wheel, and was jammed in, and it hung there. She was crying after it, poor thing. Mr. Graham took her into the chaise, and her cloak was released from the wheel, but the child's misery did not cease, for her cloak was torn to rags; it had been a miserable cloak before, but she had no other, and it was the greatest sorrow that could befall her. Her name was Alice Fell. She had no parents, and belonged to the next town. At the next town Mr. G. left money with some respectable people in the town, to buy her a new cloak." D. W. *Journal*, Feb. 16, 1802.

The *Journal* of March 12 and 13 records the writing of the poem.

For some unknown reason, W. in 1807 grouped this poem together with *Beggars*, *To a Skylark*, *With how sad steps, O Moon*, and *Resolution and Independence* under the heading *Poems, composed during a Tour, chiefly on foot*. But they were all written at Grasmere.

57. duffil] a coarse woollen cloth with a thick nap—named from Duffel, a town in Brabant.

p. 234. IX. *Lucy Gray*: "Written at Goslar in Germany in 1799. 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 snow-storm. Her footsteps were traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body however was found in the canal. The way in which the incident was treated and the spiritualizing of the character might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavoured to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter of fact style of treating subjects of the same kind. This is not spoken to his disparagement, far from it; but to direct the attention of thoughtful readers, into whose hands these notes may fall, to a comparison that may both enlarge the circle of their sensibilities, and tend to produce in them a catholic judgment."—I. F.

Crabb Robinson, recording in his Diary, under Sept. 11, 1816, a conversation with W., says that in *Lucy Gray* "his object was to exhibit poetically entire *solitude*, and he represents the child as observing the day-moon, which no town or village girl would ever notice."

30-2. She wandered up and down} W. had here at the back of his mind what he calls in the *Preface* (1800) "one of the most justly admired stanzas" of *The Babes of the Wood*:

Those pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the town.

p. 236. X. *We are seven*: "Written at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798, under circumstances somewhat remarkable. The little girl who is the heroine I met within the area of Goodrich Castle in the year 1793. Having left the Isle of Wight and crossed Salisbury Plain, as mentioned in the preface to *Guilt and Sorrow*, I proceeded by Bristol up the Wye, and so on to N. Wales, to the Vale of Clwydd, where I spent my summer under the roof of the father of my friend, Robert Jones. In reference to this Poem I will here mention one of the most remarkable facts in my own poetic history and that of Mr. Coleridge. In the spring of the year 1798, he, my Sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden, pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the valley of Stones near it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a Poem, to be sent to the New Monthly Magazine set up by Phillips the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off and proceeded along the Quantock Hills, towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the Poem of *The Ancient Mariner*,

founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend, Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I myself suggested, for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock's Voyages a day or two before that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw Albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings 12 or 13 feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary Spirits of those regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The Gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time; at least, not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

'And listened like a three years' child;
The Mariner had his will.'

These trifling contributions, all but one (which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded) slipped out of his mind as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant, and some of them droll-enough, recollections. We returned by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The Ancient Mariner grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds, and we began to talk of a Volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of Poems chiefly on natural subjects taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium. Accordingly I wrote The Idiot Boy, Her eyes are wild, etc., We are seven, The Thorn, and some others. To return to We are seven, the piece that called forth this note, I composed it while walking in the grove at Alfoxden. My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate that while walking to and fro I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was all but finished, I came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my Sister, and said, 'A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with

greater pleasure if my task were finished.' I mentioned in substance what I wished to be expressed, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus:

'A little child, dear brother Jem,'—

I objected to the rhyme, 'dear brother Jem,' as being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching-in our friend, James Tobin's name, who was familiarly called Jem. He was the brother of the dramatist, and this reminds me of an anecdote which it may be worth while here to notice. The said Jem got a sight of the *Lyrical Ballads* as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, 'Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it, which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous.' I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said, 'It is called "We are seven."' Nay! said I, that shall take its chance, however, and he left me in despair. I have only to add that in the spring of 1841 I revisited Goodrich Castle, not having seen that part of the Wye since I met the little Girl there in 1793. It would have given me greater pleasure to have found in the neighbouring hamlet traces of one who had interested me so much; but that was impossible, as, unfortunately, I did not even know her name. The ruin, from its position and features, is a most impressive object. I could not but deeply regret that its solemnity was impaired by a fantastic new Castle set up on a projection of the same ridge, as if to show how far modern art can go in surpassing all that could be done by antiquity and nature with their united graces, remembrances, and associations. I could have almost wished for power, so much the contrast vexed me, to blow away Sir — Meyrick's impertinent structure and all the fopperies it contains."—I. F.

p. 238. *The Idle Shepherd Boys*: "Grasmere Town-End, 1800. I will only add a little monitory anecdote concerning this subject. When Coleridge and Southey were walking together upon the Fells, Southey observed that, if I wished to be considered a faithful painter of rural manners, I ought not to have said that my Shepherd-boys trimmed their rustic hats as described in the poem. Just as the words had passed his lips two boys appeared with the very plant entwined round their hats. I have often wondered that Southey, who rambled so much about the mountains, should have fallen into this mistake, and I record it as a warning for others who, with far less opportunity than my dear friend had of knowing what things are, and far less sagacity, give way to presumptuous criticism, from which he was free, though in this matter mistaken. In describing a tarn under Helvellyn, I say,

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer.

This was branded by a critic of these days, in a review ascribed to Mrs. Barbauld, as unnatural and absurd. I admire the genius of Mrs. Barbauld, and am certain that, had her education been favourable to imaginative influences, no female of her day would have been more likely to sympathise with that image, and to acknowledge the truth of the sentiment."—I. F.

27–30. Cf. *Ode: Intimations, etc.* 36–40.

p. 241. XII. *Anecdote for Fathers*: "This was suggested in front of Alfoxden. The Boy was a son of my friend Basil Montagu, who had been two or three years under our care. The name of Kilve is from a village on the Bristol Channel, about a mile from Alfoxden; and the name of Liswyn Farm was taken from a beautiful spot on the Wye. When Mr. Coleridge, my Sister, and I, had been visiting the famous John Thelwall, who had taken refuge from politics, after a trial for high treason, with a view to bring up his family by the profits of agriculture, which proved as unfortunate a speculation as that he had fled from, Coleridge and he had both been public lecturers; Coleridge mingling, with his politics, Theology, from which the other elocutionist abstained, unless it were for the sake of a sneer. This quondam community of public employment induced Thelwall to visit Coleridge at Nether Stowey, where he fell in my way. He really was a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father. Though brought up in the City on a tailor's board, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects. I remember once, when Coleridge, he, and I were seated together upon the turf on the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxden, Coleridge exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world.'—'Nay,' said Thelwall, 'to make one forget them altogether.' The visit of this man to Coleridge was, as I believe Coleridge has related, the occasion of a spy being sent by Government to watch our proceedings, which were, I can say with truth, such as the world at large would have thought ludicrously harmless."—I. F.

The quotation from Eusebius, substituted in 1845 for the subtitle, is a translation from the Greek of Porphyry: κλειε βίην κάρτος τε λόγων ψευδηγόρα λέξω—"the Delphian oracle's rebuke to those who tried to extort an answer by force" (Hutchinson). The purport of the poem, which seems obvious enough, has troubled some readers. *v. Leuvers L.Y.*, p. 253, and Legouis, *Early Life of W.* (English trans.), p. 314.

p. 244. XIII. *Rural Architecture*. "These structures, as every one knows, are common among our hills, being built by shepherds as conspicuous marks, occasionally by boys in sport. It was written at Town-End, in 1801."—I. F.

The date given in the I. F. note is incorrect, for the poem was published in 1800.

1. On the alteration of this line in 1827, and the reversion to the original reading *v.* Letter to Barron Field, *L.V.*, p. 309: for Lamb's appreciation of the poem *v.* Letter to W., p.m. April 28, 1815.

p. 245. XIV. *The Pet Lamb*: "Town-End, 1800. Barbara Lewthwaite, now living at Ambleside (1843), though much changed as to beauty, was one of two most lovely sisters. Almost the first words my poor Brother John said, when he visited us for the first time at Grasmere, were, 'Were those two angels that I have just seen?' and from his description I have no doubt they were those two sisters. The mother died in childbed; and one of our neighbours at Grasmere told me that the loveliest sight she had ever seen was that mother as she lay in her coffin with her babe in her arm. I mention this to notice what I cannot but think a salutary custom once universal in these vales. Every attendant on a funeral made it a duty to look at the corpse in the coffin before the lid was closed, which was never done (nor I believe is now) till a minute or two before the corpse was removed. Barbara Lewthwaite was not in fact the child whom I had seen and overheard as engaged [*sic*] in the poem. I chose the name for reasons implied in the above; and will here add a caution against the use of names of living persons. Within a few months after the publication of this poem, I was much surprised, and more hurt, to find it in a child's school-book which, having been compiled by Lindley Murray, had come into use at Grasmere School where Barbara was a pupil. And, alas, I had the mortification of hearing that she was very vain of being thus distinguished; and, in after-life, she used to say that she remembered the incident and what I said to her upon the occasion."—I. F.

p. 247. XV. *To H. C.*: Hartley Coleridge, born Sept. 19, 1796, died Jan. 6, 1849.

6-8. That thy boat May rather seem To brood on air, *etc.*] "See Carver's Description of his Situation upon one of the Lakes of America." W. W. note, 1807. "The water in general appeared to lie upon a bed of rocks. When it was calm and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, when the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stones at the bottom. The water at this time was as pure and transparent as air; and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element."—Carver, *Travels through the interior parts of North America*, 1781, p. 132.

p. 248. XVI. INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS, ETC. In *The Friend* the poem was entitled 'Growth of Genius from the Influences of Natural Objects on the Imagination *etc.*'

p. 249. XVII. *The Longest Day*: "1817. Suggested by the sight of my Daughter (Dora) playing in front of Rydal Mount, and completed in a great measure the same afternoon. I have often wished

to pair this poem upon the *longest* with one upon the *shortest* day, and regret even now that it has not been done."—I. F.

p. 252. XVIII. *The Norman Boy*. "The subject of this poem was sent to me by Mrs. Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse; and I do not regret that I took the trouble; for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers. This is said, however, with an absolute conviction that children will derive most benefit from books which are not unworthy the perusal of persons of any age. I protest with my whole heart against those productions, so abundant in the present day, in which the doings of children are dwelt upon as if they were incapable of being interested in anything else. On this subject I have dwelt at length in the poem on the growth of my own mind."—I. F.

"Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux', about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville.

"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the oak of Allonville, in its state of nature. The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscotted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it, there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.

"Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of Peace.'" *Vide No. 14, Saturday Magazine*.—W. W. (1842).

73. that Countryman of thine] Hippolyte de la Morvonnais,

referred to by Legouis as a great admirer of W. "The passage alluded to is taken from 'Solitude' and reads thus:

Enfant, il [Dieu] te promet le domaine de l'ange
 Si tu gardés l'amour et la foi des aïeux,
 Et sa mère, aujourd'hui loin de l'humaine fange,
 Qu'é tu n'as pas connue et qui t'attend aux eieux."

p. 255. XX. *The Westmoreland Girl*: "The little poem . . . I thought might interest you . . . as exhibiting what sort of characters our mountains breed. It is truth to the Letter." (W. W. to Henry Reed, July 31, 1845.)

APPENDIX

p. 259. I. *Lines written as a School Exercise, etc.*: "I was called upon, among other scholars, to write verses upon the completion of the second centenary from the foundation of the school in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys. The verses were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style. This exercise, however, put it into my head to compose verses from the impulse of my own mind, and I wrote, while yet a schoolboy, a long poem running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which I was brought up. The only part of that poem which has been preserved is the conclusion of it, which stands at the beginning of my collected Poems."—W. W. *Autobiographical Memoranda* (M. I. 10). The "long poem" referred to is *The Vale of Esthwaite*.

p. 261. II. *Anacreon—Imitation*: This is the first of the poems preserved in a small quarto notebook bound in brown calf, into which W. copied several of his earliest verses. "Did W. ever tell you that the accident of his being given a manuscript book was the first occasion (I do not say cause) of his writing poetry? He thought it a pity, after filling up a few pages, to leave the remainder 'white and unwritten still', and so got into the habit of reducing to shape the thoughts which had before been vaguely haunting his brain, like to body-waiting souls, which wandered by the Lethean pools." (A. de Vere to W. R. Hamilton, Jan. 1843.) It seems likely that this is the notebook referred to, and several of its missing pages probably contained more of these schoolboy verses. It was used later, chiefly at Racedown, for rough drafts.

This poem, like *Beauty and Moonlight* (p. 263), seems to be a tribute to W.'s early affection for Mary Hutchinson, "the maid to whom were breathed my first fond vows". (*Prelude*, xi. 317, A².)

37-45. Cf. *Septimi Gades*, 55-60, and *Prelude* (A), i. 589-93:

A Child—I held unconscious intercourse
 With the eternal Beauty, drinking in
 A pure organic pleasure from the lines
 Of curling mist.

(‘Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths’, etc. 1850.) Cf. also *May*, 78–80:

Such gentle mists as glide
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain’s side.

p. 263. III. *The Death of a Starling*: not dated in MS., but as it follows No. II in the notebook it is probably of the same date (1786). Between lines 8 and 9 of the poem two pages, probably containing 16 lines, have been cut out of the notebook (*v. addendum*, p. 375).

13, 15. remote . . . thought] The rhyme is interesting, as illustrating W.’s broad north-country pronunciation; the same rhyme appears in several places in his early verses. And cf. a letter written by him in Sept. 1792 (*E.L.*, p. 77) in which, writing hurriedly, he spells “note”, “nought”.

p. 263. IV. *Beauty and Moonlight*: n.d., but follows No. III in notebook—probably written on returning to school from Penrith after the summer holidays, 1786 (*v. addendum*, p. 375).

p. 264. V. *The Dog*: n.d., but follows No. IV in notebook. The debt to *Lycidas* is obvious not only in the amusing opening couplet but in the use of the short line (6) and in the reference in 7 to the Druid (“the steep Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie”). But the Druid is not a purely literary reminiscence; W. knew some of the reputed British remains in his native district, and it is clear from several references in the early poems (cf. e.g. *The Vale of Esthwaite*, 32 foll.) that the Druids haunted his imagination long before his fateful visit to Stonehenge in 1793.

18–24. Cf. *Prelude*, (1805) iv. 84–108.

p. 265. VI. *Sonnet written by Mr.* —: dated March 2, but year not given; probably 1787. A search in the Hawkshead Registers has not revealed the name of the widower for whom W. wrote this lament.

p. 265. VII. *A Ballad*.

34. waft] “a wraith, a supernatural appearance of one whose death is imminent. *N. Yorks.*” (*Dialect Dictionary*.)

p. 267. VIII. *Dirge*: interesting as showing that W.’s admiration for Chatterton dates from his schooldays. But much of it seems written under the influence of Collins: *Dirge in Cymbeline* and *On the death of Thomson*.

p. 269. IX. *Sonnet on seeing Miss Helen Maria Williams weep, etc.*: the first of W.’s poems to be printed. Helen Maria Williams (1762–1827) published her *Poems* in 1786. W. does not seem to have met her, despite the theme of this sonnet, till 1820, when he was in Paris.

44. Cf. Thomson. *A Nuptial Song*, in *Sophonisba*:

But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart.

p. 270. X. *The Vale of Esthwaite*: the poem referred to in the I.F.

note to "Dear native Regions", p. 318. Portions of it are preserved in three MSS., which I will call A, B, and C. A is an unbound folio of 19 leaves, ragged, with pages torn out in several places and some of the corners burnt away so as to leave the lines imperfect; it is, moreover, very carelessly written and sometimes illegible. This MS. contains the bulk of what survives of the poem, but it may be supplemented and corrected by B and C. B is the quarto leather-bound notebook referred to in note to No. II, *supra*; into this have been carefully copied "*Various Extracts from The Vale of Esthwaite, A Poem, Written at Hawkshead in the Spring and Summer 1787*". C consists of a few unbound quarto sheets stitched together, into which have been copied some of the more "Gothic" parts of the poem. Where passages occur in more than one MS. the readings are not always identical, and I have chosen that which seems to me the better, only recording variants of special interest. Where pages from A have been torn out I have inserted passages from B and C; the figure 1000 written against one of the lines suggests that a good deal of the poem is lost, and if my conjecture in the introductory note to *An Evening Walk* is correct, i.e. that the missing pages contain lines afterwards worked up in that poem, this would account for the undue preponderance in the part we have of lines of the romantic type; for W.'s other school verses do not suggest this to have been his predominant mood.

13-24. Cf. *Prelude* (1805), viii. 84-101.

32. her druid sons] Cf. note to No. V, *The Dog*, and *Guilt and Sorrow*, 110-35, 185-98, with *app. crit.*, and *Prelude* (1805), xii. 330-6.

51-6. Cf. Beattie, *The Minstrel*, I. xxxii:

There he would dream of graves, and corpses pale
And ghosts that to the charnel dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silence'd by the owl's terrific song
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

84-8. The reference is to *Paradise Lost*, iv. 588-620. The phrase "day's regent" from *P.L.* vii. 371.

97-103. Cf. *An Evening Walk*, A 193-4:

And fronting the bright West, in stronger lines
The oak its darkning boughs and foliage twines.

and I.F. note on the passage. Cf. also Gray, *Ode on Spring*, 11-12:

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade.

111-5. Cf. *An Evening Walk*, A 364-8, where the phrase 'baffled vision' recurs, and the image of the fir tree, as the last to 'forsake the faded plain'.

138. The "Extracts" from the *V. of E.* entered in MS. B are headed by the couplet:

"Adieu ye lays that fancy's flowers adorn
The soft amusement of the vacant mind"

which is taken from Beattie, *The Minstrel*, II. lxii. Lines 138-53 are headed "Pity"; 164-76 "Hope"; 187-93 "Sentiments of Affection for inanimate Nature"; 194-9 "Evening Sounds".

160-3. Cf. *Il Penseroso*, 75-6:

Over some wide-water'd shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

197-200. Cf. the phrase "bat-haunted ash" in *An Evening Walk*, A 272.

201-6. Cf. *An Evening Walk*, A 389-96 and A 443.

207. MS. A continues here; the passage is also found in C.

226-9. Perhaps a verbal echo of Milton, *Ode to Nativity*, 178-180:

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

236. rocks shagg'd with sable yew] Cf. Thomson, *Spring*, 910: "With woods o'erhung and shagg'd with mossy rocks." *V.* also *An Evening Walk*, A 79-84, and note. The word "shagg'd" derives from Milton, *Comus*, 429.

241. The numeral 1000 is written in the margin of this line in MS. C.

246. haggard eyes] Cf. Collins, *Ode to Fear*, 7.

270-1. Cf. Collins, *Ode to Fear*, 14-15:

Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging Rock to sleep;

Mr. Frederick Page notes that in the "Gothic" passages of the *V. of E.* one "seems to hear frequent echoes of Collins: the words gloomy, midnight, awful haunt, trembling, ghosts, ghastly, mad, etc., are common to both".

419-36. Cf. *Prelude* (1805), xi. 345-89.

446. From *Samson Agonistes* 598: "And I shall shortly be with them that rest."

467. Friend of my soul] John Fleming of Rayrigg, Windermere. *V.* ll. 538 and 541, and *Prelude* (1805), ii. 352-8 and note (1850).

507-14. Cf. *Extract from the conclusion of a poem etc.*, p. 2 and note.

529-36. Sister etc.] W. must have added these lines after leaving school and returning to Penrith for the holidays. Before this he had not seen Dorothy for nine years.

p. 283. XI. *Orpheus and Eurydice*: preserved in the same MS. as contains MS. C of the *Vale of Esthwaite*, and obviously composed shortly afterwards. It is for the most part very carelessly written

and not consecutively, so that I have had to piece the translation together; its probable date is 1788-9. The variant of ll. 51-8 appears in a letter from D.W. to Quillinan, 1822.

p. 285. XII. *The Horse*: preserved, with XIII. and XIV., on small quarto sheets similar to those which contain No. XI. As the first few pages are devoted to a brief record of W.'s journey from Cambridge north, via Dovedale, these translations can be dated with some confidence 1789-90.

p. 286. XIV. *from Moschus' Lament for Bion*: W's first 8 lines are a fairly close translation, after which he drifts off into reflections which have no counterpart in the original.

5. But we, the great, the mighty and the wise] cf. Sonnet *Afterthought*, 7.

p. 287. XV. *Fragment of a Gothic Tale*: It is difficult to date with certainty this and the following fragment. They are found in the brown leather notebook which contains W.'s schoolboy poems and was afterwards used, chiefly at Racedown, for rough drafts (1795-7). But there are good reasons for assigning both of them to an earlier date. (i) Both were evidently entered about the same time, but No. XVI reads like a first draft of part of the tale originally designed for the *Female Vagrant*, which W. stated he had begun in 1791, and it certainly cannot have been written *after* the story of the F. V., of which the date is 1793-4. (ii) Both this poem and XVI are written in a debased form of the Spenserian stanza: the *Female Vagrant* is in the correct Spenserian form. W. is not likely to have written the debased after the correct. (iii) Several attempts at the lines about the eagle (*Gothic Tale*, 21-3) are found in the MS. which contains Nos. XII-XIV. Anyhow, the Gothic fragment must date before *The Borderers*, for Act II, Sc. ii, and in particular the early prose argument of that scene, draws largely upon it. I should therefore incline to ascribe both this and No. XVI to 1791.

21. dim-discovered] used twice in Collins—*Ode to Evening* 37, and *The Manners* 2.

36-7. As these lines stand they are unintelligible. W. must, in revising the passage, have cut out some necessary words, or perhaps have written "cutlass" when he meant "kerchief."

66. the unimaginable touch of Time] Cf. Sonnet *Mutability*, 14. The image of Time splitting the towers of a ruin was probably suggested by the lines in Dyer's *Ruins of Rome* (41-5) quoted by Dr. Johnson with characteristic insight "as conceived with the mind of a poet".

The pilgrim oft

At dead of night, mid his oraison, hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting towers
Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thun'd'ring to the Moon.

68-9., towers that stately stood . . . though shattered] a Miltonic reminiscence. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, i. 613-14, of the mountain pines: "their stately growth, though bare, Stands on the blasted heath."

115. Cf. *Borderers* (MS. B), ii. 812-54, where this line is given to Herbert.

p. 292. XVI. *V.* note to XV. It is interesting to compare the first draft of the fragment, in blank verse, (a), with its later form in Spenserian stanza, (b).

p. 296. XVII. *Sonnet*: preserved in a letter of D. W. to Jane Pollard in May 1792 (*E.L.*, p. 73), and probably written shortly before that date.

p. 296. XVIII. *Septimi Gades*: a free adaptation and enlargement of Horace, *Odes* II. vi. As Horace voices a longing for a quiet retreat at Tibur, or failing that by the stream of Galesus, where with his friend Septimius he may spend his last days, so W. invites Mary to join him, if not in some valley on the Rhone, then at Grasmere. The poem is preserved in a notebook in use at Windy Brow in April-May, 1794, and probably belongs to that date. In the previous months W. had been "moving backwards and forwards" in the north of England, and it is quite likely that he had visited the Hutchinsons. In any case the poem suggests that his passion for Annette had already cooled.

11. Where thou goest I shall go] from the *Book of Ruth*, i. 16.

13-18. The place referred to is probably the vale of Trientz, near Martigny. Cf. D. W.'s *Continental Tour*: "At the head of the hollow I being alone looked suddenly down from the edge of the steep into a long level verdant and narrow dell, sprinkled with brown wood cottages. While standing on the brow of the precipice and above this deep shady recess Wm. came up to me, and if my feelings had been moved before, how much more interesting did the spot become when he told me that it was the same dell, 'that aboriginal vale', that 'green recess' so often mentioned by him—the first of the kind he had passed through in Switzerland." And cf. *Prelude* (1805), vi. 446-52.

57-71. Several of the images used in this passage—the gleaming water, the silvery morning vapours hiding half the landscape, the pastoral slopes, the lowly cot obscure—emblem, in its sheltered seclusion, of the life that awaits them there, recall W.'s first poem to Mary, the *Imitation of Anacreon*, 35-47, q.v.

p. 298. XIX. *The Birth of Love*: printed in a volume entitled *Poems by Francis Wrangham, M.A.* A translation (signed Wordsworth) of some French stanzas signed Anon., never reprinted by W. As this and the following poem, XX, are found in the MS. book in use at Windy Brow, their date is probably 1794 (*v.* addendum, p. 375).

ll. 26, 27 are reproduced from Gray: *Progress of Poetry*, 87, 88.

The dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.

p. 299. XX. *From the Greek*—immediately following XIX in the “Windy Brow” notebook. First printed in *Classical Review* for Feb. 1901, where it is misdated “the first decade of the 19th century”—reprinted by Nowell Smith in his ed. of W. He notes that it is “a fairly close but somewhat expanded translation of the well-known Athenian scolion or drinking song *ἐν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσω*”.

p. 300. XXI and XXII. *Inscription for a Seat, etc.*: Written when W. was staying with his sister at Windy Brow, on the slopes of Latrigg, Keswick, in April–May, 1794: the date of its revision in blank verse is determined by the fact that it is found in a notebook in use at Racedown, and that some of it is in the hand of Mary Hutchinson, who left Racedown early in June 1797, after a visit of some months. In August 1800 the W.s spent a few days with Coleridge at Keswick, and in D. W.’s *Journal* for Aug. 13 is the entry: “Made the Windy Brow seat.” This incident may have led W. to produce the poem from his drawer, and it was sent, most probably by Coleridge, to *The Morning Post*, where it appeared on Oct. 21, with some changes in the text of which the only two of importance are recorded in my *app. crit.* Neither is an improvement. It is hard to see why the “weary homeless vagrants of the earth”, natural occupants of the seat, should be ousted from it in favour of an improbable soldier with a still more improbable son, who, though only eight years old, is already garbed like a soldier, and bound to his father’s trade. Whether W. or C. was responsible for this we cannot say, but the change in the conclusion of the poem, with its rather obvious piety, is far more like C. than W. in 1800.

The poem is attributed, but doubtfully, to Coleridge in Ernest Hartley C.’s edition of the *Poems* (i. 349).

p. 302. XXIII. *Imitation of Juvenal: Satire VIII*: preserved in two notebooks, and in letters to Wrangham of Nov. 20, 1795 and Feb. 27, 1797. In the summer of 1795, when in London, W. had planned with Wrangham an adaptation of Juvenal’s democratic eighth satire to present times, and they seem then to have written an imitation of the first 86 lines, which is now lost. On Nov. 20 W. sent Wrangham 28 lines for insertion “if you think them worth it”, but he admits that “there is not a syllable correspondent to them in Juvenal”. In Feb. 1797 he forwarded to him his imitation of ll. 163–275. My text follows the version given in the letters, the only consecutive one, but is occasionally corrected from the other MSS. The last 11 lines of W.’s imitation, suggested probably by Juvenal 85–90, and Juvenal’s conclusion, are not given in the letter. W. never printed this *Imitation*, and in 1806, when Wrangham proposed to publish it, he withheld his consent, saying that he had “long since come to a fixed resolution to steer clear of personal satire”. *v. Letters, M.Y.*, p. 72.

6. hides the diminished head] from *Paradise Lost*, iv. 35.

9-10. These two lines, "the two best", says W., were contributed by Southey.

12. Eden] William Eden (1744-1814), created Baron of Auckland 1793, was His Excellency the Ambassador at The Hague during the French Revolution.

13. Lonsdale] Sir James Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale (1726-1802), known, says the D.N.B., as "the bad earl", a shameless political sharper and an intolerable tyrant over his dependants and tenants. It was he that withheld from the W.'s the money they inherited from their father.

16. Pharaoh-plague] A reference to the prevalence of gambling at the game of Faro (v. l. 60 and note).

21. Thurlow] (1731-1806) Lord Chancellor and a high Tory: in 1792 he intrigued with George, Prince of Wales, against Pitt, and was obliged to resign. He was a strenuous defender of the Slave Trade.

28. These seven long years to Grenville's onion head] "Five six seven, I do not know how long this luminary has enjoyed the honour of the peerage" (W. W. Letter). Grenville (1753-1813) became Earl Temple in 1779 and Marquis of Buckingham in 1784.

29-35. Juv. viii. 163 foll. Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George III, was made a general in 1782, and in 1793 was sent out to the Low Countries in supreme command. After a disastrous campaign, in which the English were defeated at Dunkirk and expelled from Holland, he returned to England on Feb. 7, 1794. Moore and Partridge, the famous almanac makers and astrologers. Partridge started his almanac in 1679, and by the end of the century was at the head of his profession: in 1707 Swift began his famous attacks upon him. Moore started his almanac in 1699, to promote the sale of some pills. For a time he was an assistant to Partridge.

58. Juv. 184: "peiora supersint" and *Hamlet* III. iv. 147.

59 foll. The reference is probably to the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham. George Hobart, third Earl of B. (1732-1804), was famous for his interest in dramatic entertainments, and was for a time manager of the opera in London. He and his wife performed in private theatricals at Brandenburgh House in June 1795: they were both notorious gamblers: Lady B., Mrs. Concannon, and Lady Archer were burlesqued by Gilray as "Faro's daughters".

67. How throngs etc.] Juv. 188 foll.: "nec tamen ipsi ignoscas populo", etc.

90-5. Juv. 211-12:

libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
perditus ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni.

Buchanan (1506-82), historian, scholar, and Latin poet, acted as tutor to James from 1570 to 1578.

119. The nation's hope, i.e. the Prince of Wales.

137-46. Juv. 254-8.

147-62. Juv. 259-75.

154. Benjamin Franklin (1706-90), the famous writer and statesman, was apprenticed in youth to a printer.

p. 306. XXIV and XXV. *Lesbia* and *Septimius and Acme*; preserved in the same notebook as the Imitation of Juvenal, and obviously entered at the same time. It is interesting to compare W.'s version of *Septimius and Acme* with that of Cowley.

p. 307. XXVI. *At the Isle of Wight*—a fragment; in the same notebook as XXIV and XXV, and probably written 1795-7, the title added by the editor. W. was in the Isle of Wight with William Calvert in July 1793 (*v. Advertisement to Guilt and Sorrow*, 1842, quoted p. 94). Cf. *Prelude* (1805) x. 291-307, where he recalls the same incident in some of the same language, but with less bitterness of revolutionary feeling.

p. 308. XXVII. *Sonnet*: in the same notebook as XXVI, and probably of the same date: printed in *The Morning Post*, Feb. 13, 1798, and probably, as Hutchinson suggests, sent by Coleridge. Lines 5 and 8 owe an obvious debt to *Twelfth Night*, II. iv, 113-15.

p. 308. XXVIII. *The Three Graves*, Part II. The discovery of these stanzas in the notebook which contains Nos. XXIII-XXVII, written partly in W.'s hand and partly in that of Mary Hutchinson, who was staying at Racedown in the early months of 1797, proves them to be W.'s composition. Presumably he wrote Part I also. It is significant that when Coleridge published Parts III and IV in *The Friend* (1809) he speaks of the poem as consisting of six parts: the story of the first two he told in prose; of the last two he says they "may be given hereafter, if the present should appear to afford pleasure", but he never suggests that he would publish the first two. The last two were, of course, never written. Barron Field, in his unpublished *Memoirs of the Life and Poetry of W.*, records that W. said to him: "I gave him the subject of his *Three Graves*: but he made it too shocking and painful, and not sufficiently sweetened by any healing views." It is interesting to speculate how W. would have "sweetened" the subject himself, if he had completed the poem at a later period: his inability to do so at the time he wrote Part II probably accounts for his handing it over to Coleridge.

p. 312. XXIX. *The Convict*: preserved, with many false starts and corrections, in the brown leather-covered notebook used for rough work during the Racedown period and earlier. Its position in the book favours an early date, perhaps 1793. In *The Morning Post* it is signed 'Mortimer', *v. note to The Borderers*, p. 344. It is clearly an expression of W.'s Godwinian humanitarianism. Hutchinson notes that the image in ll. 41-2 is "revived in the *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots* (1817):

From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock."

p. 314. XXX. *Incipient Madness*: preserved on a folio sheet with watermark 1795, and probably written soon after, certainly before *The Ruined Cottage*, in which W. makes use of lines 15–18 and 4–6. Ll. 38–end, written on the back of the sheet, may be a fragment of another poem, or the draft of a passage for possible inclusion in *The Ruined Cottage*.

p. 316. XXXI. *Argument for Suicide*: on similar paper to XXX; on its reverse is the *Old Man Travelling*, published in 1798. The mood and style in which these lines are written recall that of *The Borderers*, and especially some of the speeches given to Oswald.

ADDENDA TO SECOND EDITION

Interesting early variants in the following poems: 'My heart leaps up' (p. 226 *supra*); *The Sparrow's Nest* (p. 227); *Foresight* (p. 227); *Alice Fell* (p. 232) are recorded in an Appendix to Vol. II, pp. 541–2 (revised edition, 1952).

The use made by Coleridge of some of W. W.'s juvenile poems is noted by E. de S., *supra*, p. 372 and in Vol. II, p. 531. The matter, since further investigated by Miss J. W. Smyser in an admirable article, *P.L.M.A.* June 1950, q.v., may be usefully summarized as follows:

Coleridge, under contract to supply poems to the *Morning Post*, drew upon Wordsworth's store of schoolboy Poems in Apr. and May 1798 when the friends were in Somerset, and again in Oct. and Nov. 1800, when they were in Grasmere and Keswick respectively, again in close communication.

W.'s poem *To Lesbia* (p. 306 *supra*) was printed in *Morning Post*, Apr. 11, 1798; *Beauty and Moonlight* (p. 263 *supra*), transformed by S. T. C. into *Lewti*, in *M.P.* Apr. 13, 1798; the second part of *The Death of the Starling* (p. 263 *supra*), under the title *Morienti superstes*, in *M.P.* May 10, 1798; the *Inscription for a Seat*, &c. (p. 300 *supra*), *M.P.* Oct. 21, 1800; *Alcaeus to Sappho* (Vol. II, p. 465), *M.P.* Nov. 24, 1800. All these poems, as well as the first part of W.'s *Death of a Starling* (p. 263 *supra*), were published in S. T. C.'s *Literary Remains*, 1836.

p. 371. XIX. *The Birth of Love*. The poem, privately printed by Francis Wrangham in 1795, not published till 1802, is a translation of *L'Education de l'Amour* by Vicomte de Segur. v. article by F. Christensen, *Modern Language Notes*, Apr. 1938.

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